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HITLER SOURCE - BOOK

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IMAGE MATERIAL

The material listed here is not complete insofar as some of the documentary abstracts contain passages which are clearly image material and vice versa. We have listed here all definitely pro-Nazi, manipulated material and have put in brackets reports (like that by Mend, etc.) which though they are obviously of image nature, contain a wealth of documentary evidence.

gen.: 38; 44/48; (104/23); 131/32; (164/86); (187/93);
(195/214); 277f; 358/62; 385/400; 417; 435/41; 442f;
490/94; 561f; 565; 573; 577f; 585/88; 592/94; 733;
735f; 738/40; 748/50; 753/58; 775/78; 779/89; 800;
807f; 809/15; 860f; 863/70; 883/89f;

IMAGE TERMINOLOGY: see also, Asceticism, Messias, Masses, etc.

gen.: 756ff; 808f; 815; 834; 845f; 737; 818; 848; 864; 866;

Folklore (legends, poems, songs):

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footnote p. 45, Andreas Andernech: Hitler ohne Maske
Der Antifaschist, Muenchen 1932

Hitler neigt zum Sinnieren and Tracumen, sperrt sich oft tagelang ein and ist fuer niemanden zu sprechen, beschaeftigt sich mit Vorliebe waehrend von ihm die wichtigsten Entscheidungen erwartet werden, mit dem Entwerfen irgendwelcher Kinkerlitzchen, wie Autoplaketten, Abzeichen und architektonischen Verschoenerungen am Braunen Haus. Ein frueherer Mitarbeiter von Hitler erzaehlt, dass dieser eines Tages den Plan fuer ein Marine-Ehrenmal, dem die ganze Briennerschanne geopfert werden sollte, ausgearbeitet and eingereicht haette. Dass das Bayerische Vorgebirge nicht der sinnigste Platz fuer die Errichtung gewesen waere, hatte er in der fanatischen Verfolgung seiner fixen Idee ganz uebersehen.

Portraits of leaders by former correspondents. Life-Time, personal observations.

Below normal height (5 feet 5 1/2 inches), awkward in his movements, encumbered with an excess of hands which he always seems at a loss to dispose of when not in uniform, ill at ease when meeting strangers socially or acting his part in polite society, Hitler is a typical example of Austrian Kleinbuerger-tum, or lower-class bourgeoisie. The famous lip-teaser, which has been responsible for the Chaplin style throughout Germany, is not black, but a faded brown, and deteriorated gradually from a walrus mustache before the war through a guardsman, following the Armistice to its present abbreviated state. The dank lock is also a dead brown with streaks of grey beginning to appear in it. Together they might be regarded as relics of the dandified age in which Hitler grew up, having their parallels in the plastered-down hair and waxed mustaches of the American prewar epoch. Women have indulged in rhapsodies over his blue eyes and their alleged hypnotic power, and Hitler himself seems to have faith in the effect of his piercing gaze, because it is a common practice of his to place a Balkan diplomat a few feet in front of him on an uncomfortable, straight-backed sofa in the Chancellery and then to transfix him with his eyes while belaboring him in rasping tones with alternate threats and cajolery. As a matter of fact, the power of his eye is another aspect of the cleverly built-up propaganda system, and numerous objective-minded foreigners have failed to notice anything other than faded blue eyes between colorless brows and sallow, puffy cheeks engendered by chronic indigestion and biliousness.

The Fuehrer possesses no aplomb or self-assurance of the type common to persons of good background and training, and his behavior on certain occasions has considerably embarrassed and humiliated his consorts. Particularly noticeable is his inability to cope with unexpected situations, this having been amusingly revealed when he laid the cornerstone of the House of German Art in Munich. On this occasion he was handed a dainty, rococo hammer for delivering the three traditional strokes to the cornerstone, but not realizing the fragility of the rococo, he brought the hammer down with such force that at the first stroke it broke into bits. Then, instead of waiting for another hammer, Hitler completely lost his composure, blushed, looked wildly about him in the manner of a small boy caught stealing jam, and almost ran from the scene, leaving the cornerstone unlaied. His enjoyment of the Berlin Olympic Games was completely spoilt when a fanatical Dutch woman who had achieved a personal presentation suddenly clasped him in two hefty arms and tried to kiss him in plain view of 100,000 spectators. Hitler could not regain his composure or stand the irreverent guffaws of foreign visitors, and left the Stadium.

His movements in public are nervous and jerky, many of them having been carefully learned through hours of practice. His nearest confidants have revealed that one of his greatest difficulties is walking singly through rows of enthusiastic adherents or along the front of drawn-up battalions. His gait was formerly uneven and quickened almost to a run as he approached the end, his feet had a tendency to overlap, and his movements were awkward and uncertain. To overcome this, he adopted a slow military march step which he executes with the greatest precision, counting as he walks. Certain persons did not hesitate to declare that the long hall in the Chancellery was built merely so that the Fuehrer could practice marching in it. When waiting for his turn on the speaker's stand, he is invariably nervous and agitated, fingering his cap

and gloves, pressing his lock again into place, and crossing and uncrossing his legs. His poses while listening to other speakers are unique to say the least, and it is not uncommon to see him biting his fingernails or slouched down in his seat with his head between his hands. At official dinners he folds and refolds his napkin, fiddles with the table service and plays absentmindedly with his food rather than eating it.

His private life and diet have excited no end of comment and have resulted in a vegetarian cult springing up in Germany. It is no secret that he suffers from almost constant indigestion, which is not improved by the nervous tension and irregular hours characterizing his life. Four years at the front following his period of poverty and hunger in Vienna and Munich left his stomach practically beyond repair, and by force of necessity he became a devotee to vegetarianism, puddings, and nonalcoholic drinks. Two constant attendants are now his Austrian cook and his medical specialist, their task between them being to keep the Hitler mechanism in working order. His avoidance of meat, fish, delicacies and choice wines does not mean, as is commonly believed in Germany, that he lives frugally, and several persons who have attended private dinners at the Chancellery or at his mountain home have remarked that with such meals they would not mind being vegetarians themselves.

One of his favorite dishes is asparagus tips and artichoke hearts with cream sauce, and he is fond of cauliflower prepared in a number of ways. Spinach, spaghetti, and green vegetables form a staple part of his diet, and eggs served in all the hundred and one recipes of a Viennese cookbook are an indispensable item. For the ethereal Mehlspeisen, which many a visitor will assert are worth a return trip to Austria, Hitler has the best cook in the Ostmark. His favorite drink is chocolate made in the strong Viennese manner and until recently he confined himself to mineral waters from various German springs, but when presented some time ago with a sparkling herb drink which tastes like dealcoholized champagne, he immediately adopted it. At the time of his fiftieth birthday a Munich brewery sent him cases of special beer containing only 1 per cent alcohol, and the reception was so favorable that the Chancellery has now become a regular customer.

His working day when he is in Berlin begins at about nine in the morning and continues until three the next morning with only slight interruptions for meals and strolls in the Chancellery Park. As the day is usually taken up with conferences and audiences, he does not get down to real work until the official life in the capital ceases. Then begin hours of dictating, note-taking, and perusing of reports. Toward eleven o'clock he takes a solitary walk in the Chancellery Park, usually with his hands clasped firmly behind his head, returns, dismisses the S.S. guards at his study door with a "Good night, boys; go to bed," and continues his work through the small hours of the morning. The insomnia with which he has been afflicted for years is attributed by physicians to the state of his stomach. He is a confirmed hypochondriac, believing perhaps with some justification that his digestive trouble is due to cancer, which caused the death of his mother. His great fear is that he will be taken off before his work is completed, and according to reliable reports, he has been engaged for the past several years in composing a sequel to *Mein Kampf*-an elucidation of his ideas and theories with directions for carrying them out and warnings against pitfalls, which may be encountered. This he intends as the Bible of National Socialism, which he has declared, is bound to endure for a thousand years.

His principal form of relaxation is still music and in addition to frequent attendance at the opera he is now finding the radio an increasingly satisfactory source of pleasure.

When in his mountain home, he spends his evenings either listening to German or Italian concerts or having his favorite films projected by a full-sized apparatus with himself and his house personnel as audience. Three films in a row are not exceptional, and his preference runs to heroic productions such as *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Viva Villa*, and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, all of which he has seen many times over. An Austrian film actor who was once invited to an official reception was speechless with surprise when Hitler came up to him, called him by name, and thanked him profusely for coming, telling him in a typical film-fan manner that he never missed one of his films and greatly admired his dramatic talent. Then, while the actor was endeavoring to recover his presence of mind and stammer his thanks, the Fuehrer proceeded to discuss films with him, revealing a wealth of information and data that far surpassed his own.

Unlike his Italian counterpart, Hitler has not yet found time for women, but during the past two years has given indications of a late awakening of interest. He has hitherto regarded women as vital elements in his political system but as nothing personal that one might enjoy, desire, or love. Once when he spoke to a group of German girls between six and fifteen years of age he began his speech, "Future German Mothers!" You have a mission to perform." Different girls have been mentioned in his life and both Hostess Goebbels and Hostess Goering have endeavored from time to time to bring him into feminine company in the hope that he would react normally. Although his reaction may be regarded as normal it has always been that of a courteous but shy bachelor aware of his desirability but determined not to fall into any net set for him.

He has maintained close friendships with a few girls and has evidently enjoyed their company to the fullest extent, though always in a purely platonic manner. Many people affirm that Hitler would gladly marry the granddaughter of Richard Wagner, twenty-year-old, vivacious Verena Wagner, who is a frequent visitor and vacation guest at his mountain snuggery, were he not opposed in principle to marriages between persons of such unequal ages. She has the reputation of being his most outspoken critic, telling him in unflattering words simple truths that no Cabinet member would dare utter. Then there is legendary Eva Braun, who is now twenty-eight and buxom but still entertaining the fond hope that Adolf will marry her within the next year or two. She is a soulmate from his earlier days and possesses photographs of herself in a dirndl dress and Hitler in Bavarian leather shorts, both of them in high spirits and bound for a picnic. Since 1928 she has sat like the fair Elaine waiting for her knight to return to her bower in Munich, but she possesses one material advantage over the maid of Astolat in that her Lance-lot pays the rent for her flat.

The best sleuthing that journalists have been capable of has not revealed anything other than the most highly circumspect and chivalrous conduct of Hitler so far as women have been concerned. During the past few years, however he has stepped out of the monastic role commonly assigned to him by gossips and German ouvlicists and has evidenced a strong interest in pretty girls as a group. After throwing a party for the German film colony in his new Chancellery and having had a gen-

uinely good time in the company of vivacious Viennese screen stars, who afterward declared enthusiastically that he was "sehr lustig und galant" (very amusing and gallant), he succumbed in quick succession to the twinkling legs and enticing smiles of two American dancers. After paying a cool thousand dollars and the cost of sending a private airplane to Cannes just to enjoy the additional spirit that nimble Marion Daniels was able to inject into a Munich performance of the *Merry Widow*,

1
he became a stage-struck fan of pretty Miriam Verne who was dancing at the time in a Berlin musical comedy. Unable to satisfy his appetite for Miss Verne's dancing by attending three performances of the show, he invited her to the Chancellery to dance at a private party, and when the show closed in April he sent her to Munich to do her act in the Merry Widow. His attendance at the Merry Widow that year numbered six.

Always awkward when in the company of foreigners, he has avoided direct social contact since 1936, confining his associations to formal receptions and visits to the opera where he is flanked by supporters. The last time that he accepted an invitation from a foreigner was in 1935 when he attended a gala dinner given by the then pro-German English newspaper king, Lord Rothmere. The dinner, which is still recalled with some degree of pain by the few persons who were present, took place in the Adlon Hotel, where the British host had commanded that the largess of Germany and Europe be spread before his guest. Finally Hitler arrived in his brown coat, and brushing aside the customary few minutes of getting together and chatting before beginning dinner, immediately placed himself at the table. Then Lord Rothmere was to learn to his astonishment and embarrassment that the Fuehrer is truly a rara avis. Not only did he decline to drink, but also refused to eat anything. Moreover, Lord Rothmere spoke no German and the table had been so disadvantageously arranged that it was only with difficulty that an interpreter could operate. The meal was distinctly unpleasant for all present and the courses were hurried through while Hitler indifferently sipped at his glass of water. Suddenly he began to speak, the words pouring forth like a torrent and literally engulfing his hapless host, who could not understand a word and did not dare interrupt or disturb him by appealing to the interpreter. At the end of twenty minutes the whole company was obviously uncomfortable and after forty minutes the Fuehrer was still going strong while those in the room sat petrified in miserable silence. Not until he had spoken in his loudest, harshest platform voice for forty-five minutes did Hitler get his message out of his system, and then he made abrupt signs of wanting to depart. In their haste to get up from the table, the victims of the ordeal pushed chairs helter-skelter and one of them inadvertently tipped over a large china vase, which fell with a crash. At that moment all of the doors leading into the dining room burst open and uniformed S.S. guards sprang into the room with drawn pistols.

Members of his entourage report a similar situation when Hitler visited Italy for the first time. An outspoken gourmet himself, Benito Mussolini believed he would be doing his guest a favor by providing him with Italy's best. To the Duce's consternation, Hitler refused both Italian wine and food, until his host finally inquired in desperation, "Well, what would you like to eat?" And Hitler replied by asking if he might have some scrambled eggs.

That Hitler is aware of a deep cleft between himself and his nearest followers is evident at any public reception. His collaborators that he sees perhaps daily receive the same impersonal, unseeing stare, automatic flick of the right hand, and loose handshake as the diplomats from the small countries of Central America and the provincial Nazi leaders, who are probably having the greatest thrill of their lives in meeting Der Fuehrer face to face. Once in an unguarded moment he revealed that he is aware of a distinction and is prone to look down upon his purely human cohorts. "I am different from those others," he confided to an astonished woman visitor, "I can hold my arm up for an hour without tiring. They can't. Time means nothing to me, but they are never able to hold out." p. 55.

(Munich 1919) Hitler himself was neither vegetarian nor non-alcoholic in those days and in the smoke-clouded, pungent atmosphere of back street munich beerhalls he found that under the guidance of Rosenberg his fantasy soared to delirious heights. p. 203.

p. 25-26, H. G. Baynes: Germany Possessed - 1941

Another account which has wide currency, especially in Austria, is that Hitler's father was a wealthy Viennese Jew and that Schicklgruber, a mean and ungentle petty official, was attracted to Klara Poelzl more by the handsome 'consideration' which she brought with her as a dowry than by any kindling of the heart.

This account also has it that Schicklgruber treated his wife very badly and that Adolf came to hate him, not only for the mean way in which he would bring up the circumstances of his birth but also for his physically brutal treatment of his mother. Terrible quarrels between the parents resulted.

... Now according to this second account, which came to me directly from Austrian sources, it is said that after Hitler's parents had died, and while he was living in Vienna, a penniless outcast without education or apprenticeship to a craft, he tried to get some support from his wealthy father. He was turned away empty-handed. A scene is described in which his fellow-outcasts followed him to the great house and sat outside waiting for him to come out, either to participate in the father's bounty, or to poor ridicule on their fellow-outcast's discomfiture. p. 27

His effeminate partiality for Milschspeise, cream-buns and all kinds of 'soft' foods and drinks, not to mention sentimental attitude in matters of musical and artistic taste - all these factors would favour the hypothesis of a strong emotional identity with a young mother whose passionateness had turned against the father, and fell accordingly in enervating showers upon the son. p. 27

Bedel, Maurice: Monsieur Hitler.

.. J'ai vu Monsieur Hitler dans plusieurs circonstances de sa vie publique; je l'ai vu aussi dans le tête-à-tête. L'on ne saurait croire combien il semble indifférent à l'élégance de son costume; je parle de ses tenues de milicien. Il est l'homme le plus mal botte d'un pays où la botte est généralement bien portée. Sa culotte bouffe sur les genoux; le fond n'a pas cet arrondi, ce tendu, qu'on voit, par exemple à la culotte de M. le général Goering...

.. Quand on aborde ce despote... on est frappé de l'aisance avec laquelle il évite de jouer les grands hommes. Je suis sûr qu'il fait le désespoir de son photographe: impossible de lui donner un air de majesté et même de grandeur. En vain fronce-t-il le sourcil devant l'objectif; en vain donne-t-il à ses lèvres un pli de dureté ou bien lève-t-il la tête dans un mouvement de défi au destin: il conserve l'aspect qui lui est propre à l'heure du pyama et du café au lait. pp. 52, 53

... Rien de pareil (d'artifice) chez Monsieur Hitler qui accepte tout bonnement le masque que la nature lui a fait. Aussi est-on plus en confiance avec lui qu'avec Monsieur Mollolini. On peut imaginer qu'on s'en ferait un ami;.... p. 54

...Parlant devant deux ou trois cent mille partisans, Monsieur Hitler est plus exalté que parlant à quelques personnes réunies autour de lui, mais la voix est la même: grasse et vulgaire dans les notes graves, plus excitante qu'émouvante quand elle s'élève. Dans la conversation, le ton est celui d'un gaillard qui a de l'assurance plus que de l'aisance. On comprend vite qu'on le démontrerait difficilement par la finesse et la subtilité de la répartie; il se défendrait hardiment par des rires de gorge suivis d'une rapide offensive de paroles. Son éloquence est hachée, morcelée; elle procède par courtes phrases clairement articulées soigneusement ponctuées, et qui tout à coup se précipitent, se gonflent comme un torrent, pour se terminer par un cri, un appel, parfois même un sanglot...

...Il faut dire aussi qu'elle est une éloquence de microphone. L'orateur qui s'adresse à 300,000 personnes.. parle en quelque sorte dans le vide... J'ai admiré qu'un soir Monsieur Hitler put être éloquent alors qu'il discourait devant cent trente-six mille chefs politiques, invisible dans les ténèbres laiteuses de la Zeppelinwiese. On ne voyait briller à la lumière des projecteurs que les pointes cuivrées des hampes des drapeaux; c'est à ces seuls points lumineux que l'orateur criait sa foi patriotique... pp 55-57

... Son nez est épais, sans dessin, les narines sont lourdes; les yeux sont gros, montrant beaucoup de blanc de sclérotique et peu de bleu d'iris; le menton est fort, la bouche légèrement rentrée, ce qui accentue la rondeur des pommettes dans le sourire. Sur ce rude visage, le sourire a gardé quelque chose de jeune- j'allais écrire d'innocent- qui n'est pas sans séduction. Le teint est parfois animé et, dans ce cas, la peau est rose et brillante comme serait celle d'un Allemand. Car Monsieur Hitler n'a presque rien d'allemand dans son aspect; Il se rapprocherait plutôt du Français moyen.

J'ajoute que le corps manque de noblesse. Sans être tombantes, les épaules n'ont point cette carrure qu'on s'attend à voir à un homme qui porte le poids de tant de responsabilité. Les hanches sont un peu grasses, le ventre est légèrement porté en avant; il y a du féminin dans cette région-là.

Et pourtant il est incontestable que Monsieur Hitler a du charme. Il est dû en partie à la simplicité de manières qu'il a conservée dans son éclatante élévation, en partie surtout au plaisir que l'on prend à l'entendre parler. Cette voix, qui n'est pas mélodieuse, a des chaleurs d'accent qui vous enveloppent le cœur. Elle est celle d'un tribun qui a joué sa chance en misant sur la sensibilité d'un peuple et non sur sa raison. Et il poursuit ce jeu dans l'entretien privé. Il possède à un degré rarement atteint l'art d'entraîner son interlocuteur sur des voies où l'autre hésite à le suivre. J'é l'ai longuement et précisément observé pendant qu'il opérait cette manœuvre.

C'était un matin. Nous étions quelques étrangers réunis autour de lui dans une salle du vieux château de Nuremberg. Après une matinée de défilés, ... nous étions heureux de nous trouver enfin seuls à seul avec notre héros quotidien, loin des étendards... Quoiqu'il m'apparût, que cet homme tout-puissant fût surveillé dans son langage par ceux qui l'entouraient, le ton de la conversation était à l'abandon et à la gentillesse. Monsieur Hitler nous prodiguait sans compter ce fameux charme qu'on lui accorde.

Bientôt l'un de nous lui posa une question sur le désir qu'il avait plusieurs fois exprimé dans ses derniers discours de voir l'Allemagne rentrer en possession de ses anciennes colonies. Ah! la charmante façon qu'il eût de répondre! Ni froncement de sourcil, ni coup de poing sur la table. Il se fit chaleureux, persuasif; il nous prit à témoin de l'injustice qu'il y avait à priver son pays de tant de bonnes terres africaines d'où son peuple pourrait tirer les ressources nécessaires à son existence; il s'adressait par-dessus nous à l'Angleterre, à la France; il faisait appel à leur générosité. Il nous aurait fait monter les larmes aux yeux s'il avait insisté. Tout cela était dit d'une voix de cœur, pleine de confiance et d'amitié, qui nous laissa, en effet, sous le charme....pp 57-6

pres de Hitler sur un balcon:

...avec son nez qui luit, ses cils où perle une larme de froid, son cou que marquent à jamais les points de cicatrices d'une ancienne acné. C'est lui. Il ne sait que faire de ses mains, il les croise sur son ventre, il les décroise, il n'ose les mettre dans ses poches comme il faisait au temps où elles lui appartenaient... p. 64

Berliner Tageblatt- February 27, 1924

Die Vernehmung Hitlers- Beginning same as Vorwaerts.

Prozess:

..Der Marxismus entfremdet das Kind, den Juengling, dem Elternhause und der Gesellschaft; er macht ihm zum Toofeind seiner Blutgenossen und zum Bruder des Landesfeindes. Keine Bewegung hat mit so grundlegender Kenntniss der Psyche gearbeitet. Ihre Starke ist die Brutalitaet. Sie hat die einzelnen vor die Alternative gestellt: Willst du nicht mein Bruder sein, so schlag' ich dir den Schaedel ein. Darum ist die Frage: Entweder der Marxismus wird als Giftstoff aus dem deutschen Volk ausgerottet, oder das Volk geht zugrunde. Das deutsche Volk begriff das garnicht, und so musste die Revolution kommen. Eine Revolution wird nur dann bestraft wenn sie misslingt, nicht aber, wenn sie an Stelle des Gewesenen etwas Besseres, Lebensfaehiges bringt; was am 9. November geschah, war nicht Hochverrat sondern Landesverrat. Wenn heute die zwei Millionen Toten aufstehen koennten, sie wuerden die neue Staatsordnung nicht anerkennen. Nur die Ohnmacht des Volkes damals hinderte einen energischen Widerstand. Die nationalsozialistische Arbeiterpartei hat erkannt, dass der Marxismus bis zum Letzten bekaempft werden muss, dass die breiten Massen wieder national gemacht werden muessen.

Das marxistische Problem ist zugleich Rassenproblem. Ich stand zunaechst auf einen verlorenen Posten. Aus einer kleinen Bewegung ist heute eine Millionenbewegung geworder and hat ein starkes Instrument geschaffen: Massenaufklaerung im nationalen Sinn. Wir gehen nicht betteln und winseln, wir laufen nicht zum Staat und bitten die Behoerden um Schutz. Geistige Waffen fuer den, der uns mit geistigen Waffen bekaempft. Fuer den aber, der uns nicht mit geistigen Waffen entgegentritt, die Faust. Fuer diesen Zweck ist seinerzeit die S.A., die Sturmabteilung gegruendet worden, die verhindern sollte, dass unsere Leute in Bersammlungen zu Dutzenden blutig geschlagen wurden. Die S.A. hatte keine militaerische Bedeutung, sie war nur organisiert, um den Terror von links mit noch groesserem Terror niederzudrosseln. Diesen Zweck hat man bis zum Jahr 1923 strengstens eingehalten.

Im Jahre 1923 kam dann der bitters Wandel. Im Herbst 1922 hatten wir schon erkannt, dass das Ruhrrevier verloren gehen wuerde. Als das Ruhrrevier besetzt wurde, kam unsere Bewegung in einen grossen Zwiespalt mit der sogenannten buergerlichen Welt. Die voelkische Bewegung hatte erkannt dass die Frage der Erhaltung des Ruhrreviers keine Frage der passiven Taetigkeit, sondern eine Frage des Widererwachens des deutschen Willens sein musste. Deutschland musste sich wieder darauf besinnen, dass die Weltpolitik mit dem Schwert gemacht wird. Wir haben erkannt, dass der passive Widerstand solange zwecklos sein wuerde, and sei als nicht hinter ihm eine geschlossene Front stehen wuerde, and sei as such nur eine Front des nationalen Willens. Auch wir sind fuer die

ationale Arbeitsfront, aber niemals kann es eine Einheitsfront geben zwischen denjenigen, die in der Stunde der Gefahr auf die Schanzen springen und denjenigen, die den Keemofern im letzten Augenblick DEN DOLCH IN DEN RÜCKEN STOSSEN ? FUER UNS WAS ES SELBSTVERSTÄNDLICH, DASS DIEJENIGEN DIE 1918 DAS VOLK IN DEN UNTERGANG GEFÜHRT HABEN. NUR SO LANGE MITGEHEN WERDEN, ALS SIE SEHEN, DASS DEUTSCHLAND NICHT SIEGEN WERDE; dass sie aber im nächsten Augenblick kehrt machen würden, wenn sie die Erkenntnis erlangten, dass der Sieg bevorstehe.

Ich bin damals zu General v. Lossow gegangen. Ich trug ihm vor, dass es das Ende der Ruhr bedeuten würde wenn die Regierung sich nicht entschliessen könnte, die innere Frage zu lösen. Ich sagte ihm, dass den jungen Nationalisten, auf denen allein der Widerstand im Ruhrrevier beruhte, der Rücken gestärkt werden müsse. Ich sage es es hier frei heraus und hoffe, dass man es auch in Paris hören wird: Es ist der einzige Gedanke der deutschen Jugend, dass der Tag kommt, an dem wir frei werden und an dem wir nicht mehr klagen und ausgebeutet sein werden. ES HABEN DANN VERHANDLUNGEN STATGEFUNDEN und es kam jene Umstellung unserer Bewegung, die in der Anklage erwähnt ist. Die Entwicklung des Ruhrkonfliktes hat uns dann recht gegeben. Sie hat bewiesen, dass DIE DOCHSTOSSLEUTE IN DEUTSCHLAND MÄCHTIGER SIND ALS FRÜHER. Nachdem die deutsche Einheitsfront an der Ruhr zusammengebrochen war, sind wir nicht mehr ins Wehrkreiskommando gegangen, weil alle Unternehmungen doch zwecklos waren. (Mit erhobener Stimme): Ich bitte Sie, hohe Herren, sich doch einmal in unsere Psyche zu versetzen. Unsere Bewegung ist nicht gegründet worden, um Parlamentstühle oder Mandate zu erlangen: das hatten wir leichter haben können. Wir wollten doch das Schicksal Deutschlands in zwölfter Stunde wenden. Gegen den an der Ruhr begangenen neuen Verrat eine riesige Bewegung zu entfachen, hatten wir das Recht der deutschen Gegenwart. Wir haben damals Kundgebungen und Protestversammlungen einberufen, die aber zu unserer Überraschung proetzlich verboten wurden.

Hitler und Kahr

Wir wurden in das Generalstaatskommissariat zu einer Sitzung geladen, an der auch die Vertreter der Vaterländischen Verbände teilnahmen. Meine Stellung zu Herrn v. Kahr ist folgende: Ich habe v. Kahr im Jahre 1920 kennengelernt, als er nach dem Kapp-Putsch Ministerpräsident wurde. Ich hatte von ihm den Eindruck eines biedereren ehrbaren königlichen Beamten, aber damit Schluss. In der Frage der Einwohnerwehren haben wir Kahr gleichfalls beschworen, der Auflösung nicht stattzugeben, da sonst der Verlust Oberschlesiens besiegelt sein würde. Kahr hatte uns damals versichert, dass er nie einwilligen würde, die Einwohnerwehren aufzulösen. ER HAT AUCH ERKLÄRT, WIR KONNTEN MIT IHM ZUFRIEDEN SEIN? Einige Tage später wurden

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dann die Einwohnerwehren tatsaechlich aufgeloeset. Ich hatte das Gefuehl, dass Kahr nicht die geeignete Person war. Ich kann es nicht als den Vorzug eines Staatsmannes betrachten, dass er ein ehrenhaftes unbescholtenes Leben gefuehrt hat. Das sind die Voraussetzungen auch fuer den letzten Strassenfeger. (Heiterkeit) Andere Eigenschaften scheinen mir etwas wesentlicher fuer einen Staatsmann. Kahr mag ein guter Verwaltungsbeamter, aber ihm fehlt die eiserne Faust. Er konnte Grösses leisten, wenn er tuechtige Stuetzen hatte. z.B. als Poehner hinter ihm stand, der damals die wirkliche Arbeit geleistet hat.

Berliner Tageblatt Maerz 7, 1924

Die Muenchener demokratische "Allgemeine Zeitung" schreibt ...nun besteht das Publikum dieses beklagenswerten Prozesses zum ueberwiegenden Teil aus dem Abschaum der Hitler - Versammlungen, insbesondere aus einer nicht nur im Decollete sondern auch im Benehmen schamlosen parfuemierten Weiblichkeit, welcher der Loewe des Tages, Hitler, in den "Pausen" der Vorstellung mit gackenhafter Manier die Hand kuesst....

Berliner Tageblatt

General v. Lossow ueber den Putsch- 11 Maerz 1924

... Hitler konnte man im Saal nicht entgegentreten. Wer die verzerrten Geichter Hitlers and seiner Leute sah, wer ihre Ekstase beobachtete, der wusste, dass der geringste Zufall ein Blutbad anrichten koennte. Auch im Nebenzimmer konnte man Hitler nicht entgegen treten. Hitler konnte nicht mehr zurueck nachdem die Wuerfel gefallen waren. Er brauchte die Namen Kahr, Lossow and Seisser, an den Personen war ihm weniger gelegen....

..Die Vorgaenge im Nebenzimmer des Buergerbraenkellers ..
Anwesende sind Kahr, Lossow, Seisser, and Hitler sorder drei bis vier Bewaffnete mit der Pistole. Hitler tobt herum und schreit: Niemand verlaesst ohne meinen Willen das Zimmer. Hitler war schweissbedeckt and bot das Bild eines Mannes in hoechster Ekstase. Er benahm sich wie in einer Volksversammlung und verteilte die Rollen. Mit der Pistole fuchtelnd, rief er: "Man muss den Herren den Absprung erleichtern. Jeder hat seinen Platz einzunehmen. Sie werden mit mir kaemphen oder sterben. Vier Schuss habe ich in der Pistole. Drei Schuesse fuer meine Mitarbeiter, einen Schuss fuer mich."

Kahr erklaerte ihm: "Sterben oder nicht sterben, ist bedeutungslos, Herr Hitler."

...Hitler kommt aus dem Saal zurueck und berichtet ueber den Jubel dort. Er war etwas ruhiger geworden. Der dritte Akt dauerte nur wenige Minuten. Inzwischen liess sich Hitler von den Bewaffneten seine abgeschossene Pistole wieder laden....

...Meine Erklaerung im Saal hinterher gab ich nicht auf eigenem Wunsch, sondern Hitler draengte sich in den Vordergrund, gebot Stillschweigen und so musste ich wohl oder uebel irgend etwas sagen....

Berliner Tageblatt- 12 Maerz 1924

Kahrs Vernehmung.

...Ich glaubte erst an eine kommunistische Störung, sah dann aber mehrere Bewaffnete in den Saal dringen, ein Mann in dem ich spaeter Hitler erkannte, vorneweg, mit der Pistole in der Hand, wobei ich den Eindruck hatte dass die Pistole bestaendig auf mich gerichtet war.....

...Es ist auch nicht richtig, dass ich im Saal dann Hitlers beide Haende ergriffen and gedrueckt. Dazu hatte ich wahrhaftig nicht den mindesten Grund. Ich wurde auch direkt gezwungen, eine oeffentliche Erklaerung abzugeben. Ich wollte erst nicht, aber Hitler sagte zu mir: "Wenn Sie nicht gehen dann werden Sie auf den Haenden hinein getragen und man wird vor Ihnen niederknien." Ich erwiderte ihm sehr kalt, dass mir daran nicht das mindeste liege."

Berliner Tageblatt - März 13, 1924

Seissors Vernehmung

...Hitler, der Mann mit der glänzenden Rednergabe, ist meiner Ansicht nach dem Beifall der Menge erlegen. Aus dem einfachen "Trommler" wurde der Mann, der sich anmasste, die Geschicke des Volkes leiten zu wollen.....

...Mit Hitler hatte ich in den ersten Tagen meines Dienstes eine Besprechung. Ich hielt ihm vor, dass er dem Vaterland keinen Dienst erweise, wenn er in seinen Verbänden halbe Zeit stehe und Herrn v. Kahr bekämpfe, wie das in Voelkischen Beobachter bereits geschehen war.

Hitler stellte sich auf den komischen Standpunkt, dass Herr v. Kahr an das Parlament, an die Kurie, an die Bayerische Volkspartei gebunden sei. Hitler ausserte fast wortlich: Kahr sitzt in dem Zug nach Paris, ich dagegen in dem Zug nach Berlin. Wenn Herr v. Kahr in den Berliner Zug mit einsteigt, dann ist alles gut.

Am 25. Oktober fand eine neue Besprechung mit Weber und Hitler statt...Hitler erklarte, er achte Kahr als Menschen und als Verwaltungsbeurten, er sei aber kein Diktator, er sei abhaengig von der Regierung, von der Bayerischen Volkspartei und von der Kurie. Hitler wies dabei an geschichtlichen Beispielen nach, dass Deutschland nur durch ein Diktatur zu retten sei; diese Diktatur wuesse von Bayern aus geschaffen werden, da nur hier sich geeignete Maenner dazu fanden, und zwar er, Ludendorff, Lersow fuer die Reichwehr und ich fuer die Polizei. Ich wandte ein, dass Ludendorff ausserpolitisch vollig unmoglich sei, dass Lersow im Konflikt mit Seeckt stehe, und dass ich inte: Norden gaenzlich unbekannt sei. Darauf meinte Hitler: "Ludendorff brauche ich, um die Reichwehr zu gewinnen. KEIN SOLDAT SCHIESST AUF LUDENDORFF."

...Hitler betonte, dass im Norden eine geeigneten Maenner vorhanden seien. Der Norden sei ein einziger Sumpf und Berlin sei vollkommen versenkt. Darauf ich erklarte, dass ich bei meiner Reise nach Berlin Gelegenheit hatte mich ueber die Zustaeude zu unterrichten. Darauf erwiderte mir Hitler in charakteristischer Weise: Herr Oberst, wenn man Ihnen sagt, es komme ein Flugzeug vom Mond in dem sich die geeigneten Maenner befinden, die in Berlin die nationale Regierung bilden sollen, dann waeren Sie auch zuerieden.

...Hitler hat dies ausgesagt, er habe bereits betont, wenn nicht bald eine Entscheidung erfolge, dann werde er seine Bindung an den Generalstaatskommissar und an Lessor lösen, und Feber hat behauptet, Hitler hätte noch hinzugefügt: "Wenn ich von Berlin zurückgekehrt, nicht zur Handeln entschlossen sei, dann werde er selbst für den Abbruch sorgen. Beide Äußerungen sind frei erfunden und völlig unecht. Es ist ausgeschlossen, dass Hitler das gesagt hat. Über seine Reise erwartet Hitler und Weber zu unterrichten ist mir nie in den Sinn gekommen.

Ich war sehr erstaunt, in den Münchener Zeitungen am 10. Dezember eine Erklärung des Rechtsanwalts Roder zum Lesen, wonach Hitler erfahren habe, dass Seisser in Berlin Abmachungen mit Recht getroffen habe, die den Erklärungen Seissers und Lessors über den Marsch nach Berlin widersprechen. Infolgedessen habe Hitler die Überzeugung gehabt, dass die Herren nicht mehr zu ihrer Tat entschlossen seien, und er habe sich daher für berechtigt gehalten, selbständig zu handeln. Vom Generalstaatskommissariat ist bereits darauf geantwortet worden, dass von einer versendeten Stellungnahme der Herren Lessor und Seisser nichts bekannt sei. Gleichzeitig gibt aber Hitler durch seine Erklärung zu, dass er schon am 6. November gemusst, hatte, dass Kahr, Lessor und Seisser für den Marsch nach Berlin nicht zu haben waren. ...

Unterhaltung im Bürgerbräuekeller-

Oberst v. Seisser erklärt: Hitler trat im Nebenzimmer auf mich zu und streckte mir die Hand entgegen. Ich sagte:

"Herr Hitler, zwischen uns steht Ihr gebrochenes Versprechen" Er bat mich um Verzeihung und begründete sein Verhalten mit seiner Liebe zum Vaterland."

In diesem Augenblick ereignet sich ein Zwischenfall. Hitler der mit seinem Verteidiger spricht, wendet den Kopf zur Seite und Oberst v. Seisser erklärt erregt dem Vorsitzenden Herr Hitler hat eben laut gesagt: UNVERSCHAFTHEIT. Ich bitte, das zu rügen.

Vors. Herr Hitler, das ist eine sehr grobe Ungehörigkeit.

R.A. Roder: Hitler hat sich mit mir unterhalten.

Vors. Da das Wort gefallen ist, bleibt es trotzdem eine grobe Ungehörigkeit.

Seisser (fortfahrend)...

Seisser schildert die Schlusszene im Bürgerbräu:

Aus dem Nebenzimmer des Bürgerbräuekellers sind wir in den Saal zurückgegangen. Dort kam Hitler zu mir und sagte sehr bestimmt: "Jetzt reden Sie" Ich antwortete ihm: "Ich habe nichts zu reden" Da schob mich Hitler mit sanftem Druck nach vorn.

BERTRAND LOUIS

Hitler

Paris. Arthème Fayard & Cie, Editeurs, 1936; pp. 120

Dans le courant de septembre de l'année dernier, il eut l'occasion de voir des près - et pendant toute une semaine - le héros de cette extraordinaire aventure. C'était pour les fêtes du Reichsparteitag....Occasion unique pour considérer l'homme public qu'est Hitler en contact et en communion avec son peuple.....

p. 41

Et je me demande quel souverain, quel héros national a été acclamé, adulé, chéri et idolâtré autant que cet homme, ce petit homme en chemise brune, qui, suivi de son cortège, comme un souverain, a toujours l'air d'un ouvrier.

p. 48

Cette mince silhouette brune, je l'ai revue, le lendemain, descendue de son piédestal, assistant.... à un ...défilé.....Le Fuehrer était là, debout sur sa voiture, et, le bras tendu, pendant des heures, immobile, inlassableEt ce petit homme, le bras tendu, en cette salutationce petit homme, sans couronne,....évoquait la silhouette impériale de La Distribution des Aigles...

pp. 52/54

D'ailleurs, il est partout. Il se montre généreusement, en voiture découverte. Il est sans cesse en contact avec la masse populaire....il lui parle, il la harangue....

p. 56

Quand il apparaît.....je remarque, sur son dur visage, une contraction nerveuse qui lui tire le coin des lèvres et, en même temps, comme une expression hagarde et menaçante dans le regard: c'est peut-être le garde-a-vous du lutteur qui entre dans l'arène et qui, brusquement, se trouve face aux bêtes, - ou la réaction instinctive de l'homme traqué qui peut toujours s'attendre à la bombe ou au revolver. Mais cela dure une seconde à peine. Tout de suite, le visage se détend, il devient même souriant à la rencontre de figures amies ou connues. Et c'est au passage, un geste amical de la main, un petit salut de tête...On a l'impression d'un homme résolu, qui vat droit à son but, sans neur, sans hésitation, - un homme très courageux et très simple. Cette simplicité surtout est saisissante. D'abord celle du costume.....Puis, simplicité de l'allure et des façons. Pas ombre de cabotinage, chez ce petit ouvrier qui va parler au nom de l'Allemagne...

p. 57

Le voilà devant le micro. Même simplicité dans son langage....Bien que je sois tout près de lui, sa voix me revient déformée par les haut-parleurs. Elle me paraît âpre et sourde..En tout cas, un beau dédain de l'artifice oratoire. La gesticulation est subre, presque nulle. Hitler parle, les deux mains croisées sur sa veste, comme un prédicateur en

chaire. Il parle longtemps, longtemps.....Il dit des choses sérieuses, substantielles, qu'il réussit à faire écouter, a force d'obstination et de foi. Et puis, tout à coup, il s'échauffe, il crie comme un orateur populaire -.... p. 58/59

...Les gens qui veulent tout expliquer disent qu'il a "le charme" ou qu'il a "le fluide". Je n'ai senti, chez Hitler, ni l'un ni l'autre. Je constate qu'il plaît: voilà tout. Il plaît par son extrême simplicité, par une absence totale de pose, un air camarade et sans doute aussi par la rude énergie empreinte sur sa figure et qui annonce le chef en même temps que l'homme sorti du rang.Hitler est parti d'un milieu petit-bourgeois, il a traversé les milieux ouvriers; cela se sent. Mais on sent aussi en lui l'espèce de distinction propre à l'homme de commandement. Hitler a, au suprême degré, cette distinction-là. Il a même aussi quelque chose de la distinction ordinaire. Je le regarde évoluer, saluer, causer avec ses voisins, ou, tout simplement, écouter. Un prince de la maison impériale vient à passer. Si je ne le savais pas, je devinerais tout de suite lequel des deux est le dictateur: j'hésiterais à désigner le prince. p. 60

Au premier abord, le Fuehrer apparaît donc assez ordinaire. Mais qu'il s'avance au bord de l'estrade, pour parler, ou qu'il se tienne debout sur son automobile...alors c'est un autre homme.il est transfiguré.... p. 60

An die Verwaltung der Gefangenenanstalt - Landsberg a.L.

Betr: Gutachten ueber den Geisteszustand des Untersuchungsgefangenen Adolf Hitler

Bei Beurteilung des psychischen Zustandes und psychischen Verhaltens des Adolf Hitler hat sich ergeben, dass derselbe weder durch seine Abstammung noch durch seine Erziehung und sein Vorleben belastet ist.

Sein Putsch am 8. November 1923, der vielfach als Narretei und Wahnsinnstat bezeichnet wird, konnte aber leicht die Meinung erwecken, dass Hitler infolge eines krankhaften geistigen Zustandes diesen Putsch und die Vorbereitungen hierfuer unternommen hat. Wenn man aber die Beweggruende und die Erklarungen des Hitler zu dieser Putschgeschichte von ihm selbst hoert, kommt man zu der bestimmten Anschauung, dass Hitler stets Herr seiner freien Selbst- und Willensbestimmung war und in seiner Geistestaetigkeit nicht krankhaft beeinflusst war, auch wenn die Voraussetzungen und die Beweggruende zu diesem Putsch als fehlerhaft angesehen werden. Die inneren und aeusseren Einfluesse, die auf Hitler dabei eingewirkt haben, waren unzweifelhaft in hohem Grade mitbestimmend fuer die Handlungsweise desselben, haben aber sicher keinen krankhaften Zwang auf dessen Willensbestimmung ausgeuebt. Auch die starke Reaktion mit ihrer voruebergehend krankhaften Gemuetsdepression, welche nach dem Putsch fuer kurze Zeit bei Hitler eingetreten ist, laesst keinen Rueckschluss auf eine krankhafte Veranlagung des Hitler zu.

Hitler ist in grosser Begeisterung beseelt von dem Gedanken an ein grosses, geeinigtes Deutschland und von sehr lebhaftem Temperament. Er besitzt eine hervorragende Rednergabe und weit ueber das Durchschnittsmass hinausgehende politische und namentlich geschichtliche Kenntnisse. Diese guten Eigenschaften Hitlers wurden von den massgebenden politischen Persoenlichkeiten richtig erkannt und waren Veranlassung, dass Hitler als oeffentlicher Redner zur Weckung des vaterlaendischen Gedankens vielfach berufen wurde. Nach Gruendung der nationalsozialistischen Partei hat Hitler auf eigene Verantwortung den voelkischen grossdeutschen Gedanken mit Erfolg in die breiten Volksschichten hineingetragen. Durch seine faszinierende Persoenlichkeit, durch sein suggestives Rednertalent hat er auf die einzelnen Personen und die grossen Massen eingewirkt und nach und nach all das vorbereitet, was zum Putsch vom 8. November gefuehrt hat. Diese Vorgaenge sind, wie bei vielen anderen grossen Ereignissen (Erweckung der Kriegsbegeisterung) im normalen psychischen Wesen der Einzelpersonen und insbesondere der grossen Massen begruendet. Vor einer nachherigen vorurteilslosen Kritik kann allerdings dieses auf suggestivem und autosuggestivem Wege hervorgerufene Denken und Handeln nicht immer bestehen, braucht aber deswegen nicht immer krankhaft zu sein. Ob und wie weit Hitler fuer die von ihm unternommene Handlungsweise verantwortlich ist, dies zu beurteilen xduerfte nicht Sache des Arztes sein.

Bei dem Putsch am 8. November hat Hitler eine Luxation der linken Schulter mit Bruch des Oberarmkopfes und einer nach-

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folgenden sehr schmerzhaften traumatischen Neurose erlitten. Hitler steht jetzt noch in staendiger aertzlicher Behandlung und wird wahrscheinlich eine teilweise Versteifung und schmerzhafter Affektion der linken Schulter bleibend davontragen. Seine Verhandlungsfahigkeit ist aber dadurch nicht beeintraehtigt.

gez. Obermedizinalrat Dr. Brinsteiner,

Haus - und Bezirksarzt

Landsberg a. L., 8. Januar 1924

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Resume of interview with:
Dr. Eduard Bloch

March 5th, 1943

It was definitely established that Dr. Bloch treated the Hitler family in 1906 and 1907. (possibly also previous to this date??)

Documentary proof: photostat of record and bill.

At that time Hitler's father was dead already. Dr. Bloch's impressions of the family life, "quiet, the only bone of contention being Adolf, who refused to become an official and wanted to become an artist; his mother backing him against his father..." seem to be based on his reading of Heiden's biography rather than on actual knowledge.

The mother was a big, stoutish woman, very pious and kind.)

"Sie wuerde sich im Grab umdrehen, wenn sie wuesste, was aus ihm geworden ist...."

Adolf was a source of worry to her, yet she seems to have complied with all his deficiencies.

"Wissen Sie, Herr Doktor, der Adolf ist halt noch zu jung...."

The sisters were married already at that time and did not live at home any more.

Mother and son lived in a rented apartment, small place, rather poor; the pension afforded a modest income on which they could just manage to live.

"Eines ist sicher: er (Adolf) hat seine Mutter abgoettisch geliebt..!"

Dr. Bloch stresses that the relationship between mother and son, their reciprocal adoration, was unusual.

Klara Hitler was her husband's second cousin; daughter of a cousin (?); she had been brought up in his house and seems to have taken care of the household during, at least, his second marriage, possibly also during his first; after his second wife's death he married her and changed his name. Allegedly for an inheritance. (Heiden??)- She had been her husband's foster-daughter since she had been an orphan.

She died from a cancer in her breast; she was operated on, but it was too late since there were already metastases in the pleura.

Her illness was very painful; during the last months, Dr. Bloch gave her an injection every day.

Adolf: Dr. Bloch treated him only for minor colds, also for measles.

Characteristics: "sehr artig, schwachlich..."

No physical "deformity; definitely no tuberculosis; though tuberculosis was hereditary in the family from the father's side.

Not afraid of the doctor.

Very good behavior towards the doctor. But difficulties at school, always quarrels with schoolmates. Allegedly got a hiding from a classmate, name of Hatschek (Eternit-Hatschek), who, according to Dr. B., was very much afraid of retaliation when Hitler annexed Austria. Made a gift to the Gestapo of his villa. (??)

Difficulties at school obviously a fact. Here Dr. B. speaks of something he knows and he was familiar with at the time. Adolf did not learn anything; except drawing and history.

"Das hat mir sein Professor selbst erzahlt..."

During his mother's illness, he had been in Vienna for the first time. Postcards to Dr. B. "Ihr ewig dankbarer A.H." One of them a drawing, obviously copied from a well known picture, monk with wineglass. The other, (sent from his second and decisive sojourn in Vienna?), ordinary postcard.

Reason for going to Vienna: wanted to attend Academy. Was refused. (Here Dr. B's memories obviously get very much mixed up with his reading.)

Queer enough, Dr. B. mentions a third sister, but no second brother. He had a vague memory that there had been other children who had died in their infancy.

My Patient, Hitler- Dr. E. Bloch as told to J. D. Ratcliff
Collier's March 15, 1941.

...I knew Adolf Hitler as a boy and as a young man. I treated him many times and was intimately familiar with the modest surroundings in which he grew to manhood. I attended, in her final illness, the person nearer and dearer to him than all others - his mother.....

....First, I might introduce myself. I was born in Frauenburg, a tiny village in southern Bohemia which, in the course of my lifetime, has been under three flags: Austrian, Czechoslovakian and German. I am sixty-nine years old. I studied medicine in Prague, then joined the Austrian army as a military doctor. In 1899 I was ordered to Linz, capital of Upper Austria, and the third largest city in the country. When I completed my army service in 1901 I decided to remain in Linz and practice medicine....

...As a city, Linz has always been as quiet and reserved as Vienna was gay and noisy. In the period of which we are about to speak-when Adolf Hitler was a boy of 13- Linz was a city of 80,000 people....

The Hitler family moved to Linz in 1903, because, I believe, of the good schools there. The family background is well known. Alois Schicklgruber Hitler was the son of a poor peasant girl. When he was old enough to work he got a job as a cobbler's apprentice, worked his way into the government service and became a customs inspector at Braunau, a tiny frontier town between Bavaria and Austria. Braunau is fifty miles from Linz. At fifty-six Alois Hitler became eligible for a pension and retired. Proud of his own success, he was anxious for his son to enter government service. Young Adolf violently opposed the idea. He would be an artist. Father and son fought over this while the mother, Klara Hitler, tried to maintain peace.

As long as he lived Alois Hitler persevered in trying to shape his son's destiny to his own desires. His son would have the education which had been denied him; an education which would secure him a good government job. So Father Alois prepared to leave the hamlet of Braunau for the city of Linz. Because of his government service, he would not be required to pay the full tuition for his son at the Realschule. With all this in mind he bought a small farm in Leonding, a Linz suburb.

... The family was rather large. In later life Adolf has so overshadowed the others that they are, for the better part, forgotten. There was half-brother Alois, whom I never met. He left home at an early age, got a job as a waiter in London and later opened his own restaurant in Berlin. He was never friendly with his younger brother.

Then there was Paula, the oldest of the girls. She later married Herr Rubal, an official in the tax bureau in Linz. Later still, after her husband's death and her brother's rise to power, she went to Berchtesgaden to become housekeeper at Hitler's villa. Sister Klara for a while managed a restaurant for Jewish students at the University of Vienna; and sister Angela, youngest of the girls, married a Professor Hamitsch at Dresden, where she still lives. ..

... The family had barely settled in their new home outside of Linz when Alois, the father, died suddenly from an apoplectic stroke.

At the time Frau Hitler was in her early forties. She was a simple modest, kindly woman. She was tall, had brownish hair which she kept neatly plaited, and a long, oval face with beautifully expressive gray-blue eyes. She was desperately worried about the responsibilities thrust upon her by her husband's death. Alois, twenty-three years her senior, had always managed the family. Now the job was hers.

It was readily apparent that son Adolf was too young and altogether too frail to become a farmer. So her best move seemed to be to sell the place and rent a small apartment. This she did, soon after her husband's death. With the proceeds of this sale and the small pension which came to her because of her husband's government position, she managed to hold her family together.

In a small town in Austria poverty doesn't force upon one the indignities that it does in a large city. There are no slums and no serious overcrowding. I do not know the exact income of the Hitler family, but being familiar with the scale of government pensions I should estimate it at \$25 a month. This small sum allowed them to live quietly and decently-unnoticed little people in an out-of-the-way-town.

Their apartment consisted of three small rooms in the two-story house at No. 9 Bluetenstrasse, which is across the Danube from the main portion of Linz. Its windows gave an excellent view of the mountains.

My predominant impression of the simple furnished apartment was its cleanliness. It glistened; not a speck of dust on the chairs or tables, not a stray fleck of mud on the scrubbed floor, not a smudge on the panes in the windows. Frau Hitler was a superb housekeeper.

The Hitlers had only a few friends. One stood out above the others; the widow of the postmaster who lived in the same house.

The limited budget allowed not even the smallest extravagance. We had the usual provincial opera in Linz; not good, and not bad. Those

who would hear the best went to Vienna. Seats in the gallery of our theater, the Schauspielhaus, sold for the equivalent of 10 to 15 cents in American money. Yet occupying one of those seats to hear an indifferent troupe sing Lohengrin was such a memorable occasion that Hitler records it in *Mein Kampf*!

For the most part the boy's recreations were limited to those things which were free; walks in the mountains, a swim in the Danube, a free band concert. He read extensively and was particularly fascinated by stories about American Indians. He devoured the books of James Fenimore Cooper, and the German writer Karl May- who never visited America and never saw an Indian.

The family diet was, of necessity, simple and rugged. Food was cheap and plentiful in Linz; and the Hitler family ate much the same diet as other people in ~~the~~ their circumstances. Meat would be served perhaps twice a week. Most of the meals they sat down to consisted of cabbage or potato soup, bread, dumplings and a pitcher of pear and apple cider.

For clothing, they wore the rough woolen cloth we call Loden. Adolf, of course, dressed in the uniform of all small boys; leather shorts, embroidered suspenders, a small green hat with a feather in its band....

...What kind of boy was Adolf Hitler? Many biographers have put him down as harsh-voiced, defiant, untidy; as a young ruffian who personified all that is unattractive. This simply is not true. As a youth he was quiet, well-mannered and neatly dressed.....

...He was tall, sallow, old for his age. He was neither robust nor sickly. Perhaps "frail looking" would best describe him. His eyes- inherited from his mother- were large, melancholy and thoughtful. To a very large extent this boy lived within himself. What dreams he dreamed I do not know.

...Outwardly, his love for his mother was his most striking feature. While he was not a "mother's boy" in the usual sense, I have never witnessed a closer attachment. Some insist that this love verged on the pathological. As a former intimate of the family, I do not believe this is true.

Klara Hitler adored her son, the youngest of the family. She allowed him his own way wherever possible. His father had insisted that he become an official. He rebelled and won his mother to his side. He soon tired of school, so his mother allowed him to drop his studies.

...All friends of the family know how Frau Hitler encouraged his boyish efforts to become an artist; at what cost to herself one may guess. Despite their poverty, she permitted him to reject a job which was offered in the post office, so that he could continue his painting. She admired his water colors and his sketches of the countryside. Whether this was honest admiration or whether it was merely an effort to encourage his talent I do not know.

She did her best to raise her boy well. She saw that he was neat, clean and as well fed as her purse would permit. Whenever he came to my consultation room this strange boy would sit among the other patients, awaiting his turn.

There was never anything seriously wrong. Possibly his tonsils would be inflamed. He would stand obedient and unflinching while I depressed his tongue and swabbed the trouble spots. Or, possibly, he would be suffering with a cold. I would treat him and send him on his way. Like any well-bred boy of fourteen or fifteen he would bow and thank me courteously.

I, of course, know of the stomach trouble that beset him later in life largely as a result of bad diet while working as a common laborer in Vienna. I cannot understand the many references to his lung trouble as a youth. I was the only doctor treating him during the period in which he is supposed to have suffered from this. My records show nothing of the sort. To be sure, he didn't have the rosy cheeks and the robust good health of most of the other youngsters; but at the same time he was not sickly.

...At the Realschule young Adolf's work was anything but brilliant. As authority for this, I have the word of his former teacher, Dr. Karl Huemer an old acquaintance of mine. I was Frau Huemer's physician. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler records that he was an indifferent student in most subjects, but that he loved history. This agrees with the recollections of Prof. Huemer.

Desiring additional training in painting, Hitler decided he would go to Vienna to study at the Academy. This was a momentous decision for a member of a poor family. His mother worried about how he would get along, I understand that she even suggested pinching the family budget a little tighter to enable her to send him a tiny allowance. Credit to the boy, he refused. He even went further; he signed his minute inheritance over to his sisters. He was eighteen at the time.

I am not sure of the exact details of what happened on that trip to Vienna. Some contend that he was not admitted to the Academy because of his unsatisfactory art work. Others accept Hitler's statement that his rejection was due to his failure to graduate from the Realschule-... In any case he was home again within a few weeks. It was later in this year-1908 - that it became my duty to give Hitler what was perhaps the saddest news of his life.

One day Frau Hitler came to visit me during my morning office hours. She complained of a pain in her chest. She spoke in a quiet, hushed voice; almost a whisper. The pain, she said, had been great; enough to keep her awake nights on end. She had been busy with her Household so had neglected to seek medical aid. Besides, she thought the pain would pass away... An examination showed that Frau Hitler had an extensive tumor of the breast. I did not tell her of my diagnosis.

I summoned the children to my office next day and stated the case frankly. Their mother, I told them, was gravely ill woman.... Without surgery, I explained, there was absolutely no hope of recovery. Even with surgery there was but the slightest chance that she would live. In family council they must decide what was to be done.

Adolf Hitler's reaction to this news was touching. His long, sorrowful face was contorted. Tears flowed from his eyes. Did his mother, he asked, have no chance? Only then did I realize the magnitude of the attachment that existed between mother and son. I explained that she did have a chance; but a small one. Even this shred of hope gave him some comfort.

The children carried my message to their mother. She accepted the verdict as I was sure she would- with fortitude. Deeply religious, she assumed that her fate was God's will. It would never have occurred to her to complain. She would submit to the operation as soon as I could make preparations.

I explained the case to Dr. Karl Urban, the chief of the surgical staff at the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy in Linz. Urban was one of the best-known surgeons in Upper Austria. He was- and is- a generous man, a credit to his profession. He willingly agreed to undertake the operation on any basis I suggested. After examination he concurred in my belief that Frau Hitler had very little chance of surviving but that surgery offered the only hope.

... Frau Hitler arrived at the hospital one evening in the early summer of 1908. I do not have the exact date, for my records of the case were placed in the archives of the Nazi party in Munich.

In any case, Frau Hitler spent the night in the hospital and was operated on the following morning. At the request of this gentle, harried soul I remained beside the operating table while Dr. Urban and his assistant performed the surgery.

Two hours later I drove in my carriage across the Danube to the little house at No. 9 Bluetenstrasse, in the section of the city known as Urfahr. There the children awaited me.

The girls received the word I brought with calm and reserve. The face of the boy was streaked with tears, and his eyes were tired and red. He listened until I had finished speaking. He had but one question. In a choked voice he asked: "Does my mother suffer?"

... As weeks and months passed after the operation Frau Hitler's strength began visibly to fail. At most she could be out of bed for an hour or two a day. During this period Adolf spent most of his time around the house, to which his mother had returned.

He slept in the tiny bedroom adjoining that of his mother so that he could be summoned at any time during the night. During the day he hovered about the large bed in which she lay.

An illness such as that suffered by Frau Hitler, there is usually a great amount of pain. She bore her burden well; unflinching and uncomplaining. But it seemed to torture her son. An anguished grimace would come over him when he saw pain contract her face. There was little that could be done. An injection of morphine from time to time would give temporary relief; but nothing lasting. Yet Adolf seemed enormously grateful even for these short periods of release.

I shall never forget Klara Hitler during those days. She was forty-eight at the time; tall, slender and rather handsome, yet wasted by disease. She was soft-spoken, patient; more concerned about what would happen to her family than she was about her approaching death. She made no secret of these worries; or about the fact that most of her thoughts were for her son. "Adolf is still so young," she said repeatedly.

On the day of December 20, I made two calls. The end was approaching ... So the word that Angela Hitler brought me the following morning came as no surprise. Her mother had died quietly in the night. The children had decided not to disturb me, knowing that their mother was beyond all medical aid. But, she asked, could I come now? Someone in an official position would have to sign the death certificate....

... The postmaster's widow, their closest friend, was with the children, having more or less taken charge of things. Adolf, his face showing the weariness of a sleepless night, sat beside his mother. In order to preserve a last impression, he had sketched her as she lay on her deathbed...

I sat with the family for a while, trying to ease their grief. I explained that in this case death had been a savior. They understood. In the practice of my profession it is natural that I should have witnessed many scenes such as this one, yet none of them left me with quite the same impression. In all my career I have never seen anyone so prostrate with grief as Adolf Hitler.

I did not attend Klara Hitler's funeral, which was held on Christmas Eve. The body was taken from Urfahr to Leonding, only a few miles distant. Klara Hitler was buried beside her husband in the Catholic cemetery, behind the small, yellow stucco church. After the others- the girls, and the postmaster's widow- had left, Adolf remained behind; unable to tear himself away from the freshly filled grave.

...A few days after the funeral the family came to my office. They wished to thank me for the help I had given them. There was Paula, fair and stocky; Angela, slender, pretty but rather anemic; Klara and Adolf. The girls spoke what was in their hearts while Adolf remained silent. I recall this particular scene as vividly as I might recall something that took place last week.

Adolf wore a dark suit and a loosely knotted cravat. Then, as now, a shock of hair tumbled over his forehead. His eyes were on the floor while his sisters were talking. Then came his turn. He stepped forward and took my hand. Looking into my eyes, he said: "I shall be grateful to you forever." That was all. Then he bowed. I wonder if today he recalls this scene. I am quite sure that he does, for in a sparing sense Adolf Hitler has kept to his promise of gratitude. Favors were granted me which I feel sure were accorded no other Jew in all Germany or Austria.

...During this period (first years in Vienna) he took time out to send me a penny post card. On the back was a message: "From Vienna I send you my greetings. Yours, always faithfully, Adolf Hitler."

...Official Nazi publications also record that I received one of Hitler's paintings- a small landscape. If I did I am not aware of it. But it is quite possible that he sent me one and that I have forgotten the matter. In Austria patients frequently send paintings or other gifts to their physicians as a mark of gratitude...

...I did, however, preserve one piece of Hitler's art work. This came during the period in Vienna when he was painting post cards, posters, etc., making enough money to support himself.... Hitler sent me one of these cards. It showed a hooded Capuchin monk hoisting a glass of bubbling champagne. Under the picture was a caption: "Prosit Neujahr." On the reverse side he had written a message: "The Hitler family sends you the best wishes for a Happy New Year. In everlasting thankfulness, Adolf Hitler."

(reports about confiscation of these souvenirs by Gestapo who issued receipt for them)

When he left for Vienna, Adolf Hitler was destined to disappear from our lives for a great many years....Not until the beginning of his political career in 1920 were we again to get news of this quiet, polite boy who grew up among us.

... in 1937, a number of local Nazis attended the party conference at Nurnber. After the conference Hitler invited several of these people to come with him to his mountain villa at Berchtesgaden. The Fuehrer asked for news of Linz. How was the town? Were people there supporting him? He asked for news of me. Was I still alive, still practicing? Then he made a statement irritating to local Nazis. "Dr. Bloch," said Hitler, "" is an Edeljude- a noble Jew. If all Jews were like him, there would be no Jewish question."

Dr. E. Bloch- My Patient Hitler- Colliers, March 1941

About Hitler's return to Linz:

.. It was a moment of tense excitement. For years Hitler had been denied the right to visit the country of his birth. Now that country belonged to him. The elation that he felt was written on his features. He smiled, waved, gave the Nazi salute to the people that crowded the street. Then, for a moment he glanced up at my window. I doubt that he saw me but he must have had a moment of reflection. Here was the home of the Edeljude who had diagnosed his mother's fatal cancer; here was the consultation room of the man who had treated his sisters; here was the place he had gone as a boy to have his minor ailments attended.

It was a brief moment, than the procession was gone.....

.. Hitler established himself in the Weinzinger Hotel, particularly requesting an apartment with a view of the Bestling Mountain. This scene had been visible from the windows of the modest apartment where he spent his boyhood.....

The following day he called in a few old acquaintances: Oberhammer, a local party functionary; Kubitschek, the musician. Liedel, the watchmaker; Dr. Huemer, his former history teacher. It was understandable that he couldn't ask me, a Jew, to such a meeting; yet he did inquire after me.....

... Hitler arrived Saturday evening. Sunday he visited his mother's grave, and reviewed local Nazis as they marched before him... On Monday Hitler departed for Vienna. ...

Reports about special treatment by Gestapo. Yellow star removed from home and office of Dr. Bloch- He also was allowed to remain in his apartment- did not have to vacate Linz- Matter apparently handled "by Berlin"

about trying to get favor to take life savings with them:

.. I knew that I could not see Adolf Hitler. Yet I felt that if I could get a message to him he would perhaps give us some help.

If Hitler himself was inaccessible perhaps one of his sisters would aid us. Klara was the nearest: she lived in Vienna. Her husband had died and she lived alone in a modest apartment in a quiet residential district. Plans were made for my daughter, Gertrude, to make the trip to Vienna to see her. She went to the apartment, knocked, but got no answer. Yet she was sure that there was someone at home.

She sought the aid of a neighbor. Frau Wolf- Klara Hitler- received no one, the neighbor said, except a few intimate friends. But this kind woman agreed to carry a message and report Frau Wolf's reply. My daughter waited. Soon the answer came back. Frau Wolf sent greetings and would do whatever she could. By good fortune Hitler was in Vienna that night for one of his frequent but unheralded visits to the opera. Frau Wolf saw him and, I feel sure, gave him the message. But no exception was made in our case.

British War Blue Book Telegram Sir Neville Henderson to Viscount Halifax dated Berlin, August 23, 1939.

Two difficulties were raised last night before visit to Herr Hitler was actually arranged. In first place it was asked whether I would not be ready to wait until Herr von Ribbentrop's return. I said that I could not wait as my instructions were to hand letter myself as soon as possible. An hour or so later I was rung up again by State Secretary on the telephone asking for gist of letter and referring to publication of some private letter addressed to Herr Hitler last year. I told Baron von Weizacker that I had no recollection of publication of any private letter last year and assured him that there was no intention of publishing this one. As regards Prime Minister's letter I said that its three main points were (1) that His Majesty's Government was determined to fulfill their obligations to Poland, (2) that they were prepared, provided a peace atmosphere was created, to discuss all problems affecting our two countries, and (3) that during period of truce they would welcome direct discussions between Poland and Germany in regard to minorities.

State Secretary appeared to regard these replies as likely to be satisfactory, but deferred a final answer to 2 a.m. this morning. At that hour he telephoned me to say that arrangements made had been confirmed and that he would accompany me to Berchtesgaden, leaving Berlin at 9:30 a.m.

We arrived Salzburg soon after 11 a.m. and motored to Berchtesgaden, where I was received by Herr Hitler shortly after 1 p.m. I had derived impression that atmosphere was likely to be most unfriendly and that probability was that interview would be exceedingly brief.

In order to forestall this I began conversation by stating that I had been instructed to hand to Chancellor personally a letter from Prime Minister on behalf of His Majesty's Government, but before doing so I wished to make some preliminary remarks. I was grateful to his Excellency for receiving me so promptly as it would have been impossible for me to wait for Herr von Ribbentrop's return inasmuch as the fact was that His Majesty's Government were afraid that the situation brooked no delay. I asked his Excellency to read the

letter, not from the point of view of the past, but from that of the present and the future. What had been done could not now be undone, and there could be no peace in Europe without Anglo-German co-operation. We had guaranteed Poland against attack and we would keep our word. Throughout the centuries of history we had never, so far as I knew, broken our word. We could not do so now and remain Britain.

During the whole of this first conversation Herr Hitler was excitable and uncompromising. He made no long speeches but his language was violent and exaggerated both as regards England and Poland. He began by asserting that the Polish question would have been settled on the most generous terms if it had not been for England's unprovoked support. I drew attention to the inaccuracies of this statement, our guarantees having been given on 21st March and Polish reply on 26th March. He retorted by saying that the latter had been inspired by a Jewish press campaign, which had invented a German threat to Poland the week before. Germany had not moved a man any more than she had done during the similar false press campaign about Czechoslovakia on the 29th May last year.

He then violently attacked the Poles, talked of 100,000 German refugees from Poland, exiles against Germany, closing of German institutions and Polish systematic persecution of German nationals especially. He said that he was receiving the headlines of telegrams daily from his persecuted countrymen. He would stand it no longer, etc. I interrupted by remarking that while I did not wish to try to deny that persecutions occurred (of Poles also in Germany) the German press accounts were highly exaggerated. He had mentioned the arrestation of Germans. I happened to be aware of one case. The German in question was a reservist, who had been treated as he deserved. Herr Hitler's report was that there had not been one case but six.

His next tirade was against British support of Czechs and Poles. He asserted that the German could have been secured today if England had not encouraged them in a policy hostile to Germany. He intimated that the Poles would be tomorrow if Britain ceased to encourage them today. He followed this by a tirade against England, whose friendship he had sought for twenty years only to see enemies offered turned down with contempt. The British press was also very recently abused. I contacted every point and tried to give his statements adequate but the only effect was to launch him on some fresh tirade.

Throughout the conversation I stuck firmly to point (1) namely our determination to honour our obligations to Poland; Herr Hitler on the other hand kept harping on point (2) the Polish persecution of German nationals. Point (3) was not referred to at all and apparently did not interest him. (I had been warned that it would not.)

rest of the conversation was recapitulation, the real points being those stressed in his reply in regard to the threat to Poland if negotiations continue and to England and France if they mobilize to such an extent as to constitute a danger to Germany.

At the end of this first conversation Herr Hitler observed, in reply to my repeated warnings that direct action by Germany would mean war, that Germany had nothing to lose and Great Britain much; that he did not desire war but would not shrink from it if it was necessary; and that his people were much more behind him than last September.

I replied that I hoped and was convinced that some solution was still possible without war and asked what contact with the Poles could not be renewed. Herr Hitler's retort was that, so long as England gave Poland a blank cheque, Polish unresponsiveness would render any negotiation impossible. I denied the "blank cheque" but this only started Herr Hitler off again and finally it was agreed that he would send on hand me his reply in two hours' time. pp. 127-130

(Following is continuation of my telegram of the 23rd August.)

After my first talk yesterday I returned to Salzburg on understanding that if Herr Hitler wished to see me again I would be at his disposal, or, if he had nothing new to say, he could merely send me his reply to Prime Minister by hand.

As in the event he asked to see me, I went back to Berchtesgaden. He was quite calm the second time and never raised his voice once. Conversation lasted from 20 minutes to half an hour but produced little new, except that verbally he was far more categorical than in written reply as to his determination to attack Poland if "another German were ill-treated in Poland."

I spoke of tragedy of war and of his immense responsibility but his answer was that it would be all England's fault. I refuted this only to learn from him that England was determined to destroy and exterminate Germany. He was, he said, 50 years old: he preferred war now to when he would be 55 or 60. I told him that it was absurd to talk of extermination. Nations could not be exterminated and peaceful and prosperous Germany was a British interest. His answer was that it was England who was fighting for lesser races whereas he was fight-

ing only for Germany: the Germans would this time fight to the last man: it would have been different in 1914 if he had been Chancellor then.

He spoke several times of his repeated offers of friendship to England and their invariable and contemptuous rejection. I referred to Prime Minister's efforts of last year and his desire for cooperation with Germany. He said that he had believed in Mr. Chamberlain's good will at the time, but, and especially since encirclement efforts of last few months, he did so no longer. I pointed out fallacy of this view but his answer was that he was now finally convinced of the rightness of views held formerly to him by others that England and Germany could never agree.

In referring to Russian non-aggression pact he observed that it was England which had forced him into agreement with Russia. He did not seem enthusiastic over it but added that once he made agreement it would be for a long period. (Text of agreement signed today confirms this and I shall be surprised if it is not supplemented later by something more than mere non-aggression).

I took line at end that war seemed to be quite inevitable if Herr Hitler persisted in direct action against Poland and expressed regret at failure of my mission in general to Berlin and of my visit to him. Herr Hitler's attitude was that it was England's fault and that nothing short of complete change of her policy towards Germany could now ever convince him of British desire for good relations. pp. 130-131

Telegram Sir Neville Henderson to Viscount Halifax, dated Berlin, August 28, 1939

I saw the Chancellor at 10:30 this evening. He asked me to come at 10 p.m., but I sent word that I could not have the translation ready before the later hour. Herr von Ribbentrop was present, also Dr. Schmidt. Interview lasted one and a quarter hours.

2. Herr Hitler began by reading the German translation. (ready before the later hour. Herr von Ribbentrop was) When he had finished, I said that I wished to make certain observations.....

3. Our word was our word, and we had never and would never break it. In the old days Germany's word had the same value, and I quoted a passage from a German book (which Herr Hitler had read) about Marshal Blucher's exhortation to his troops

when hurrying to the support of Wellington at "Waterloo":
"Forward, my children, I have given my word to my brother
Wellington, and you cannot wish me to break it."

4. Herr Hitler at once intervened to observe that things
were different 125 years ago.

6. I told Herr Hitler that he must choose between England
and Poland. If he put forward immoderate demands there was
no hope of a peaceful solution. Corridor was inhabited al-
most entirely by Poles. Herr Hitler interrupted me here by
observing that this was only true because a million Germans
had been driven out of that district since the war. I again
said the choice lay with him. He had offered a Corridor over
the Corridor in March, and I must honestly tell him that some-
thing more than that, if that, would have no hope of accept-
ance. I begged him very earnestly to reflect before raising
the price. He said his original offer had been contemptuous-
ly refused and he would not make it again. I observed that
it had been made in the form of a dictate and therein lay
the whole difference.

7. Herr Hitler continued to argue that Poland could never
be reasonable: She had England and France behind her, and
imagined that even if she were beaten she would later recover,
thanks to their help, more than she might lose. He spoke of
annihilating Poland. I said that reminded me of similar talk
last year of annihilation of the Czechs. He retorted that we
were incapable of inducing Poland to be reasonable. I said
that it was just because we remembered the experience of Czecho-
Slovakia last year that we hesitated to press Poland too far to-
day. Nevertheless, we reserved to ourselves the right to form
our own judgment as to what was or what was not reasonable so
far as Poland or Germany were concerned. We kept our hands
free in that respect.

8. Generally speaking, Herr Hitler kept harping on Poland,
and I kept on just as consistently telling Herr Hitler that
he had to choose between friendship with England which we
offered him and excessive demands on Poland which would put
an end to all hope of British friendship. If we were to come
to an understanding it would entail sacrifices on our part.
If he was not prepared to make sacrifices on his part there
was nothing to be done. Herr Hitler said that he had to satis-
fy the demands of his people, his army was ready and eager for
battle, his people were united behind him, and he would not
tolerate further ill-treatment of Germans in Poland, etc.

9. It is unnecessary to recall the details of a long and ear-
nest conversation in the course of which the only occasion in
which Herr Hitler became at all excited was when I observed
that it was not a question of Danzig and the Corridor, but one
of our determination to resist force by force. This evoked

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

a tirade about the Rhineland, Austria and Sudeten and their peaceful reacquisition by Germany. He also resented my references to 15th March. pp. 165-168

Following are additional points in amplification of my telegram of 28th August:-- Telegram Sir Neville Henderson to Viscount Halifax, dated Berlin, August 29, 1939

Herr Hitler insisted that he was not bluffing, and that people would make a great mistake if they believed that he was. I replied that I was fully aware of the fact and that we were not bluffing either. Herr Hitler stated that he fully realized that that was the case. In answer to a suggestion by him that Great Britain might offer something at once in the way of colonies as evidence of her good intentions, I retorted that concessions were easier of realization in a good rather than a bad atmosphere. p. 169

Telegram Sir Neville Henderson to Viscount Halifax dated Berlin August 29, 1939.

Interview this evening was of a stormy character and Herr Hitler far less reasonable than yesterday. Press announcement this evening of five more Germans killed in Poland and news of Polish mobilization had obviously excited him.

2. He kept saying that he wanted British friendship more than anything in the world, but he could not sacrifice Germany's vital interests therefor, and that for His Majesty's Government to make a bargain over such a matter was an unendurable proposition. All my attempts to correct this complete misrepresentation of the case did not seem to impress him. p. 179

Telegram Sir Neville Henderson to Viscount Halifax dated Berlin August 30, 1939.

Your message was conveyed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs at 4 a.m. this morning. I had made similar observation to Herr Hitler yesterday evening, his reply being that one could fly from Warsaw to Berlin in one and a half hours.

4. Nevertheless if Herr Hitler is allowed to continue to have the initiative, it seems to me that result can only be either war or once again victory for him by a display of force and encouragement thereby to pursue the same course again next year or the year after. p. 180-181

Ciarlantini Franco
 Hitler e il Fascismo
 R. Bemporad & Figlio - Firenze, 1933; pp. 70

Hitler... visto da vicino me è sembrato infinitamente più cordiale ed espressivo.

La testa è buona per ampiezza e armonia. I baffi duri, e spazzola, coprono il suo alto labbro celtico, equilibrando con una breve macchia scura la sua espressione; i capelli folti, lunghi e lisci, tagliati all'italiana, con un ciuffo che si sbizzarrisce sulla fronte, decorano bene il suo capo e gli conferiscono una simpatica vivacità.

Gli occhi appaiono docili a momenti, e momenti pensosi, sofferenti forse di melancolia. Il colore roseo della pelle rivela una sana giovinezza solo se lo si veda dappresso, che a pochi passi di distanza quel fare cogitabondo lo invecchia almeno di dieci anni. Ogni tanto il suo sguardo ha delle fissità che non si sa come spiegare: raccoglimento, stanchezza, errare del pensiero in cerca di sintesi? La sera che gli sono stato a fianco allo "Stadion" di Berlino mi è parso come sofferente, forse dubbioso e anche, nell'intimo, commosso. Egli non ha nell'aspetto l'imponenza imperatoria di Mussolini... Ma è sempre distinto, e di una distinzione che attrae.

Di fronte alla folla che lo attendeva restava come estatico. Raccolto in sé, errava con lo sguardo su quella marea di popolo e di Camicie Brune come per cercare la consistenza più precisa delle idee e l'espressione più aderente al momento. Ansimava, aveva dei tremiti alle braccia e quei movimenti ondulatori del corpo che qualche volta denotano una incontenibile inquietezza. Nei momenti in cui si appoggiava al parapetto della tribuna diventava curvo, come preso da improvvisa stanchezza, e appariva ancor più pensoso e solo.

.....scorgevo il suo profilo che diventava sempre più spirituale ed evanescente; solo la bocca durante l'orazione si precisava nella luce, segno nero triangolare.

Nei momenti più nervosi del discorso stringeva le mani in basso con spasimo, come per cercare qualche cosa che fosse più vicino alla realtà e più forte per incidere il suo pensiero negli ascoltatori. A tratti scioglieva le mani bruscamente e le liberava in alto con gesto sicuro, quasi vittorioso; a tratti sporgeva innanzi guardando l'immenso uditorio con avidità d'indagine; ora si ergeva sulla persona per imporsi maggior di sé, ora si chinava lievemente e si batteva il petto per ritmare la sua prosa, e si sentiva proprio, lì da presso, il rumor sordo del rimbombo da averne pena.....

"I was Hitler's Boss"

Current History, Vol. I, No. 3, November 1941 Spencer Brodney, Editor.
By a former Officer of the Reichswehr

(...The following article is printed as a contribution toward a truthful account of the Nazi leader. Inquiries made by the Editor show that the author is a trustworthy witness, though naturally the way he tells his story is his own. A German army officer before and during the First World War, he subsequently served in the Reichswehr. There, as he explains, the position he held enabled him to obtain first-hand knowledge of Hitler that other writers have lacked...)

Mr. Paul Hagen mentioned that reliability of this man or account has not been established to his knowledge.-

"For fifteen months I was in daily contact with Hitler, and I believe I know this strange man as well as, if not better than, anyone else. I knew him before he had to pretend and put on a leader's mask, ... After the First World War he was just one of the many thousand of ex-soldiers who walked the streets looking for work. For him it was especially hard, since he had not quite recovered from his war injuries and was without a family to which he could go back.

At this time Hitler was ready to throw his lot in with anyone who would show him kindness. He never had that "Death or Germany" martyr spirit which later was so much used as a propaganda slogan to boost him. He would have worked for a Jewish or a French employer just as readily as for an Arvan. When I first met him he was like a tired stray dog looking for a master. However fancifully writers describe him now, at that time he was totally uncorrupted about the German people and their destinies.

Not long after the war, as soon as he was released from the hospital, Hitler tried to enter the postal service as a mail-carrier. His services were refused, because he was unable to pass the intelligence test. His school education in his Austrian village would have been quite sufficient, but his mental capacity suffered after he was gassed in the war. ... p. 193

I was at the time an infantry captain and detailed to organize and supervise what was called the instruction department. I picked a handful of non-commissioned officers with exemplary war records; among them was Hitler.

.....Hitler was at first quartered in the same room with two other instruction officers, but not for long. His room-mates complained about his physical habits, and that he talked and walked in his sleep and made himself generally a nuisance. We put Hitler in a small room on the second floor, with barred windows, which had been used until then as a lumber room. He seemed to be happy in this cubicle, and stayed there until he had to resign from the Reichswehr on June 10, 1920.

Inside the barracks Hitler had no friends. He was shy and selfconscious. The reason for this was probably the deformity (described in his medical report) that made him unlike other men....

author also gives this deformity as reason for Hitler's being rated as permanently unfit for military service as Austrian conscript.

"...This friendship began under cover as far back as 1920. Hitler because of his physical defect was indifferent about Roehm's vices.; he saw in Roehm only the distinguished officer. When his friendship with Roehm became known, Hitler had to resign his position in the Reichswehr."

.. The reports that Hitler brought me daily in the Reichswehr were scrupulously honest, but his style and grammar were lamentable. His reports always had to be rewritten before I could file them. His intellect was not higher than that of an eight-year old child.....

Hess was Hitler's first and most successful mentor.... A dabbler in mesmerism and faith healing, Hess certainly was most successful with Hitler. Before every important speech Hitler was, sometimes for days, closeted with Hess who in some unknown way got Hitler into that frenetic state in which he came forth to address the public. Just before Hitler had appointments to receive statesmen or foreign correspondents, he was minutely coached as what to say. Sometimes when unexpected questions were put to him, he just walked away, or started his senseless political rantings.

At times Hitler sulks like a bad-tempered child; he locks himself up for days and holds conversations with himself, and his public speeches and receptions have to be postponed. When in such moods, music often has a soothing effect on him. He does not care what type of music it is so long as it is noisy; he is not in the least musical; He likes Wagner's music because it is loud. As a rule his coach has to play the piano wildly, while he makes weird noises in his mouth, imitating a trumpet, and bangs his fists on tables and chairs. Such concerts can last for hours before Hitler falls into a tranquil sleep. p. 198

The author points out that the real power is Goering, who is going to take Hitler's place when the time has come.

HITLER - par Pierre Descaves- (series de Celebrates d'hier et
AujoudHui)

Saw Hitler in 1922 at the Hofbrau- where H. gave a speech-
Biographical material taken from various sources not exact-

in 1922:

..Enfin, il parlait. Il procédait par phrases courtes, hachées, péremptoires; sa voix n'était pas très forte au début; mais son débit était impeccable, et si distinct qu'on comprenait chaque mot dans les coins les plus reculés de la salle. Son sangfroid, ses réparties comp; étaient cette "classe" de beau tribun de série. Il parlait dans une sorte de surexcitation progressive qui enflait sa voix et gonflait son cou. Il parlait interminablement, le petit homme noir à la moustache si cocasse qu'on l'eût dite postiche.

C'est sous cet aspect d'orateur martelant ses phrases, le poing en avant, que, longtemps, Hitler demeura classé dans mes souvenirs....

pp. 4-5

..De pres, on évoque un "Allemand moyen": tête ovale, front assez haut mais refrogné sur tout le visage, quelque chose de hargneux. Le cou est massif, adipeux; si fort qu'on pense à un goitreux, L'allure générale est vulgaire, avec quelque chose de trouble. Jamais de frais de toilette; des costumes fatigués, des cols mous, des cravates défaillantes. Et pourtant cet homme exerce sut les immenses foules allemandes une incomparable fascination. Cette force de la nature a deux séductions: la voix et les yeux.

La voix, nous l'avons induque s'apparente à ces registres de grandes orgues où l'on va de la profondeur ou des "creux" sourds aux notes les vibrantes par le médium égalisé. Les yeux donnet au visage un éclat singulier. Leur mobilité est extrême; ils sont durs et fuyants; dans le feu des discours, ils luisent comme braise. Insaisissables et fulgurants. Tout l'homme se traduit dans ces regards. Une énigme et une volonté.

p. 7

At Viennâ-

..Tout l'écoeure. Et, fait peu connu, Hitler songe à entrer dans un cloître. Mais ne sachant pas le latin, ils se sait condamné à végéter dans les emplois subalternes; il abandonne vite cette idée... p. 10

...Lord Rothermere, le puissant propriétaire du Daily Mail, qui le pratiqua beaucoup au coura de l'été 1935, a remarqué qu'Hitler porte une réelle affection aux petits enfants et aux animaux... p. 8

WALLACE R. DUEL
 "People under Hitler"

"The German people are so strong that they can even stand a Hitler"
 ADOLF HITLER

Quotation used in DEUEL, People under Hitler p. 17

"Every deed has its place, even crime." ADOLF HITLER

quotation used in Duell's People under Hitler" p. 83.

on mustache:

...Hitler's hirsute history began when he let his beard simply grow untended when he was a young man in Vienna. The result was a growth of soft, black, fuzzy down that covered his cheeks and chin. It was much like the first beard of any other dark-haired youth, except that it looked much more non-Aryan than most..

..At the time he went from Vienna to Munich, in 1913, when he was 24, he shaved off his beard. He kept only a mustache...It was just a typical middle-class German pre-war style, in the large, bushy, walrus or handle-bar manner.

...Some time during the war came a new transmogrification: Hitler grew whiskers again. He grew another beard, this time a pointed goatee. ...But it, too, fell victim relatively soon to the shears (or razor) of the Fates and to Hitler's younger fickleness in matters of hair. For in the latter part of 1919 Hitler met a man who bore a style of mustache that captivated him, the style that was destined, upon Hitler's upper lip, to play so important a role in history. This man was Gottfried Feder.
 pp. 56/57.

physical description:

...He is five feet eight or nine tall, and must weigh approximately 180 pounds. His legs are short for his torso. His arms and legs, as Rauschning expresses it, are "ill-fitting and awkward." He is round shouldered and hollow chested and has a paunch. His legs are slightly bowed. He stands badly and walks badly, tending to toe out.

His dark hair is thick, straight and fine, with an auburn tint when light falls on it, graying now, but not remarkable in any way except for the comical forelock he cultivated for a time, the pomade he used as a younger man but later abandoned, and the excessive dandruff that has always plagued him and of which he has never kept his collar and shoulders as free as a more fastidious man would do.

Hitler's skin is coarse and pebbly, and often pasty and unhealthy in appearance. His eyes he has from his mother: eyes of a gray-blue-green so intense and so changeable with moods and other circumstances that equally careful observers have called them everything from azure to emerald and even "White". The Chancellor's nose is big and strong, his mouth cruel. His teeth are bad, principally, perhaps from lack of care. When he was barely middle-aged his lower front teeth had to be pulled

and replaced by a bridge that was not remarkably good. Saliva tends to collect at the corners of his mouth, clouding his diction.
p. 58/59

Many quotations from Olden, Heiden- uses Rauschning-Schuman-Lengyel.

"..Professor M.D. Steer, of Purdue University, has analysed Hitler's voice and reports that it has a frequency in a typical sentence of 228 vibrations per second, whereas 200 per second is a usual frequency for anger. "It is this high pitch and its accompanying emotion that put the people in a passive state," Professor Steer says. "He stuns them with his words in much the same fashion as we are stunned by an auto horn."
p. 81

..Hitler almost always speaks in one of only two moods. One is a mood of mystical and semi-religious self-absorption. It is this mood that he habitually appeals for the confidence and support of the German people. In it, he speaks of faith and destiny and miracles, of regeneration and martyrdom, and of his struggle for the souls of men. Often in this mood he uses purely religious terms: shame, sin and expiation. He is a redeemer, calling upon the people to lay their sins and sufferings on his shoulders.
p.81

About a quotation from Olden referring to Hitler's style of hypnotizing his audience when he himself is overcome by his own inspiration:
..."Olden here describes a style that Hitler has invoked increasingly rarely in public since becoming Chancellor."
p.82

Otto Dietrich: Mit Hitler in die Nacht.

Der Fuehrer fragt auch nicht nach dieser Gefahr. Ohne Besinnen laesst er die Fahrt fortsetzen.... (p. 109)

....Neben seiner Unerbittlichkeit im Grundsatzlichen und seiner mitreisenden Willenskraft ist die eiskalte abwaegende Ueberlegung, die staatsmaennische Klugheit und politische Elastizitaet einer der hervorragendsten Zuege seiner Persoenlichkeit. Trotz seiner eisernen Kampfnatur geht Adolf Hitler, wenn das grundsatzliche Ziel festliegt, immer den Weg des geringsten Widerstandes. (p. 11)

"Haus Wachenfeld"....

Wie oft hat der Fuehrer....den Weg hierher zu seiner eigenen Scholle gefunden....

....erwartet uns oben,...bei der gastlichen Schwester des fuehrers eine stille Haueslichkeit und wohndliches Behagen. Wie gemuetlich ist das grosse Erkerzimmer mit seinen bunten Bauernmoebeln. Auf dem Boden liegen lustige Fleckerteppiche....Lustig zwitschern in ihren Kaeffigen die Wellensittiche, die Lieblinge der Hausfrau....

Die Kueche ist denkbar einfach und kraeftig. Frische Milch, schwarzes Bauernbrot und Wehl Speisen, die die Hausfrau koestlich zuzubereiten weiss, schmecken dem Fuehrer am besten. Nach den Mahlzeiten sitzen wir um den runden Tisch herum....

In der Stille des Obersalzberges hat der Fuehrer schon so manchemal die wichtigsten Entschluesse gefasst, die groessten Entscheidungen getroffen....

Auf einsamen Spaziergaengen sammelt sich der Fuehrer zu neuer schoepferischer Arbeit...Adolf Hitlers Lieblingsweg fuehrt durch Wald und Wiesen...

Als der Fuehrer Kanzler des Reiches geworden war, erfuhr notgedrungen "Haus Wachenfeld" nach Adolf Hitlers eigenem Entwurf einige Veraenderungen...wegen der zahlreichen Staatsbesuche...Der Geist des Hauses aber ist derselbe geblieben.... (pp. 123-127)

Die deutsche Jugend ist der Sonnenschein in dem harten und arbeitsreichen Leben Adolf Hitlers...Hunderte von Malen und immer wieder habe ich es gesehen, welche reine und glueckliche Freude der Fuehrer beim Anblick deutscher Kinder empfindet..."Ich habe sie direkt gern, diese strahlenden Buben und goldigen Maedels" - pflegt uns der Fuehrer zu sagen.... Fahrende Hitlerjungen - oder - maedels auf der Landstrasse laesst er selten ohne eine Bereicherung ihrer Reisekasse vorbeiberziehen.... (pp. 139-140)

45

Ich habe oft darueber nachgedacht, worin eigentlich der tiefste Grund seines persoenlichen Wirkens auf das Volk, auf die breite Masse zu suchen ist. ...Vielleicht kommt jene Erklaerung der Wirklichkeit am naechsten, die mir kuerzlich der Reichsbankpraesident Schacht als persoenliches Urteil gab: "Hitler spricht sich selbst, in jedem seiner Worte. Hitler glaubt an sich und an das, was er sagt. Hitler ist das, was heute so selten zu finden ist, Er ist echt...." (pp. 18-19)

27. Januar 1932...im Industrie-Club in Duesseldorf...

Der Fuehrer, mit groesster Zurueckhaltung begruesst, spricht von einer wenig erhoeheten vorspringenden Balustrade, die Haende leicht gestuetzt auf das gusseiserne Gelaender vorfuhr.... (pp. 46-47)

Ganz von selbst hat sich im Laufe der Jahre eine traditionelle Einteilung dieser Strecke herausgebildet. Es gibt bestimmte liebgewordene Orte, gewohnte Haltepunkte, ja sogar verschwiegene Picknickplaetze im Walde, an denen der Fuehrer immer wieder Rast zu machen pflegt....

Zwischen Muenchen und Berlin kennt der Fuehrer jede Strassenkurve, jeden Baum und jedes Haus am Wege. Hier werden tausend Erinnerungen in ihm wach.... Muernberg, wo der Fuehrer gern verweilt....Wie eine koestliche Musik nimmt Adolf Hitler hier den ewigen Wechsel der sanften Huegel und Taeler, der Wiesen und Felder, den Zusammenklang von Landschaft und Kultur in sich auf.

Immer aufs neue empfindet der Fuehrer das fraenkische Land als die deutsche aller Landschaften....

Bei Hilpoltstein....laesst Adolf Hitler anhalten. Links am Wege liegt ein eisamer Huegel....eine beruehmte Thingstaette aus altgermanischer Zeit. Wie oft schritt der Fuehrer den Huegel empor, um...den weiten Blick...zu genießen.

In einem lieblichen Wiesental wird...uebernachtet. Die koestliche Ruhe dieses Waldidylls...lassen den Fuehrer in diesem Ort so gut und sorgenlos schlafen wie sonst kaum irgendwo.

...Es gibt eine Picknickstelle am Wege, die wir wie alle unsere Einkehrplaetze...geheimhalten...Niemand kann den Lagerplatz sehen...

Ein Tuch wird auf dem Rasen ausgebreitet...Eine Scheibe Brot, ein Ei und ein wenig Obst,...mehr nimmt der Fuehrer nicht zu sich... (pp. 53-55)

Adolf Hitlers Lebensweise entspricht seiner Lebensauffassung. ...der Fuehrer (ist) hart, rücksichtslos gegen sich selbst, ordnet seine persönlichen Bedürfnisse völlig seiner grossen Aufgabe unter.

Eine wahrhaft spartanische Lebensweise, zu der der Ablauf eines jeden Tages uns all zu sehr zwingt...

Der Fuehrer meidet Alkohol, Tabak und Fleisch nicht etwa aus einem doktrinaeren, lebensfremden Prinzip heraus, ... sondern einfach, weil diese Enthaltensamkeit seine Schaffensfreude steigert, seine Schaffenskraft erhöht.... (p. 72)

...Deutschlandflüge...

Der Fuehrer ist als erster aus den Federn. Eine kurze Viertelstunde und er erscheint.

Als erstes bespricht der Fuehrer mit seinem bewährten und allen Situationen gewachsenen Adjutanten Gruppenführer Brückner...das genaue Tagesprogramm... (p. 73)

...Selbst die grausamsten Sturmflüge vermochten niemals das körperliche Befinden des Fuehrers oder seine Leistungsfähigkeit zu beeinträchtigen... (p. 74)

Der Fuehrer befiehlt, ohne zu überlegen, sofortigen Start...Das ist kein Fliegen mehr, das ist ein Wirbel... Die absolute Ruhe des Fuehrers überträgt sich auf uns alle. In jeder Stunde der Erfahrung beherrschte ihn der felsenfeste Glaube an seine Mission....Auch hier blieb er der Überlegenen, der die Gefahr meistert, indem er innerlich weit über ihr steht.... (pp. 79-81)

Wie Adolf Hitler das deutsche Hochgebirge liebt, so liebt er auch das Meer....

...an der Nordsee in den Marschen gibt es ein einsames Fischerdorf, in das sich Adolf Hitler schon manchmal für kurze Zeit zurückgezogen hat. Unmittelbar am Strande steht dort ein kleines Fischerhaus, das ihm Obdach gibt. In dieser herben Küstenlandschaft...fühlt der Fuehrer sich wohl. (p. 98)

"Die Frauen haben oft genug die Bewegung gerettet", sagte mir der Fuehrer einmal...

"Ohne die Hilfe der Frauen waere es mir im Jahre 1924, nach meiner Festungshaft, wohl kaum moeglich gewesen, die Partei aus neuem zu organisieren". (pp. 142-143)

Warum waelte der Fuehrer dieses Hotel (Kaiserhof) zu seiner Arbeitsstaette...An sich lag...dem Fuehrer selbst die Atmosphaere eines solchen Hauses wenig. Reine Zweckmaessigkeitsgruende sprachen fuer die Wahl gerade dieses Hauptquartiers.

Zunaechst war der Fuehrer in diesem Zeitpunkt des Kampfes es seiner Bewegung schuldig, auf die Mentalitaet seiner Verhandlungspartner Ruecksicht zu nehmen, sich nach deren psychologischer Einstellung zu richten. Der Kaiserhof war in diesem Sinne "repraesentativ". (p. 150)

Es gibt...viele Deutsche, die es...fuer selbstverstaendlich halten, dass die...Regierungs-und...sonstigen Kundgebungen Adolf Hitlers nicht allein das Produkt seines eigenen Geistes, sondern auch irgendwie das Gedankengut amtlicher oder nichtamtlicher Mitarbeiter sind.

...Adolf Hitlers Proklamationen und Kundgebungen sowohl als Fuehrer wie als Kanzler sind von der ersten bis zur letzten Zeile sein ureigenstes Werk!

Adolf Hitler hat eine ganz besondere Art zu schreiben und zu diktieren...Oft sind diese Ideen impulsiv, kommen im Verlauf irgendeiner Unterhaltung blitzartig zum Ausdruck. Oft ringt er mit den Problemen, kaempft lange innerlich mit ihnen, aber immer mit dem selbstsicheren und siegesgewissen Empfinden, dass seine geistige Ueberlegenheit ueber eine Loesung verfuegt, die zu finden nur eine Frage kurzer Zeit ist.

Ist diese prinzipielle gefunden...dann diktiert der Fuehrer seine Arbeit aus einem Guss in die Maschine.

Selbstverstaendlich ist die ungeheure geistige Konzentration...nur in voelliger Zurueckgezogenheit und Abgeschlossenheit moeglich.

...Gedanklich voellig nach innen gewandt, pflegt der Fuehrer beim Diktat festen Schrittes das Zimmer zu durchqueren....Und so wie sie diktiert, gehen die Arbeiten des Fuehrers nach kurzer Durchsicht hinaus in die Oeffentlichkeit. (pp. 155-157)

Verschwiegenheit ist eine Gabe, die der Politiker haben muss. Der Fuehrer besitzt sie als Hilfsmittel bei der sorgfältigen Vorbereitung geheimer politischer Aktionen in ganz aussergewöhnlicher Masse, so aufgeschlossen er sich auch den Menschen gegenueber gibt, zu denen er einmal volles Vertrauen gefasst hat. (p. 169)

In seinem tiefsten Wesen ist Adolf Hitler eine künstlerische Natur.... Monumentale Baudenkmäler sind fuer Adolf Hitler...künstlerischer Ausdruck des politischen Machtwillens. Wie oft hat der Fuehrer diesen Gedanken geäussert.

Ich glaube, Adolf Hitler ist davon ueberzeugt, dass wir an der Schwelle eines mehr architektonischen Zeitalters stehen, dass nunmehr mit der politischen Erneuerung auch eine Wendung aus dem Impressionistisch-Malerischen eines hemmungslosen Individualismus ins Architektonisch-Monumentale einer heroischen Zeit erfolgt....

Man weiss, dass in den Fragen der Architektur Professor Troost in Muenchen seit langer des Kanzlers Vertrauter ist. Einer seiner ersten Wege, sobald der Fuehrer nach Muenchen kommt, ist fast stets in dessen Atelier....Mit ihm konferiert er ueber die baulichen Probleme, spricht mit ihm seiner Pläne durch...

Eine starke Aeussderung seiner künstlerischen Natur ist die tiefe Leidenschaft zur Musik, vor allem zu den Werken Richard Wagners.Schon als junger Politiker trat Adolf Hitler in den Bayreuther Kulturkreis ein und ist seitdem stets nach Bayreuth zurueckgekehrt. Mit Houston Stewart Chamberlainverband ihn Freundschaft.

Wohl Hunderte von Malen hat Adolf Hitler die "Meistersinger", seine Lieblingsoper gehoert. Wie oft erlebten wir es, dass der Fuehrer inmitten seines politischen Kampfes, ja sogar am Vorabend groesster Entscheidungen in die Oper ging. Denn in der Musik findet er Erholung und Kraft zugleich.Als der Fuehrer...am 30. Juli (1933) (1934?)....am Grabe Richard Wagners in aller Stille dem Genius des Meisters huldigte.... (pp. 193-199)

Down the center aisle a solitary man walked slowly, step, by step, toward me....Now I recognized the outlines of his face, the characteristic little mustache, the lock of hair, the eyes. They looked at me with a curious absent-mindedness. He came closer. He stood before us, offering his hand to the five of us in his Honor Guard, and passed on.....

....Above me, there suddenly came a clear, powerful voice: "Deutsche Volksgenossen!"

Sentence followed sentence. Now the voice pleaded, almost implored; now it swelled into a wrath that found its echo in the thousands facing me. Now it assumed tones of biting sarcasm, and I looked into thousands of derisive faces; now it sounded strangely cool and objective, stating facts which for many in the hall could not be facts at all but assertions never heard before. Yet the crowds in front of me no longer seemed to regard anything as impossible; they were ready to believe anything the voice said; for action was not limited to the one person. He played the crowd like a giant organ, pulling at the stops, permitting his listeners to rave and roar, laugh, and cry. But inevitably the stream flowed back, until a fiery alternating current welded speaker and listeners into one. The more deeply the crowd was aroused, the mightier came the voice, the more intense the pleading, the more cutting its irony, the more powerful its wrath.

....Hitler's voice had reached a point where it threatened to break.....

....After the meeting-Hitler had vanished as though by magic.....
pp. 165/166,

Robert, Convert to Freedom

When I took up the receiver I recognized the voice of Professor Coar, who is long-legged! He reported that a friend of his and Hess had returned from a visit to the Fuehrer, but he called the Fuehrer No. 1, Hess No. 2 and his friend No. 3. There was no change in Hitler's attitude. He spoke without in any way allowing a possible eavesdropper to grasp his meaning or anybody's name.

Dodd's Diary, p. 24, August 18, 1933

Mr Crane (Charles R. Crane, former U.S. Ambassador to China, died 1939) came tea-drinking again today. He was enthusiastic about his Hitler interview. In his opinion, the Chancellor was not learned like Mr. Houston of the Wilson Cabinet, who was so often wrong because of lack of imagination. Crane found Hitler simple, enthusiastic, bent on stirring the German people to passionate self-confidence and wanting in knowledge of foreign problems. This is the same story I have heard again and again.

P. 43. October 5, 1933

I went today at 12 o'clock sharp to see Chancellor Hitler in the palace where Bismarck once lived and worked. I went up broad stairways guarded at every turn by Nazi soldiers with hands raised in the Caesar style, making the usual bows as I made various turns along the route. In the waiting room I met a young Mr. Hans Thomsen with whom I talked five minutes about persons I knew in Germany. Then Von Neurath opened the door to the Chancellor's office, a great room some fifty feet square with tables and chairs placed all around for group conferences. The decorations on the ceiling and walls were beautiful but not so elaborate as in the great ballroom adjoining. Adolf Hitler appeared in simple work-a-day suit, neat and erect. He looks somewhat better than the pictures that appear in the papers.

We rehearsed two subjects, the assaults upon Americans and the discriminations against American creditors. Everything I asked was agreed to and the Chancellor assured me personally that he would see that any future attack was punished to the limit and that publicity would be given to decrees warning everyone that foreigners were not to be expected to give the Hitler salute.

On financial discriminations, Von Neurath made the reply.

Dodd's Diary, p. 48-49, October 17, '33

But the conversation turned quickly to the all-pervasive question of the German thunderbolt of last Saturday. The Chancellor was clearly excited. I asked him **why** he had withdrawn from the League. He ranted about the Treaty of Versailles, the failure of the powers to keep their promises about disarmament and the indignity of keeping Germany in a defenseless status. I replied: There is evident injustice in the French attitude; but defeat in war is always followed by injustice. Witness the terrible treatment of our southern states after the Civil War. He remained silent on this score.

After an exchange of niceties, I asked the Chancellor whether an incident on the Polish, Austrian or French border which drew an enemy into the Reich would be allowed to be a *casus belli*. Of course he said, "No, no." I then said in case such a thing were to occur in the Ruhr valley would you hold off and call a conference of the European powers? He said: "That would be my purpose, but we might not be able to restrain the German people." (I saw that he meant the violent Nazis whom he has trained to violence.) I continued: If you would wait and call a conference, Germany would regain her popularity outside. A few more remarks and we parted, after a forty-five minute interview. Many other subjects were touched upon. My final impression was of his belligerence and self-confidence.

p. 49-50. October 17, '33

The order has been issued and everyone supposed that it was to become effective this year, thus abandoning states and legislatures. But on January 1, Hitler and Goebbels found themselves challenged by Goering, supported by the Governor of Bavaria. There was apparently a sharp conflict for some days because Hitler sent no New Year's greeting to Goering, only to apologize on January 2. It was this struggle, which had been decided in favor of Goering, on January 1, before the diplomatic reception by Von Hindenburg, which in my judgment gave Hitler's countenance such a dejected look that morning.

p. 68-69, Jan. 3. 1934

At 8.30 we went to dinner with the President of the Reich in his palace on the Wilhelmstrasse. There were fifty diplomats in gala attire present.....After dinner we stood in the beautiful reception hall with 18th century paintings of Roman subjects on the walls. Chancellor Hitler moved rather gracefully about speaking somewhat freely.

p. 79, Feb. 7, 1934

His influence in and has been wholly belligerent. The last six or eight months he has made many announcements of peaceful purposes. I think he is perfectly sincere and is willing to negotiate with France, but only on his own terms. In the back of his mind is the old German idea of dominating Europe through warfare.

Dodds Diary, p. 90. Mar. 7, 1934

My task here is to work for peace and better relations. I do not see how anything can be done so long as Hitler, Goering and Goebels are the directing heads of the country. Never have I heard or read of three more unfit men in high place. Ought I to resign?

p. 123, July 8, 1934

I decided last Tuesday that I would never again attend an address of the Chancellor or seek an interview for myself except upon official grounds. I have a sense of horror when I look at the man. Consequently on Wednesday afternoon when I visited Sir Eric Phipps, British Ambassador here, and he asked: "Are you going to hear the Chancellor Friday?" I replied: No. He said, rather humorously, he thought it would be "a grand show, all kinds of flashlights, photographers and pomp." But I replied: He is such a horror to me, I cannot endure his presence.

p. 126, July 13, 1934

At 12 o'clock, my wife and I took our places in the Reichstag auditorium where a tribute was to be paid to the deceased Field Marshall von Hindenburg.....Hitler was in his Brown shirt uniform. He looked contented and complacent: he was to deliver an oration to be radioed all over the world.When the address was over, Hitler went to the first row of seats on the main floor and kissed the hands of von Hindenburg's daughters and shook hands with the son, Colonel Oscar von Hindenburg.

p. 141-142, Aug 6, 1934

.....it will be difficult for him (Deuel) to be entirely poised in his work here, where Hitler is equally ruthless and curiously repulsive to anyone with English or American background.

p. 162, Sept. 10, 1934

When he finished, he advanced in perfect form, bowed and shook hands with the Papal representative. He might as well have embraced him, as far as formal behavior went. Then Hitler came to Francois-Poncet and they appeared to be even more friendly. For a minute or two they gossiped together in German in a most amiable fashion; but I was not near enough to understand what was said. Then the Chancellor addressed Cerruti, Italian Ambassador, but there was less evidence of warmth. The Italian has not the social savoir faire of the Frenchmen. He cannot hide his dislikes.....

Hitler bowed pointedly and talked for a moment as though he were a pacifist, a type he always damns in his public statements. As he passed on to the Spanish and British Ambassadors, I felt a little badly because he seemed not to have understood my ironical meaning. He assumed that I actually believed what he had said!

I have never seen Hitler quite so happy-looking as while he went down the line greeting representatives of all foreign countries.

pp. 163-164, Sept. 12, 1934

Two months ago I (Sir Eric Phipps) talked with Hitler. He then demanded the same size navy as ours. I said you do not need so many ships since your coast line is so limited. He said: 'Yes, but we must have warships all over the Baltic Sea' Later I argued with him and he was uncompromising, even impolite in his manner."

pp. 253, June 15, 1935

Roy Howard had a long interview with the Fuehrer two months ago. When Hitler complained violently about the 340 Germans per square mile with no land to go to, Howard said, "Why do you then pay every woman for her third child, with more for her fourth one, and why pay people to marry?" The Fuehrer could not reply without giving his real motive. He refused to answer and later forbade publication of this in the interview.

pp. 328, April 4, 1936

We attended the first dinner the Fuehrer has ever given to the whole diplomatic corps. Many officers of his government, Goering, Schacht, Goebbels, and others were there. It was held in the Fuehrer's new palace, more elaborate than anything I have ever seen and finished only a few weeks ago. There were close to seventy-five servants marching in and halting military fashion before the tables. Hitler certainly does not save his people's money, though he ate no meat and drank no wine.....

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The great party adjourned from the tables into a large reception room where Hitler and Goering stood at one end to receive greetings and thanks.

pp. 383, Feb. 3, 1937

But Schacht and Goebbels did not hang about the Fuehrer at all, and Von Neurath only a moment or two.

pp. 384, Feb. 3, 1937

Dodd's Diary pp. 68. January 1, 1934--reception for Hindenburgs Birthday.

Then came Hitler who, as I had observed all along, seemed very much subdued, almost embarrassed. Hitler greeted me with "Happy New Year" and I returned it. Only the Italian Ambassador answered the Fuehrer's official salute. I asked the Chancellor if he had not spent his Christmas at Munich. I said we spent two days in Munich early in December and that I had greatly enjoyed the visit, that I had met a fine German historian, Professor Meyer, a former fellow student with me at Leipzig whom I think a really good scholar and thinker. Hitler was a little nonplused and indicated that he had never heard of Meyer. I mentioned other Munich University matters only to get no response, and he passed on, leaving the impression that he had never had contacts with the people I knew and respected. He showed no such interest as the President showed; (Hindenburg) I am afraid he thought I was trying to embarrass him a little. I was not. There was however, no diplomatic or political subject we could mention these touchy times.

pp. 88, March 7. Wednesday.

Hitler was very cordial. We sat down at a table, I with my back toward the room where Von Neurath was supposed to be. Unless there was some electric device concealed in the walls, no one heard what was said.

For nearly an hour we reviewed problems of German-American relations. I asked Hitler if he had any message he wished me to give the President when I reached Washington. He was a little surprised, looked a moment at me and said: "Let me think it over and see you again."

...same pp.89.....I then spoke of the pamphlets calling upon all Germans in the United States, as elsewhere, to remember that they are and must always remain Germans, almost like the law of 1913, claiming double allegiance for Germans. He at once said with emotion: "Ach, that is all Jewish lies; if I find out who does that, I will put him out of the country at once."

I then explained the Jewish situation as existing in New York where the mock trial was to be held, but did not mention the subject itself. He broke in frequently with such expressions as "Damn the Jews" and insisted that if agitation continued in the outside world he would make an end of all Jews in Germany. He spoke of having saved Germany from the Communists and said 59 per cent of the officials of Russia were Jews. I privately questioned his figures but said: Sovietism is no longer a menace. He shook his head. I added that the Communists had polled only a few votes in the United States in 1932. He declared loudly: "Happy country. Your people seem to be so sensible in this respect."

Finally, I raised the question of universities and academic freedom and pressed the point that by university contacts and free discussion

of international relations we should solve many of our difficulties. He agreed and in closing our talk he emphasized Roosevelt's plan for better commerce.

pp. 126

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pp. 163-64. Sept. 12, '34

...Hitler replied in German avowing his good will to all the outside world and his one objective: peace. When he finished, he advanced in perfect form, bowed and shook hands with the Papal representative. He might as well have embraced him, as far as formal behavior went. Then Hitler came to Francois-Poncet and they appeared to be even more friendly. For a minute or two they gossiped together in German in a most amiable fashion; but I was not near enough to understand what was said. Then the Chancellor addressed Cerruti, Italian Ambassador, but there was less evidence of warmth. The Italian has not the savoir faire of the Frenchman...

..As the happy Fuehrer extended his hand to me I reminded him quickly of the peace note in his speech to us and said that it would be approved in the United States, especially by our President, who had asked me to say to him that these peace speeches always interested him. Hitler bowed pointedly and talked for a moment as though he were a pacifist, a type he always damns in his public statements. As he passed on to the Spanish and British Ambassadors, I felt a little badly because he seemed not to have understood my ironical meaning. He assumed that I actually believed what he had said.

I have never seen Hitler quite so happy-looking as while he went down the line greeting the representatives of all foreign countries.

pp. 297. January 10, 1935

When Hitler came along the line he talked at some length to the Nuncio about a certain Catholic cloister which he had known and something of Church history. When he shook hands with the Frenchman, he asked about the floods of the Seine in Paris. Turning toward me I said to him that I noticed that he talked history with the Nuncio and that I supposed he read history with real interest. He replied: "Yes, history is far better for me than politics which wears me out." Before he turned to my English colleague, he asked: "When are you moving into the Bluecher Palace?" I had to say I did not know. He showed considerable interest, referring to the unfortunate effects of the subway which has caused the palace to show signs of possible collapse of the walls. Then he went down the line and to my surprise talked with the Russian more freely than with several others.

pp. 297

"....Turning toward me, I said to him that I noticed that he talked history with the Nuncio and that I supposed he read history with real interest. He replied: "Yes, history is far better for me than politics which wears me out." Before he turned to my English colleague, he asked: "When are you moving into the Bluecher Palace?" I had to say I did not know. He showed considerable interest, referring to the unfortunate effects of the subway which has caused the palace to show signs of possible collapse of the walls. Then he went on down the line and to my surprise talked with the Russian more freely than with several others."

pp. 379. Jan. 11, 1937

"....The Fuehrer looked somewhat embarrassed as he came in red in the face. The Frenchman stepped forward to read the address of welcome, which the Nuncio had prepared, and Hitler faced him. Nothing serious was said or suggested. When this was concluded, the Fuehrer read his reply, also saying nothing, which rather surprised me since the international situation is so dangerous. I had expected hints to the British and French. Not a word. The first paper was written and read in French; Hitler replied in German. I understood little of the French statement, but grasped most of the German, difficult as Hitler's German is.

After these greetings were finished, Hitler shook hands with the Frenchman and the two talked in German in low tones so that others might not hear them, Hitler speaking a little the louder of the two. I imagine the Frenchman complained at the German attacks on France today in all papers because Hitler alluded to the French press in a slightly critical tone.

He next turned to me and pretended to be very cordial. I alluded to the unfortunate commercial relations between our two countries. He turned to complimenting President Roosevelt on his vast majority and on his constructive measures. I agreed and said: "I am glad you read the President's addresses." He said he had done so, but I doubt it. Then I said: "I have recently read Dr. Schacht's article in FOREIGN AFFAIRS which I thought very able; in the main I agree with all he said." The conversation closed after a few more words and he turned to the English representative. I understood nothing that they said. Hitler went the whole round, even chatting cordially with the Russian.

Dodd, Martha, Through Embassy Eyes

..Hanfstaengl had been calling up and writing to arrange for me to meet Hitler. Hanfstaengl spluttered and ranted grandiosely: "Hitler needs a woman. Hitler should have an American woman—a lovely woman! could change the whole destiny of Europe. Martha you are the woman."

p. 63

..We went to the Kaiserhof and met the young Polish singer Jan Kiepura. The three of us sat talking and drinking tea for a time. Hitler came in with several men, bodyguards and his well-loved chauffeur (who was given almost a state funeral when he died recently.) He sat down unostentatiously at the table next to us. After a few minutes Jan Kiepura was taken over to Hitler to talk music to him, and then Putzi left me for a moment, leaned over the Leader's ear, and returned in a great state of nervous agitation. He had consented to be introduced to me. I went over and remained standing as he stood up and took my hand. He kissed it very politely and murmured a few words. I knew very little German, as I have indicated at the time, so I didn't linger long. I shook hands again and he kissed my hand again, and I went back to the adjoining table with Putzi and stayed for sometime listening to the conversation of the two music-lovers and receiving curious, embarrassed stares from time to time from the Leader.

The first glance left me with a picture of a weak, soft face, with pouches under the eyes, full lips and very little bony facial structure. The moustache didn't seem as ridiculous as it appeared in pictures—in fact, I scarcely noticed it; but I imagine that is because I was pretty well conditioned to such things by that time. As has often been said, Hitler's eyes were startling and unforgettable—they seemed pale blue in color, were intense, unwavering, hypnotic.

Certainly the eyes were his only distinctive feature. They could contain fury and fanaticism and cruelty; they could be mystic and terrible and challenging. This particular afternoon he was excessive, informal, he had a certain quiet charm, almost a tenderness of speech and glance. He talked soberly to Kiepura and seemed very interested and absorbed in meeting both of us. The curious embarrassment he showed in meeting me, his somewhat apologetic, nervous manner, my father tells me—and other diplomats as well—are always present when he meets the diplomatic corps en masse.He seemed modest, middle class, rather dull and self-conscious—yet with this strange tenderness and appealing helplessness.

p. 64-65

At Olympic Games:

However, if a German would win, his enthusiasm and good humor were boundless and he would spring to his feet with wild and childish joy. In him, in his face and bearing, there was not the slightest indication that he knew what good sportsmanship meant, or had any appreciation or understanding of sport for its own sake.....

p. 211-212

...My mother several times sat very near to him and observed that in social gatherings he was either glum and wordless or quite charming and informal. On various occasions he was more than cordial to young movie stars who hovered around him. A friend of mine, a rather sensational, sport-loving feminist, had an informal lunch with him in Munich. She said that he talked quite like a normal man for the first third of the lunch, then suddenly got off in a frenzy on a pet subject of his, and continued in a long and impassioned monologue, scarcely touching his meager vegetable fare but giving his guests an opportunity to eat their food leisurely.....

p. 211

..It is idle pastime to try to distinguish between the true and false legends about Hitler's private life. He loved his mother, hated his father, had no connection at all with his brothers and sisters--his half-sister, about whom Hitler never speaks, was found as a cook in a Jewish Household. A woman cousin killed herself in his apartment.strangely enough there has been no proof that Hitler has ever slept with a woman....

..In diplomatic circles, in salon gossip, there was complete bafflement about Hitler's private life. Names fly back and forth, of both men and women, but the association with his name lasts only a few days or weeks.

p. 214

Dr. Ernst F. S. Hanfstaengl

In his article in Collier's, August 4, 1934 "My Leader" tells how he got to know and serve Hitler for whom he has greatest admiration. Hanfstaengl after describing his own life and how he accidentally became interested to attend a Hitler meeting tells of the typical beerhall gathering--"the audience was a nondescript crowd, men who were there out of sheer desperation. I regretted coming. I would have been happier working on my book. (that book incidentally, never has been finished)" (Book on Ludwig II.)

..Then Drexler introduced Adolf Hitler. He didn't look very impressive standing there in repose. That is, until you noticed his eyes. He had clear blue eyes and in them there was neither guile nor fear. There was honesty; there was sincerity; there was a hint of scorn.

Then he began to speak. More of a musician than anything else, I could only interpret his speech musically. He spoke mezzo voice, quietly, soothingly, at first. His hands never stopped moving and they fascinated me--as the hands of Fritz Kreisler had fascinated me. He had all of the effectiveness--but none of the tricks--of the trained orator. Within three minutes I felt the man's absolute sincerity and love for Germany. Within ten I had forgotten everything else but the words which that man was quietly dropping into the consciousness of everyone present--words which burned all the more for their softness; words which lashed us as men who had failed in a great responsibility.

Kreisler, you know, never comes to the end of his bow. He always leaves just the faint anticipation of a tone yet to come. Then suddenly those overtones are forgotten in a surge of dazzling, beautiful notes which march triumphantly toward a crescendo. Hitler was like that.

He completely mesmerized the audience--without paralyzing it.
Colliers August 4, 1934--My Leader.

My wife and I hid Hitler in our Uffing home, For three nights he stayed with us--then the police found out. (after '23 putsch)

1924:...Adolf Hitler walked into my home Christmas Eve. He was absolutely penniless; he was gaunt from the long months of imprisonment and signs of suffering etched his face. He had come directly from prison to my home... Then--"What now, Hanfstaengl?" Hitler asked.

"You will go on. Your party still lives," I told him. "I have something for you--a good-luck talisman. It is an autograph of Frederick the Great. He once sat beside a broken drum. He was once in the depths of despair after his defeat on the field of battle. But today Germany worships his memory and glory in his achievements."

Hitler took the autograph of Frederick. Hitler looked at me and his eyes had that same clarity, that same fearlessness they had when I first saw him

My Leader--Collier's August 4, 1934

Dr. Ernst F. J. Hanfstaengl

In his article in Collier's, August 1, 1934, "My Leader" tells how he got to know and serve Hitler for whom he has greatest admiration.

Hanfstaengl after describing his own life and how he accidentally became interested to attend a Hitler meeting tells of the typical beerhall gathering- "the audience was a homespun crowd, men who were there out of sheer desperation. I regretted coming. I would have been happier working on my book. (that book incidentally, never has been finished)" (look at Ludwig II.)

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Hanfstaengl: my leader- Collier's August 1, 1934

Dr. Ernst F.S. Hanfstaengl.

Hitler at Hanfstaengl's home Augus 1934.

"Will you play the last part of the third act of Tristan? He asked. He hadn't heard music during his days in prison. He hungered for music.

I played Tristan as I never played before... "Thank you", he said. Then "Good night."

Hanfstaengl- by Leader- Collier's August 1, 1934.

.. His life was curtailed and every incident in it bared to the light. ... Hitler seldom got drunk. He, even now, leads the life of an ascetic. He is at his desk at nine- and he seldom leaves before midnight... I think that no man alive works as hard as Hitler does. Where he gets the energy, the stamina, the patience, I do not know. He never plays. He has no time. He has dedicated his life to Germany.

When he arrives at his office in the morning he is given a list of the appointments made for him during the day. He has a rule. He never allows his secretaries to allot more than twenty-five minutes to a visitor. .. You enter his office and start talking. You talk fast and no matter how intricate and how complicated the problem you bring- the Chancellor follows you. He has the gift of being able to concentrate intensely. You finish- he nods- and you leave. During his hours at the office he is a dynamo, a machine.

He seldom relaxes until midnight. Even at lunch he is listening to the talk of the men around him. They discuss current problems and Hitler listens. Weeks afterward he will amaze you by reminding you of some opinion you had expressed between courses. Lunch to him is not even a breathing spell between stretches of work. And his lunch will consist of but a few vegetables. He is a strict vegetarian- he drinks no alcohol, not even beer- and he doesn't smoke.

Hanfstaengl- by Leader- Collier's August 1, 1934.

.. Usually he is at the office until late at night. I was having a party at my home one evening. It was what we call in Berlin a Bierabend. It was a friendly, convivial gathering of diplomats, government officials..... It was one o'clock. The phone rang. It was the Chancellor.

"What are you doing, Hanfstaengl?" he asked. "Are you too tired to come and play for me?"

I hurried to the Chancellery, for then he lived right there in the building where he had his office.

I knew that he hadn't had much rest for a week. His face was drawn and lines of fatigue showed. He had gotten to the breaking point, I thought.

"Play anything," he asked and he sat in a big chair.

I played his favorites. I played Puccini and Verdi. I played Schumann. I played music that would rest him, that would quiet him. Often I play Wagner for him but not at one o'clock in the morning. Then finally I looked up from the piano. The Chancellor was relaxed ready for sleep. I left and rejoined my party.....

...He is hungry for music, the Chancellor, and it takes the place of amusement, sports, relaxation and often sleep with him....

Hanfstaengl, by Leader- Collier's, August 1, 1934

In the autumn of 1933,I arrived as a travelling artisan in Vienna.....I soon found the asylum for the Homeless, behind the South Railway Station.

The neighbor on my right looked sad, and so we asked him questions. For several days he had been living on benches in the parks where his sleep was often disturbed by policemen. He had landed here, dead tired, hungry, with sore feet. His blue-checked suit had turned lilac, and the rain and the "burning" in the asylum bleached it.

He gave him our bread because he had nothing to eat.

My neighbor's name was Adolf Hitler.

He was awkward. The Asylum meant to him an entirely new world where he could not find his way. He had no close friends. He told us that he was a painter, an artist, and had read quite a lot, that his father was a small customs official in Braunau-on-Inn and that he had attended the Realschule in Linz. Now he had come to Vienna in the hope of earning a living there, since he had already devoted much time to painting in Linz, but had been bitterly disappointed in his hopes. His landlady had dispossessed him and he had found himself on the street without shelter.

After he was forced out of his room he had spent several evenings in a cheap coffeehouse in the Kaiserstrasse, but now he was entirely without money. For days he hadn't eaten anything. One night in his great distress, he begged a drunk gentleman for a few pennies, but the drunk man raised his cane and insulted him. Hitler was very bitter about this, ~~hahahaha~~himself.....

p. 139, Hansich, I was H's buddy.

He always wanted me to tell him stories about Germany because he was quite enthusiastic about the Reich. He got every night, and kept up our spirits in spite of our troubles. He sang "Hei hecht im Reich" and kept a sparkle cane into H's eyes when he sang the Hissereck song, ~~withxxxxxx~~..... After we had never seen this song before.

p. 140; Hansich, I was H's buddy

Hitler went daily "calling on artists" to get his soup and afterwards strolled to the Western Railway Station, where sometimes there was an opportunity to carry passengers' bag for a few pennies. But often he got nothing at all and we had to share our bread with him.

~~thenxxxxshelters were opened, used to go with~~
p. 140, Hansich, I was H's buddy

When the shelters were opened Hitler used to go with others to the one in Arberg. This shelter had been endowed by the Jewish Baron Rothenberg, and the Asylum there to live was also a Jewish foundation. Hitler had no winter-overcoat: in his thin jacket he shivered with cold and was blue and frostbitten.

Hitler thought of all sorts of jobs, but he was much too weak for hard physical work. I never have seen him do any hard work, nor did I hear from him the story that he did a porter's job in the building industry. Builders employ only strong and husky men; a man so frail as H. could never be hired by the foreman.....

The early snowed us up to make money. He had to get up early....As H. was very weak and had sore feet, he was usually late, but he made sure the supervisor gave him some work, too.

p. 240, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

At this time, he and I were already close friends. We knew everything about each other. Being a Bohemian German (Buceten), I had strong German national convictions, and that was the reason H. attached himself to me.

p. 240, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

He told me a lot about his family. H's father had distinguished himself a number of times by his work as a custom official. An example was the case of a certain man in Vienna who received parcels of cigars from Germany. H's father was struck by the inferior quality of these cigars, and at the examination of one of the packages a cigar broke. A diamond fell out.....

After his father's death H's family received a pension of fifty kronen, but his sister who had just been married, received this pension and H. got nothing. He was not earning enough with his package carrying for food, and in the evening in the home he used to give him some horse-sausage or the like. It was a miserable life and I once asked him what he was really waiting for. He answered: "I don't know myself". I have never seen such helpless letting-down in distress.

p. 240, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

When he told me of the 50 kronen pension ...I asked him why he didn't approach her. (sister). He said...his sister needed the money.He had a cough and I was afraid he was going to be very ill....Finally H. ...wrote a letter, asking...for some money to be sent poste restante.

A few days before Christmas Eve, 1909, the money arrived. p. 240, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

was a transformation card price in h. & c. clothes. He
to buy a second and winter overcoat in the Jewish quar-
ter, but he was afraid he would be charged with it. He
went together to the policeman. he possessed a third
winter overcoat for H. Aronson.

Then he moved into the apartment
.... in the 4th district. I suggested that he do some
work like painting postcards. He said first he wanted
to rest for a week. But I said him I know that he had a
little money he wanted to spend it at once. He answered
that he couldn't spend it all in a day.

I had already suggested painting postcards before
he wrote his sister. He thought he couldn't be able to
sell them & sure he wasn't well enough dressed and also
he was afraid that without a license he would get
into trouble with the police. Soon after Christmas
& also moved to the son's home and began to send H's
postcards. He was very slow worker, and I often told
him not to dawdle around with his cards so much.

When H. copied postcards, most of them Viennese
views in water-colors. He took them to art dealers, cur-
ators, stores and bookshelves. and good luck...
H. was busy. busy was at an end...

32. 140/41, H. Hirsch, I was H's busy.

but unfortunately H. was never in front for me. I often
was driven to despair by hearing in orders that he was
going to carry out. It later told he earned 40 kro-
nen on a big order, and he divided it equally. next
morning, when I came downstairs and asked for H, I was
told he had already left with someone, I saw, after
that I couldn't find him for a week. He was visiting
Vienna with someone and spent each of the time in the
Museum. When I asked him what the matter was and whether
he was going to keep on working, he answered that he
must recuperate now, that he must have some leisure,
that he was not a coolie. When the week was over, he had
no longer any money. he could eat four or five pieces
of pastry with whipped cream in a cheap coffeehouse, but
he drank no wine and did not smoke.

33. 141, H. Hirsch, I was H's busy.

I recollect that we went day to the City Hall to
see the stained-glass windows, and I felt faint on the
stairway. H. scolded me, saying that it served me right
and that it was because of my continual smoking. "One
must have some self-control," he said.

34. 141, H. Hirsch, I was H's busy.

...enough self-control to force himself to... was supposed to be giving ratings....But then political discussion... could become the... leader. I don't know how in the evening I often saw to take the T-square out of his hand, because he would be winning it over his head, during a speech.

p. 141, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

The man who visited the signboards, Orainer, ... had a vivid imagination, was a great talker and soon became a bad influence on Hitler. Orainer built all sorts of castles in the air, and H. took his schemes very seriously. There was bitter competition between them in devising plans, and H. would say sometimes that Orainer was a genius like Edison....that he...needed someone to carry out his ideas.

Hitler wanted to unite all these people into an organization following such ideas in cooperative work. Some of them should make drawings, design advertising, paint signboards...others should sell these products.Hitler admitted...that the story of Anna Grilling was an obvious bluff, but he said one could earn plenty of money with it. He proposed to fill old tin cans with paste and sell them to shopkeepers, the paste to be smeared on windows to keep them from freezing in winter. It should be sold....in the summer, then it couldn't be tried out. I told him it couldn't work because the merchants could just say, come back in winter....Hitler ~~XXXX~~ answered that one must possess a talent for oratory.

p. 141, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

At another time he had quite an original idea about protecting bandboxes from being worn out, by having them made smaller in. kept in a case of cellulose.

p. 141, Hanisch, I was H's buddy.

...we lived very simply. ...Both Hitler and I did our cooking....One day H. was churning off his culinary art; he was going to make a milk soup, but it turned into pot-cheese because it curdled. The next day I made some and, though he said he didn't want to eat it, served it to him nevertheless. He asked me how I had made it andI had just done it the opposite of his way, and so it had turned out all right.

p. 241. Hanisch, I was H's buddy

He also did our laundry, in the showerbath. Hitler only one shirt, but there was a little Saxonian who used to say there would be fine weather the next day, because Hitler always washed his shirt.

p. 241, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

Hitler said Mr. Mueger should be taken for an example and a new party created. The new party should have a name that sounded well and should take over the best programs from other parties to win followers; it was also important that the whole thing be well organized. The aim justifies the means, was H's saying.

Mr Mueger had...founded....Klubshorte. Hitler was very much interested in these and talked a great deal about them and about it being good for youth to be politically trained. For some time he was absorbed night and day with the idea of forming a new party. At Easter ...we ...had a little more money....so Hitler went to the movies. I preferred to drink some wine, which Hitler despised. The next day I knew at once that he was planning a new project. He had seen "The Tunnel"....an orator makes a speech in a tunnel and becomes a great popular tribune. Hitler was aflamed with the idea that this was the way to found a new party.

p. 242, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

I was sometimes annoyed with this chattering of Hitler's for he went on talking politics instead of working for our customers.He had more success with other people, however, for they were always ready for fun, and Hitler was a sort of amusement for them. There was continual debating.....

p. 242, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

Hitler wore a long coat that Neumann had given him....and an incredibly greasy derby hat on the back of his head. His hair was long and tangled and he grew a beard on his chin such as we Christians seldom have, though one is not uncommon in Teopodstet or the Jewish ghetto. I used to address Hitler often as "Paul Kruger" because the President of the Boers had just such a beard. Hitler had already at that time the lock on his forehead.

p. 242, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

A judge would often let Hitler's coat to the bench, and then someone else would discuss politics with him. All of them then used to contradict him, a thing he could never stand. He' went to his feet, rang the bench after him with a great rattle.....These debates took place over almost anything, and meanwhile Hitler was neglecting his work. When he got excited, Hitler could n't restrain himself. He trembled, and fidgeted with his hands. But when he was quiet it was quite different; he seemed then to have a fair amount of self-control and acted in quite a dignified manner. When speaking, he was rigid and showed his teeth.

b. 141, Hanisch, I was H's Buddy.

Hitler heard from his father only praise of Germany and all the faults of Austria. And so he was to some degree brought up to anti-Austrian feelings. Hitler was an enemy of the Hapsburgs. He accused them of entertaining a hostile policy against Germanism and frequently said that with the accession of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand the downfall of Germanism in Austria was to be expected. He also used to say that history is the teacher of nations.

b. 170, Hanisch, I was H's Buddy.

We talked also about the policies adopted against the minorities in different countries. I took exception to the Prussian policy against the Poles....Hitler said this was unavoidable; a state must try to create a uniform nationality within its borders. I was angry that /very/ Hitler always took the government's part. ...Hitler invariably approved of all...violent methods as necessary for the state's sake. In such debates I always sided with his opponents, but opposition was useless because of his shouting.

b. 170, Hanisch, I was H's Buddy

He talked often about his youth. He said with pride that the people of the innviertel....had the reputation of brawlers, and he told about watching their fights as a lad, and even enjoying them. It was a holiday for him when a friend took him and his father to the district court in Ried to see the deadly weapons exhibited there that had been collected during peasants fights. What others abhorred appealed to him.....

b. 170/71, Hanisch, I was H's Buddy

Hitler also told me that when he got into fights as a boy, his father wouldn't let him complain but made him fend for himself.

p. 271, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

He had read considerably about the revolution of 1848 and lectured about it a great deal. Richard Wagner was then his favorite subject, first Wagner as a revolutionist in 1848 and afterwards his struggles, until he found a patron in King Ludwig. We often went to the scenic railway in the Prater, where we could hear the organ play "Tannhaeuser". Hitler listened quietly and explained the action to us. Once he grabbed my hand excitedly and said: "That's the passage! Do you hear? That's the passage!"

On our way home he tried to explain the opera to us and sang some passages. In his excited way he could only hum a few tones and fling with his arms. But he could describe the scenes very well, and what the music meant. I don't think that it was a real understanding of music, though; he had more of a sense for what was going on on the stage and what had to be performed. For Wagner he had a great enthusiasm, and said sometimes that opera is really the best divine service. Everything about him was somewhat exaggerated.

In the scenic railway there was always a great deal of Mozart played, first of all from "The Magic Flute". Hitler would try to hurry us and get us ~~xxxxx~~ to leave. Once I remarked that Mozart was greater than Wagner, but Hitler denied it vehemently. He said Mozart fitted the old sentimental times more, but that today he had been outlived. But Wagner was a fighter; there was more greatness and power in Wagner. Besides there were more people sent bury, especially in the orchestra.

p. 271, Danisch, I was H's Buddy.

He also liked to talk about Gottfried Semper, architect of the Hofburg, the museums and the Burgtheater. One day we spoke of Karl May, for there were rumors that he had been jailed for serious offenses. Hitler said it was mean to bring up his past against such a man, that they who did it were hyenas and scoundrels, and that he himself had read Karl May, who was really a great writer.

p. 271, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

2

10

Ideas and novelties were his hobby. He thought men of the future would nourish themselves more and more with substitutes, a pill perhaps sufficing as a whole day's ration.Another time Hitler explained the force of gravity to us, and assumed that the next great scientific advance would be the elimination of gravity from objects, so that iron blocks could be moved from place to place without difficulty.

p. 171, Henrich, I was H's Buddy

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

He talked of the necessity of religion as there had been published in the official magazine an article mocking at, for us Dominicans, the recession. Hitler condemned it strongly on the ground that the religion of the common people was being destroyed without a substitute being offered them. He often said religion was necessary, and that if there was none it should be created. He was one of those who believed in going to church,.....

He often received a letter from convent nuns, and he always answered them. He was often with the convent girls, but also for medical advice he went to the Merciful Brothers (Barmherzige Brüder). But he charged Catholicism with Germanophobia, because the Jews were constantly talking. He said the Catholic Church had reached her present power and greatness by good organization, and pointed to the east when the church won her way with fire and sword. He also said the Catholic Church had spilt more blood than any other religion. He believed that the Western nations gained a great deal from the Oriental civilizations during the crusades, and so our art rose to new heights.

If the Germans had remained faithful to their old mythology, they would today be a united nation, and would have reached a higher standard of civilization. He meant that the German faith, if retained, would have become more ideal with the changing times, and in this connection pointed to the Greeks, in whose faith, he said, deities were revered as gods. He was particularly admirer of the Greek state, where scholars and philosophers exerted a strong influence, and that we should have a similar state that had been the cradle of philosophy, but in our technical age philosophy was badly neglected. He asserted that it would be easier to combat piracy if there were more philosophy, and moreover, he said, there should be more businessmen in the government, that it should not be, as it was, full of jurists and bureaucrats.

Thus Hitler regarded both the Protestant Church and Germany's true religion. Hitler admired Luther as the greatest German genius.

Spisch, I was H's Buddy, p. 171.

In those days Hitler was by no means a Jew hater. He became one afterwards. He used to say even then that the end sanctions the means, and so he incorporated anti-Semitism into his program as a powerful slogan.

p. 171, Spisch, I was H's Buddy,

at the time, Hitler had helpful advisers who were Jews. There was a one-eyed locksmith called Robinson who often assisted him, since he was a bank... in the Reichsbank Hitler often found Jews who listened to his political lectures. The Strauss family became a real friend. ...he often gave Hitler old clothes. He was a good-hearted man who liked Hitler very much and whom Hitler, of course, highly esteemed. Hitler told me once that Robinson was a very decent man, because if any of us had said that Robinson said them, though he himself was very much in want.

a. 171, Hanisch, I was H's buyer

At that time Theodore Herzl and the Zionist question were very much discussed. Hitler and Robinson had long debates about Zionism. Robinson said that if the Jews should leave Austria it would be a great misfortune for the country, for they would carry with them all the Austrian capital. Hitler said no, that the money would obviously be confiscated, as it was not Jewish but Austrian.

a. 172, Hanisch, I was H's buyer.

Hitler was able to sell his watercolors almost solely to Jewish dealers. He sold to Jacob Litberg of the Wiener Hauptstrasse, who also had a branch in the Favoritenstrasse. There was another Jewish shop in the Favoritenstrasse, owned by Mandsterner, who also bought from Hitler, and there was Morgenstern in the Liechtensteinstrasse, who often bought from him and often recommended him to the private customers.

The Christian dealers... didn't buy any better than the Jews. Besides, they only bought again when they had disposed of the first lot, while the Jewish dealers continued to buy whether they had sold anything or not. Hitler often said that it was only with the Jews that one could do business, because only they were willing to take chances. ...he also appreciated the charitable spirit of the Jews, and mentioned the statesman Sonnenfels during Maria Theresa's reign. He went even further. For instance, when the people in the home expressed resentment at Queen Elizabeth's erecting a monument to Beethoven on her estate at Coblenz, Hitler argued that it was sad that Beethoven's fatherland didn't similarly recognize his merit. Hitler himself did not agree with Beethoven's views but his poetry deserved respect. When it was argued that there were few artists among the Jews, Hitler replied that there might be few, but there were some, and he mentioned Mendelssohn and Offenbach.

a. 272, Hanisch, I was H's buyer.

But he admired the Jews most for their resistance to all persecutions. He feared of course that he might have had the right of admission to court but refused it because it would have meant changing his religion. Hitler thought that was decent, and that all Jews should behave likewise. During our evening walk we discussed Moses and the Ten Commandments. Hitler thought it possible that Moses had taken over the commandments from other nations, but if they were the Jews own they had produced as a nation one of the most marvelous things in history, since our whole civilization was based on the Ten Commandments. About Christ he said that he must surely have been in India, as he adopted points of Buddhism, and after all he was the son of a Greek who served as a Roman army captain. During these walks a Bavarian Foreman from a dairy often accompanied us. He wondered why Jews always had remained strangers in the nation, and Hitler answered that it was because they were a different race. Also, he said that the Jews had a different smell.

g. 171, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

Nevertheless, Hitler at that time looked very Jewish, so that I often joked with him that he must be of Jewish blood, since such a large beard rarely grows on a Christian's chin. Also he had big feet, as a desert wanderer must have. Hitler himself often remarked that descendants of Jews are very radical and have terroristic inclinations. He said that for a Jew to take advantage ~~of a non-Jew~~, to a certain extent, of a non-Jew, was not punishable according to the Talmud. On the other hand, he often dismissed the charge of ritual murder with the remark that it was absolute nonsense, a groundless slander. He used to quote from "athan der Weise" by Lessing and could well recite the parable of the three rings. He believed every religion to be good and expressed the opinion that the Jews were the first civilized nation because they were the first to abandon polytheism for the belief in one God. The fact that they made no images indicated, he said, that they worshiped God more as nature itself. So he didn't care much about anti-Semitism.

h. 171, Danisch, I was H's Buddy

Hitler often even denied that Jewish capitalists practiced usury, and pointed out that most capital is in the hands of Christians. He accused the nobility of practicing usury, using the Jews as agents. However, he called the nobility a sort of noble race that would forever remain preeminent. But Emperor Wilhelm II he called a conceited chatterbox who cared for monuments.

i. 172, Danisch, I was H's Buddy.

Hitler was even closer to the government officials than he repeatedly said of the workers: that they were in ignorant haste that could do nothing but eating, drinking, and women. He thought the revolution could only be the work of the student class, as in 1948.... Actually he was unable to form an opinion of workers because he had no opportunity to meet them.and workers paid little attention to Hitler because they found his debates quite foolish.I wanted to prove to Hitler that workers were not so ignorant, and pointed to Haacke and Bruns, who rose from the bottom. Hitler said that they were exceptions, and that there were surely superior and inferior people.again Hitler mentioned the nobility, maintaining that they were the superior race....

a. 1937, Danisch, I was H's buddy

Hitler was even then an enemy of the Social Democrats. On July 1, 1919, a worker from the armament factory came into the reading room with a red carnation in his button hole, and spoke about the parade in the theater he had been in. Hitler leaned to his feet, waving his hands wildly, and screaming in his regular way: "You should be thrown out; you should get a lesson."

everyone laughed at his excitement....

a. 1937, Danisch, I was H's buddy

Hitler was then an enemy of any kind of terror. He condemned any kind of confusion, and also strikes. He was also opposed to the contributions collected by the Social Democrats for their party organization, because he said these contributions enabled a lot of parasites to live comfortably at the expense of the masses of the people. He declared that the state probably had no need to stop this, but that this unjustified greed for profit on the part of some people represented a great danger for the state. He also considered stock companies an evil, and thought that if an industry was getting too large it should be turned over to the state and the state should get the profits.

a. 1937, Danisch, I was H's buddy

That he often talked nonsense is shown by a little episode. He was talking about Schopenhauer, and the old gentleman we called the professor asked Hitler if he had ever read Schopenhauer. Hitler turned crimson and said that he had read some. The old gentleman said that he should speak about things that he understood. After that Hitler was careful not to talk where he would suffer a fresh rebuke.

a. 1937, Danisch, I was H's buddy

Hitler had very little respect for the female sex, but very acute ideas about positions between men and women. He often said that, if men only wanted to, they could adopt a strictly moral way of living.

While he was still going to the technical high school in Linz he used often to call on a close friend, the son of a government official. One of this friend's sisters was Hitler's first love. She never knew it, because he never told her; he was the son of a minor official and she the daughter of a much higher one. Hitler was even astonished that the son of such a high official could be his friend. It was, incidentally, under this friend's influence that he became an admirer of Wagner.

But Hitler's high opinion of love and marriage, and his strong condemnation of men's disloyalty, didn't prevent him from having very small regard for women. He used to lecture on that, saying every woman can be had. All you have to do, he said, is to wear your hat and the back of your head, so your face will be as visible as possible. And he himself did wear his derby on the back of his head. He often said it was the woman's fault if a man went astray. A decent man can never improve a bad woman, but a woman can improve a man. Then he used to relate an experience he had had when he was very young, to prove his self-control. During one of his vacations from high school, in the country, he met a milkmaid who appealed to him, and who liked him, too. Once as she was milking the cow and he was alone with her, his behavior rather foolishly. But Hitler suddenly thought of the eventual consequences and ran away, like the estate "Gosch", knocking over a big pot of fresh milk.

All during this time, of course, Hitler was living in the deepest misery in Vienna. He was so poor and so filled that he was barely conscious of any needs, and his poverty prevented him from having anything to do with women. Besides, his poor look that about love would have kept him from any frivolous adventures. If there is any woman about this, it is just sheerer. Hitler certainly wasn't the kind of man for a girl to fall in love with. His poor clothes, the tangled hair falling down over his dirty collar, these are the reasons that he probably never knew any more than a yearning.

pg. 187/188, Hanisch, I was H's lady.

During this time Hitler was more engaged in debt than in painting. He was often ridiculed and when I returned from peddling his cards all day I used to have to listen to his complaints. I wanted to rent a small private room, in the hope that his work would improve if he got out of the Artium. Too, Hitler's work, done under these conditions, was of poor quality and made selling very difficult. In the suburbs I was paid three to five kronen a picture, and even so I was glad to find a buyer.

p. 188, Hanisch, I was H's lady.

[illegible]
$$f_{\text{eff}} = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{f_1} + \frac{1}{f_2} \right) \quad (1)$$

He could never stand any criticism of his writings. Once he painted a picture of New York, with some rocks, and brought it to the Union, or to take it to the doctor on the evening. Dr. Wieseler only said: "That's nothing, absolutely nothing." Then I often took it to the City Hall Museum and showed him water colors that he might see as nothing. He pointed out those of lesser quality saying that they were no better than his. ... told him... that he must ... look at ... interior of the given pit... pointed out the easy manner of this printing and compared the heavy way this turned out. He wouldn't listen to that. So later I told him that I had just been trying to tell him Congress can make money; and at last he realized this.

9. 1998, deutsch, i was H's brother

The Viennese views that Hitler dined in the Asylum were mostly patterned after postcards, using just a few patterns and always the same motifs. Once I had an order for him to paint the church in theumpendorferstrasse, and, since a postcard wasn't to be found, I urged him to draw it from nature. We went down early one morning, but Hitler couldn't make the drawing. He used all sorts of excuses: it was too cold, his fingers were too stiff. Today, knowing, that he had had no academic background, I can explain his clumsiness. It is also characteristic of his watercolors that there are few figures in them.

p. 138, Hanisch, I was 4's body

(story of H. doing some painting on a glass plate - on order - and wanting 100 kronen for it. ridiculous price.)
p. 238 danisch, I was H's buddy

....I was amazed to find out that he (Tausky) liked my work better than Hitler's. Hitler fell very much in my esteem, since I had had so much confidence in his artistic abilities.I knew that I lacked the academic training Hitler had said he had had....

p. 298, Hanisch, I was R's Buddy

Hitler.....the picture of the Reichstag chandelier on gilded glass & new method might be found for the prevention of counterfeiting banknotes. In this case I think Hitler was right.

p. 138, Hanisch, I was His Buddy.

Just then I had finished a watercolor of the Parliament in Vienna on which he had worked more attentively than usual, as I used to sell in a better shop. ...he went with me. But... all attempts were unsuccessful. ...people shrugged their shoulders....and one said it was just too poor a piece of work. Hitler had expected a lot of it, so of course he was disconsolate....

.....told me to do and sell the picture by myself.he had labored for more than eight days on this. Finally he had no more money left and he urged me to sell it, so I got it broken from the frame-maker's shop. He gave me six kronen at once and this I gave to Hitler....

The next day I wanted to deliver something that had been ordered a fortnight before....I was promised faithfully to deliver it on time since Hitler had assured me that he would have it ready, when I asked him to do it. ...a story about a political debate. Again he had not finished the work.I was very excited. At such times I was very angry and resentful.

Hitler said he wanted to be in the news for artistic work. I called him a hunger artist, and he called me a house servant. ...I had once told him that I had once worked as a servant in Berlin.after these quarrels I moved from the asylum.....

(Some times later)....I met a salesman named Loeffler, a Jew who also stayed in the asylum and was one of Hitler's circle of acquaintances.he reproached me for having misappropriated a picture by Hitler....Hitler...had said I defrauded him of the watercolor of the Parliament....we had a violent argument....A policeman walked up. had us come with him to the Commissariat....I was held.

...Hitler had noticed that I was trying to get rid of him...I knew that Hitler was an irascible person...I had been afraid that he would find me anywhere I went. ...because of his laziness I was afraid he would descend on me and be a burden on me. ...For these reasons I had been living under an assumed name....

...I hoped...that Hitler would clear up this error....I was...confronted with Hitler...how great was my disappointment! Hitler, of whom I had thought so highly, whom I had helped so often, whose errands I had done, declared that I had misappropriated a watercolor of his worth fifty kronen. When I objected that I had given him his share of the 12 kronen, he denied this. He denied, too, that he had told me to sell the picture as best I could.

At the trial 3 days later...Hitler persisted in his false denunciation, ...I was sentenced to a short term...

p. 138, Hanisch, I was His Buddy

One day... I met an Italian... who lived in the
asylum. He told me... that Hitler was very much impressed by
heroud in a... I was in great need and he kindly
lending me... I was in... I thought, but he was the
government... I have already mentioned.

p. 200, Hanisch, I was H's buddy

The opinion of the... still... one
of Hitler's... of... track, and
with very little love for him.

p. 200 Hanisch, I was H's buddy

The last time I met Hitler was in August 1913; on the
Slovenian... ..

p. 200. Hanisch, I was H's buddy

There are a great many rumors about Hitler's past,
stories that he was a sewerhanger, stories that he was an ar-
chitect. They are all untrue...

p. 200, Hanisch, I was H's buddy

Mummm went to Germany in 1910. He tried to persuade
Hitler to join him, speaking with great enthusiasm of Ger-
many, but Hitler wasn't able to make up his mind....

p. 272, Hanisch, I was H's buddy

ADOLF AT SCHOOL, by Konrad Heiden.
Translated from the Neues Tage-buch, Paris German Emigre Weekly)
appeared in "The Living Age" November 1936.

from a new edition of Konrad Heiden's biography of Hitler-

"The next official report on the career of this child appeared in the year 1895. On April 2 of that year he entered the primary school at Fischlham near Hafeld. Two years later he transferred to the convent school of the Lambach Institution. A teacher there recalls having expelled the student instantly for smoking in the convent garden. The boy attended his last public school year in Leonding.

It is worthy of note that his report cards of this time show nothing but 'A's', with the occasional exception of singing, drawing and physical training. All the more remarkable was the setback attending his entry into the State secondary school of Linz. His performance during the first year there was so poor that he failed to be promoted and had to remain in the same class for another year. After that there were temporary improvements in his work; several times he did excellently in history but mathematics remained only 'adequate' or 'failing,' as did French. His marks in German were 'adequate' or at best 'fair', while they were 'excellent' in free-hand drawing and physical training. His attention was characterized as 'uneven'; 'passing' at best. One year after the death of his father he left Linz, for reasons that are not clear. He went to Styria in upper Austria, where he lived with a court clerk by the name of von Cichini and attended the local State secondary school. His last report card in the fourth grade there, dated September 16, 1905, presents a fair picture of Adolf Hitler the student:-

	I. Semester	II. Semester
Conduct.....	fair	fair
Attention.....	uneven	passing
Bible.....	adequate	fair
German	failing	adequate
Geography and History.....	adequate	fair
Mathematics.....	failing	adequate
Chemistry.....	adequate	adequate
Physics.....	fair	adequate
<hr/>		
Geometry, Mechanical Drawing,		adequate***
Solid Geometry.....	adequate	failing *
Free- hand Drawing.....	good	excellent
Physical training.....	excellent	excellent
Stenography.....	failing	----
Singing.....	----	fair
Appearance of Written Work.....	unsatisfactory	unsatisfactory

* Make-up examination permitted

*** As result of the make-up examination.

Beginning with October, 1907, he lived in Vienna, supported by his mother or other relatives and preparing himself for the Academy of Art, incidentally savoring, boy-like, the big city; theaters, museums, parliament. Now he called himself a student, now a painter, for he was convinced that he was about to become a student in the Academy of Fine Arts' School of Painting.

It was not to be. In October, 1907, he applied for the Academy's drawing test, success in which is a condition of admission. The result of this test was the following entry in the Academy's 'classification list' for the school year 1907-08:-

' Projects in composition for test takers. First day: Expulsion from Paradise, etc. Second day: Episode from the Deluge, etc.'

'Those who failed to pass, or who were not admitted, were: Lessrs.... Adolf Hitler, Braunau-on-the-Inn, April 20, 1889, German, Catholic, father Civil Service official; four years secondary school. Few Heads. Test drawing insufficient.'

He had been rejected. He seems not to have mentioned his failure at home, and in his autobiography he ignores it completely. He remained in Vienna, in his lodgings in the Stumpergasse 31, later in the Felberstrasse in the 15th district. He determined to try again the following fall. The result was even more crushing. This time the classification list simply states:-

' Those who failed to pass or who were not admitted to the test were Lessrs.....Adolf Hitler, Braunau-on-the-Inn, April 20, 1889, German, Catholic, father Civil Service official; four years secondary school. Not admitted to the test.'

This meant that the drawings he had brought along were of such a nature that the examiners did not consider it necessary to conduct any further test.

~~THIS~~ It was the second and final rejection. It hit him so hard that, in his autobiography, he could not pass it over...The director is supposed to have told him that he was much better fitted to become ~~an~~ an architect and that he should apply to a school of architecture. But this course was barred to him, Hitler asserts, because attendance at this division required graduation from the higher branch of the secondary school.

Hitler is in error here. The regulations expressly contain a 'safety valve', in certain cases the graduation requirement could be dispensed with- namely in cases of 'great talent.' Moreover, the directors of the School of Architecture, prof. Wagner and Ohmann, were men of the type who would not have barred the way to someone with real architectural talent solely because he lacked a diploma.... Crushed and despondent, he journeyed home to his mother's sickbed....

Living Age p. 227-229 ADOLF AT SCHOOL, Heiden,
~~Hitler~~

HITLER by Konrad Heiden

In the life-history of Adolf Hitler no mention is ever made of the grandparents on his father's side; the details invariably refer only to his mother's relations. There are many things to suggest that Adolf Hitler's grandfather was not Johann Georg Hiedler, but an unknown man.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 8)

Alois Hitler has been described as a stern, correct, industrious, punctual, and clear-headed man; in many things, the exact opposite of his son. In his struggle to attain the dignity of an official is expressed the yearning and the fear of life of that huge section of the population which was later to support National Socialism. Alois Hitler, with his longing for rank and an assured livelihood, was already a part of the Hitler movement.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 8)

His father wanted him to study. He was to be a higher-grade civil servant. Adolf did not want this. "I felt sick and bored at the thought of having one day to sit in an office, deprived of freedom, no longer master of my own time, but forced to expend the energies of a lifetime in filling up forms." This horror of regular work remained with him. But he never ventured to oppose his father openly: "I could be rather reserved about my private views; there was no need to contradict at once every time. My own firm determination never to become an official sufficed to reassure me inwardly."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 11)

". . . Of course, I always got the worst of it in such arguments; since the old gentleman proceeded to exert his authority unsparingly; so in future I held my tongue"--opposition oringed once more before the paternal stick--"but I put my threat into practice."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 11)

"...What I enjoyed, I learned--above all, anything which, in my opinion, might be of use to me later, when I was a painter. Anything which seemed to me meaningless from this point of view or which otherwise did not attract me I sabotaged completely."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 11-12)

Meanwhile his performances at school became worse and worse, and the conflict with his father more and more acute. Alois Hitler had a stroke when his son was twelve years of age. His most fervent desire--namely, to procure his son a means of livelihood which would safeguard him from the hardships of his own career--certainly did not at that time seem likely to be granted. Alois Hitler died full of doubts as to his son's future.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 12)

Hitler did not, however, pass his final examination. Whether he failed or whether he never took it he does not make clear. He only admits that he had to atone later for "what I had hitherto neglected at the Realschule out of defiance." For five years he lived with his mother, who, to judge by the portraits of her, was a beautiful and lovable woman; according to his own testimony, he was very fond of her and wore her picture on his breast in the field.

The mother spoilt her scapegrace son; for five years he lounged about the house idly and aimlessly as a "mother's pet" in "soft down" and the "hollowness of an easy life," frittering and dreaming away his youthful existence.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 13)

"...Among these dregs of society he learned to know the people as a factor in politics; on this human refuse a precocious youth formed his lasting conceptions of the value of humanity and the folly of the masses.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 16)

Hanisch describes the young Hitler as unpractical and with a distaste for work; he found an opportunity to earn money only when some other person helped him; thus the young man was, to a great extent, himself to blame for his material distress.

Hanisch relates that whenever the young Adolf had earned a few kronen, he gave up work, seated himself in a cheap cafe, and regaled the guests with political harangues. He had a talent for lecturing, however, and they were content to listen.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 16)

Shrewd sentences, especially for an orator. But also telltale, especially for a prophet. This is perhaps the most illuminating passage that Hitler has ever written about himself. It reveals the fanatical narrow-mindedness of a man who only wants to learn what he already knows, only courts the pleasant sensation of being in the right.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 18)

But the most important thing that Hitler perceived in Lueger, the never-to-be-forgotten lesson he learned from him, was this: "In the same way he was disposed to make use of any available means of power, to secure the favor of any existing powerful institutions, in order that he might derive from these old sources of strength the greatest possible advantage for his own movement."

Gaining over of classes whose existence is threatened!
Secure the favor of any existing powerful institutions!

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 22)

"My inward aversion to the Habsburg state grew more and more during those years.

"The conviction gained ground in me that this form of State could only bring disaster to the German nationality.

"The racial conglomeration which ruled the Imperial capital was repugnant to me. Equally repugnant was the whole national hotchpotch of Czechs, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croats, etc.--and in the midst of it all that eternal split fungus of humanity, Jews and again Jews.

"The huge city seemed to me the embodiment of incest."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 23)

"The struggle of the year 1914 was, forsooth, not forced on the masses, but desired by the whole people." Desired by the whole people? No, but by a class, which might be termed the Hitler class: "To myself those hours came like a redemption from the vexatious experiences of my youth. Even to this day I am not ashamed to say that, in a transport of enthusiasm, I sank down on my knees and thanked heaven from an overflowing heart. . . ."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 26)

The editor of the History of the List Regiment, Fr. Fridolin Solleder, says in reference to this: "Since 1915 the statement has been repeated in almost every published work on the subject that the List men sang the Deutschland song during the attack on Ypres. This is a historical error. The List men sang the defiant old German song: Die Wacht am Rhein."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 27)

...his captain said: "I'll never make that hysterical fellow an officer!"

Subordination he took seriously down to the smallest details: "To respect one's superior officers, never to contradict, to submit blindly"--that is his ideal, as he declared before. . .

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 29)

His failure in personal intercourse misled him more and more into contempt for his fellow-men. This contempt increased in proportion as he discovered how amenable these men were to simple tricks. He observed the effect of broadsheets which the enemy smuggled in among the German troops; and at the same time he observed the ineffectiveness of Germany's own propaganda among her own people;

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 31)

One of the earliest National Socialists, Dr. Georg Schott, declared: "Hitler is the opposite of a man of brains. He is a man of heart, a man of blood, a babbler of dreams."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 37)

The great modern mass-parties, first and foremost the Fascist, have rediscovered an old historical truth which seemed long since buried: that men often and masses almost always pay service not to their interests but to their illusions. This fact is something greater and mightier than mere folly or deception; it is based on the human craving for devotion and self-sacrifice, which play as big a part in history as hunger and love. Hitler is not lying when he proudly declares that he has demanded nothing but sacrifices from his adherents.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 41)

A pale, gaunt man with a pointed beard was making a speech to half a dozen comrades;

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 43)

That was Adolf Hitler's business. And now we know what he had been during the Munich Soviet regime--a spy.

This occupation did not apparently inspire him with any horror. "There will be no peace in the land until a body is hanging from every lamp-post," he frequently remarked.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 52)

Anyone acquainted with the unhappy life of this lonely man knows why hatred and persecution mania guided his first political footsteps. In his heart he nursed a grudge against the world, and he vented it on guilty and innocent alike. His creaking voice, his jerky gait, his sewing gestures expressed a hatred of which all who saw him were conscious. He was lashed on by the craving to persecute: "I went, filled with loathing"--with this sentiment did he part from his fellow-laborers at the building-site in Vienna. "In these nights there grew up in me a hatred, hatred of the authors of the revolution." That was the result of the winter in Traunkstein.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 53)

After the war the position suddenly changed. Anti-Semitism immediately became a mass movement, even before Hitler. The Prussian Minister of War, General von Krisberg, published statistics by which he tried to prove that the German Jews had not made as many sacrifices in the World War as the other sections of the population. In reply it was pointed out that the German princely houses had not lost a single prince. . . .

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 59)

"As I always woke up before five in the morning, I had formed the habit of amusing myself by strewing on the floor a few pieces of stale bread or crusts for the mice which had made their home in the little room, and of watching the droll little animals scurrying about after these titbits. I had already suffered so much distress in the course of my life that I could picture only too well the hunger and consequently the delight of these little creatures. I could not go off to sleep again, and I suddenly recalled the previous evening and remembered the pamphlet. So I began to read."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 68)

Then some ingenious brain conceived the brilliant idea of inserting an advertisement in an anti-Semitic weekly, the Munchener Beobachter. A miracle happened: eighty people arrived!

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 69)

Rohm developed something like a genuine affection for the queer soldier, but in Hitler too Rohm's frank, brutal energy seemed to inspire a blissfulness of security.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 71)

Then Hitler came forward; the audience became restless; the speaker did not appeal to them. Hitler began to expound his program, and the audience became more attentive. From time to time there were exclamations of approval. When Hitler left the platform, he was convinced that he had achieved a great success.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 75)

On a summer afternoon of the year 1919 a few people collected before the steps of the new Pinakothek in Munich. A pale gaunt man with a pointed beard had mounted to the balustrade

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 76)

Eighteen months later the same man again stood on a raised platform before the Munich public. He no longer wore a beard. The people knew his name.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 76)

It must not be imagined that the first National Socialist meetings were outwardly very different from any other political meeting. Hitler spoke; a discussion was opened; someone ventured a contradiction, and Hitler patiently refuted the contradiction.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 81)

As to Hitler's voice there are different opinions. Some think it fascinating, others revolting. Certain it is that the extraordinary power of this organ, which even on a stormy mountain-height loses little of its volume and only at excited

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 85)

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 85 cont.)

moments becomes a creak, stir and thrill people. The tone and attitude of the orator at the beginning convey a sense of intense earnestness and responsibility, and this makes the frenzied bawling which follows all the more impressive. At the climax of his speech he is so carried away that whatever he is saying, be it purest truth or crassest lie, is at that moment so entirely the expression of his nature, his mood, and his conviction of the profound necessity for all he does that even the lie echoes like truth in the ears of his audience. The oneness of man and word is the second secret of his success.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 85)

Hitler had to get along as best he could. "You have no idea," he said later to Gregor Strasser, "what a problem it was in those days to find the money to buy my ticket when I wanted to deliver a speech at Nuremberg."

No one knew how he lived. As a man, he appeared a thoroughgoing bohemian. He was said to have no money, but he spent it. And there were distressing inconsistencies. Here is the verbal report of one of his business friends of the year 1923: "Believe me, Hitler is personally the most modest man in the world and grateful for the smallest favor. Once, when I gave him an old blue coat of mine, he grasped my hand in his and the tears started to his eyes. The poor fellow has certainly had a hard life and evidently has not experienced much kindness." The speaker added with conviction: "You might have stood the Hitler of November 9, 1923 on his head in the Feldherrnhalle, and not a copper would have fallen out of his pocket."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 90)

In July 1921, discontented members of the party attacked him in a broadsheet which asserts: "If any member asks him how he lives and what was his former profession, he always becomes angry and excited. Up to now no answer has been supplied to these questions. So his conscience cannot be clean, especially as his excessive intercourse with ladies, to whom he often described himself as 'King of Munich,' costs a great deal of money." The actual statements contained in this broadsheet were derived from Anton Drexler.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 90-91)

"I also have my midday meal with various party comrades in turn. I am further assisted to a modest extent by a few party comrades."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 91)

Certainly all those who believed the Hitler of the first years to be a poor devil in chronic want of money were laboring under a delusion. His craving for abrupt alternations between profound solitude and teeming society resulted, in view of his limited means, in a modest lodging and rest tavern carousals. He simply could not manage money, any more than he could manage his time, husband his strength, employ his staff economically, or arrange a speech or written composition architectonically. Hitler is an unbridled being, sometimes insensitive to pain and toil, as though in a state of intoxication, and therefore capable of wonderful feats of strength, but incapable of prolonged self-discipline.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 91-92)

He received few invitations, and up to 1923 the drawing-rooms were almost closed against him. Any one awkward, conspicuous for his exaggerated bows and the greedy haste with which he gobbled his food, he soon ceased to be interesting at close quarters. Dressed not shabbily but without any idea of personal taste, his oiled hair parted almost in the middle, his scrubby mustache introducing a meaningless accent into an otherwise insipid face--the whole man gave the impression of a poor copy of a type existing only in the imagination.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 93)

Hitler found a sort of home with Frau Carola Hofmann, a simple soul, the widow of a headmaster, who lived in the villa-suburb of Soln, near Munich. In 1920 she heard Hitler speak for the first time and immediately took a fancy to him. This woman of sixty-one years of age became to the thirty-year-old Bohemian the mother for whom he had always yearned.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 93)

The first house with some pretensions to grandeur to which Hitler was admitted on a friendly footing was not in Munich, but in Berlin. It was that of Bechstein, the piano-manufacturer. The Bechsteins were old friends of Dietrich Eckart, and the latter introduced his pupil to me. Frau Helene Bechstein took a great liking to Adolf Hitler. "I wish he were my son," she said.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 94)

A man of splendid presence, he won over Hitler completely and gained a political influence over him which was positively fatal. Scheubner-Richter was one of the cases in which Hitler was completely duped by an impressive social bearing.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 95)

He always behaved in such a way that when he left a company of people he had made a stronger impression on them than they on him.

This behavior, which was constantly repeated, betrayed a lack of confidence in his own natural resources; he called in the aid of stage-management.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 97-98)

March 1920

. . . Hitler, with his pointed beard, stood modestly to one side in the role of bookkeeper.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 102)

Thereby he stands out from all his adversaries and rivals. Where others after a defeat would have gone home despondently, consoling themselves with the philosophic reflection that it was no use contending against adverse circumstances, Hitler delivered a second and a third assault with unflinching defiance. Where others after a success would have become more cautious, because they would not dare put fortune to the proof too often and perhaps exhaust it, Hitler persisted and staked a bigger claim on destiny with every throw.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 106)

In July 1921 Hitler was staying in Berlin with the Bechsteins and taking elocution lessons in order to remedy his Austrian dialect and strengthen his voice.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 108)

1923

. . . But Schweyer did not trust him; he was alarmed by the flocking of thousands of S.A. men into Munich. The party conference was forbidden. Then Hitler rushed to the new Chief of Police, Nortz, and made a scene such as this officer had never experienced in his life before; he begged, he threatened, he wept, and finally he sank upon his knees, spread out his arms and

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 120-121)

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 120-121 cont.)

cried: "Herr Polizeipräsident, let me march; I guarantee that nothing shall happen!" But even the kneeling was to no purpose.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 120-121)

As an eye-witness, Count Loeben, later declared in court, he gave the impression of a raving lunatic. His men ported a machine-gun at the entrance of the hall. Hitler himself, now hardly in command of his senses, leapt on to a chair, fired a pistol-shot towards the ceiling, leapt down again, and dashed on through the hall towards the platform, which has suddenly become deathly silent. A dutiful police major walked towards him with his hand in his pocket. Hitler was afraid of a hidden firearm; swift as lightning, he set his pistol to the major's forehead and shouted like the hero of a detective novel: "Hands out of your pockets!"

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 138)

"I have four shots in my pistol--three for my colleagues if they desert me, the last for myself."

He put the pistol to his forehead and declared solemnly: "Unless I am victorious tomorrow, I shall be a dead man."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 140)

"Yes, Excellency, we must, above all, make good the grave injustice to the monarchy, which was sacrificed so shamelessly to the crime of November 1918. With Your Excellency's permission, I will arrive straight from this meeting to His Majesty (Prince Rupprecht) and inform him that by this German revolt the wrong done to His Majesty's late father has been made good."

Literally: "...with Your Excellency's permission... Majesty... late father..." One can detect how the ex-corporal revels in these aristocratic phrases. Pöhner, a first-rate witness, in his deposition before the court, repeated this baroque utterance, which affords a profound insight into Hitler's soul.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 144)

"I want now to fulfill the vow which I made to myself five years ago when I was a blind cripple in the military hospital: to know neither rest nor peace until the November criminals had been overthrown, until on the ruins of the wretched Germany of today there should have arisen once more a Germany of power and greatness, of freedom and splendor. Amen!"

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 145)

Hitler grasped him and the other men in turn by the hands and shook them long and fervently, gaze fixedly into their eyes as he did so. Some witnesses speak of tears. Hitler said to Kahr in a hoarse voice: "Excellency, I will stand behind you as faithfully as a dog!"

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 146)

From this day on, Hitler retained a sense of tragic connection with Streicher. Two years later, after Streicher had been the subject of violent dispute within the party, Hitler ratified his appointment as District Leader of Franconia. On this occasion he said: "Perhaps there are one or two who don't like the shape of Comrade Streicher's nose, but when he lay beside me that day on the pavement by the Feldherrnhalle, I vowed to myself never to forsake him so long as he did not forsake me."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 157)

"While the firing was in progress, a yellow motor-car suddenly drove into the crowd. As it stood a National Socialist, who shouted: 'Where is Hitler?' Dr. Schulz, who was lying among the troop, apparently near Hitler, shouted: 'Here he is!' And in a moment Hitler was in the car, which drove away with him and Dr. Schulz."

Two unimpeachable witnesses: "...the first... turned back ... in a moment Hitler was in the car... drove away." Meanwhile, his comrades were left lying on the pavement, some dead, some wounded.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 158-159)

Five years later Hitler told a remarkable story about this flight. He appeared on the platform of the Munich Löwenbraukeller, holding a boy by the hand and declared that on November 9, 1923 he had found this boy at the Feldherrnhalle, taken him under his arm, and carried him out of the range of the firing. With a dislocated arm! It might be objected that, however great his love for children, Hitler would have done better to stay at the head of his men and fight the battle to the end. If he was still in a condition to carry away children under his arm, he must also have been in a condition to stick to his post on the pavement. Moreover, it should be mentioned that neither Dr. Schulz nor Dr. Gebhard nor any other eyewitness knew anything about this mysterious boy.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 159-160)

Widows, mothers, sweethearts, sisters, mourned the deaths of sixteen comrades. A sixteenfold grief weighed on his conscience. He had been at the head of these dead comrades; he had led them into the fire; he had been the first to leave them cravenly in the lurch. On his memory was imprinted an agonizing and unforgettable picture: two leaders, two pictures, two directions--Ludendorff advancing toward the enemy's guns; Hitler fleeing in a car. The prisoner could only surmise what his comrades, his adversaries, what the whole world, thought of his conduct. And he resolved to rehabilitate himself by an act of desperation.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 164)

Hitler declared that he meant to emulate the example of the hero of Ock and to starve himself deliberately to death. Brexler vehemently opposed the project; if you mean to be a leader, he said, you can't be a martyr. The National-Socialist journalist Flotz also tried to rid Hitler of his thoughts of suicide. No doubt Hitler desired nothing else than to be besieged with attempts at discussion; else he would hardly have mentioned his plan. He promptly abandoned it, and party history maintains a studious silence in regard to this episode. Only in court did Hitler allude to it in a brief sentence: "At that time I wanted to have done with this life."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 164)

He presented a psychological report on the famous popular orator, based on observation of the living subject; he described Hitler as tactless, narrow-minded, tedious, at one time brutal, at another sentimental, and in any case second-rate. Hitler had given his word not to engage in a Putsch; he had broken his word; he had admitted his fault and begged Colonel von Reisser for forgiveness; "And no matter how often Herr Hitler may say that this is untrue, it is what actually happened!"

Hitler could no longer contain himself. Aglow with wounded vanity, he asked: "Was it the sentimental or the brutal Hitler who begged for forgiveness?"

Lossow: "It was neither the sentimental nor the brutal Hitler, but the Hitler with the bad conscience."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 166)

In the Bavarian Diet, the electors, roused by the great trial, gave the movement a fifth of all the seats; at one stroke it became the second largest party. In the Reichstag it secured 230 mandates. The recognition of his impotence and the triumph

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 174)

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 176, cont.)

which the movement was forced without and in opposition to him reduced Hitler to a state of utter distraction. Visitors hardly recognized him; he swayed to and fro like a reed, gave incoherent answers, could not make up his mind about anything, and if he had signified his agreement, withdrew it twenty-four hours later.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 176)

In short, Hitler took at Landsberg the significant step from the idea of a subjugation of the Germans to that of a winning over of the Germans--of course, both alike meant the domination of the Germans.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 177)

The greeting was cool. In all of his life he carried his usual whip of hippopotamus-hide. "If I had seen the whip, I would have flung him out then and there," said one of the deputies later in court. Yet it was hanging on a peg in the cloakroom, but the debate which ensued was like an exercise of cuts from a whip.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 183)

The phrase "the Fuhrer" made an impression; from this day onward it became a household word in the party. The scene illustrates Hitler's frequently noted incapacity to impose his will in a small circle, and his consummate skill in winning over a crowd prepared by publicity and stage-management, and then, with its aid, vanquishing the small circle too.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 186)

To third persons Rohm complained that Hitler was a man who did not really know what he wanted; he lacked the military way of thinking, which is based on the principle: who wants the end must also want the means.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 189-190)

Near Berchtesgaden, in the extreme southeast corner of Bavaria, rises the Obersalzberg. Here stands the Platterhof, where Hitler, Henfatschgl, Kaser, and Eckert once celebrated their much-censured carousals.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 192)

His household was run over by his older sister, Frau Annela Reubel, of Vienna. He had not seen her since he was fourteen years of age. He had spent twenty-one years, first in Vienna, then in Munich, in the trenches, and then in Berlin, without vouchsafing any news of himself to his family. The obscurity which shrouds his life-story is thickened by his having refused family-relationships. His sister, who had been a school teacher on the Rhine, had married a young man, who, a seventeen-year-old girl, a sister of the young man, the young creature captivated him,

(Hitler-Rosen-p. 191)

He never forgot that sister's talent, which would be due, violent to him; in Munich he accepted not an independent but only an unsatisfied talent, which by proper training, by delivery, or, if necessary, by stretching, could be made to serve his purpose.

(Hitler-Rosen-p. 192)

This unnatural form of assimilation, which, though unjustly, been regarded in foreign countries as a "Germanization." On the other hand, it was seen to have a rather different character with the German upper class; and indeed it had been observed to be the mark of a degenerating but often still powerful ruling class. The reverence for the physical type of the racial type, with its unmistakable taint of sexuality, on which the national idea is based, was bound to drive men's souls in a definite direction; so there developed the enthusiasm for the "polytechnic" as the first stage of the manly hero and as the foundation and transmitter of a sublime racial treasure.

(Hitler-Rosen-p. 193-194)

In 1924, when he was more intimate with Heinen; in 1924, moreover, he first became conscious of his unfortunate disposition, with which, for that matter, he himself was very well pleased. The affair soon became notorious, but Hitler refused to take any notice of it. The breach with Kohn in 1925 had nothing to do with this.

(Hitler-Rosen-p. 205)

The stenographer who took down Hitler's speech had lost her notes. Hitler was beside himself; he suspected a hostile conspiracy and enemy spies. He had long been fuming because most of the employees in the party office and the publishing firm were not National Socialists; . . .

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 207)

He sent for the editor, whom he held to be responsible, heaped abuse on him, roared that he felt himself surrounded by traitors, and, when the unhappy wretch was about to reply, walked up to him and gave him a resounding box on the ear.

After such scenes he again became invisible for some weeks. The victims consoled themselves philosophically with the reflection that the fellow was not quite normal.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 207)

If an understanding was quite impossible, one must make shift as best one could. On one occasion the two men were to meet for a discussion of a ticklish question in Leipzig. Hitler knew that Strasser was bringing a whole cartload of complaints. They met in the restaurant. Hitler begged to be excused; he wanted to go to the cloakroom; he went--and he never came back. After a while Strasser grew suspicious; he went out, could not find his Fuhrer, and finally he learned that Herr Hitler had left the restaurant by the side exit and driven off in a car. In this brilliantly simple fashion did the Fuhrer solve political questions; obviously in accordance with the old dictum that there is no business, however important, which does not become more important by being shelved.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 210)

All observers of Hitler testify to his tireless interest in the money question. He tapped everyone whom he suspected of possessing any resources; in the first years he accepted even the most trifling amounts; and he continued to do so after the party had become famous.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 219)

"Everything you say merely proves that you have not the most elementary understanding of art," declared Hitler pedantically. "There is only one eternal art, the Greek-Nordic. Dutch, Italian, German art, the Gothic--are all sprung from its leadership. Anything which lays claim to the name of art can only be Nordic-Greek."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 233)

Bruning sent for Hitler, and the latter assured him of his great personal esteem and of the existence of the profound antagonisms which separated them. Bruning, on the other hand, decided that Hitler was hovering on the verge of insanity and resolved that, with Hindenburg's moral protection, he would now rule in good earnest.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 242)

1930

He now repeated before the court: another two or three elections, and he would have a majority in the Reichstag. Then he would seize power legally. Then he would root out his opponents legally. "Then will come a National-Socialist State tribunal; then will November 1918 be exploited; then heads will roll!" But only legally! For "the constitution only prescribed the way, not the goal."

This sworn assurance of legality echoed through Germany like a sinister threat. The newspapers wrote for months only of the rolling of heads. The opponent shuddered. Hitler's paralyzing terrorist propaganda began on that day.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 243)

The Reichswehr had a superstitious respect for the masses. It is necessary to know this in order to understand all that follows. This was the mental wound heathened to it by the revolution of 1918, this obscure, overwhelming horror, alien and incomprehensible to the general, sprung from a people transformed into an army. Since then it had become an axiom that the general must be a psychologist; that in the national army quite other forces than obedience were operative, and that the Reichswehr must never be against the people.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 246)

Schleicher told them about his conversations with Hitler: "The fellow is simply crazy; you can't say a word to him. He simply takes the sentence out of your mouth and then talks like a torrent. You ask me about my conversation with him? They weren't conversations; they were a monologue."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 252)

Otto Dietrich, who was with him on the night of the defeat, describes the scene: "After receipt of the final election figures, which definitely determined the issue, profound depression seized all whose hopes had naturally, in the heat of battle, been too much governed by their wishes. Already there were some who openly advocated giving up the struggle for the presidency as hopeless. Immediately the Fuhrer scented danger. Not a minute was to be lost. It was midnight. The extra editions of the newspapers were on the eve of publication. At the same time that it learned the election results, the public, the movement, must know that Adolf Hitler was not beaten. Swift as lightning the Fuhrer dictated: 'The attack must immediately be resumed with the utmost vigor. The National Socialist who has recognized his opponents does not desert from his attack or then until their final overthrow. I appeal to you to embark immediately on the struggle for the second election. The first electoral contest is ended; the second has begun this very day. I for my part shall wage it too.'"

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 257-258)

...the Reichsrundfunk. On that occasion he had confronted General von Lossow with a pistol; this time he had threatened Hindenburg with the S.A. ring round Berlin. The cohesion of corporal obviousness did not know how to deal with generals and field-marshal.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 271)

Reich President von Hindenburg, is today eighty-five years of age. I am forty-three and I feel in perfect health. And nothing will happen to me, for I am clearly conscious of the great tasks which Providence has assigned me. Before I am eighty-five years of age, Herr von Hindenburg will have long ceased to exist!" This allusion to Hindenburg's approaching death aggravated the general indignation and, together with the mystic allusion to his clear perception of the ruine of Providence, made many people skeptical regarding the Fuhrer's reason. It was the third mistake.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 274)

At the elections in Thuringia the party lost almost half its votes. The comet was falling as long.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 277)

Unpardonable error! If Streicher had known how the whole party was waiting for him, how Hitler was striding up and down the room of his hotel, doing nothing, waiting helplessly for a miracle, he would perhaps have stayed in Berlin. For, while he was traveling towards the south, Hitler said despairingly to Goebbels: "If the party breaks up, I'll end matters with my pistol in three minutes!"

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 279-280)

"Never would I have believed it of Streicher," he cried, and he laid his head on the table and sobbed. Tears came to the eyes of many of those present, as they saw their Fuhrer weeping. Julius Streicher, who had been snubbed by Hitler for years, called out from his marble lair in the background: "Thankful that Streicher built great our Fuhrer like that!"

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 280-281)

Then the cue was given to the press: the National-Socialist Party must not be allowed to perish. It was the last hope of the masses; if it went, there would be ten million more Communists.

Hitler averted the bourgeois by his threatened suicide. A specter was once more abroad, the specter of Communism. And all of one accord shouted: Save the Fuhrer!

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 287)

A few days after the seizure of power Adolf Hitler's satellites noised it abroad that the "People's Chancellor" had renounced his salary. Large numbers of the German people were touched. "He doesn't smoke," they said, "he never touches alcohol, he doesn't eat meat, and he lives in a modest little house in the mountains; he almost always wears the simple brown shirt, he doesn't go to banquets, and all his life he has remained the plain man from the working class." To the German people, perhaps also to himself, Hitler became a legend.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 295)

In the course of the steep ascent he only became what he really was and what nature had designed him to be: a ruler with the instincts of a beggar. By disposition he could only be absolute, whether as prince or as vagabond. He could not live without being suffered to do what he wanted, but he had to have the feeling that everyone conceded him this right.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 295)

...Max von Gruber, professor at the University of Munich and a leading expert on racial hygienists. Von Gruber had, to be sure, only observed Hitler for a few hours in an intimate circle, but in a private letter he writes (1922): "For one first time I saw Hitler at close quarters. Face and head, bad race, cross-breed. Low, retreating forehead, ugly nose, broad cheek-bones, small eyes, dark hair; facial expression not that of a man in full command of himself, but of one frantically excited."

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 298)

Hitler proved himself a man of order and discipline, not only in his own person, but also in regard to his fellow-prisoners. He is sober, modest, and dignified. Makes no sort of claim, is calm and reasonable, serious, and is in no way aggressive, painfully anxious to adapt himself to the restrictions of his penal sentence. He is a man devoid of personal vanity; he is content with the prison food; he does not smoke or drink and, while quite friendly, contrives to maintain a certain authority in relation to his fellow-prisoners. . . . In the ten months of his imprisonment on remand and in execution of his sentence he has certainly grown more calm and mature than he was. . . .

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 298)

"...I put Herr Hitler the question whether he knows a Major X . . ." At this he leaps up and screams: "The learned gentleman has dared to accuse of accepting foreign bribes a party whose only aim, from the first day of its existence, has been to fight for Germany with burning fanaticism. The learned gentleman is representing a party concerning whose financiers there is no need to ask, for they are known. They are our noble fellow-countrymen Bernat, Lutsker, and Rosenfeld, and they have good reason for financing this party, for it actually represents the interests of their people--namely, the Jews. But if such a party has, in addition, the effrontery . . ." thus he raves on for some minutes. "But Herr Hitler!" exclaims the presiding judge warningly several times; in vain. Hitler's legal adviser, Dr. Frank, rises and requests a brief intermission in the proceedings. After the intermission Hitler has disappeared.

This is the man whom Governor Leybold admired for his order, his discipline, and his lack of any aggressiveness. These are more than violent contrasts; they are transformations of personality.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 299-300)

The face, an expressionless background, to which, with meager resources, a rough mass has been applied. Remarkably, the most expressive features of this mass are the lock of hair and the scrubby mustache; the power of the eye extolled by admirers impresses sober observers with a greedy stab, without that shiver of charm which alone makes a glance compelling; it is a glance that repels rather than captivates. The lips are thin; the ugly features, and in particular the retreating forehead and the incongruous nose, have been rightly noted by Professor Gruber.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 305)

A man who does not feel in his own interior, but conceals it. Hitler is of this kind of man.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 306)

This lack of originality is also apparent in his attitude to art. Some of his productions are very well known. The drawings and water-colors of the Vienna period are his only reserve to be forgotten. On the other hand, one of the most widely circulated artistic creations in the world is the party badge designed by Hitler. This emblem, which is intended to set off the swastika, is first of all a round object, like a medal, with a metal glass brooch at the back, and in its black swastika on a white ground, the whole thing a messy aggregate of incoherent color-terms, not a symbol, but tawdriness. Equally inharmonious is the party flag, with the swastika absurdly poised on one tip, as though it were dancing. One would like to say something better of the A.A. standard, which Hitler likewise designed; well, a row of these standards, with their squares of swastika-embroidered busting, do certainly make an impressive appearance at a parade. But why this standard is crowned by a ring-shaped golden sausage, enclosing a second swastika and topped by a fluttering bird, is known only to Hitler the artist, who can obviously conceive none but the most hackneyed ornaments in the most hackneyed combinations, and, alas, just at the wrong place.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 306-307)

They render the phraseology poor, stiff, and brittle, rob it of breath and perfume, and very often transform a living sentence into a confused heap of bony, indigestible words. Hence ensues a language which conceals thoughts, although it does not mean to do this. It pretends to a significance which it does not possess and produces an effect disproportionate to its meaning; it walks on stilts.

(Hitler-Heiden-p. 308)

At the bottom of his heart he does not believe his own words.

(Hitler-Helden-p. 309)

What sort of books? He has been accused of for reading Karl May's Red Indian novels by way of relaxation. As if the most strenuous intellectual workers did not seek relaxation in detective novels! But the turgidly written political compositions of Richard Wagner--whose browns alone readers them almost insufferable--constitute Hitler's favorite reading. The basic, though never quite clearly expressed, theme is always the struggle of the individual possessed of a lust for power. This makes a strong parallel with Hitler.

(Hitler-Helden-p. 310)

This brooder and hesitator is not a dullard. On the contrary, he is filled with a keen appetite for the world; he wants to see, to see again and again, and to be interested. His two greatest passions are motoring and the cinema; his eye craves food. Sport he does not engage in at all. There are physical reasons for his moderation in certain indulgences. The sensitiveness of the air-ducts, due to the early lung-trouble and later gas-poisoning, curbed his smoking. The hungry years in Vienna, and apparently the gas-poisoning too, affected his digestion; in 1928 he complained of a gastric disorder and he avoids heavy meat dishes, but is not an absolute vegetarian; he likes sweet things in large quantities; and he greatly enjoyed his sister Angela's Viennese puddings. He drank alcohol up to 1922, but since then he has avoided it. None the less, in 1928 he strongly opposed a law against the misuse of alcohol, because "only the Jew would benefit by it"; in reality, because it was unpopular. The success of his meetings in Vienna would have been impossible without beer.

(Hitler-Helden-p. 313-314)

An incredible scene, but a year later it was repeated to the letter. This time Hitler, already Reich Chancellor, was to address the Reich Association of the German Press. Again, as with the industrialists, there were opponents present; this seemed to upset him. Again he started, suddenly lost the thread, was silent for a time, and then left the hall without a word. Walther Funk, in consternation, apologized to his colleagues; the Chancellor had unfortunately been obliged to leave.

(Hitler-Helden-p. 315)

The youth who felt "bored and bored" at the thought of sitting in an office, deprived of his freedom, had attained his goal as few have done before him. "When I am a man, I shall do what I like all day long"--this boyish ambition Adolf Hitler has achieved with unparalleled success.

(Hitler-Heiden-P. 316)

Then he said bitterly, because he had been sentenced to imprisonment in consequence of a brawl, that ten thousand years ago the rabbis of Jerusalem had regarded him as the place of execution, as they had crucified him. But, soon after, he recovered his humility and lectured to a host of biographers: "We are really all a little little dead and expectant creatures. I am waiting for the third."

(Hitler-Heiden-P. 317)

But he himself found no satisfaction in the faith of his Catholic Church. As a soldier he still partook of the sacrament; as Reich Chancellor he brusquely curtailed the solemn divine service at the opening of the Reichstag. Thus the neo-pagan movement drew him, perhaps, ~~xxxx~~ entirely accord with his political principles, but it certainly accorded with his private feelings. He was very conscious of his relationship to the beyond and believed in a superior will guided by faith. In an intimate circle he related two stories which led to him to believe that he is the object of a special higher protection.

In a town in central Germany in which he was to speak, his political opponents were planning to attack him. He came by car, but, by a misunderstanding, he was conveyed to the meeting-hall not by the guarded road but straight into a part of the town which was occupied by hostile crowds. The car drove towards a bridge before which his opponents were collected in dense throngs. It was no longer possible to turn round in the face of the enemy; the worst seemed to threaten. At this moment Hitler saw the crowd hurl itself on an individual who bore a certain resemblance to himself. Obviously they had mistaken this man for Hitler, and they dragged him to the parapet of the bridge and flung him into the water. Hitler himself escaped in the general confusion.

The story is repeated here just as a serious and trustworthy witness heard it from Hitler's own lips. To this same witness he related: "I was seated over a desk at the front with several comrades. Suddenly an inner voice bade me: 'Stand up and seat yourself at that spot over there!' I obeyed; the spot was about twenty yards distant. Hardly had I reached it before a shell burst among my comrades. Not one escaped."

(Hitler-Heiden-P. 319-320)

The 1930s... of the early days accused him of being "too much with women" and of being "too much with women." In a letter in which he criticized him, expressing concern for his right of relaxation "in the company of beautiful women." But there are also observations to the contrary. Seybold, the governor of the Landsberg prison, writes in one of his reports:

"He is not attracted by the female sex. The women who came to visit him were he treated with the greatest courtesy, . . .

(Hitler-Mollen-p. 322)

(Gretchen)

After her death, Hitler, on April 1, made a portrait of her, before which Hitler visited her tomb. Afterwards, by Hitler's handwritten decree, made president of the Bavarian Academy of Plastic Arts, with extraordinary powers.

(Hitler-Mollen-p. 318)

Hitler is a sinister being. He set out to a massacre and did not forget to take with him his chief of propaganda and his chief of press.

(Hitler-Mollen-p. 170)

HEINZ A. HEINZ
Germany's Hitler
London, Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 1934; pp. 288

Typical pro-Nazi biography:

Omitted: any mention of the fact that the father's name had been Schicklgruber; that he had been married three times. Angela Raubal is made his real sister.

One cousin, farmer in Austria, of name of Ludwig Schwatz, is mentioned.

Places where the family lived all mixed up. Lambach, however, is mentioned, and the fact that there was a swastika there in the keystone of an archway and in a prie-dieu. Question raised of whether this influenced Hitler to adopt the swastika?

Former schoolmates from the Realschule Linz about A.H.:

"I met him," said "Herr A. " in 1901, here in the Realschule. We were 32 boys all told, all from the same class of life. There was no private school at Linz at that time.

Hitler didn't live in Linz, but just outside, at a place called Leonding. He ate his midday meal somewhere roundabouts, and was generally off home in the afternoon, as soon as school was over. That's how it happened we didn't see so very much of him, except during school hours, and playing Indians, when he was always on hand.

We all liked him, at desk and at play. He was no more hefty than the rest of us, but an enterprising little chap. He had ~~Agutz~~ 'guts'. He wasn't a hot-head but really more amenable than a good many. He exhibited two extremes of character which are not often seen in unison, he was a quiet fanatic. The whole class acknowledged this boy as the leader.

His favorite lessons were history, geography and German. The history master was often astonished at Hitler's aptitude for this study. - "Herr Dr. Huemer was our teacher for German. He always picked on Hitler for Repeater, that is, something would be read aloud to us and then one of the boys had to get up and tell it again in his own words. As a rule Hitler made the repeat a jolly sight more interesting than the original."

He was good at gym, too. He topped the gym class as long as he was at school.

Hitler didn't bother very much about what he'd got to learn, only over what he wanted to learn. When things were taught which didn't interest him he read Cooper's Leather Stocking or something of that sort; subjects which he liked such as history, however, he followed with close attention.

The accounts of battles we played out for ourselves, in our 'Indian' games, down by the Danube meadows. Hitler loved this sort of thing. He gloried in a scrum, and always made for the most redoubtable enemy, when the two would have a first class wrestle. Hitler got 'all het up' over this.

He was very hot, too,about being German....

Heinz A. Heinz
Germany's Hitler

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(Still Herr A. on Hitler)

"I saw him again in 1926. I went to his lodging there (Munich) He was awfully pleased to hear of old Linz again, and told me not to fail to look him up now and again. So, I've done so a few times, and always found him friendly, always the old "Schulkamerad".

p. 29

(Account of another schoolmate, Herr Y.)

"Once,.....during his schooldays Hitler stayed for a little time with an old lady in Linz. This old lady herself told the tale of how the boy was always buying candles, and she couldn't make out what it was he did always to be needing a light at night. She surprised him on one occasion, and found him doubled up over maps, very busy doing something to them with colored pencils. She asked: 'Why, Adolf, what on earth do you suppose you are doing?' and he looked up and smiled and said: 'Studying maps.'

p. 29

Herr Y. showed me quite a treasure, a little watercolor he himself had once begun, as a boy at school, and which Hitler had finished for him. The subject was a picturesque little mill among the mountains. It was quite obvious where one artist had left off and the other had taken on. "Hitler was the best boy in the drawing class," said Herr Y. "he used shades in painting which never occurred to us, and painted things so lifelike we were all astonished."

pp. 29/30

Herr Z. on Hitler:

"Sometimes we went after apples together....like the rest of the kids hereabouts, but Hitler never began munching his before everybody else had got one. Otherwise he tossed his over. Sometimes he'd sit on the churchyard wall, staring up at the stars....."

pp. 30/31

Frau Popp, Hitler's landlady in Munich:

"....It was a fine Sunday afternoon in springtime, 1912, when somebody knocked and I went to open the door. A young man stood there and said he'd like to see the room we had to let. So I showed it to him.....The young man and I soon came to terms. He said it would do him all right, and paid a deposit.

"I remember I went back into the kitchen and told our Peppi and our Liesl - they were only eleven and seven then - not to make so much noise, we'd got a new lodger.

Then ~~xi~~ later I went in again to ask the young man to fill up his registration particulars. In small, somewhat cramped handwriting he scribbled: "Adolf Hitler, Architektur-maler aus Wien.....

Next morning my Herr Hitler went out and came back again in no time with an easel he had picked up somewhere. He began his painting straight away and stuck to his work for hours. In a couple of days I saw two lovely pictures finished and lying on the table, one of the Cathedral and the other of the Theatinerkirche. After that my lodger used to go out early of a morning with a portfolio under his arm in search of customers. He generally visited the same set of people who got interested in his work and sometimes purchased his sketches.

But he spent a tremendous lot of time, too in the State Library. He was always getting new books from there. After he'd spent the lifelong day at his painting and drawing and what all, he'd often and often sit up all night over these books. I had a look, too, what sort they were, - all political stuff and that and how to go on in Parliament. I couldn't make it out a bit what he had to do with such things, and why he bothered his head over them.

At the beginning he used to go out ~~and~~ to eat in some restaurant or other. Then, after a week or two, he bawn bringing home a bit of sausage for dinner or a Nuss-Zopf (small white loaf). I supposed he had a bit of money put by somewhere. I know he must have pinched and scraped all that first year he was with us, and often got up hungry from table. He was very well behaved, and never thought of coming into my kitchen when he wanted a drop of water for his tea without knocking. I'd holler, 'Come in!' and he'd open the door and say, 'Do you mind?' polite as anything.

Of course, we said he was to come right in and sit down. The he'd ask permission to make his tea. We said he didn't need to make any fuss, he was welcome any time, but he was always like that. I never in my life knew such a good-mannered young man!

My husband was sprry for him having to stint himself so hard, and more than once asked him to sit down and have a bite with us. But he never would, he never did. I liked that in him very much.

Then whole weeks would go by without Hitler so much as budging out of the house. He just camped in his room like a

hermit with his nose stuck in those thick, heavy books and worked and studied from morning to night.

During the whole of the two years he was with us I can't call to mind that he ever had a visitor. Only once in a while did he ever get a letter - from his sister who was married and lived in Vienna. Anyhow, I imagined that was who it was from. He never spoke of having any relatives.

We often asked him to come in the little kitchen of an evening and be with us a bit. But he always excused himself very nicely and said he'd got to work. Once, I remember, I said right out: 'Herr Hitler, don't take it amiss, but you'll make yourself ill with those books and keeping on reading and reading as you do! What's all that reading got to do with your painting?' Hitler got up and smiled and took me by the arm: 'Dear Frau Popp,' he said, 'does anyone know what is and what isn't likely to be of use to him in life?'

Well - that's just how he lived here with us those two years. He never changed his ways, painting all day, and studying, studying, studying all evening and night. Things seemed to look up a bit for him as time went on; he found a better market for his pictures.

And then came August 1914 and the War! I can see him now, that young Hitler, standing showing me the card he got from the Kabinettskanzlei letting him join the German Army.

..... When he was in training he used to come along and see us sometimes, glad to get a rest from drill and exercises. My husband used to send young Peppi out to get him a glass of beer (Muenchener Loewenbraeu, possibly, the best in existence, and a Stein, less elegant than a Glas). Hitler'd drink it, just to please the youngster and us, though I know well he ~~wasn't~~ didn't hold with alcoholic drink even then. Only he was that obstinate - he would pay for it himself! We didn't want him to, but if we hadn't let him he'd say, 'All right, Frau Popp, then I don't blow in again! You haven't any too much to spend.'

He came the day before the regiment left Munich to say good-bye. He gripped my husband by the hand and said, 'If I go west, Herr Popp, you'll write my sister, won't you, in case she'd like to have my bits of things? Otherwise - keep 'em yourself. Sorry to give you the trouble.' He shook hands with me, too, while I stood there and cried - we were all that fond of him! He hugged Peppi and Liesel, they'd always been such favorites of his, and turned tail and ran.

Then he wrote to us from the Front. Once, though when we sent him a little parcel at Christmas he was downright angry. He wrote back he had quite enough to eat, and we weren't to deprive ourselves on his account. He was very strong on the point, was Hitler.

Yes, well then, when the War was over, he turned up in our street again and would have come back to us, but that the boy and the girl were growing up now and we no longer had that room to let. Otherwise we'd have been as glad as glad to have him. So he bundled his things together and hunted round for somewhere else to go. He left his easel and gave it to Peppi. 'Peppi shall paint pictures on it, eh?'

"He often came to see us, though, after that, and my husband went on making his clothes until 1928 when we gave up the shop. Yes, indeed - the Herr Hitler - he was the sort one don't come across in a hurry!"

Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's Hitler, pp. 56/60

I...asked (Frau Popp) if she had ever seen her lodger again since he had become Chacellor of Germany.

"Yes, indeed," she answered beaming, "I saw him last year on the 11th of September. I heard, one day, that he was in Munich on a visit to his architect, Professor Troost, so I put on my Sunday best and went there to see him. Only two S.S. men stood in the doorway of the house and wouldn't let me pass. I said I only wanted a minute with the Herr reichskanzler - I had known him so long. They asked how long, and when I said twenty-two years, they changed their tune at once. They took me into the court-yard of the house and asked me to wait a couple of minutes. I did so, standing near his automobile. Then Hitler came, accompanied by two other tall gentlemen. He caught sight of me and strode towards me, both hands outstretched, his face alight with pleasure. 'My dear Frau Popp,' he exclaimed, 'it is jolly to see you again! How good of you to come along!' I was all of a flutter like and half forgot all I'd been planning to say to him. I managed to stammer out some congratulations about the great success he had achieved, calling him, of course, Herr Reichskanzler, but he cut me short at that.

'Oh, no, the old way's best, please, Frau Popp - I'm still Herr Hitler to you! And waiving the rest, 'Now tell me all about Liesl and Peppi. How are they?'

He was putting me at my ease asking about the children so, just because I was all of a dither.

I told him as the two of them was married by now - Peppi was in Hamburg and Liesl at The Hague in Holland.

'Dear me,' he said, 'they are both a pretty long way off, aren't they? So you're all alone now with your husband? How are you two getting along?'

Nothing would do but I must tell him all about it, and all about the time in between since he left us. At last he declared once more how delighted he'd been to see me, and made me promise I'd come again. He sent no end of messages to my husband, but especially to Liesel and Peppi."

Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's Hitler, PP. 60/61

Ignaz Westenkirchner...war-time comrade of the Fuehrer:
"After that hideous night in Flanders in 1918 when he got gassed.....I never bumped up against Hitler again until we ran across each other here in Munich, in the Sterneckerbraeu. That was in the beginning of 1920.....Hitler used the place regularly.....

. But in the March of that year.....I went home to my own town....Hitler was against it. He did all he could to persuade me to stop where I was. He said he was dead certain he would himself succeed over his own plans and political ideas, and that if I'd only hang on, he'd give an eye to it as well.After a year or two....I found myself among the workless and the unemployed.

I decided to clear out....to the U.S.A. ...by the beginning of '23....I was...out of a job. List

Anyhow I'd kept ~~in~~ up with some of the old ~~xxx~~ comrades and in the autumn of that year one of them sent me word that Hitler'd like a line from me from time to time. I wrote straight way to him...but got no answer.....

The, suddenly, one day at Reading in Pennsylvania,...I got a telegram from a German shipping office informing me that the Herr Reichskanzler....himself had defrayed all the expenses of my return with my family to Germany.....

Overjoyed, the whole lot of us set sail early in December.I just longed to see my old comrade again.....

I got to the Chancellery and found him just the same as ever. His greeting was as warm as man could wish. He spoke, too, in our local dialect. 'Jolly glad to see you back, Westenkriehner! Suppose you just sit yourself down and tell me all the yarn.'

////We had a good old talk...and he wound up by saying, he'd got a job for me here on the party paper in Munich. Wouldn't hear a word of thanks.....'Take it as read, take it as read', he said.....

pp. 64/66, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

(On war-time experience)

"Yes, yes," says Herr Westenkriehner, "Hitler was always the one to buck us up when we got downhearted: he kept us going when things were at their worst - but he couldn't cook! That was the one thing he couldn't do.

One thing we couldn't understand - the rest of us - Hitler'd always attend church parade, even towards the end, when most of us had given all that up."

p. 67, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

Another comrade, Herr Max Amann, formerly regimental clerk, adds that "Hitler never wanted a commission. He'd joined up in the ranks, and in the ranks he wanted to remain. "Often", he says, "Hitler'd take another man's place, if he could, - preferably a family man's - and volunteer for the extra dangerous job in his stead."

p. 67/68, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

On September 17th, 1917, they gave him the Military Service Cross with swords; on May 9th, 1918 he got the regimental diploma for signal bravery in attack; and on August 4th, 1918, he received the Iron Cross, first class.

p. 68, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

Westenkirchner:

"I was a Weidegaenger, like Adolf Hitler. Sometimes ... we had a game with 'Tommy'. We stuck a helmet on the point of a bayonet and shoved it above the parapet, when it would be sure to draw immediate fire. Even Hitler, who was usually so serious, saw the fun of this. He used to double himself up with laughter."

p. 74, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

"For the most part he was always on about politics. - Two things seemed to get his goat - what the papers were saying at home about the war and all, and the way the Government, and particularly the Kaiser, were hampered by the Marxists and the Jews."

p. 74, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

".....I can see Hitler before my eyes now, as he used to tumble down back into the dug-out after just such a race with death. He'd squat down in a corner just as if nothing had happened, but he looked a sketch - thin as a rake, hollow-eyed and waxy white."

p. 76, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

HEINZ A. HEINZ

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"One of our fellows had been hoping against hope for a spell of leave.They said he could go on leave for a fortnight if he could get anyone to work double tides and take his place. He didn't need to think that over twice. He knew as Adolf Hitler'd do it for him.....

pp. 77/78, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

"We lived waterlogged.....When we weren't carrying ~~xx~~ messages, Hitler and the rest and I, we were ~~winning~~ slopping about on the duck boards baling with buckets. He'd carry on with the job long after everyone else was fed up with it, and had given up in despair....."

p. 77, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

"Christmas came round....and at least every man had got letters or parcels from home. Everyone, that is, except Hitler. Somehow Hitler never got a letter even! It wasn't a thing that called for remark exactly, But we all felt sorry, inside, and wanted him to share, and share alike with us. But he never would! Never accepted so much as Kuchen! It was no use to keep all on at him. Not that he wasn't free-handed enough when he had anything of his own to share, a cigarette or bit of sausage. The measly pay we got he'd spend on jam. It was jam first and butter afterwards, that is whenever the two things happened both to be within reach at the same time. It was bread and scrape anyhow, but Hitler he was a rare one for jam.

p. 78, Heinz, Germany's H.

He owned up to me sometimes how stony broke he was. Poor chap, he never had a cent! I blurted it right out once: 'Haven't you got anyone back home? Isn't there anyone to send you things?' 'No,' he answered, 'at least no one but a sister, and goodness only knows where she is by this time.'

p. 78, Heinz, Germany's H.

They dropped leaflets against the Prussians on us Bavarian chaps...Hitler knew what they meant by that....He seemed to think that the English understood propaganda better than we did.....Hitler seemed to expect H.Q.would contradict it. But H. Q. never did.Hitler was bitter over this.... But Hitler then was a nobody like the rest of us....

p. 79, Heinz, Germany's H.

....word had to be sent along....on to the threatened sector. Hitler and another trench runner got the order. They set off in the face of almost certain death,.....Hitler's companion gave out. Buckled right up, unable to stick it another step! Hitler hoisted him along somehow, rather than leave him to his fate.....

p. 80, Heinz, Germany's H.

Presently....we marched into rest billets.....There were letters and parcels awaiting us there - all except for Hitler. He just looked the other way and busied himself knocking the mud off his boots and doing what he could to clean his shirt.

p. 80, Heinz, Germany's H.

Once a shell dropped plump into the middle of our dug-out.That was the first time Hitler ~~xxxxxx~~ caught one. A splinter had gashed him in the face...."

p. 81, Heinz, Germany's H.

....he ran such a gauntlet between exploding mines and burning houses, that for the most part his own clothes ~~singed~~ on his back.

p. 82, Heinz, Germany's H.

Our Lieutenant called for volunteers - only Hitler responded, and a chap ~~xxxxxx~~ named Ernst Schmidt. The thing was rank suicide. This time only Schmidt got back. Hitler had been hit in the left leg. Later on the regimental stretcher bearers brought him in.

...Hitler's wound was not too serious, but it would incapacitate him for some months. He was sent to the bear to the 'Sammellazarett' Hermes. ...here for the first time in all that while, he heard a German woman's voice again. It was that of the Sister at the Base Hospital. It gave him quite a shock.

pp. 82/83, Heinz, Germany's H.

...Hitler put in to return to the Front....
"We chaps in the line were glad to have him back....He

Heinz A. Heinz

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...Hitler put in to return to the Front....

We chaps in the line were glad to have him back....He was one of the best comrades we ever had. The company cook excelled himself that night.....Hitler was cheery, too. Long after the rest of us had turned in, he was still fooling about with a flashlight in the dark spitting the rats on his bayonet.

p. 85, Heinz, Germany's H.

Hitler's interest in things in general never dwindled away to just concern for nothing more than what the day brought forth.....

p. 87, Heinz, Germany's H.

I remember how Hitler and I sometimes, on an extra black night, would crawl out of the trench to scrounge round for something to eat. He'd have an empty petrol can, and I'd have a knife. We hunted round where they'd been slaughtering horses, and if we could hit on some poor shot beast which didn't stink too badly as yet, we'd slice a bit off his quarter. Hitler'd fill the can with shellhole water, and stumbling back again to the dug-out, we'd deliver the booty to the cook.....

p. 90, Heinz, Germany's H.

(May 4th, 1918)

Hitler had gone off by himself....he had just surmounted a slight rise...when suddenly he heard the whirring of a machine-gun. He flung himself face downwards on the ground....he managed to worm his way to the next hole.....within the next ten minutes or so, at least half a dozen of (Frenchmen), fully armed, appeared.....like a flash, he leaped to his feet, dragged his revolver from his belt, and levelling it at the enemy, shouted to them to surrender. 'Whichever of you budges, he is a dead man!' Whether the Frenchmen understood what he said or not, they understood what he meant, and promptly fell into line as ordered. 'You're my prisoners! March! Hitler signalled the way. Off they went, Hitler in the rear. ...'Sacre nom' exclaimed one of them...but found himself directly menaced by that shining barrel. ~~Hi~~Hitler turned the lot over to the company.....

pp. 91/92, Heinz, Germany's H.

Many of Private Hitler's commanding officers have written with the highest appreciation of his soldierly qualities.

"I cannot remember that Private Hitler ever failed in his duty," writes one of these. "He carried out his dangerous duties, not only with alacrity but with distinction," testified another. Generalmajor Engelhardt gives us this glimpse of him: "Once," he relates, "as I emerged from the wood at Wytschall during a fierce attack, in order to make some observations, Hitler and an orderly from the Regimental Staff, planted themselves bang in front of me to shield me with their own bodies from machine-gun fire." Michael Schlenker writes, "Politically I am poles apart from Hitler, but I can testify willingly enough to his courage in the War, as I thought highly of him as a comrade in the trenches. I never knew him shirk his duty, or dodge any danger."

p. 98, Heinz A. Heinz, Germany's H.

Ernst Schmidt on Hitler:

"...I belonged to the trench runners. And because of that, I came across Hitler. We messengers were a chummy crowd generally, but three of us seemed to hang together in particular, Hitler, Bachmann, and I. Personally, I was very much attracted to Adolf, in not the less as I had often occasion to notice how he risked his life for somebody else, and never said a syllable about it. Seemed to think a thing like that was all in the day's work, nothing to go and make a song about, anyhow. They used to call for volunteers when any particularly nasty job was on hand, and Hitler always answered.....we all three got wounded at the same time and place, in October, 1918. Hitler and Bachmann made it somehow to the first field-dressing station.....

pp. 98/99, Heinz, Germany's H.

1918

Meantime Hitler had turned up, back from the Pasewalk. We met, we two, and cemented our old friendship. This was the first I heard of his being gassed and in the hospital. He hadn't much to say about the Revolution, but it was plain to see how bitter he felt....

"Then, one day, volunteers were called for as guards for the prisoners' camp at Traunstein,.... Hitler said to me, 'Say, Schmidt, let's give in our names, you and me. I can't stick it here much longer.'It was mid-December when we went to Traunstein. They were mostly Russian prisoners there and a few English.We hadn't a great deal to do. We mounted guard at the gate...for 24 hours at a stretch. the next 24 hours were off duty....

p. 102, Heinz, Germany's H.

1918 Munich

At the end of January they broke up the camp....we returned to barracks at Munich. There...was absolutely nothing to do. We got perfectly sick of it, especially Hitler. So one day we....asked to be put on a job. We must have work of some kind! They hunted up something for us to do - old gas-masks to test. There were whole mountains of these things. We had only the mouthpiece to unscrew and examine, and if anything was wrong, to put it on one side. The work was easy, and to our joy, we got three marks a day for it. At this rate we could manage sometimes to go to the Opera. Hitler was a regular Opera 'fan'. We only bought the cheapest seats, but that didn't matter. Hitler was lost in the music to the very last note; he was blind and deaf to all else around him.

p. 102/103, Heinz, Germany's H.

Time of Bolshevik regime in Bavaria:

"Hitler....looked on at all this with uttermost repugnance....(he) had already come up against the communists, for disobeying some of their orders. They already had an eye on him. It seemed better, they thought, to get him out of the way.

One morning....three Red Guards entered the barracks and sought him out in his room. He was already up and dressed. As they tramped up the stairs Hitler guessed what was afoot, so grasped his revolver and prepared for the encounter. They banged on the door which immediately opened to them:

"If you don't instantly clear out," cried Hitler, brandishing his weapon, "I'll serve you as we served mutineers at the Front."

The Reds turned instantly and tramped down stairs again.

pp. 105/106, Heinz, Germany's H.

One day, shortly after all this business (Communist regime) was over, I met Hitler in the street. He looked pretty pinched and peaky....'I've just come out of chink, Schmidt,' he explained.

....The military in Munich had held themselves a bit too much aloof. When the Whites entered a few stray shots seemed to come from the barracks.....They took every man in the place, including Hitler, prisoner.....A few days later...an officer who had been at the front....spotted Hitler...and had him immediately set free.

pp. 109/110, Heinz, Germany's H.

HEINZ A. HEINZ

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Hitler remained a soldier and was given the job of testing every ~~body~~ ~~man's~~ ~~political~~ ~~soundness~~. Hitler was specially fit for this job on account of his political acumen, and because he was considered a good judge of men.

p. 110, Heinz, Germany's H.

He put the things through so well, that later on they promoted him to Regimental Instructor. Hitler had now to hold regular classes to instruct the men on political matters, and in a true sense of patriotism. He had to eradicate the last traces of ~~poison~~ the poison which had led to....revolutionary measures....Hitler did all this extraordinarily well. He discovered his own gift for public speaking and exposition. He rather imagined he had such a talent; but these classes in Barracks were useful enough to exercise and prove it.After a few more months he returned to civilian life... He had already joined the Deutsche Arbeiter Partei....

p. 110, Heinz, Germany's H.

....he's passionately fond of animals. One of the Party friends had the lucky idea of us giving him a dog for his birthday in 1920. He rather thought a Deutscher Schaeferhund would be the thing and we bought one remarkable for size rather than for breed....Hitler was awfully pleased with it. But the dog was ill.....and died. So early next year somebody else sent him a young Wolfshund. Hitler fell in love with him, and they became inseparable companions. When, later on, he got more dogs (they are still living at his country place), this one remained his prime favorite. He kept him ten years or more and then some enemy managed to poison him - some Communist belike. He must have known that to kill Hitler's dog would hit him harder than any political revenge....

During the war a little dog deserted from the English lines and came over to us. Hitler adopted him and called him 'Foxl'.....

p. 111, Heinz, Germany's H.

Hitler...didn't try to bring any political influence to bear on one at that time. ...he certainly did live up to his convictions....He was a walking example of the motto....'All for one, one for all'....

p. 112, Heinz, Germany's H.

Frau Magdalena Schwyer, owner of a shop for "Spezerei-Waren, Obst & Gemuese", right opposite the house in Thierschstrasse where Hitler lived during the time of the rise of the Party, on Hitler:

"....it was in November 1919,. A young man came in here to buy some little thing...He was rather poorly dressed: he never seemed to have more than one coat....he struck me as so well spoken. He was that polite. It didn't seem to go with the poor clothes....

....I didn't notice him to come in again for a bit and though not more about him.

Then one day....a neighbor of mine happened to tell me about him. ~~She said~~....She saidthe very next time there was a meeting....she'd take me along with her....

....Id did go and got all worked up. It was wonderful what he said....I could understand every word. ...I joinedhis party.....number 30....

....I got to know him himself.It didn't take much to find out how poor he was.often he wouldn't have had nothing to eat but for folks giving him a bit now and then.I though I'd be able to help by sending him across a few things now and again....a pot of jam, or a snack of sausage, or a handful of apples. But it was as plain as daylight he hated to take them. He only did it because he was so poor. He never failed once to come across to me, after I'd sent him something, to thank me for it. Often though....one or another of his pals come in and just let on as Hitler'd given every bite away to them.....

.....the Party presently began to grow a bit....things got a little easier for Hitler.Even ~~now~~....now, I used to send him them apples now and again. He was that fond of fruit.....

pp. 133/134, Heinz, Germany's H.

But the meeting I remember best was that big one they held one February, 1920 - the 24th to be exact -....I heard him (Hitler) come up and tell them (SA) to keep order at all costs. He spoke sharp and soldier-like: said he'd rip them bands off their arms if so much as one of them showed the white feather. No one of them was to clear out unless he cleared out dead! He smiled though, and added he knew well enough as they wouldn't!

....A regular battle raged in the room. Hitler stuck to his post. Never got off that table! He made no effort to shield himself at all. He was the target of it all; it's a sheer miracle how he never got hit.

pp. 134/137, Heinz, Germany's H.

Frau Schweyer on Hitler:

...after he' been shut up in Landsburg, we National Socialists heard that he was to be set free. Just before Christmas...on the 20th.we arranged to have a bit of a collection.....Altogether we scraped up about fifty marks.....on the day itself we filled his old room in the house opposite my shop with flowers and covered the poor table with good things to eat, and saw that there was fruit and stuff in the cupboard. ...We even secured a bottle of wine although we knew he never touched it.

....about two o'clock in the afternoon a motor drove up to the house opposite. Hitler was in it. He got out....caught sight of me.....came over, shook me by the hand and said: "Gruess Gott, Frau Schweyer," as though nothing had happenedHis hand was icy cold and his grip like iron.....

An hour or two went by and then a neighbor of mine came into the shop asking for a subscription to the organ fund of St. Anne's Church. ...I couldn't afford much; nor could anybody else..... And I said, 'Well go over to Herr Hitler....'

In a few minutes she came flying back, radiant and thrust the list under my nose....Fifty marks! There it was, just under his name, Adolf Hitler.....

Frau Pfister nodded, beaming:

He was that kind, she said.....ü opened the door to me.... made me come in and sit down.....catched hold of a glass and filled it with wine and gave it to me, with a cake, and said I was to eat and drink....i tried to excuse myself....'Now you do as I bid,' he said, 'I don't drink wine, but that little drop won't hurt you.'He.....pushes fifty marks over to me....'There you are,' he says, 'I'd give you more but that's all ~~ixmxm~~ I've got.....' he....added 'believe it or not as you like, but I'm jolly glad to have it to give. It's a good object. The priests don't particularly love me, but that's neither here nor there.'

I tried to thank him but he shut me up. He wouldn't hear a word.....

pp. 138/141, Heinz, Germany's H.

"He used," Frau Schweyer concluded, to come across to the shop as long as he lived in our street, and often afterwards when he had become a very much bigger man. He didn't forget me. When my husband died in 1929 Hitler was in Leipzig. But he sent me a lovely wreath and wrote ever such a nice letter with it.

p. 141, Heinz, Germany's H.

HEINZ A. HEINZ

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Gottfried Schmitt, old Storm Trooper:

"Then this man Hitler got up to speak....

I saw at once this wasn't no common or garden tubthumper....Everything he said was just common sense and sound. Although I wasn't one to be won over all in a moment, it didn't take me no longer than that first meeting to realize that Hitler was straight as a die, and a safe one to put your shirt on.

I went to every one of his meetings after that. Bit by bit he won me round.....knocked the Red nonsense out of me....

pp. 145/146, Heinz, Germany's H.

In September 1928 we Storm Troops had our first propaganda outing.....Hitler rode in front, as usual in his old trench coat and black velours hat. In fact I don't suppose he had any other. Not that he would have worn another if he had owned it. For years he clung to that old hat.

pp. 149/150, Heinz, Germany's H.

Drexler on Hitler:

"We used to meet, he and I, ~~nixknix~~ three and four times at least, every week, and we'd sit up to one o'clock in the morning working out our plans and ideas. Hitler would have come even oftener, but I lived some way out of the cityand he couldn't always afford the tram fare. We'd get to work the moment he'd turn up, and grind right on until my wife called us to table for supper.....My little girl used to climb on Hitler's knees; she knew as she was always welcome, and as he'd share all he'd got with her. He was 'Uncle Hitler' to her-she was only three then -....

p. 160, Heinz, Germany's H.

Joseph Berchtold, editor of the Voelkischer Beobachter:

"Hitler had his own method of attaching each and every man to himself. He would appear unannounced in our quarters, here in these offices in the Schellingstrasse, on a drill night, and after a word or two with me, he would address the men in the most comradely way possible. Then he'd inspect the Company, but not so much like an officer as like a friend. He would shake each man's hand, and look him squarely in the eyes. It was this glance, more than anything, which made every trooper Hitler's man to the death!

p. 173, Heinz, Germany's H.

Brexler:

"They incarcerated Hitler.....to await trial ~~at~~ in the fortress at Landsberg, and I made a point of going to see him there at the earliest opportunity. I found him sitting like a frozen thing at the barred window of his cell. He seemed done, almost broken up over the deaths of those sixteen of our men on the Odeonsplatz. Everything seemed all to have been in vain.....I discovered he'd started a hunger-strike right from the first. Every time I went it was still going on. He'd got thinner and thinner and weaker and whiter every time. Over a fortnight he carried on this hunger strike until it was hard to recognize him. The Medical Officer told meif no one could persuade him to take a drop or a mouthful anyhow he'd soon be past saving.I determined to do my utmost to make him call it off.....I begged and prayed of him.....but I couldn't make any impression....he was utterly in despair....at last I saidwithout Hitler and his movement Germany was doomed....That seemed to rouse him....Any way I won him round somehow.

Finally he broke his fast and reconsidered things. He picked up when he got some solid food inside him and his old spirit reasserted itself. In fact three months afterwards he was brought back to Munich to stand his trialHitler was as full of force and resolution as ever.....

pp. 189/190, Heinz, Germany's H.

Oberwachtsmeister Hermannich about H. in Landsberg.
(Identical in most details to Lukke)

".....Prisoners had to fetch their own parcels from the parcel room and all had to be opened and unpacked in my presence.....Kriebel....had a way of wrenching off the wrappings.....Weber....would undo every...knot....

Now Hitler, again he did differently. It depended whether the parcel came from a known or unknown source. In the one case it might have contained sausage, and in the other, an infernal machine. Hitler'd look them over very carefully himself before he cut the string. With the other sort he just took the line of least resistance. If there were a lot of kn he'd cut the string without more ado; if there were few he'd undo them. "

p. 200/201, Heinz, Germany's H.

Shortly before twelve o'clock...dinner in the common room,.....Consisted of but one dish. Everyone waited for Hitler, each standing erect behind his own chair. When the Leader appeared there was a cry of 'tenshun!' and he strode to the top of the table, and remained standing, until every man in turn came forward with his table-greeting. Then all sat down.....there was seldom any talk of politics....Hitler himself chatted with his right and left-hand neighbors about....the

Landsberg

Shortly before twelve o'clock....dinner in the common room....consisted of but one dish. Everyone waited for Hitler each standing erect behind his own chair. When the Leader appeared there was a cry of 'tenshun!' and he strode to the top of the table, and remained standing, until every man in turn came forward with his tablegreeting. Then all sat down....There was seldom any talk of politics. As a rule Hitler himself chatted with his right and left-hand neighbors about such things as the theatre, or art, or even technical matters.....

pp. 201/202, Heinz, Germany's H.

He was quite an adept in mechanics, especially motor mechanics. He was always getting plans and specifications from motor works, new designs for the chassis, and sketched out a few himself. (It is well known, of course, that he invented two jolly useful motor gadgets, and patented them. One was for a rearward reflector which would allow the car to travel backwards with facility; and the other was an adjustable lamp at the driving seat for reading route maps, etc. He made use of both these contrivances later when touring the country at night on his political campaigns.).

p. 202, Heinz, Germany's H.

At the end of the meal Hitler would give the signal 'Mahlzeit' answered by the rest, and then all would sit about.....Perhaps somebody would make a ~~present~~ little present of some fruit - always gratefully accepted by Hitler.

p. 202, Heinz, Germany's H.

Hitler's fine personality, in which no trace of personal vanity was to be detected, made an impression on all around him. He had a remarkable love ~~xxx~~ of order and neatness. He possessed an unquenchable spring of energy within, which, despite his accustomed urbanity, flashed in his eyes whenever a decision had to be made.Hitler's over-ruling influence and his sense of soldierly ~~discipline~~ discipline.....

The uniform politeness with which he treated everyone here, from the Governor to the man who cleaned his cell, excited universal appreciation. He knew, too, what sort of a job we warders had, and understood it..his word simply went with our Politicals....

pp. 211, Heinz, Germany's H.

Landsberg

He was entirely unassuming, and had a few personal requirements. He took a real pleasure in all those things people contrived to do to show him their loyalty and sympathy. He gave away the contents of parcels sent to him.... He bore himself in just that comradely way...which takes no account of difference in position and upbringing....As a rule, he was singularly cheerful and did his best to make...evenings in the common room go with a swing. He even got Hess to make out a list ofbirthdays, so that whenever one of these came round, the individual in question would be invited to coffee with him in his room, and they'd sit and talk and Hitler'd dish up some little present or other."

p. 212, Heinz Germany's H.

Landsberg

Stormy weather....made a difference...when it poured and howled outside,....Hitler grew a trifle thoughtful and anxious. So he did, too, when bad news came. It knocked him pretty hard to realize how things had gone to bits in the Party since his imprisonment....At first he tried ~~to~~to keep things going....buthe gave up the vain attempt and withdrew himself altogether from politics....

pp. 212/213, Heinz, Germany's H.

Landsberg

I....can affirm without the least hesitation that he was an exceptionally truthful man. He never lied or prevaricated in any way. He'd even avoid the least dubiousness in what he said.....

¶.

p. 223, Heinz, Germany's H.

From 1919 - 1929 Hitler lived in No. 41, Thierschstrasse in Munich:

¶A Herr Brianger is the landlordHe observes:

"I haven't much to do with him myself, since...his room was a sub-let. And since I am a Jew, I concerned myself as little as possible with the activities of my lodger....I admit I liked Hitler well enough. I often encountered him on the stairway and at the door - he was generally scribbling something in a notebook - when he would pass the time of day with me pleasantly enough.

Often he had his dog with him, a lovely Wolfshund. He never made me feel he regarded me differently from other people.
.....

p. 276, Heinz, Germany's H.

HEINZ A. RHEINZ

-19-

Herr Erlanger:

"...He lodged in my house from....1919 to 1929. First he took a little back room, and then an equally small one in ~~front~~ the front to serve as a sort of office and study. The back room, in which he slept is only 8 by 15 feet. It is the coldest room in the house....Some lodgers who've rented it since got ill. Now we only use it as a lumber room....

The only 'comfort' Hitler treated himself to when he was here, was a hand basin with cold water laid on. The room to the front was a bit bigger, but the small high-set window left much to be desired. It was very scantily furnished."

pp. 276/277, Heinz, Germany's II.

listening to speech at Lustgarten at arrival in Berlin.

"... I found, as I had done in listening to his speeches on the radio when I was British Minister at Belgrade, his voice harsh and unsympathetic. But he had the gift of oratorical exhortation, and ."

Henderson, Failure of a mission- pg. 40

"...I once watched Hitler review his black- and brown-shirted army. The march past lasted for four hours, and practically throughout he remained with his right arm stretched out at the Nazi salute. I asked him afterwards how he managed to do it. His reply was, "Will-power"- and I wondered how much of it was artificially cultivated. ..."

Henderson Failure of a mission- pg 40

" During my first year in Germany, I constantly asked those in closest touch with Hitler in what his chief quality consisted, I was told almost unanimously, in his "FINGERSPITZGEFÜHL" (tip-of-the-finger feeling), that is to say, his sense of opportunity, allied with clearness of mind and decision of purpose. The typical example which was quoted of this was his decision to reoccupy the Rhineland in 1936, which was ~~noted~~ taken contrary to the warning of his General Staff and of all his closest advisers.

Henderson, Failure of a mission pg. 42

" It will always be a matter of regret to me that I was never able to study Hitler in private life, as this might have given me the chance to see him under normal conditions and to talk to him as man to man. Except for a few brief words at chance meetings, I never met him except upon official, and invariably disagreeable, business. He never attended informal parties at which diplomatists might be present, and when friends of mine did try to arrange it, he always got out of meeting me in such a manner on the ground of precedent. Up to a period in his career he was accessible to foreigners, to whom he readily accorded interviews, but he gradually became less so, and he had apparently a rooted aversion to private ~~contacts~~ contacts with diplomatists, whom, as a category, he distrusted.....

...He was a true demagogue, and crowds stimulated him, but social life of any sort bored him. He liked the company of his intimate friends, whom he could harangue to his heart's delight; but he always looked self-conscious when he had to entertain the diplomatic corps, which happened normally three times a year....

" I was once asked by a German acquaintance who must, in view of his former official position, have had many talks with him, whether I ever managed during my interviews with Hitler to get a word in edge-ways. It was a curious observation, suggesting, as it did, that he himself never had. That was however, not my experience. He may not have heeded what I said, and he may, like Ribbentrop, only have been thinking what he himself was going to say next, but he always seemed ready to listen, nor did he speechify to any unendurable extent. I once myself made him a little speech which lasted for five or ten minutes. His reply lasted three times as long, and thereafter, for obvious reasons, I avoided making speeches myself. If I thought his own were getting too long and that he was becoming carried away by his own oratory, I interrupted him nor did he ever seem to be offended by my so doing. My impression was that his emotional outbursts were not spontaneous, but that he deliberately worked himself up into a state of excitement. ..."

Henderson Failure of a mission, pg 43.

"I never heard of his ever doing a generous action. On the other hand, one of his most marked characteristics was sheer vindictiveness, and his resentments were enduring and intensely disagreeable for anyone on whom it was in his power to exercise them. I am not surprised that his followers were afraid of him. They had plenty of examples of his capacity for revenge to intimidate them. His defect in this respect was his tragedy, as it is necessarily that of any dictator....Unable to express views which may be contrary to those of their master, the best men leave him one by one. His entourage steadily and inexorably deteriorates until at the end he is surrounded by mere yes-men whose flattery and acquiescence are alone endurable to him. That too, was Hitler's fate during the last year I spent in Berlin.

"On the day before the Coronation I was received by Hitler and presented my letters of credence. As it happened, the disaster to the airship Hindenburg had occurred just before my audience; there were rumours of foul play, and Hitler was in an excited mental state on the subject. It was always my fate to see him when he was under the stress of some emotion or other. We read to each other friendly set speeches, but he showed little interest until I expressed my condolence at the loss of his airship and of a number of German lives. He then invited me into another room to sit down, and told me that there had been several ~~warning~~ warning letters before the departure of the HINDEBURG; and that the whole airship had been searched from stem to stern before she left on her last journey. His attitude towards me was quite friendly, but I was left again wondering wherein lay the secret of his hold over Germany."

pg 48/49 Henderson FAILURE OF A MISSION.

.... He was a spell-binder for his own people. That is self-evident; nor was there any doubt about his capacity to charm, if he set himself out to do so. It was ~~unavoidable~~ part of his stock-in-trade, and I was more than once the spectator of its efficiency. But he never exerted it in my case, and I consequently never experienced it. In his reasonable moods I was often disconcerted by the sanity and logic of his arguments, but when he became excited, which was the mood which most influenced his countrymen, I had but one inclination, which was to beg him to calm down. He had considerable natural dignity and was invariably courteous, but to the last I continued to ask myself how he had risen to what he was and how he maintained his ascendancy over the German people. ...

pg. 49, HENDERSON, Failure of a Mission.

"Many Germans have, in conversation with me, attributed Hitler's dynamic impatience to his alleged conviction, to which he himself frequently alluded, that his life was not destined to be a long one. He was so full of tricks that I often wondered whether that assertion was not one of them.

Pg. 59, HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

"... In the midst of one of his tirades against the Poles in August 1939, I interrupted Hitler to observe that he seemed to forget how useful the agreement with Pilsudski had been to him in 1934. Hitler's answer was that it had never been of any use whatsoever, and that it had merely made him unpopular with his own people. He had a phenomenal capacity for self-deception, and was able to forget everything which he had ever said or done in the past, if it no longer suited his present or future purpose to remember it." pg. 62, HENDERSON, failure of a mission.

"Hitler had just come back from Wilhelmshaven, whither the Deutschland had returned to bury the thirty-odd sailors who had been killed in the bomb attack at Iviza. He was as in the case of my first meeting with him after the Hindenburg disaster, in the emotional state into which he worked himself at the sight or report of any dead Germans. He refused to listen to any of my very logical arguments, and persisted in the standpoint that he could not at such moment permit his Foreign Minister to leave Germany. His attitude was so utterly unreasonable that I was at a loss to explain it even to myself.
pg. 68, HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

about Lauenberg 1937-

"Her Hitler was more friendly to me personally on that occasion than on any of the others on which I saw him. He was undoubtedly pleased at the attendance for the first time of the British, French, and American representatives, and he indicated that he attributed this innovation to my initiative. I took the opportunity to tell him that the invitation to Baron von Neurath to visit London remained open if he cared to avail himself of it. In this respect, however, he was at once and typically less forthcoming. He....
pg. 75, HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

"It has been necessary to lay great stress on the incident of ^{the} Blomberg marriage. Both morally and materially its consequences were of the utmost importance. Not only did it- as mentioned above- cause Hitler's first brainstorm of the year, but there is good reason to believe that it radically altered his entire outlook on life. Thenceforward he became less human, and his fits of rage, real or simulated, more frequent. His faith in the fidelity of his followers was gravely shaken, and his inaccessibility became greatly accentuated....
pg. 110, HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

"I was received in the old Reichschancery, and was asked to sit down on a big sofa against the wall facing the window. On my left, on a small stool, was Dr. Schmidt taking notes. On his left again, in a semi-circle, Hitler himself in an armchair, and next to him, and facing me, Herr von Ribbentrop. I began with a statement of my object in asking to see the Chancellor.....

It was perhaps the longest continuous statement which I ever made to Hitler, and must have lasted for the best part of ten minutes. During all that time he remained crouching in his armchair with the most ferocious scowl on his face, which my firm, but at the same time conciliatory, remarks scarcely warranted. He listened, nevertheless, till I had finished and then let himself go. Nothing, he said, could be done until the Press campaign against him in England ceased (He never failed to harp on this subject in every conversation which I had with him.) Nor was he going to tolerate the interference of third parties in Central Europe. ... The problem was, he continued, rendered particularly difficult" by the fact that one could place as much confidence in the faith in treaties of a barbarous creature like the Soviet Union as in the comprehension of mathematical formulae by a savage. Any agreement with the U.S.S.R. was quite worthless, and Russia should never have been allowed into Europe". It was impossible, he added, to have, for instance, any faith in any Soviet undertaking not to use poison gas. The sentences in inverted commas are Hitler's actual words as recorded in the written and carefully edited notes made and given to me at the time by Dr. Schmidt.
pg. 116, HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

cont:

of the memorandum. "You are the only man," he said somewhat bitterly to Mr. Chamberlain, "to whom I have ever made a concession."

p. 157, HENDERSON, Failure of a Mission.

7

Sir H. Wilson, accompanied by Kirkpatrick and myself, saw the Chancellor at 5 p.m. that afternoon. This interview also was stormy and unsatisfactory. Herr Hitler could only with difficulty be persuaded to listen to the Prime Minister's letter. At one point he shouted: "Es hat keinen Sinn weiter zu verhandeln" ("It is no use talking any more"), and he moved to the door as if to leave the room. Eventually he returned, and the conversation was resumed, but it was impossible to reach any satisfactory conclusion.....

p. 159, HENDERSON, Failure of a Mission.

Sir H. Wilson with Hitler-

"In the course of this conversation Hitler shouted savagely on two or three occasions: Ich werde die Tschechen zerschlagen" which Herr Schmidt, the interpreter faithfully translated as: "I will smash-sh-sh the Czechs."

.... but Hitler declined to be convinced. "If France and England strike he shouted, "let them do so. It is a matter of complete indifference to me. I am prepared for every eventuality. I can only take note of the position. It is Tuesday to-day, and by next Monday we shall all be at war." On this depressing note the interview ended.

p 160 , HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

...The Italian intervention proved the final and decisive factor for peace. It enabled Hitler to climb down without losing face. His first remark to me when I saw him at 12.15, immediately after Poncet, was: "At the request of my great friend and ally, Signor Mussolini, I have postponed mobilising my troops for twentyfour hours."

..I gave Hitler the Prime Minister's message, and his reply was that he must consult again with Signor Mussolini before giving me a definite answer. We discussed fairly amicably the latest proposals of the French and British Governments, and the Chancellor, though a little distraught, was not unreasonable. My interview with him, which lasted over an hour, was also ~~interrupted~~ interrupted by a second visit from the Italian Ambassador, this time to say that Signor Mussolini himself was prepared to accept.....~~interrupted~~ When Hitler rejoined us I failed to notice any particular change in his attitude. Yet neither before nor after was he other than comparatively amicable, though he shouted once or twice when he described the orders which he would give to Goering's air fleet if compelled to do so. I was, however, told afterwards that those who listened anxiously within earshot on the other side of the door had feared from the noise, that things were going badly. I had, however, become used by this time to Hitler's neurotic outbursts, and had been not unfavourably impressed.

p. 161/165 , HENDERSON, Failure of a mission

".. When I first met him, his logic and sense of realities had impressed me, but as time went on he appeared to me to become more and more unreasonable and more and more convinced of his own infallibility and greatness."...

p. 177 HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

Before occupation of Prague-

"..My first indication of imminent trouble was at the annual banquet which Hitler gave to the diplomatic corps, somewhat later than usual, on March 1st. After dinner Hitler used to remain standing in the drawing-room, and would speak for some five or ten minutes in turn to each of the Heads of Missions in the order of their precedence. The apparent friendliness which he had shown at the motor exhibition was notably absent at this dinner. At the exhibition he had shaken me by the hand not once, but three times. On this occasion he carefully avoided looking me in the face when he was speaking to me: he kept his eyes fixed over my right shoulder and confined his remarks to general subjects, while stressing the point that it was not Britain's business to interfere with Germany in Central Europe. I had heard it all before, but, though he said nothing new or startling, his attitude left me with a feeling of vague uneasiness. In the light of wisdom after the event, I have no doubt that he was already weighing the various contingencies in regard to Prague, and making his plans for March 15th. He was contemplating his breach of faith with Dr. Chamberlain, and I was reminded of my meeting with him on March 3rd of the year before, when he was similarly preoccupied about Vienna.

p. 200/201 , HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

Czech atrocities*

"It is difficult to believe that these machinations were not an intrinsic part of Hitler's own schemes, yet it seems but fair to relate that I heard some months later a story, which seemed to indicate that they were not. On his arrival at Prague on March 15th, one of the first things which Hitler expressed a wish to do was to visit the hospitals. His entourage- probably soldiers, and consequently less well informed than Himmler's black-shirts- asked him for what purpose. "To visit the German wounded victims of Czech ill-treatment," was Hitler's answer. As there were none, his followers had some difficulty in persuading him that such a visit would be useless. Possibly they induced him to believe that they existed everywhere except in Prague itself, but if the story is true- and my source was both a Czech and a good one- it would seem to indicate that some of the Party were even more impatient than Hitler himself....

p. 206/207 , HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

" Whatever virtues Hitler may possess, generosity is certainly not one of them; personally, I was struck on several occasions, when generosity might have profited him, by the complete absence of that quality in his make up. Dr. Hacha was an old and weak man, and his daughter travelled with him in order to look after him. He was received with the honours due to the Head of a State- or a condemned prisoner before execution- and his daughter was given a bouquet of flowers by Ribbentrop at the station. On their arrival at the Adlon Hotel she was presented with a box of chocolates from Hitler! But that was the limit to which his generosity went.

p. 207 , HENDERSON, Failure of a mission.

August 23, 1939

"I reached Salzburg about midday, and I had my first audience with Hitler at Berchtesgaden at 1 p.m., in the presence of Baron von Weizsacker and Herr Hewel.At my first interview with him on that day Hitler was in a mood of extreme excitability. His language as regards the Poles and British responsibility for the Polish attitude was violent, to 100,000 German refugees from Poland- a figure which was at least five times greater than the reality. Again I cannot say whether he was persuaded, or persuaded himself, of the reality of these figures. At my second interview, when he handed me his reply, he had recovered his calm, but was not less abstruse. Everything was England's fault. She had encouraged the Czechs last year, and she was now giving a blank cheque to Poland. No longer, he told me, did he trust Mr. Chamberlain. He preferred war, he said, when he was fifty to when he was fifty-five or sixty. He had himself always sought, and believed in the possibility of friendship with England. He now realised, he said, that those who had argued the contrary had been right, and nothing short of a complete change in British policy towards Germany could ever convince him of any sincere British desire for good relations. My last remark to him was that I could only deduce from his language that my mission to Germany had failed, and that I bitterly regretted it.

p. 257, HENDERSON, Failure of a Mission.

August 25th.

"My interview with Hitler, at which Herr von Ribbentrop and Dr. Schmidt were also present, lasted on this occasion over an hour. The Chancellor spoke with calm and apparent sincerity. He described his proposals as a last effort, for conscience's sake, to secure good relations with Great Britain,

August 28th, 1939

..and at 10.30 that evening I was received by Herr Hitler at the Reichschancellery, and handed to him the British reply, together with a German translation. Hitler was once again friendly and reasonable, and appeared to be not dissatisfied with the answer which I had brought to him. He observed, however, that he must study it carefully and would give me a written reply the next day. Our conversation lasted for well over an hour, and it was nearly midnight before I got back to the Embassy. It was I think, the only one of my interviews with Hitler at which it was I who did most of the talking.

Other remarks in Blue Book- White Paper-

pg. 259, HENDERSON, Failure of a Mission
p. 262 "

Adolf Hitler in Urfahr
Mitteilungen d. Deutschvoelkischen Turnvereines Urfahr
Maerz ??; Folge 67, 12. Jahrgang.
gez.: H.H.

In Urfahr lebt eine alte Postmeisterswitwe, welche lange Zeit im Hause Bluethenstrasse Nr. 9 gewohnt hat, im selben Hause, in welchem die Familie Hitler vom Jahre 1903 bis anfangs 1908 eine Wohnung im ersten Stockwerk inne hatte. Diese alte...Dame, besitzt manches wertvolle Andenken an die Jugendjahre des deutschen Fuehrers ...und was sie mir aus ihrer Erinnerung erzaehlt hat, will ich kurz wiedergeben.

Als am 3. Jenner 1903 der Vater Adolf Hitlers, Zollamts-Oberoffizial i.R. Alois Hitler, in Leonding einem Schlaganfall erlag, beschloss dessen Witwe Klara das kleine Anwesen zu verkaufen und mit ihren Kindern in Linz, Bluetenstrasse Nr. 9, Wohnung zu nehmen. Adolf besuchte damals die Realschule, Paula, seine Schwester, half der Mutter im Haushalt, Angela, seine Stiefschwester war verheiratet und ein Ziehbruder war damals Kellner in London.

Adolf Hitler war von schwachlicher Gesundheit und musste wegen seines Lungenleidens, in dessen Folge sich Blutspecken einstellte, das Realschulstudium aufgeben. Da die Verhaeltnisse es nicht erlaubten, einen wohltuenden Landaufenthalt zu nehmen, blieb er in der muetterlichen Wohnung und befasste sich tagsueber fast nur mit Malen und Zeichnen. Abends, meistens erst gegen sechs Uhr, verliess er das Haus, um an die frische Luft zu gehen. Zurueckgekehrt las er oft stundenlang in seinen Buechern oder schritt bis tief in die Nacht im Wohnzimmer auf und ab. Er war gegen jedermann hoefflich und dienstbeflissen und war der Abgott seiner Mutter. Als ihn der Herr Postmeister eines Tages frug, was er eigentlich werden ~~moechte~~ wolle und ob er nicht zur Post kommen moechte, erwiderte er, dass es seine Absicht sei, einmal ein grosser Kuenstler zu werden. Und als man ihm hierauf zu bedenken gab, dass niezu die noetigen gelieblichen Mittel und persoenlichen Beziehungen fehlten, da gab er kurz zur Antwort: "Makart und Rubens haben sich auch aus aermlichen Verhaeltnissen emporgearbeitet." An dieser Absicht, Kuenstler zu werden, hielt er so instaeendig fest, dass er schliesslich die Mutter bewog, ihn nach Wien auf die Akademie zu schicken. Adolf Hitler verzichtete zugunsten seiner unversorgten Schwester Paula auf eine dauernde Unterstuetzung und bekam nur einen Teil des Erloeses des in Leonding verkauften Hauses mit auf den schweren Lebensweg. Weil aber diese Mittel nicht reichten, war er in der Folgezeit gezwungen, sich durch Maurerarbeit Brot und Studium zu verdienen.

Adolf Hitler in Erfahrung.

-2-

Inzwischen war seine Mutter an einem schweren Krebsleiden erkrankt. Frau Klara Hitler war bei ihren Wohnungsnachbarn als äusserst guetige Frau und Mutter bekannt und auch ihr schmerzvolles Leiden wurde daher von allen ihren Bekannten....auf das lebhafteste bedauert. Adolf Hitler, der von der Frau Postmeister ueber den ernsten Zustand unterrichtet wurde, eilte an das Krankenlager seiner Mutter. Der in Linz noch lebende Arzt Dr. Bloch hat Frau Hitler trotz ihrer aermlichen Lage äusserst entgegenkommend und gewissenhaft behandelt. Auch Primarius Dr. Urban wurde zu Rate gezogen. Hitlers Schwestern und eine Tante muetterlicherseits bemuehten sich vergeblich um das Schicksal der Kranken. Am 21. Dezember des Jahres 1907 starb Frau Hitler unter qualvollen Schmerzen, am heiligen Abend wurde sie an der Seite ihres Gatten begraben. Adolf Hitler stand damals im 18. Lebensjahre. Um sich die geliebten Zuege seiner Mutter noch einmal einzupraegen, hat er sie auf dem Totenbette gezeichnet. Fuer die "Hilfsbereitschaft und Anteilnahme" schenkte er Herrn Dr. Bloch und Herrn Postmeister je ein selbstgemaltes Landschaftsbild. Nach dem Begrabnis kehrte er nach Wien zurueck, waehrend seine Verwandten bald darauf die Wohnung in der Blumenstrasse aufgaben.....

"Er war etwas sonderlich, der Adolf, aber immer sehr artig und brav", mit diesen Worten schloss die Frau Postmeister ihre Erzählung.

Hitler is curious to watch. He is dressed in black, which emphasizes his slinness; he dances backward and forward; he bows and leans sideways with grace; he moves his arms like a ballerina; he is indeed a master of deportment- almost, one would say, a dancing master. He is on tiptoe; his knees are bent; his foot flashes as he takes a step and then another step. As for his face, it is strangely mobile; there is scorn about the mouth, there is strength in that sudden setting of the jaw; the eyes, which turn up frequently and show their whites, are rather dull in repose, but they convey humour, indignation, and aspiration by their rolling.

And his voice is excellent; it is deep and rich and changing; it is mostly grave, sometimes raucous, now and again shrill; it takes on all inflections...

In Catholic World May 1939-

Nova et Vetera- from "In my time" by Sisley Huddleston.

Secret Intelligence Report on information obtained from
high-ranking German officer, captured early Spring, 1942.

This officer was much impressed with Hitler's voice but was thoroughly annoyed with his habit of making tirades in front of busy people who wanted to discuss special matters. His Army headquarters call these exhibitions "tirades" and make special arrangements for them in budgeting their time. The real problem was how to push things through with Hitler. Blomberg was unable to do it. Informant says, "It is one of Hitler's drawbacks as it is of all such colossal personalities that they stifle everyone around them." Hitler works until three or four o'clock in the morning and then sleeps late into the day. Ordinarily he can never be seen before eleven. He also reports that Hitler has not been quite fair with his Army generals considering what they have to put up with. The Air Force generals have had an easy time in comparison with the others. He feels that if Germany loses the war, the final responsibility for the mistake will be Hitler's. Everybody else merely carries out his orders. All the power is concentrated in Hitler himself. Likewise, if Germany wins, the credit for the victory will belong entirely to Hitler. It is, however, nonsense to suppose that the Fuehrer plans his military campaigns down to the last detail. The Bulgarian situation, for example, was a surprise in the spring of 1941 and consequently Bulgaria had to be occupied rather unexpectedly. At the same time, the Serbian campaign had to be carried out on the spur of the moment.

The Fuehrer appears to have a special power of personal magnetism over his immediate entourage as well as over the masses in general. His most outstanding characteristic from a physical point of view is the shape of his hands. These, he says, are artistic and illustrative. Hitler walks with an elastic step and is always nicely dressed. He never wears any other decoration besides the Iron Cross and does not feel the need of them the way Goering does. There is nothing of the 'little man' about him at all. He is very careful about his food and all his vegetables are steamed and not boiled. He is always nibbling away at something such as nuts, sugar or chocolate and always keeps a supply of these on his desk.

Adolf Hitler and the Nazis- by T.D. Kemp, Jr.
Albert C. Cook, Publisher, N.Y. 1933

Early biography very bad- -

Before escaping from Munich he had, however, in a final fight dislocated his shoulder. Frau and Fraulein Hanfstaengl (the mother and sister of Ernst Fritz) carefully nursed him, and though he was in pain a great part of the time, he thoroughly enjoyed his forced seclusion. There was an excellent reason. Adolf declared his love for Fraulein Hanfstaengl. It was mutual. ...

(After Landsberg).. He immediately returned to the Hanfstaengl home to live and is supposed to have married Fraulein Hanfstaengl a few months later.....

p 11-12, T.D. Kemp, Jr.-Adolf Hitler and the Nazis.

THE BERLIN DIARIES edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz 1934- N.Y.

Diary of a German War Office general, -
"A German War Office general, with whom I had been on terms of intellectual intimacy during critical years, ...asking me to examine and to publish in whatever form seemed wisest to me his diary jottings during the time between the fall of Doctor Brüning and the accession to power of Adolf Hitler.."

June 11, 1932

...In the evening I met Hitler (at the house of a Bank and Stock Exchange king, of Jewish extraction too!). The impression Hitler makes upon me is and remains devastating. This curious prophet is quite incapable of listening; he goes on speaking all the time as if he were addressing a public meeting, and to every interruption he reacts immediately with a new harangue, which, of course, is always irrelevant to the point at issue. Hitler's volubility is surpassed only by his poverty of thought.... He sounded me on Goering's plan for detaching Storm Troop officers to attend the army maneuvers. He did all he could to convince me that war against France and Poland might "break out any day" and that Germany was lost if it had not at its disposal a sufficient number of well-trained officers. As to that I am of his opinion; but I have little inclination to throw the army open to a gang of dope-taking homosexuals like Captain Roehm. Naturally I did not tell him that, but wriggled away with arguments about the peace treaty; he was tactful enough to dismiss my words with a pitying smile.

General Handstedt relieved me from my disagreeable embarrassment. Handstedt's opinion of the "Leader" is exactly the same as my own; the two of them don't seem to be exactly the best of friends!

p 58-59 The Berlin Diaries- ed. Dr. Helmut Klotz

June 17, 1932- A very different experience from yesterday's: a talk with Hitler. A complete fool and twaddler! If this man ever attains power, then it will be a sign that we've gone off our heads. And yet this prophet makes an uncertain, almost timid impression; I can't imagine him ever making a fight for the supreme power.

I led the conversation to his relations with Papen. Hitler admitted that he had pladged himself to Papen. Would his supporters follow him in this policy? I asked. He replied: "My supporters will have to obey me. I have trained them for that purpose." And that was that!

He tentatively sounded me again about Goering's pet scheme (to give Stormtroop officers a look-in during the army maneuvers). I pretended to be hard of hearing. About the Epp plan he said not a single word, which I can understand very well.

p. 70- The Berlin Diaries- ed Dr. Helmut Klotz.

August 9, 1932

The negotiations between Schleicher and Hitler have fizzled out. The "Leader" has been whistled to heel by his advisers. He can't afford to content himself with the post of Vice-Chancellor; he must demand "all". Goering and Goebbels are the chief whetters of his resolution.

In the course of his consultations with Hitler Schleicher descreetly intimated that Goering's past was not all that it should be, that, in fact, Goering had been confined some years ago for a considerable period in a Swedish asylum for the insane. And that he, Schleicher, "unfortunately" had in his possession documentary proof of the statement, that it was not a matter of mere empty rumor, but of actual facts. Such being the case, would it not prove ~~impossible~~ impossible in the long run for Hitler to accept such a man's counsel and allow him to act as his representative to the President and the Government?

Hitler was most painfully affected by this question. He did not seem to have reckoned with the fact that the affair was known. The truth of the story itself he admitted without further ado; he had known about it for a long time, and Goering had put into his hands an attestation that he was once more "normal". Besides, Hitler was resolved to make use of the story against Goering to get rid of him when the proper time came. But just now he could make no move against Goering, whose position inside the Party was extraordinarily strong- so strong that one could not get rid of him without danger and make him one's declared enemy. "This morphinist," he told Schleicher, "certainly won't hold his tongue if he is attacked. Herr Goering knows too many things that I can't afford at present to have broadcast among the public and my voters, not at any price!"...

p 151-52. Berlin Diaries- ed. Helmut Klotz

August 13, 1932

...Hitler's reception by the Old Gentleman, in which our side was represented by Papen and Schleicher. The whole business lasted hardly ten minutes. And much to Hitler's chagrin he had to stand during the whole interview.

It began by Hindenburg asking Hitler without any preamble whether he and the other members of his party were prepared to enter Papen's Cabinet. Hitler replied in the negative and put forward the demand that he should be made Chancellor "with the same powers as Mussolini was given after his victorious march to Rome." Hindenburg cut him short very brusquely and with an unmistakably contemptuous gesture. He could not be responsible to his conscience for delivering the power of the State to the National Socialists. Their record of murders and butcheries up to date showed with terrifying clearness how Hitler would exploit the power of the State.

Hitler tried to reassure the Old Gentleman: "A few thousand deaths mean nothing in a historical process involving such far-reaching consequences."

p 157 Berlin Diaries- ed. Helmut Klotz

cont. Hindenburg- Hitler interview.

Hindenburg once more interrupted him. He regretted that Hitler was not disposed to keep the solemn promise given to him, the President, before the election; Hitler had vowed then that he would support the Papen Government no matter what the result of the poll might be. On the sole condition that the Marxist Government in Prussia should go and the measures prohibiting the Storm Troops be repealed. He, Hindenburg, had kept his side of the bargain and must now assume that Hitler had either deceived him or else was too weak to fulfill his obligations.

Under this painful attack Hitler became silent. Then Hindenburg required to know what Hitler intended to do now, since the negotiations had fallen through. Hitler, who apparently had still been counting on gaining over the President, retorted in a voice hoarse with rage: "Opposition will be my policy! Opposition to the last ditch!"

That was too much for the Old Gentleman. He raised his stick threateningly against Hitler and ordered him in an imperious tone to conduct his opposition fairly and honorable, or else he would be made to feel the consequences. Then Hindenburg turned away abruptly and left the room along with Papen and Schleicher. Without even saying good-by to Herr Hitler!.....

p. 157-58. Berlin Diaries- ed. Helmut Klotz

In the evening I was once more at the Herren Club. Leissner described Hitler's debut in the Palace. He almost burst with laughter. "it was so funny!"

The visit had a long story leading up to it. Without Oskar Hindenburg it would never have taken place. The Old Gentleman's aversion to the "Austrian", the revolutionist from the gutter", the corporal", was almost unsurmountable.

What about the reception itself? Leissner shuddered with horror. Well, then: Hindenburg is waiting. Hitler enters, makes an abortive attempt at a profound bow and fumbles with his hand behind his back to shut the door which, of course, had already closed behind him. Then noticing his lapse, he grows red in the face and goes, with uncertain steps, towards the Old Gentleman, who is standing in the middle of the room. But at the very start he stumbles over the carpet, and, to judge from the furious glare he gives it, he is in urgent danger of flinging himself upon it and chastising it physically. Then he laboriously continues his way and finds himself at last, at long last, before Hindenburg. Papen does the honors.

Then, said Leissner, came something supremely comical: hardly had Hitler straightened himself from his devout reverence when he prepared to launch one of his great public speeches. But Hindenburg made a sweep with his arm and Hitler collapsed in terrified silence. Into this silence Hindenburg broke in a harsh voice: I have summoned you, Herr Hitler, in order to hear from you whether you are prepared to enter the Cabinet of Herr von Papen as Vice-Chancellor. Naturally, in that case, your party would be in duty bound to support and assist the Government to the full extent of its power."

p 159-60 Berlin Diaries- ed. Helmut Klotz

BERLIN DIARIES- ed H.Klotz

cont. Hindenburg Hitler interview- August 9, 1932

Hitler was taken aback and could find no answer. Then Papen said, to make it easier for him: "Of course, the composition of the Cabinet would be somewhat modified and your party asked to collaborate by being liberally represented in it." And Hindenburg went on very rudely: "Yes, but the appointment of the Foreign Minister and the Minister of War shall remain exclusively my concern. Nothing will change that!"

Another silence. Then at last Hitler spoke: "But, your Excellency, we must surely come to some agreement about the program of the Government first!" Hindenburg retorted: "The Government's program? It is there. It is the program of Herr Chancellor von Papen." Hitler once more fell into an embarrassed silence. Then he ventured another question "And what, your Excellency, is to be done about Prussia?" Hindenburg, now visibly impatient, replied: "I can't understand what you mean by such a stupid question! My Commissioner for Prussia is and will remain Herr von Papen. But please give me an answer to my first question, because of which I asked you to come here. This matter is not one that can be postponed." Then Hitler demanded "full powers" à la Mussolini. And the Old Gentleman elegantly flung him out.

He bombarded Leissner with questions and wanted to hear still more. But he maintained that he had described everything exactly and fully. He was of the opinion that Hitler would sing small after all that..... One more thing: Herr Hitler has departed to nurse his wrath in the Bavarian mountains. He has given his Storm Troops leave "until further notice".

p 160-61 THE BERLIN DIARIES. ed. H.Klotz

August 26, 1932...

Goering was with me for a short time to-day. Important tidings: Hitler's nerves have "completely broken down" (as if Hitler's "nerves" had even been in proper order!) He has been packed away to a sanatorium in Thuringia; Strasser is taking his place.

p. 167 THE BERLIN DIARIES- H.Klotz

August 29, 1932

...Hitler appeared yesterday in Berlin. That sanatorium must have got rid of him very quickly! He has once again, with wearisome iteration, made his men renew their oath of allegiance to him.

p. 168 THE BERLIN DIARIES- H.Klotz

THE BERLIN DIARIES- ed. Helmut Klotz

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

September 27, 1932- Goering has honored me with a visit. He had two pieces of news; Hitler is ill, his nerves once more broken down, and is to be sent to a sanatorium. And Roehm is to be sent into the wilderness. His homosexual scandals have raised too much dust, in spite of his "intimate" friendship with Madame Adolfe. Roehm is to be replaced by Captain Pfeffer von Salomon, a Titan unknown to me.

p. 121 THE BERLIN DIARIES- ed. Klotz.

November 8, 1932 (after H. lost two million votes in elections)
- Herr Hitler has broken down (for the umpteenth time) and gone into a sanatorium. So Gregor Strasser reports. ...

p. 201- THE BERLIN DIARIES- H. Klotz

December 2, 1932 (Schleicher Cha. caller)
... Hitler was expected here to-day for a further interview with Schleicher. He left Munich last night, according to program, but did not arrive here, for Goering and Goebbels hauled him out of ~~his~~ his sleeper at Hena in the middle of the night and carted him off to Weimar. This exploit was so unexpected that not even Strasser and Frick were informed, and had to cool their heels in vain early this morning at the Anhalter Station (in Berlin). In the Presidential Palace Hitler's defection put them all into a great flurry and a still greater irritation.

The Old Gentleman was in a towering passion. Hitler had promised him to come to Berlin and raise no difficulties. One has to be very senile indeed to count on the strength of Hitler's "promises".

Besides Hitler himself doesn't know what he wants. The number of times he has swung from one extreme to another during those last weeks simply can't be counted. One moment Strasser, who claims to be striving for a loyal collaboration with us, has the upper hand, and ten minutes later, without any visible reason, Herr Goering with his all or nothing policy is on top;.....

p. 222- BERLIN DIARIES- H. Klotz

6th February, 1933

To-day was the memorable day. Hitler condescended to look us up and deigned to lay his gracious programme before a very select audience of generals and admirals.

In this company, to which he is not at all accustomed, the Chancellor's behaviour was clumsy and embarrassed. His self-confidence, which is not the genuine article, even in public meetings, but is a spurious quality, intended for display purposes, left him entirely in the lurch.

What did he have to say? It made one shudder. In the first part the long-winded repetition of phrases which he has been mouthing for ten years. The second part only was important and new, "intended for your ears alone, gentlemen, who are entrusted with the highest military posts"; for the rest: "the application of the political principles of National Socialism as they automatically arise."

p. 41 THE BERLIN DIARIES, Vol II- H. Klotz

THE BERLIN DIARIES - E. A. Blotz.

cont. February 6, 1937

...Foreign policy must occupy a place in the foreground of events "until the day of the definitive destruction of the peace treaties and the creation of the Great German Empire." The new diplomacy must contrive to gain the necessary time; first, "in order to give us breathing space at home for necessities arising out of foreign policy"; secondly, "in order to bring about the military revival of the entire German people" thirdly, "in order to set up in the sphere of armaments all our arrears in comparison with our position in the past."

There can be no doubt that this development of foreign policy involves a certain period of danger. The danger will be in vain when our enemies realize that we are doing it. It will be when the risk for our opponents has become great enough." He himself, as Chancellor, will do all he can to control the danger zone; by the maximum intensification of propaganda he will "accelerate spiritual mobilization and deliberately advance the course of armaments." In the best of all worlds it is a matter of two years; if this time can be gained, everything will be gained.

The military strength to be attained implied a veritable collision as a necessary consequence. It was absurd to expect that the enemy states would recognize the vital rights of the new Germany unless a pistol were held at their heads. The task became strong enough to keep in check simultaneously France and Belgium, on the one hand, and Poland and Czechoslovakia, on the other, and in addition, have sufficient reserves to grey at the fronts from mobilizing and to be able to force a decision at a point which is favourable to us, without neglecting the other frontiers."

France would not be reconciled. Every attempt he had made in this direction had proved futile, and had merely been meant as tactical moves. A bloody reckoning with this State was "no more and no less than a physical necessity and will remain so until France or Germany has been wiped off the earth." The case was quite different with England; "toward England I shall deliberately pursue the same policy that Stresemann deliberately adopted towards France."....

p. 42-43- THE BERLIN DIARIES - E. A. Blotz

These objects, "Gentlemen, you will keep constantly in front of you." For his part, he promised that he would always feel particularly attached to the Army. Without the "cheerful acquiescence of the Army no national policy was possible"; according to Hitler's conception and experience of history, "all genuine politics are only a continuation of war by other methods."

With this cheap distortion of the famous phrase from Clausewitz, Herr Hitler put a term to his twaddle and looked triumphantly around him. There was a painful silence along the whole line, and Neurath looked foolish. Then Blomberg rose and gave his assurance that the Army stood behind the "National Government." That's all.

p 43- THE BERLIN DIARIES- Blotz

THE BERLIN DIARIES- edited by H. Klotz

22nd April, 1933.

..Yesterday, on Hitler's birthday, the Nazis in Braunau-on-the-Inn devised an ingenious honour. They put forward the proposal that Hitler, who was born in Braunau, should be made an honorary freeman.

The attempt was frustrated; the proposal was rejected with contumely. And, Keissner telephones greatly amused, Hitler was thrown into convulsions "over this ingratitude".....

p 197- THE BERLIN DIARIES- ed. H. Klotz

9th September, 1933

...Herr Hitler, who was present at the manoeuvres, was asked in the Casino how he envisaged Germany's continued membership of the League of Nations and our participation in the Geneva Disarmament Conference, now that we had begun to flout treaties and conventions and forge ahead with re-arming. The Chancellor was visibly annoyed by these awkward questions, which caught him unprepared; at first he looked helplessly about him and then, as no one came forward to help him out of his embarrassment, he stammered that these matters were only of political, not of military, importance.....

..Herr Hitler floundered like a fish on dry land.

Then, after long cogitation and appreciating the serious position, he promised to go into the matter with the Foreign Minister and the Minister of Defence. "And with the Chief of Army ~~Direction~~ Direction!" interrupted an officer. Everybody was petrified, except Hitler, who promptly bowed and answered: "And with the Chief of Army Direction." Interesting symptom!

p 211-212 THE BERLIN DIARIES. ed. H. Klotz

27th April, 1933.

The Geneva negotiations are causing the Foreign Minister great anxiety. But Hitler wants to seize the favourable opportunity of "pressure from without" to get rid of his S.A.; he has several reasons for doing so: for one thing, the joke is lasting too long, especially as he now no longer needs the S.A.; then he scents a menace to his own position in the strong and splendidly organised association; and lastly he does not like to be reminded by the "ordinary" S.A. fellows that he once dangled a socialistic programme before the eyes of the credulous millions.

Such was the partly explicit and partly unspoken meaning of the conversation with which he honoured a few of us to-day. He tried, of course, to gloss over the business and make it palatable to us by stressing that the S.A. might "as things develop by their numbers alone" become a danger even for the Reichswehr. But when he noticed that we were not impressed by this threadbare argument he desisted, and Goering hastened to add that the bodyguard, the S.S., was strong enough, in conjunction with the police, "to choke in blood, if necessary, any uprising of the S.A."

Hitler wants us to mobilize our foreign relationships to reinforce the demands to dissolve the S.A. He imagines that he could then respond, "under protest," to this welcome pressure, and shake off the troublesome S.A. without his authority being impaired and without the treacherous game he proposes to play with his Brown comrades becoming public.

over

p 202-03 THE BERLIN DIARIES

Arriving in Italy, 1938.

..Then, out of the shadow of the door, emerged Hitler. There, before the splendid Italians, he stood, a faint little man arrayed in his old worn raincoat, his blue serge suit, and a brand-new Fedora hat. His right hand faltered up in the Nazi salute.

He gives the salute two ways. For reviewing his own troops or crowds he gives it stiff-arm. This is his Prussian style. For greeting individuals he gives the salute, Viennese style, with a limp hand, the arm not outstretched but bent at the elbow and the hand flopping back until it almost touches his shoulder, then flopping forward feebly. He used the Viennese version on Mussolini. Hitler was embarrassed. Later we learned he had threatened to dismiss Baron von Neurath, then chief of protocol, for having advised him to come in civilian clothes.

Is Tomorrow Hitler's? - H. R. Knickerbocker - pg 5.

..The Fuehrer stood for a moment, blinking in the sunlight, then awkwardly came down the steps and the two dictators shook hands. They were not over three yards from me, and I was fascinated to watch the expressions on their faces. Beneath the obligatory cordiality I fancied I could see an expression of amusement in Mussolini's eyes and of resentment in Hitler's. At any rate Hitler's embarrassment did not diminish, for when Mussolini led him down the line of troops he did not know how to carry it off. This was the first time he had ever had to inspect foreign troops, but that was not the chief trouble. The chief trouble was his hat.

He had taken it off as a salute to the Italian flag, and he started to put it back on his head, thought better of it, and held it in his right hand. Then, as he walked beside the Duce, who was chattering all the time in his fluent German, Hitler shifted the hat to his left hand, then back to the right, and so back and forth until one could feel he would have given anything to be able to throw the hat away. Finally, when they reached the end of the line, he clapped the hat back on his head, but he had not yet recovered his poise because when they came to the ~~launch~~ launch which was to carry them to Venice, Hitler, flustered, tried to insist that Mussolini, the host, precede him on board. The Duce finally got behind the Fuehrer and shoved him down the gangplank first.

p. 6 - H. R. Knickerbocker - Is Tomorrow Hitler's

...It (H.'s face) is almost like a mask. He frequently looks ~~xx~~ as though he were gazing into space when he is looking straight at you. He has terrific power of concentration and sometimes when he talks he appears to forget his surroundings, and to be conversing with himself, although he may be shouting loud enough to be heard by a great multitude.

p. 11, H.R. Knickerbocker - Is Tomorrow Hitler's

...His manner is various, and he can be quietly affable just as another time he may rave and bellow until his voice breaks. Once, during his trial for treason, I heard him bellow and then surrender to a louder voice. This was an incident worth recording, because as far as I know it is the only time Hitler has been literally shouted down. ...

p. 11, H.R. Knickerbocker- Is Tomorrow Hitler's?

.. When von Lossow took the stand, Hitler stood up and yelled a question. Thereupon the General, a tall bony man, with a corrugated shaven head and a jaw of steel, pulled himself up to his full height and began yelling at Hitler and throwing his long forefinger as if it were a weapon at Hitler's face. Hitler started to shout back, but the General shouted so much louder, and looked so menacing, that presently Hitler fell back in his seat as if he had collapsed under a physical blow...

p. 12- H.R. Knickerbocker- Is Tomorrow Hitler's?

... Perhaps we shall not count the story he told me about his winning the Iron Cross in the last war, since many Germans say it is not a true story. Yet it is an interesting one. He told it to me the night of March 11, 1932 on the eve of the Presidential election when he ran against Hindenburg....

...I asked him how he had won his Iron Cross. He always wore it.... "You know" he said, "I was a dispatch bearer in the war. One day, toward the first of June 1918, I was ordered to take a message to another part of the front, and had to traverse a section of no man's land. Presently I passed a dugout which I thought abandoned, but suddenly I heard French voices below.

"Being alone, and armed only with a pistol, I stopped a moment, then drew my pistol and shouted below in my very bad French, 'Come up, surrender!' Then I shouted in German as though to a squad of soldiers, orders to 'Fix bayonets! Draw your hand grenades!' First one French soldier, and then another, and then another came up with their hands in the air until there were seven. I marched them to the rear and turned them over as prisoners of war. Now" he paused, and smiled at Tom Delmer of the London Daily Express, who was with me, "if they had been English soldiers or," turning to me and continuing to smile "if they had been American soldiers, I am not sure I should have been able to make them surrender so easily, and perhaps I would not have my Iron Cross or be here today."

This is the only time I have observed a sense of humor in Hitler,...

p. 31- H.R. Knickerbocker- Is Tomorrow Hitler's?

...Hitler's self-confidence was amazing. Never having held public office, and faced with the possibility of becoming head of a great State, he answered the question as to whether he had anxieties about assuming such a responsibility with the smiling remark, "Every man who has ever taken a hand in history must be prepared for responsibility, and since I am certain of my ability to fulfill my rôle I have no fear of assuming it."

p. 30. H.R. Knickerbocker in Dictators and Democrats ed. Lawrence Fernsworth

... and questioning the circumstances under which he won the Iron Cross. Urged to give the correct version Hitler for the first time told this story, which did not even appear in his autobiography and apparently had never been published

"It was June 1 or 2, 1918, during the Chemins des Dames offensive. We just stormed a village and I was sent out with dispatches over a shell-hole and in it the flat steel helmets of Frenchmen in a machine gun nest. I had no grenades and only one pistol. I was too close to have been unobserved. There was nothing to do but bluff.

"I leaped to the edge of the shell-hole and shouted in French: 'You are my prisoners', at the same time shouting orders in German as though I had a company of soldiers with me. First one Frenchman came out with his hands up, then another and another until thirteen poilus, one noncom and one lieutenant came out. Three of them had pistols and I didn't know enough French to order them to surrender their arms. They marched ahead of me and all the time I was thinking that my pistol only had ten rounds of ammunition and that there were fifteen men and three of them still had their guns. We marched and marched and the French grew restive and I grew nervous and prayed that we would meet some of our men. Then I saw soldiers. If they are French I will have to shoot it out, I thought. They were Germans and that was all of that."

p. 30-31 H.R. Knickerbocker in "Dictators & Democrats" ed. L. Fernsworth.

about interview in 1932

... Hitler in this interview displayed the hysteria which led many observers to think he could never gain or keep power. At this moment he was the raving mob orator. The account given here is only a fractional spoonful from the torrent of words which poured from him ninety minutes long. He was extremely polite, met me at the door, insisted on placing my chair for me, and bade me be seated first, then planted himself behind his desk, fixed his flat, nonmagnetic China-blue eyes on me and with a smile asked me what he could do for me.

I had about six simple questions, chiefly concerned with American interest in Germany. Hitler could have answered them in ten minutes if he had not wished to make an oration. At the first question he began to speak in an ordinary conversational tone and for thirty seconds dealt with the topic. He then began to move forward in his seat; his eyes left mine and gazed into space and his voice rose steadily until by the end of a minute he was talking to thirty thousand people.

p. 21 H.R. Knickerbocker in "Dictators & Democrats" ed. L. Fernsworth

...Hitler had begun to talk slowly, conversationally, looking at his visitor. After a moment the speed of his delivery increased, his voice rose to platform pitch, he leaned forward in his chair, gestured freely directed his eyes in space and addressed an audience. A question broke the spell, his eloquent hands rested, his engaging smile reappeared.

p. 25-26, H.R. Knickerbocker: Germany- Fascist or Soviet? 1932

...And please remember," he ended with a wave of his long, strong-fingered artist's hands,....

...Hitler is an artist. The famous Brown House, head quarters of the National Socialist Party, palace of 100 rooms, in one of which we sat, was his creation. He designed its interior decoration from the Swastika emblems in the window panes to the salmon hangings in his reception office. The building is in faultless taste. Here in his moderate sized carpeted office, Hitler's desk was flanked by a life-sized bronze head of Mussolini, at the back of Hitler's chair was a portrait of Frederick the Great, down the wall another portrait of Frederick the Great, and on the opposite wall a painting of a battle in Flanders. On the round centre table stood a statuette of a giant in chains, "Germany enslaved."

p. 27, H.R. Knickerbocker: Germany- Fascist or Soviet? 1932

...The adjutant of Hitler, Dr. Ernst Franz Sedgwick Hanfstaengl, Hitler's Press chief, industriously took notes... (interview Febr. 3, 1932)

pg. 28, H. R. Knickerbocker, Germany- Fascist or Soviet?

Chapter XXII- A talk with Hitler- in Knickerbocker's Germany- Fascist or Soviet? about the interview Feb. 3, 1932 - deals mostly with question of American investments in Germany- reparations, private debts- shows Hitler in good form of replies-

H. R. Knickerbocker.

interview cont. Febr. 3, 1932

..I was scarcely a yard away from him. I literally ~~xx~~ swayed in the wind of his oratory. Now was the time for me to fall under his spell. Instead I looked curiously at him, wondering how anybody, including Germans, could find any magic in this person, so undistinguished, so flat, so loudmouthed, but remembering that already millions of Germans followed him as the prophet. I was embarrassed at his lack of restraint. It was like having to watch a clown cry. I strove to follow the thread of his oration. It had long ceased to have anything to do with my question. Now he was denouncing the Versailles Treaty, the encirclement of Germany, the reparations, the Jewish criminals...

p. 22- H.R. Knickerbocker in "Dictators & Democrats" ed. L. Farnsworth

..Through it all I had persisted in the effort to discover the secret of his power. I did not find it. All I could be sure of was that Hitler possessed the talent to make you believe what he said. This new famous characteristic of his, the Hitlerian "sincerity," is of course recognized today as one of the sources of his ability, first, to deceive a people, and then almost conquer a world.

For a long time professional psychologists explained that Hitler was "able to hypnotize himself" so that he always truly believed in what he said, no matter if he were to reverse himself or break his word an hour later. I am now convinced that this is only partly correct; that Hitler proceeds from a platform of calculated cynicism, intending to deceive, and conscious of his deception. At the height of his paroxysms, while his victims are fearfully observing his manic "sincerity," I am sure Hitler is inwardly watching himself act, and is amused at the ease of his success. This interview of February 3, 1932, provides a few scraps of clinical evidence on this most remarkable deceiver of all time who, whatever else his fate may be, will be remembered as the man who lifted the lie to the level of a moral principle.

p. 22-23- H.R. Knickerbocker in Dictators & Democrats- ed. L. Farnsworth. 1941

...Hitler was like a virtuous host. He had personally adjusted his visitors' chair, smiled engagingly. Dressed in a black broadcloth suit white shirt, semi-flexible collar and black cravat, Hitler looked like an artist or an actor. Or he might have been a rising young district attorney in one of our Southern States, a man with his eye on the governorship. His heavy mane of coal-black hair would fit that part. Nor than anything else his hair, full as a youth's worn slightly long and sleekly combed, distinguishes him from the mass of Germans who are either bald-headed or crop their hair to artificial baldness. His thick close-cut narrow moustache covers a long Celtic upperlip, the characteristic that gives his features in repose an air of melancholy. His ruddy face and the clear white around his bright staring eyes betokened health. He had just been off to Berchtesgaden, was full of mountain air and confidence.

24-45, H.R. Knickerbocker: Germany- fascist or Soviet? 1932

Hitler - progress

[illegible]

pp. 222/3 (99)

met this Hitler in the fall of 1932 an anti-Semitic agitator, a cheap demagogue, a fool....

I decided to find out about this Hitler.

..."I'll pass myself off as an ...Italian Fascist..."

...I stood facing the door named Volkischer Beobachter....

The door opened. I saw a medium-sized, rather emaciated man in a shabby trench coat and slouch hat - the uniform of the demobilized officer; this type of belted coat with shoulder-straps those or on a civilian garment no one could have explained, was the fashion in these circles....

Hitler crossed the office with long steps. His bearing was convulsively military. Without honoring us with so much as a glance, he disappeared into the next room.

This interview with Hitler was the most one-sided I have ever had. Even before I could utter a question - I had barely time to be seated - Hitler started in. I was not yet familiar with his habits and was rather taken aback. He blundered himself in the middle of the room and without transition flung himself into a speech as though addressing a monster mass meeting and not an audience of two, the interviewer and myself, in a tiny office.

"Tell the Jews, whom I greatly admire, that in the interest of good relations with ~~xxxix~~ Fascist Italy, I renounce the liberation of the Germans in South Poland!" he began, and so it went on: "The treason of the November criminals - the rule of the Marxists must be broken - the world domination of the Jews."

p. 232/233, Lania, Today we are brothers.

I....concentrated my attention on Hitler's personality. In dress, speech, bearing, he was the typical petit bourgeois. His face was naturally soft and expressionless, so he set his blurred features in energetic folds - you could see that the expression was carefully studied. His hair was parted with painful precision, but the part was drawn too far back. His white collar was too high, all three buttons of his coat were closed. He looks like a provincial salesman, I thought. A born subaltern.~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

p. 233/234, Lania, Today we are brothers.

His German was a mixture of several dialects and a stilted High German - frightful to hear. Every sentence teemed with grammatical errors. He became hopelessly involved in sentences as long as tapeworms, trotted out learned formulas which were supposed to show his education, but only demonstrated half-education. His tone was false and meaningless, his voice colorless and without charm.

p. 234, Lania, Today we are brothers.

In the course of his promotion he came to speak of Generals Enderhoff and von Seckk; at such moments he stood at attention and truncated forth the words "general" and "excellency". It made no difference that one of the generals was on his side, while the other, von Seckk, commander-in-chief of the "Wehrmacht", was his enemy; he addressed himself entirely to the nature of "promoting" and "excellency" titles. Never did "General Seckk", or "His Excellency" or "Colonel General von Seckk", matter to him; all of it was the same and covered their differences. At this moment he was the typical professional sergeant.

n. 124, Berlin, Today we are brothers.

I later heard Hitler speak at a meeting in Berlin. Here I could appreciate his effect: in the presence of an audience he went into trance. His shouting, his hysterical outbursts, his glances and threats, are unparaphrased exhibitionism.

n. 124, Berlin, Today we are brothers.

My first interview with Hitler lasted about an hour. He began against the Berlin Government which had "killed the Führer", he developed his plans: "thousands determined men with knives and revolvers could have chased the French out of the Ruhr."

At length I repeated in my "first question" "no war."

"Nothing simpler. A wave of assassinations would have forced the French to increase their army of occupation. The French would have had to mobilize new soldiers. That would have meant revolution in France...."

"We will defeat France because our war will take the form of an armed revolution.....in the future war, we shall destroy the power of our enemies from within...propaganda, propaganda...."

From these heights Hitler's monologue fell back to the level of the anti-Semitic street-speakers.....

n. 125, Berlin, Today we are brothers.

EIL LENGVEL • Hitler- 1932

The peasants of Lambach did not like the Hitler family. "Herr" Hitler was only a customs "Unteroffizier" on pension and there was no reason why he should give himself the airs of a State official. The peasants called him "Herr" as a joke, because he insisted on it. Later they grew so used to it that the village knew him only as Herr Hitler.....

p. 1. E. Lengvel- Hitler

The Hitlers were foreigners, Franz Lilzner, the cartwright, liked to remind his admirers in the TAVERN OF THE RED LION. They had come from Braunau on the Inn, some thirty miles from Lambach... Franz did not like the competition of Herr Hitler, because, although a farmer's son, he wanted to be treated as a gentleman. After all, he had a friend in Vienna who was an official in the Ministry of Agriculture. Lilzner was heard with respect, as his voice was strong and his fists were like iron.

p. 1. Lengvel- Hitler

Although morose in public, Herr Hitler was a different man in the best room of the whitewashed house at the intersection of Linzer Strasse and Kirchengasse, where the family made its home. Here, the hero of interminable Sunday afternoon talks over a glass of red wine was Unteroffizier Hitler. His cronies around the table felt the Linzer sausages repaid them amply for listening to a tale told many times. They were proud to be taken into the confidence of the man who, almost single-handed had held the frontier at Braunau on the Inn. It was not, of course, the enemy against whom the front had to be held. The children on the Bavarian side of the boundary had been intolerable. They had had no conception that at a frontier one world ends and another world begins. How could a customs non-commissioned officer retain his dignity, running after naughty brats and depositing them on the opposite side of the frontier?

After an impressive silence the climax of the story was reached. "When I was in Vienna..." Father Hitler began.

Although Frau Hitler and "Bub" Adolf had heard the episode many times they were always newly impressed. This was the famous meeting with the Minister which sounded like a tale out of the Thousand and One Nights. Every time the story was told Father Hitler remembered some new detail. In reality he had gone to Vienna to speak to a subordinate official about his promotion. As years went by the subordinate official in the Ministry had become the Minister himself, expressing to Father Hitler the gratitude of the Fatherland for protecting the interests of the monarchy on the borderland.

p 2-3 -E.Lengvel- Hitler

EMIL LENGYEL - HITLER - 1972

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

his mother:

...That she was a Bohemian is an accepted fact. From her he has inherited his love of talk. Her Slavic mysticism had much to do with his attachment to mystic dogmas and with his horror of facing facts. In a German-Austrian environment young Hitler had probably much to suffer from a certain condescension among the native boys. Bohemians were considered second-class citizens in pre-war Austria-Hungary and a thoroughbred German-Austrian in a small village could not help feeling toward them a certain sense of superiority.....

p 3-4. E. Lengyel- Hitler

....The peasants of Leoben took their produce to Linz every Wednesday morning and they spent the evening in Uncle Spressel's beer garden "Unter den Linden".

At the beginning of the twentieth century, when Adolf just turned twelve, Linz was a gray Austrian town, and the Hitler boy found it to his taste. The ambition of his life was to become an usher in the local theatre or to be a waiter at Uncle Spressel's. He realized, however, that his first choice could not be gratified, since the theatre had only one usher, -an old man with a decided distaste for young boys....

p. 5- E. Lengyel- Hitler.

In school Adolf was not the teacher's pet. He had a way of thinking "no" even when he had to say "yes". He revolted instinctively against the teachers' absolute authority. They called him an agitator and treated him with distrust. One of the things he did not see was why he should sing the Austrian national anthem at school celebrations. He preferred to hum "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber Alles," which was the hymn of the Reich.

Adolf Hitler began to take a youthful pride in his dislike of the Austrian ruling house. This was the result of a precocious bravado and of a desire to be different. His upbringing in a frontier town helped to make him a rebel. In the low-ceilinged house at Braunau, on the Austro-Bavarian front, where he was born in 1889, he had seen in his earliest childhood as much of Germany as of Austria. It was great fun to see the soldiers on the other side of the boundary march under a different flag to the tune of other songs. to hear them obey commands that were different from those of the Austrians. The sky-blue uniform of the Bavarian infantry with the red cuff was more attractive than the dark blue uniform of the Austrians. The blue and white flag of the Bavarians pleased him more than the black and yellow flag of the Austrians.

p 6.- E. Lengyel- Hitler

His cousin, Ludwig Schultze, a much bigger boy than he, who lived on the Bavarian side, scarcely a hundred yards away, used to tease him about the Habsburgs who had built up their empire by marriage. Where was Austria's Frederick the Great and that long line of illustrious rulers about whom Ludwig, fresh from school, liked to talk.

p 7.- E.Lengvel- Hitler.

(after father's death)

...To make both ends meet he had to accept odd jobs which he found distasteful and non-lucrative. A few more years at Lambach with a mother who never quite recovered from the blow caused by the loss of her husband brought no new hope into the boys' life. ...

...When he climbed out of a third-class carriage at the Western Station of Vienna only fifty gulden was between him and hunger... he was now past sixteen and he had lost his mother a few days before.

p 9,10- E.Lengvel- Hitler.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

...According to Francois-Poncet, the incorruptible Chancellor Heinrich Bruening was too brainy and experienced in the wily game of international politics. Hitler, on the other hand, was a fool and a political dilettant - as he expressed it to the late American Ambassador William E. Dodd. With the Nazi leader in power, he thought it would be much easier to effect deals which would be favourable to France. Therefore, it would be better to have Adolf Hitler in the chancellor's chair rather than Heinrich Bruening.

The French ambassador to Germany was a weighty personality in those days. His opinions influenced not only the Quai D'Orsay but Downing Street and the foreign offices of numerous satellites that had hitched their wagon to the French star. So it is not too much to say that Francois-Poncet is a partial answer to the question, "Why Wasn't Hitler stopped?"

P. 42-43 L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

...Henderson had presented his credentials to the German Chief of State only a short while previously. To my surprise Sir Neville said, "After the usual formalities were over, we had most interesting discussion of Zeppelins. The Fuehrer spoke eloquently about their value as carriers of international good will."

I pricked up my ears. This was the first time I had ever heard of Hitler's displaying the slightest interest in the vast dirigibles that carried German fame around the world. Hitler, it was generally known, cordially disliked Dr. Hugo Eckener for his staunch republicanism and for his refusal to swallow Naziism, hook line and sinker.

P 45 L. P. Lochner- What about Germany?

...Then how explain this sudden burst of encomium of Dr. Eckener's life? Quite simple: The new Ambassador of His Britannic Majesty was enthusiastic about Zeppelins: hence to win his confidence, Hitler diplomatically became a dirigible fan too. This is the way Sir Neville Told me the story:

"After the usual formal ceremony of accrediting a new foreign diplomat, Herr Hitler asked that I remain for a more informal, unofficial chat. To get conversation going I told the Fuehrer what a wonderful sight I had witnessed during my ocean passage from Argentina

during my ocean passage from Argentina to Europe en route to assuming my Berlin post. I had booked on a German ship...

"For some minutes cordial wireless messages were exchanged, and of course during all this time there was most enthusiastic flag and handkerchief and cap waving by both sets of passengers. I told Herr Hitler it was a sight which I would never forget, and expressed my appreciation of the chivalry of the Zeppelin commander in staging this auspicious ceremony of welcome as I was about to take on my new duties.

"Herr Hitler then drew a most interesting picture of Zeppelin development and stressed its important mission of binding the continents together in a common peaceful endeavor."

P. 46-47 L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

I had observed this same effort on Hitler's part to adapt himself to his audience in an interview which I had had with him in 1934. At that time Hitler proposed nothing less than a conference with Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I saw this seemingly super-self confident man actually blush when I broached the theme of German-American relations.

"Herr Reichskanzler," I ventured to say, "may I presume to offer a suggestion? You seem constantly to occupy yourself with the problems of Europe, but if I may say so, to neglect relations with the vast American continent. Why is that?"

The evidently caught him off-guard. He was not used to having his infallibility challenged. For a moment he blushed like a schoolboy, hemmed and hawed, then stammered an embarrassed something about having so many problems to ponder that he had not yet had time to take up America.

The approved manuscript of Hitler's expressed desire to meet the leaders of other nations reads as follows:

"Chancellor Adolf Hitler told me today that he might have man-to-man talks with the leaders of other nations - including President Roosevelt.

"By such personal conversations, he thought, the pitfalls of diplomacy might be avoided....

P. 47. L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

.. "One thing that every representative of a foreign power will find in dealing with me is that I speak with absolute frankness.... I want Germany's signature to mean something again. And under no circumstances will I submit to dictation....

" "When I am once convinced that a certain course is the only and the right one for my nation, I intend to pursue it, come what may. I will do what I do openly. I will not for example, pretend outwardly to accept 150,000 men as a basis for our army, then secretly arm another 150,000!"

"Gee, that was swell," Hanfstaengl said to me afterward. "Nobody but a foreigner could tell him that. I've tried to convince him that he ought to occupy himself more with the U.S.A., but he won't listen to us. Your jerking him up on that point had immediate results- he wants to see Roosevelt."

My own feeling was rather that he was trying to tell me something I would be pleased to report, just as he told Ambassador Henderson what he wanted to hear about Zeppelins...

P. 48- L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

talking to President Benes in 1938
..I reminded him of a slogan which Dr. Otto Dietrich, Hitler's press chief, was fond of hammering into the consciousness of German journalists: "Hitler makes the impossible possible."
His Excellency laughed, "There is a cont adiction of terms in what Dr. Dietrich says," he replied, unconcerned. "The word impossible expresses a limitation beyond which even Herr Hitler cannot go."

P. 49- L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

Kehlstein:

~~XXXXXX~~ Crown Prince Michael of Rumania on his elevator ride to the top found that the ascent took exactly seven minutes....

..On three sides there is a glass-encased veranda, east, south and west, so there is almost continuous sunshine. This gave rise to the legend that Hitler's aerie was perched on a turntable and could be turned toward the sun.

The house consist of three parts- small kitchenette, a lavatory, and a large living room. Here the Fuehrer has perfect solitude. Only on the rarest occasions have any foreigners been invited to this retreat. The first was the departing French ambassador, Andre Fran

departing French Ambassador, Andre Francois-Ponce; who got along well with Hitler, and as a result the Fuehrer took him to his retreat on October 13, 1934, for a last conference on German-French relations.

The second foreigner was Crown Prince Michael who was taken up to the top of the Kehlstein for tea, while his father King Carol, was conferring at the "Berghof" with Hitler on November 24, 1939. So few people have been in Hitler's hide-away that even Captain Fritz Wiedemann confessed he had never been on the Kehlstein.

The general public knows nothing about the retreat. No publicity has been given it. The few pictures that have been taken were not released for publication. The films and plates, indeed, are locked up in the secret archives of Hitler's personal photographer and official cameraman for the Nazi movement, Professor Heinrich Hoffmann of Munich.

In Berlin, Hitler was not content with the spacious Reichskanzlei which had been adequate for Bismark. He designed and had built a chancellory which for sheer garish splendor has no rival in Europe today. His enormous study out-Mussolini's Mussolini. In addition, he had a private theater built in the gardens of the chancellory where, before the war, he regularly regaled his friends and guests with ballets and theatrical performances. The theater is furnished in light blue silk and velvet, and has all the up-to-date accoutrements, such as a turnable stage, the latest lighting effects, and easily handled props.

Hitler, indeed, was a lavish party-giver, and his gifts too, were lavish.

p. 76-77 L.P. Lochner - What about Germany?

When Hitler travels he not only has a special train at his disposal but he is accompanied by some 200 S.S. guards more heavily armed than the retinue of any German Emperor had ever been. After the war started, the special train was heavily armored, with anti-aircraft guns fore and aft.

His General Headquarters is furnished with every conceivable comfort. It is always placed near a mountain or hill so that, in the event of an air raid, he and his staff can jump into the armored train which is then pulled into the tunnel passing through that mountain.

p. 77- L.P. Lochner - What about Germany?

Then as Hitler's guest for the last time during the Nuernberg party convention of 1938, I noticed that servants whom I recognized as being from the Reichs Chancellory at Berlin had been brought to Nuernberg, probably because they had gaudy liveries consisting of gold-braided ~~XXXX~~ coats silk knee-bands, white stockings, and buckled half shoes.

Hitler's idea is that he must thoroughly represent a German greater than the world has ever known, and that the outward trappings must be in harmony with this conception. It is an idea which was readily adopted by all the little Hitlers.

p. 78- L.P. Lochner - "What about Germany?"

...A man who had been a party member almost from the beginning, told me that one night, somewhere around 1926, Hitler gave as the sole criterion for membership that ~~the~~ the applicant furnish proof of being "unconditionally obedient and faithfully devoted to me." When someone in the little group asked rather diffidently whether even thieves and others with criminal records could join, the Fuehrer nodded. "their private lives don't concern me," he remarked....

(same remark found before only in regard to Roehm -refers to homosexuality only) A.L.

p. 94- L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

...A searchlight lays a on his lone figure as he slowly walks through the hall, never looking to right or left, his right hand raised in salute, his left hand at the buckle of his belt. He never smiles- it is a religious rite, this procession of the modern Messiah incarnate. Behind him are his adjutants and secret service men. But his figure alone is flooded with light.

By the time Hitler has reached the rostrum, the masses have been so worked upon that they are ready to do his will. But the masses also effect a transformation in him. He becomes electrified. He appears to go into a trance. He is carried away by his own eloquence. He returns to his chancellory completely washed up physically but revived spiritually. If he was in the doldrums before going to the meeting, he has snapped out of them by the time he returns.

The fact is that Adolf Hitler needs the adulation of the masses as a fish needs water. He grows stale unless he hears the cheering crowds, unless he can harangue them, unless he can take their frenzied salute.

p. 99- L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

The masses are always uppermost in Hitler's mind. I have often been asked, "How is Hitler when you interview him?" For the first few minutes Germany's autocratic ruler gazes at his visitor with those unusual dark-blue eyes of his to which many German women ascribe hypnotic powers- pupils that seem almost brown in contrast to the bluish hue of the whites of his eyes- as though to impress his personality indelibly.

Then he looks up to the ceiling. He has a vision of the masses. He is no longer speaking to an interviewer, he is addressing multitudes. The individual opposite him, or the small group seated in the room, no longer seem to exist except in so far as they typify the crowds whom he is addressing as his eye roves along the border of the ceiling/ His voice, always rather rough, swells and grows, and he fairly shouts his denunciations, accusations, theories, bitter irony and biting sarcasm. Once when I discussed the Jewish question with him in his Berchtesgaden mountain retreat, I actually saw white, foamy saliva exude from the corner of his mouth.

P. 99-100 L.P. Lochner-What about Germany?

I recall the first time I met Adolf Hitler. It was in January or February, 1930.

P. 100- L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

At the door to Hitler's office, we (with Roehm) were met by Rudolf Hess. It was Hess who stood behind Hitler throughout our brief talk. It was Hess who took down full notes of what was said on both sides. It was Hess to whom Hitler turned occasionally as though to find support, and Hess invariably nodded assent. Roehm clicked heels and left.

We remained standing as we spoke; obviously it was to be merely a formal introduction. Hitler in those days always wore a dark blue or black business suit, white shirt, black tie and party button. He reserved the brown uniform for party events. His voice was hoarse from speaking at mass meetings. His gestures were nervous, his eyes piercing; his hair, as always, was parted on the right side. Over his desk there was a portrait of Frederick the Great whom, of all Germany's historic characters, Hitler had chosen as his hero.

It has often been remarked that Hitler's success is due in part to his ability to ingratiate himself with visitors whom he hopes to win over, by saying what he thinks they want to hear. (His imperious ultimatums to those whom he feels strong enough to crush are another matter.)

P.101-102 - L.P. Lochner- What about Germany?

In the present instance, without waiting for me to ask a question, he launched voluntarily into German-American relations.

"It should be easy to come to an understanding with the United States," he observed. "the only thing that divides us is the problem of reparations, which I insist are political debts. When we come to power, we intend, of course, to pay all private debts. Investments, loans, and so forth, are good with us. But we shall see to it that political debts are cancelled."

Most of what Hitler discussed with me then is obsolete today- his tactics toward his chief political adversaries the Social Democrats; his experience in the Thuringian campaign, where the Nazis for the first time obtained a majority; his belief in the necessity of a large armed force for Germany.

There was a curt gesture of dismissal, a brief handshake, and my first meeting with Adolf Hitler was ended.

P. 102 L.P.Lochner- What about Germany?

I had heard Hitler speak in public for the first time a month or so before, in January, 1930. After his release from jail following the ill-fated beer cellar putsch of 1923, he was banned from Prussia. This meeting was his first public appearance in the German capital and he decided to address the students of the university.

As the brown uniform was then forbidden in Prussia, the students who had been selected as his bodyguard wore the same type of white shirt and black trousers. They filled the aisles and lined the walls.

Hitler too wore a black suit, white shirt and black tie. My first impression of him was that of a consummate showman. As movie cameras were turned upon him, he pretended not to notice them, spoke earnestly to his shadow, Rudolf Hess, and, as the cameras continued to click, began to write as though he were drawing up an outline of his remarks. It was good acting.

His impassioned speech that evening centered about his usual tirade against the Treaty of Versailles. Its details are uninteresting now. I looked about me and saw that his young followers were transported and that he himself seemed to be in a trance. Yet he exerted no magnetic power over me. His eyes seemed to hypnotize those at whom he looked sharply, yet his glance left me personally untouched.

I came away from that meeting wondering how a man whose diction was by no means faultless, who ranted and fumed and stamped, could so impress young intellectuals. Of all people, I thought, they should have detected the palpable flaws in his logic...

P 102-103 L.P.Lochner- What about Germany...

Pressconference

December 1932

..It was quite clear that Hitler had been carefully coached by Hanfstaengl on burning problems of foreign policy. Before we had an opportunity to put a question, Putzi was there with a suggestive query. A few hours later the world press was full of snappy, pithy direct quotations from the man who had hitherto been regarded as a crack-brain and political smok-runner. Thanks to Hanfstaengl's clever handling of the meeting, Hitler could from now on command the attention of foreign powers and foreign readers.

P. 103-4 L.P. Lochner What about Germany?

Putzi had lived in the United States for many years and knew American press methods, so he immediately saw the point and arranged for me to see Der Fuehrer early in February 1934. I quote at random from the published accounts of that interview.

"As I entered the study Hitler emerged from behind a desk in the right-hand corner of the spacious room. He was dressed in the brown uniform of a Nazi storm trooper. He came halfway across the room to greet me affably, and then motioned me to sit on a settee while he and the sole witness to our conversation seated themselves in straight-back chairs. Our whole conversation was in German.

"I asked: 'Herr Reichskanzler, in the days before you came into power you mingled with the people to keep in close contact with them. Now when you appear anywhere, the streets are decorated and set speeches of welcome, delivered by the heads of local governments, greet you. How do you manage to keep your hand on the pulse of the nation? How do you keep contact with ~~xxxx~~ the common man?'

"A smile illuminated Hitler's face and then he laughed. 'For one thing, you ought to sit at my daily lunch table upstairs,' he said, and laughed again. 'You would see how every day new faces turn up. My house is like a beehive. The latchstring is always out for my co-fighters, no matter how humble their rank. Our organization reaches down into the smallest hamlet and village; from everywhere my followers come to Berlin and drop in on me. Over that lunch table they then tell me about their worries and troubles.

"There are, of course, numerous other methods of keeping in touch with affairs, but I just mention this characteristic one by way of illustration."

P. 104-105 L.P. Lochner- What about Germany

cont. Interview Febr. 1934

"Remember that was back in 1934. Since then times have changed. Hitler has become one of the most unapproachable men in the world. The easily accessible round table in the chancellory has long become a legend. Hitler, according to the testimony of men who know, now sees and hears only whom or what the coterie surrounding him deem fit for him.

My account of that fifty-minute interview is too long to reproduce here. At one point I described how Der Fuehrer's "face darkened and his voice grew hard." At other times I found him using "crisp, precise words," or "pausing for a moment to reflect, then speaking quickly," or "speaking in a voice that vibrated with emotion, his jaw became firmly set, his index finger pointed straight at me."

Hanfstaengl liked this form of personalized interview, and he felt his chief would approve of the transcript; but he was certain that, if my copy were first sent to the Propaganda Ministry, all human references would be eliminated.

"I am going to keep the manuscript in my pocket," he said, when I submitted a German translation to him, "until I can place it directly in the Fuehrer's hands. I want to make sure he is in a good humor when I hand it to him."

A month elapsed before the interview was approved; only certain references to the German navy were struck out. "He never even spoke about the navy," declare Hitler. Whether he ~~had~~ really did not remember a subject on which he had discoursed at some length or whether he had suffered a change of heart, I did not know.

The real facts in the case are that Hitler, by way of illustrating his desire to get jobs for everybody, ~~said~~ said he thought the navy was altogether too costly an instrument of defense.

"You build a battleship or a cruiser," I remember him saying- and the original transcript of the interview, now in a safe place in Berlin, will bear me out- "and almost before it has been put in commission it is outmoded. The cost is terrific and the utility doubtful. I would much rather take this money and apply it to road construction and building projects. The same amount of money would yield much bigger returns and provide far more jobs."

P 104 -06- L.P.Lochner- What about Germany?

Genius at propaganda and publicity as he is, Hitler, ~~as~~ seems to dislike the press as much as Mussolini likes it. We who accompanied Der Fuehrer to Italy in May, 1938, observed that as soon as Benito Mussolini reached a platform, podium, or observation point with his Teuton guest, he looked around for the press stand. If he did not find it immediately, he would ask his press chief to point out where we were. Then he would beam upon-us, wave his hand, and nod affably.

At first he tried to point us out to Adolf Hitler. But Der Fuehrer wasn't interested. He never turned around.

P 106- L.P.Lochner- What about Germany?

As the dictators' open car approached our Balcony, Mussolini looked up and smiled an engaging welcome. Hitler didn't raise his eyes. Mussolini pulled him by the sleeve pointed to our group and said something. No sale. Hitler wouldn't look up.

The apparent dislike for the press does not indicate, however that the Fuehrer is unconscious or indifferent to its power as an instrument in influencing public opinion. He has an uncanny sense for publicity and the press is always given choice seats at public ceremonies. During the present war, all newsmen's trips to the front were personally approved by Der Fuehrer, not only in regard to the points to be visited but in regard to the men to be invited.

During his various triumphal entries into Berlin, the heads of foreign news associations were always asked to drive in a car behind the Fuehrerwagen....

P. 107 -L.P.Loehner- What about Germany

Der Fuehrer took the binoculars from his eyes, turned to me and said, "Isn't that wonderful?" (Ist das nicht wunderbar?)

Adolf Hitler had been standing in an alcove of Nurnberg's famous castle, listening with visible emotion to the cries of "Heil Hitler," from the thousands milling around in the street leading up to the main approach to the castle. He had taken the spy glasses from his super-tall, bulky, brown-shirted adjutant, Wilhelm Brauckner, in order to study more closely the faces of the men and women far below.

He was still in a trance as he addressed me. But the imperious, possessive voice of Julius Streicher broke the spell. Placing his hand in a patronizing manner on Hitler's shoulder, the notorious Jew-baiter boasted: "That wasn't an easy job, was it, for me to deliver this section of the city to you, Mein Fuehrer. Remember how it was honeycombed with communists, and how you thought we could never win these people over? Those were the days, alright."

Der Fuehrer seemed irritated. It was tactless for Streicher to assume a condescending attitude in the presence of foreigners. But Hitler controlled his temper, bit his lips, and walked over to the lunch table where several party big-shots were sitting. He had hardly begun to munch a sandwich, however before he jumped up, ran to the window, waved to the crowd below, and repeated, "Isn't that wonderful."

P. 108- L.P.Loehner- What about Germany?

Year after year, during the five mile drive through the medieval city our press cars were, by Hitler's personal orders, sandwiched in between his own open limousine and the one containing his closest collaborators- Goering, Goebbels, Hess, Himmler, and so forth. We could thus study his face and note with what satisfaction he heard the ecstatic cries that, in volume, reminded one of the organ notes of Niagara Falls, from the masses who lined the avenue. He laps up popular adulation. He gets terrific enjoyment from driving slowly through the narrow, winding streets of the ancient city, with "heil"ing thousands fairly oozing from the miniature windows and hugging the quaint gables.

Then, on one of these triumphal processions, we came upon a street in which not a single person was to be found.

Hitler's face flushed with rage. "Why aren't there any people here?" he cried, turning to his chief adjutant Brueckner in the rear seat of the car.

Brueckner must have attempted some flippant reply, for Der Fuehrer shouted at him angrily, "You get out and report to me later."

Quickly the huge bodyguard climbed out of the car, looking sheepish, and our procession moved on. Much later, Brueckner, out of breath from his climb up to the castle, reappeared, clicked the heels of his high spurred boots, raised his right arm snappily in Nazi salute and reported, "Mein Fuehrer, the street is so narrow at that point the wheels of the cars were on the sidewalks. It would have been dangerous for any people to stand there."

Meanwhile, Hitler had become so spiritually intoxicated by the "heil" of the crowds that his anger had disappeared. "In Ordnung," (Okay) he said curtly, dismissing his tall adjutant. The "incident" was closed.

Adolf Hitler's close associates know this craving for popular applause, and frequently use it for their own ends. For instance, Hitler's first meeting with Mussolini in Venice shortly after his assumption of power, did not go off well. The Italian journalists in Berlin told us gloatingly that after Der Fuehrer's plane took off, Il Duce exclaimed, "There flies a fool".

Hitler returned to Munich in one of those fits of despondency that, according to "rapevine" reports, seize him with increasing frequency as the years go on. The wily Dr. Goebbels knew the unfailing remedy for getting him out of the doldrums. What Hitler needed at this point was the applause of the masses. A special meeting at the moment would necessarily have the Mussolini conference as its theme, and Hitler could not proclaim any new triumphs scored at Venice. But the crafty little propaganda doctor was equal to the situation.

P. 109-110- L.F.Lochner- What About Germany?

Mass demonstration of protest in Munich on August 11, 1932.....

I was close enough to see Hitler's face, watch every change in his expression, hear every word he said.

~~xxxMaxxii~~

When the man stepped forward on the platform....he stood silent for a moment. Then he began to speak, quietly and ingratiatingly at first. Before long his voice had risen to a hoarse shriek that gave an extraordinary effect of an intensity of feeling. There were many high-pitched, rasping notes - Reventlow had told me that his throat had been affected by war gas - but despite its strident tone, his diction had a distinctly Austrian turn....

Critically I studied this slight, pale man, his brown hair parted on one side and falling again and again over his sweating brow. Threatening and beseeching, with small, pleading hands and flaming, steel-blue eyes, he had the look of a fanatic.

Presently my critical faculty was swept away. Leaning from the tribune as if he were trying to impel his inner self into the consciousness of all these thousands, he was holding the masses and me with them, under a hypnotic spell....

It was clear that Hitler was feeling the exaltation of the emotional response now surging up toward him.....His voice rising to passionate climaxes.....

.... His words were like a scourge...

pp. 11/12/13; Ludecke, I knew Hitler

M....He seemed another Luther. I forgot everything but the man.....

p. 14; Ludecke, I knew H.

Again his power was inescapable....Again I had the sensation of surrendering my being to his leadership. When he stopped speaking, his chest still heaving with emotion...

p. 15, Ludecke, I knew H.

Count Reventlow introduced me to Hitler, still perspiring, dishevelled in his dirty trench-coat, his hair plastered against his brow, his face pale, his nostrils distended... Everything dwelt behind his eyes....

p. 15. Ludecke, I knew H.

Hitler listened closely, studying me keenly, now and then rising from his chair and pacing the floor. I was im-

LUDECKE

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Hitler listened closely, studying me keenly, now and then rising from his chair and pacing the floor. I was impressed again by his obvious indifference to his personal appearance; but again I saw that the whole man was concentrated in his eyes, his clear, straight-forward, domineering, bright blue eyes.

p. 16, Ludecke, I knew H.

This last defect was a logical outgrowth of a quality in him that some of us were soon to deplore: his "Schlamperei" - a sloppiness that we called Austrian.

p. 44, Ludecke, I knew/ H.

(About September 20, 1922)

Hitler was at the cross-roads. He had tried to work with others and had been betrayed.

....he began to rave.

"I was ready - my men were ready!" he cried, spreading his arms in a wide gesture and letting them fall despairingly to his sides. Then his eyes narrowed.

"I have learned," he said. "From now on I go my way alone. Resolutely alone...."

p. 56, Ludecke, I knew Hitler

I believe that this failure also altered his inner regard for the "great" people toward whom he had previously shown a certain deference and humility. But his demeanor did not change. He had found that it worked to be naïf and simple in a salon, to assume shyness. It was a useful pose....

p. 56, Ludecke, I knew H.

Even on ordinary days in those times, it was almost impossible to keep Hitler concentrated on one point. His quick mind would run away with the talk, or his attention would be distracted by the sudden discovery of a newspaper and he would stop to read it avidly, or he would interrupt your carefully prepared report with a long speech as though you were an audience, emphasizing his periods with the butt of his old dog-whip.

p. 58, Ludecke. I knew H.

Ludecke

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But Dolores, who understood not one word of German, saw only a slight figure with an absurd moustache, who waved his arms and shouted.....

After the meeting we drove Hitler to his home. The fire-eater of the platform sat modest and exhausted in the corner of the car.....Hitler succeeded no better than I in making a Nazi of Dolores. ...she definitely disliked him....

p. 66, Ludecke, I knew H.

Hitler knew absolutely nothing about the Italian situation - the real situation, as distinct from what the papers printed. It was easy to convert him to my opinion....

.....Hitler's face hardened into aloofness for a moment; he had got the point. He was then...isolated to some degree from the minds of Europe because he knows no language other than his own, an ignorance which puts at a disadvantage in formulating foreign policy.

p. 77, Ludecke, I knew Hitler

All through the conference (with Poehner) Hitler sat in his cheap raincoat, wearing impossible shoes, his felt hat crushed shapeless in his hands. Talking in his softest, most winning voice, with his slurring Austrian accent, he seemed anything but the fire-eater of the plat-form. His mien was almost humble; but he was not dissimulating.....

p. 81, Ludecke, I knew Hitler

Hitler's intimates....regarded him with veneration and respect. I shared their feeling and coupled it with a deep personal affection.

p. 91, Ludecke, I knew H.

In spite of the simplicity, almost austerity, of his private life, his personality is by no means uncomplicated....

Artistic and retiring by nature,....There were time when he gave an impression of unhappiness, of loneliness and inward searching....But in a moment, he would turn again to whatever frenzied task....with the swift command of a man born for action. Outside the political field his inclinations were all toward art;

p. 91, Ludecke, I knew H.

Ludecke

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...Hitler's associates were for the most part simple souls....Night after night he sat in their little homes or in the simpler cafes of Munich, expounding his doctrines. His listeners adored him. The fact that he was one of them, not a man from above, sealed their devotion.....They felt no social embarrassment before him, because, he, like themselves, was without social graces.they were hypnotized with wonder and hope....

The fact that he was always the center of a spellbound audience explains why for many years Hitler was unable to listen to anyone or to carry on a normal conversation. In his circle, Hitler alone talked....There he aired his ideas and practised his speeches, thinking aloud.his character became set in a mold of intellectual isolation which became one of his weaknesses....

p. 92, Ludecke, I knew H.

...the goldsmith, Gahr....Oscar Geerner, a little merchant....Hitler...seemed perfectly at home with both these types, and showed the best of humor.

I have happy memories of evenings passed with Hitler.... in a Weinstube in the Barerstrasse, or in the "Bratwurst-Gloeckle", when Hitler's asceticism did not yet stant in the way of his accepting a glass of beer or wine.....Hitler liked to be amused, to laugh, and showed his utter contentment by slapping his knees.

p. 93, Ludecke, I knew H.

"Putzi" became Hitler's toady-in-chief; the leader ~~xxxx~~ seemed to find it easy to relax in the presence of the...elaborately amusing recruit.

...He seemed to feel at ease with Hanfstaengl's pretty wife and handsome children. Putzi played Wagner beautifully, and Hitler, who loved music, ranked Wagner among the demi-gods.

p. 95, Ludecke, I knew H.

....Hanfstaengel made himself a sort of social-secretary to Hitler, zealous in introducing him to hostesses. Hitler still had an air of shyness in the presence of those who had wealth or social authority. But his very naivety in social matters tempted the salons to lionize him....

p. 95, Ludecke, I knew H.

...I can still see Frau Bruckmann's eyes shining as she described Hitler's truly touching dismay before an artichoke.

"But madam", he had said in his softest voice, "you must tell me how to eat this thing. I never saw one before."

In those days, that naivety was sincere and genuine.

Indeed, it was a little too genuine. Hitler loved beauty and appreciated good taste, but it never occurred to him to consider himself as an object that people might examine with curious eyes. In soon gave up my futile efforts to induce him to give more heed to his person and dress, though it might have been advantageous for the leader of the Party to appear less like a refugee. He clung to his shapeless trench coat and clumsy shoes. His hair still fell over his eyes at every vehement gesture during his speeches. He continued to eat in a hurry, some messy stuff or other, while he ran from place to place. If you succeeded in making him stand still long enough to confer on an important matter, he would take out of his pocket a piece of greasy sausage and a slice of bread, and bolt them while he talked. The only improvement I was able to persuade him to, was to give up his ugly and uncomfortable hard collars for more suitable ~~xx~~ soft ones. He would never my suggestions, but simply ignore them.

.....Hitler had this typical austrian "Schlamperei",
.....he suffered from an all-embracing disorderliness. Na-
turally, this grew less in time; but at the beginning it
was apparent in everything.

it showed even in his disregard for his personal safety...

p. 36, Ludesko, I knew H.

....laughing he said that he was doing all he reasonably could ~~do~~ to guard himself. He was, to be sure, secretive in his movements, and made a point of never being photographed; the first picture ever to be published did not appear until about a year later. And he was never without an automatic pistol which made his hip bulge as though with some deformity. ~~But in times of excitement he would~~

p. 37; Ludecke, I knew H.

Hitler was always on the go but rarely on time, and we were always asking each other: "What in hell is he doing?" All the clerical work was discharged by others, but his attitude shaped theirs....

p. 97, Ludecke, + knew H.

Ludecke

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Only one thing was managed marvellously from the beginning - the propaganda, Hitler's personal hobby and perhaps his strongest point. He had a matchless instinct for taking advantage of every breeze to raise a political whirlwind. No official scandal was so petty that he could not magnify it into high treason; he could ferret out the most deviously ramified corruption in high places and plaster the town with the bad news.....

p. 57, Ludecke, I knew H.

By this time he had evolved a regular system for speaking.

First, if possible, he would crystallize his thoughts and perhaps shape his phrases while talking to a small group of followers. This was not always necessary, however....

...before Hitler invaded virgin territory, he was always preceded by an orator to prepare the people and warm them up to the proper pitch. He would have been dismayed and mortified and certainly disgruntled...if any address of his had failed to rouse the audience.....

pp. 97/98, Ludecke, I knew H.

The troop had a jovial German Christmas (1922)....To Hitler I gave an etching of Frederick the Great, which seemed to please him. I had intended giving him a warm blanket, because I remembered that when the nights grew cold on the trip to Coburg, he had wrapped himself in a tattered old covering which obviously had reached the retirement age. But when I offered him a new one for Christmas, he refused it, saying he could not part from the one that was his shelter all through the war. If there was an object-lesson in that for me, I saw none.....

pp. 104/105; Ludecke, I knew H.

...one night early in January (1923), Hitler visited me in my new apartment. I took him into the studio, an immense room with skylights, comfortably furnished....

"Schoen, das ist sehr schoen!" he exclaimed, walking around. Exactly what I've always wanted to have. I love this place."...

He was amused by the cogs....

p. 108, Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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As we were sipping coffee, Hitler's eyes fell upon some copies of the Popolo d'Italia, the London Times, and Le Temps.....He scanned these foreign papers eagerly, although he could read nothing but German; I drew his attention to several editorials,, translating as I read; but he seemed impressed chiefly by the size of The Times and the make-up of Mussolini's sheet. Quite possibly he had never seen them before.

p. ~~106~~ 106, Ludecke, I knew H.

...I had already witnessed his tactic of arming himself with an impregnable air of aloofness, when he did not like a topic.....

p. 107, Ludecke, I knew H.

"Oh! Goering!" Hitler exclaimed, laughing and slapping his knee with satisfaction. "Splendid, a war ace with the Pour le Merite - Imagine it! Excellent propaganda! Moreover, he has money and does not cost me a cent. That's very important, you know."

p. 131, Ludecke, I knew H.

Nowadays....Hitler has frozen his features into a series of false-faces, some smiling, others frowning, this one benign, the next one grim. Even among his intimates he often assumes something of a poker face....I scan the rotogravures in vain for a glimpse of his old-time open countenance.

On this night in Linz, he was still enough of a nobody to be himself. His face was vividly expressive. Each shade of feeling or thought was instantly reflected there~~in~~, an entertaining study, because his mind is kaleidoscopic. He loves nothing so much as to pour out his knowledge and opinions into a friendly ear.....I remember times when his words came close to poetry. His mind is certainly furnished with more ideas about more subjects than most political men can claim, and in private speech he is often gifted with beauty of language. Even at this period he was referring nearly everything, from art to zoology, to his all-absorbent task - a trait which frequently lent unexpected sparkle to his conversation.

p. 136, Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDKECKE

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The big restaurant to which he led me enclosed what seemed like acres of Linz within its walls of abominably painted panels and gilded plaster.....

"Baroque", he explained... "Bad baroque. Has it ever occurred to you that there is no such thing as merely poor baroque? The style has no middle quality; when it is not perfect, it's impossible. And of course, the very spirit of the style, its lush intimacy, makes it dangerous to splash baroque elements over a hail of such dimensions. ~~xxxxxx~~ One might as well gild a barn. But heavens, what a magnificent place this would be for a rally! Why, in this one room alone, I could swing all Linz!"

So it went, all that evening. He was in a good mood.

p. 136, Ludecke, I knew H.

Next afternoon, Hitler revealed still another side of his character. It was our last day together, and he asked me to go with him to the Foestlingberg....

When we reached the crest.....we sat for a while in silence. Hitler gazed over the vast landscape with love in his eyes....at last he spoke, softly:

"Long ago, there was no Foestlingberg here; all was level. No heights, no valleys, but only unbroken earth, washed smooth by the primal tides as they flowed and ebbed over the world. Then the fires burst up from the earth's center; the ice marched down from the poles; and the earth-quakes convulsed like birth-pangs, shaping the face of the land. And after long cycles of cataclysmic changes, some titanic force, elemental, yet governed by supreme laws, thrust up this peak from the plane; some irresistible underground movement carved it out of the deepest bedrock and lifted it high here to dominate everything.....Who knows what set this force in motion? The crucial strain could have come from the heavy, overload of some distant mountain-range. Or perhaps the natural outlet of the fire deep in the earth's core was ~~choked~~ choked, until its pent-up energy blew this mountain sky-high like a stopper from a flask. Who knows? To believe these things are ruled by law; but the law itself partly eludes us. A pity, for the processes of Nature may symbolize mankind's little life....."

....I suspected him of deliberately drawing the grandiose parallel at which his soliloquy hinted. But I was wrong. It was the land itself....which filled his inner vision. He was just a smallish man sitting there in a neat, cheap blue-serve sult, his head bare, his eyes shining - and I realized that he was peering backward through ...Time, not forward into his own future....

p. 137, Ludecke, I knew H.

....I hear the legends of all the land marks within eyesight.

"How do you remember all this?"

The question recalled Hitler to himself.

"You forget that I went to school here, that I love this mountain and the fields below and all the things that grow here."

The floodgates of his memory opened....he spoke of his boyhood in the little town of Linz. I saw him through his own eyes as he searched out the significance of those early years. He told me of the dreams which had impelled him to fight his way up from poverty and nothingness; he spoke without sentimentality.....

p. 138, Ludecke, I knew H.

Just as I turned away, emotionalized almost beyond speech, Hitler flung after me a final injunction so brutally practical that I almost jumped:

"Fetzen Sie aus Mussolini heraus, was Sie koennen!"

"Rip out of Mussolini whatever you can!"

p. 139, Ludecke, I knew H.

The truth is that an abiding conflict within Hitler's own character made him inadequate for the role he assumed. He is masterly in tactics, inept in executive detail.

p. 173, Ludecke, I knew H.

(Hanfstaengl)

He also unburdened himself about the personal problem Hitler was to him. For instance, he could not be persuaded to dine properly but still preferred the picknicky food that could be gobbled anywhere. The only improvement Putzi had been able to make was to drag ~~in~~ him to a dentist - and I acknowledge that to be a real triumph.

p. 182, Ludecke, I knew H.

(Admiral von Hintze on the Beer Hall Putsch trial)

"....Hitler too - dressed in a morning-coat, that most difficult ~~garment~~ of all garments to wear, let alone a badly cut morning-coat, and let alone a man with as bad a figure as Hitler, with his short legs and long torso. When I saw him jump on the table in that ridiculous costume, I thought, 'Armes Kellnerlein!'"

"Poor little waiter"....

p. 185, Ludecke, I knew H.

p. 130, Ludecke, I knew H.

....There stood Hitler.

He greeted me with the hearty air of a host receiving a guest. Gone from his manner was the nervous intensity which formerly had been his most unpleasant characteristic. Altogether he seemed calmer and more certain of himself.

I have spoken before of his genius for dismissing topics which he does not wish to discuss. Time after time during this talk he availed himself of it, ending further conversation as effectively as though he had suddenly darkened a room where deaf-mutes were talking on their fingers. I noticed that he barred, in particular, any reminder of the putsch, and any question concerning his policy toward the Party schism.

223/234, Ludecke, I knew H.

p. 239; Ludwicks, I knew H.

Hitler habitually rationalizes his choices. ...being faced with a distasteful choice....he arrived at the lofty conclusion that there was no choice - that being the one man entrusted by destiny with the salvation of Germany, he had no moral right to shift his responsibility to deputy saviors. But whatever the motive, the practical effect of his vacillation was obvious. Instead of bringing order out of confusion, he deliberately increased it.....

pp. 241/242, Ludecke, I knew H.

Two Hitlers.....

....it was the best in the Fuehrer which withered after the trial, while the less worthy traits flourished.

....Hitler assayed lighter than fine metal should.

pp. 248, Ludecke, I knew H.

But the great General (Ludendorff) had served his purpose. Hitler simply dropped him, offering him needless affronts.

Ever since doubt of Hitler's flawless greatness had begun to creep into my mind....

pp. 272/73, Ludecke, I knew H.

(1925, Munich)

Then Hitler~~xxxxxxxx~~ came in....clasped my hand, tapped my shoulder, and asked me to tell him more about Henry Ford, and Budapest.....

..... During this glum recital, Hitler had been interrupting me frequently, appearing irritated and nervous. The healthy air he had in Landsberg was gone, and with it his poise. He looked almost fat; his cheeks seemed flabby and his chin weak, and as usual plenty of dandruff adorned collar and shoulders of his dark blue suit. Now and then there was something foxy and false about him, and his voice seemed not to ring true. For the first time I felt a distinct dislike for him.....

p. 273, Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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And now he went off at one of his quick tangents. "Beethoven exploded when he heard Napoleon had crowned himself emperor - he threw the manuscript he was going to dedicate to him on the floor and trampled it under his feet -" Herr Hitler was so overcome with histrionic rage that he became Beethoven and fairly crushed Napoleon into the carpet. Seeing the astonishment on my face, he quickly added: "Thank God he didn't destroy it - he later called it the 'Broica'"

With scarcely a second's pause he was back on the track again.....

And so it went on for a long while, with Hitler pacing around as much as the miniature room permitted.....

p. 274, Ludecke, I knew H.

Hitler was growing visibly calmer, and finally came round. Taking a more conciliatory attitude, he spoke almost humorously. ~~On the previous night, when he was in the room, he had said:~~ I was made aware of the 'general's stupid performance' during the putsch, of his 'poor show' at the trial when he denied knowledge and responsibility 'to avoid punishment'. He scoffed at Ludendorff's "face-saving", apparently unaware that he himself, to save his own face, was now impugning the motives of the once-cherished General whose prestige he had ruined.

"And now Ludendorff's senseless attacks on the Roman Church and on the Crown Prince Rupprecht are forcing me to separate myself from him. For the moment they are the stronger - what else can I do if I want to resume my work? I must come to terms with them - otherwise I should be out of the picture. And what then? Ridiculous to expect me to drop Streicher..... Who is going to win Nuremberg for me.... Nein, meine Herren, daraus wird nichts...."

By now he was in his old element again, talking himself into a fury. Gone was that awkwardness, that false undertone which occasionally had showed through his ill-temper. He had regained his persuasive, almost compelling countenance, displaying again his usual sureness and that mask of captivating sincerity.....

"And this... idiotic indignation about Esser! The fellow has more political sense in his fingertips than the whole bunch of his accusers in their buttocks. I have to take people as I find them, use them as best I can according to their talents, and forget about their bad points....."

pp. 276/77, Ludecke, I knew H.

Ludecke

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...first I saw Roehm."....No need to tell you what Hitler is like," (he said)."if you try to tell him anything, he knows everything already. Though he often does what we advise, he laughs in our faces at the moment, and later does the very thing as if it were all his own idea and creation. He doesn't even seem to be aware how dishonest he is. I've never seen a man so magnificently unaware that he's adorning himself with borrowed plumage. Usually he solves suddenly, at the very last minute, a situation that has become intolerable and dangerous only because he vacillates and procrastinates. And that's because he can't act as clearly and logically as he can think and talk - no system in the execution of his thoughts. Hitler wants things his own way, and gets mad when he strikes firm opposition on solid ground. And he doesn't realize how he can wear on one's nerves, doesn't know that he fools only himself and those worms around him with his fits and heroics....."

p. 287, Ludecke, I knew H.

When Hitler had first swept me off my feet, I had been ten years younger. Now I was astonished how cool I remained.... And yet I felt again.....the invisible lines of force which radiated from Hitler.... Whether one was repelled or attracted, one was electrified.

p. 377, Ludecke, I knew H.

1932

The change in his speaking routine amazed me. His pantomime had not changed - clenched fists before his expressive, working face, heaven-pointed or threatening forefinger, pleading hands. But his speech was a new one to me.Now he spoke like an inspired statesman and a professor of ethics, yet he still held the crowd.....

p. 378, Ludecke, I knew H.

.....one of the most appreciated services Frau Goebbels rendered Hitler was the preparation of special meals, difficult to get elsewhere. Hitler was by now a confirmed vegetarian, finicky to exasperation over carrots and spinach, and Goebbels, by baiting his hospitality with a tasty vegetable-plate....had managed to get and hold the Fuehrer's ear as no one else had before.

p. 418, Ludecke, I knew Hitler.

Ludecke

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His (Goebbels) efforts to consolidate this influence by another stratagem had failed, however, because of a baffling quirk in Hitler's character - as I learned,....when I chanced to ask why Magda didn't find a pretty friend for the lonely Adolf.

"My husband ~~xxxx~~.....was most anxious to get Hitler interested in some nice girl.....Alas, I was no good as a match-maker. I'd leave him alone with my most charming friends ~~bathex~~ wouldn't respond. Putzi tried too, but didn't do any better than I. In some ways Hitler simply isn't human.....

p. 413, Ludecke, I knew H.

"If he would only take a mistress for the sake of the gallery" I said-~~7~~

"Yes, but he's not likely to.Maybe it's true that he can't get over Geli's death.he needs an intimate woman friend, ~~xxxx~~...to tell him the things no one else can mention. His clothes, his manners -his associates. You Heinrich Hoffmann, ~~whomxxxxxxamfunnyxxxxwithhisxxxxxx~~ his staff photographer, who can be so funny with his jokesthat Hitler shakes with laughter? Well, Hoffmann is always with him.....and Hoffmann's lamentable mistress is sure to trail along.....The woman is impossible....Hitler...doesn't seem to mind.....it's really unfortunate for the Party that Hitler is so neutral in his human relationships."

pp. 420/21, Ludecke, I knew H.

Like Caesar, Hitler likes fat men around him....

p. 435, Ludecke, I knew H.

(Hitler)

As he/showed me to his private elevator, the dramatic expression of his face changed to one of his boyish looks that can be so winning....

p. 437, Ludecke, I knew H.

September 12, 1932; conversation between Hitler and Ludecke on future foreign policy:

Hitler was pacing the room by now, still listening without interrupting me.....

Hitler sat down abruptly, still looking nettled....

At this point Hitler, who had been listening with eyes fixed on me, scratching his knees or rubbing his hands when excited, got up and began to pace again....

pp. 452-56; Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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I remember that as he perused the two pages I had marked, he wore the vacant expression often typical of him when he is intently reading or listening - mouth open and underlip drawn in. When he had finished.....I fairly snatched the magazine from him; I did not want his attention wandering to extraneous things. He submitted without a word, and looked up at me with an expression almost of docility.

Ludecke. I knew H. p. 453

(Lunch hour during same conversation, 3/12/32)

"I've been doing without alcohol for a long while," he said. "It can't be good to take alcohol with meals; it ferments in your stomach, and that doesn't help your digestion. That doesn't mean that you shouldn't have some wine if you want it."I'm glad you've stopped smoking....I can't abide the smell of cigarettes." I asked about his vegetarianism. He said that he had tried it during the first presidential campaign that spring, and it had so increased his efficiency and endurance that he had decided to go on with it.

p. 473, Ludecke, I knew H.

Hitler gave me a shrewd look: "Ludecke, you needn't worry.Schauen Sie, Goebbels ist ein vom Schicksal geschlagener Mann."

So that was it.....this clubfoot can never be dangerous to you....

p. 476, Ludecke, I knew H.

"I think that Magda Goebbels really wanted to marry you," I said.

He met that with a simplicity which disarmed me completely. "No", he said. And after a moment: "In those days I was the happiest man in the world,"there were tears in his eyes and he was clearly unashamed to have me see them. ("You remember what Schiller says about the envious gods: 'Life's undiluted joy is not granted to a mortal.'Geli - you never knew her. She was very dear to me."

.....the physician who had examined her body had told one of my friends that she had died a virgin. The special quality of Hitler's affection for his half-sister's child is still a thing of mystery to those closest to him.

pp. 476/77, Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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"I'm utterly sick of these gossip-mongers and moralists", Hitler told me. ".....complaining about all the women-chasers among the....SA.I'd a lot rather my good SA men took the pretty women than that some fat-bellied money-bag should have them.Why should I concern myself with the private lives of my followers.And quite apart from Roehm's great achievements, I know I can absolutely depend on him."

In other words, said my mind, Roehm, like Goebbels,, is vulnerable - his perversion has delivered him into your hands....

pp. 477/78, Ludecke, I knew H.

We talked easily for a while about Nazi prospects, but whenever I pressed for precise instructions or for information....Hitler ~~was~~ at once became ~~was~~ reserved or evasive. I had the impression that this was due less to his secretive nature than to the fact ~~virtually~~ that virtually nothing had been planned, either in practical foreign policy or in diplomatic personnel. He did concede that something should be done....He would discuss...with Rosenberg....For the rest, I was able to elicit only general suggestions.....

p. 481, Ludecke, I knew H.

....a young acquaintance ...insisted that I help her to get a glimpse of Hitler.....

We sat at a table...from which my companion could watch the Fuehrer. He saw us at once and returned my salute with a friendly smile and a wave of his hand. Presently ~~the~~ the Nazi dictator was behaving in an amazing manner, showing us his best face and looking at my young lady with soulful eyes.....

"Why didn't you join my table? Was that your wife?" he asked. "A striking woman, beautifully dressed.very good looking."

pp. 487/488, Ludecke, I knew H.

(In a train from Berlin to Munich, Sept 32)

Hitler was in an optimistic and expansive mood.....

...."I don't intend to be treated like a glass-doll, riding only in special trains at fixed times..." And here he got up again the perfect mime, and advanced on Schaub in a take-off of the typical German station-master.....coming to pay his respects to a travelling personage...."I'll keep on doing as I please..." His pleasures, he said, were too precious to him, - motoring, flying, going places and seeing people and always returning to...the Obersalzberg...

pp. 488/489, Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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Then he told me about his police-dogs at Haus Wachenfeld - Blonda, Muck, and Wolf. Blonda was his special pet, and like a boy he imitated her wiles for wheedling favors out ~~afkimer~~ from him.

During an evening in which he talked almost continuously without giving me even a moment of boredom, I kept sufficient detachment to observe the expertness with which Hitler created his effects - drawing forth details from a mind which had them ready in nice order, modulating his voice, using his body, his head, his hands, his mobile face. It was not so much conscious acting as the perfect co-ordination of impulse and expression, something that had become second nature with him.....Even in his intimate and cozy moment, I sensed no attitude of familiarity towards him on the part of his staff; there was always a certain distance about him, that subtle quality of aloofness which unquestionably contributes to his unusual ability to deal with individuals....

pp. 483/80; Ludecke, I knew H.

.....I visited Hitler in his luxurious, modern flat of eight or nine beautiful, large rooms covering the entire second floor of 16 Prinzregentenplatz....His body-guard was quartered somewhere on the ground floor. The same Frau Winter who had looked after him in the Thi erschstasse was now keeping house for him; his sister spent most of her time at Haus Wachenfeld.

.....This flat showed for pure legend the idea that Hitler was still living simply. The furniture had been designed by Ludwig Trosst.....and Hitler could not have accepted such a service for nothing, since he always made a point of refusing important gifts. It was legend likewise that he still lived exclusively on his earnings as a writer. He had a fleet of private cars at his disposal; his gasoline and travel bills were always paid by his adjutant, Brueckner, out of an expense account provided by Party funds. Though occasionally he kept to second- or third-rate hostels endearing to him from the old days, for the most part he stayed at first-class hotels.

.....With visible pride Hitler conducted me to his library, an attractive, cozy room, lined with several thousand books, many of them gifts.....He saved me on into his study, whichwomehow reminded me of a college-boy's study fitted out by rich parents.

pp. 507/08, Ludecke, I knew H.

LODECKE

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The Fuehrer came in late, looking very preoccupied, and restraint fell over the table. He ate hurriedly and said little. The moment he left.....the jollity welled up again. Few people ever seem really at ease in Hitler's presence.
(Munich, 1932)

p. 512, Ludecke, I knew H.

The time of farewells had arrived and Hitler seemed genuinely moved...his eyes were moist. With as much spontaneity as I had ever seen in him, he clasped my hand.....

....all his personnel idolized him.the office-girl dashed up to the car, after the driver had started the motor, laid a bundle at Hitler's feet and said: "Herr Hitler, here 's the rug you wanted...." and then scurried shyly away...

pp. 512/513 Ludecke, I knew H.

As usual Hitler sat in the front seat beside the driver. He adores automobiles and knows everything about them, but told me regretfully that he dared not drive, for in case of accident he would be personally responsible. Systematically he was subduing everything to his plan.....I realized how amazingly he had learned to discipline himself....

p. 513, Ludecke, I knew H.

(In the Carlton tea-room in Munich, fall 1932; with Hoffmann, his wife, the Schirachs and the author.)

....Hitler, completely at ease and saying little, plundering the pastry with ~~great~~ great gusto, content to indulge in his sweet tooth and his fondness for cakes and "Mehlspeisen." Relaxed as he was, he gave me the best opportunity to study the physical man since my return. He wore no jewelry, as always, and looked very neat and clean in his dark blue suit, which fitted him none too well, for he was still loyal to his third-class tailor. His once lean and serious face with its cruel, ugly, and individual mouth was beginning to be caricatured by furrows along his nose and cheeks and by the start of pouches underneath eyes and chin. For the first time I observed that he seldom shows his teeth, probably because they are bad; there are several prominent gold teeth.....contrary to the prevalent impression, he is not "alpine" either in stature or head. He is narrow-faced, and dolichocephalic rather....

pp. 514/15, Ludecke, I knew H.

Ludecke

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(Same night in Munich)

...Hitler did not feel like going to bed, and invited us all to his flat. "It's too early for bed," he said.

....I had a little tete-a-tete with the Professor (Troost)I was interested to know what this man....thought of Hitler as a man. I told him that I had been surprised ~~him~~ to discover that Hitler, who had never seen it, knew more about the lay-out and the structure of the Paris Opera than I did myself....

"Yes, it's extraordinary," said Troost, "the scope of what he knows. I've found...that his theoretical knowledge of architecture exceeds mine. He has a remarkable sense for effects....."

pp. 518, Ludecke, I knew H.

By this time he was talking entirely to me; it is his habit to center himself on one person when he gets warmed up. The others were listening intently enough except the good Hoffmann, who...had concentrated on the wine with such good effect....that he dumped the bottle over, and the precious liquid spilled over the priceless little table ...and on the priceless rug. Hitler stopped. He looked up frowning, lifting his shoulders in annoyance, but said nothing.

pp. 518/90, Ludecke, I knew H.

Talk against Christianity and for new Heathen faith to be established after access to power.

pp. 520/21; Ludecke, I knew H.

(Next day, in a car between Munich and Berlin)

Hitler, half turned toward me, with his arm over the back of the seat, asked me to talk about America. He was delighted to hear that as a boy I had devoured Karl May's stories about the Indians, Old Shatterhand and Winnetou, and said that he could still read them and get a thrill out of them. He was all ear for my experiences.....Whenever I mentioned books, such as Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, and Conquest of Peru, Denny's America Conquers Britain and We Fight for 'il, Or Frank H. Simonds' Can Europe Keep the Peace? he would ask Scheub to write down the titles. He questioned me about the Roosevelt campaign, the American crisis, the probability of a great change in the United States. He was much interested in Prohibition. Though a teetotaler, he was no bigot on the question.....~~ixxxx~~...It pleased me to see how well Hitler had learned to listen.....

p. 524, Ludecke. I knew H.

LUDKECKE

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We sped on through the....night. Schreck asked me to tell them some more about America.....the Fuehrer visibly fatigued, was trying to follow but would doze off repeatedly, rousing himself with a grimace. Whenever he nodded I would stop gladly enough, but Hitler would say, "Go on, go on, - I mustn't fall asleep. I'm listening.".....

.....I dozed off.....Hitler's very earthly voice was jarring on my ears....we stopped....the men were all out of the cars.Suddenly I realized that I was missing what was, in its way, a moment of quasi-historical interest. I stepped out and advanced a little. Yes....Hitler too, like any ordinary mortal....head bent. Over his shoulder he said to me: "We're are lucky, Ludecke, not a drop of rain."I've always been delighted by the transparency of the association of ~~xix~~ simple ideas.Was this, I asked, also one of the favorite stops he had told me about? "Yes, very likely," he said cheerfully. "Of course, I've passed here at all times of the day."

pp. 527/28, Ludecke, I knew H.

There was still a light in Hitler's room at four in the morning....

p. 526, Ludecke, I knew H.

(Next morning) trip continued)

...I was riding in Hoffman's car.Our car managed to follow..... About noon we saw their cars stopped by the wayside, and Hitler, swining his whip, again standing in the middle of the road, feet ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ planted wide apart.

Hoffmann is a fairly good but decidedly abrupt driver and he missed running Hitler down by only an inch. The car stopped at the precise spot where the Fuehrer had been standing before he made his frantic leap away. And what a jump - terror, amazement, outraged fury on his face all at once. Hitler was gasping for breath.

"Hoffmann!" he bawled. "You are crazy - positively you are crazy!" That was all he said. And a minute later he was obligingly consenting to pose for a picture ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ i.....

p. 529; Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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(Same trip)

Hitler and I sat together.....Knowing the Fuehrer's passion for newspapers, I took from my coat a well-known Norwegian daily containing an article about him. As soon as Hitler saw his name in fat letters on the front page he asked me about it.

.....I pulled out the (German translation...) Hitler read it in growing fury.....this article ridiculed him mercilessly.

....Then I read him this quotation which I ascribed simply to "Mrs. Lewis, the wife of one of America's best known novelists."

....Hitler looked puzzled. "Who is this Mrs. Lewis, anyway?" he asked. I reminded him meeting Dorothy Thompson in Berlin....

"Ja, Ja, now I remember. Banfstaengl again....."

pp. 530/31, Ludecke, I knew H.

When we walked into Hitler's anteroom at the Kaiserhof, there was....Banfstaengl. In the presence of all of us, Hitler attacked him in the tone of a sergeant speaking to his stupidest recruit.

"Was haben Sie da wieder gemacht! Verfluchte Schmeierei! Paus! Scheren wie sich Mauseg. Ich will sie nicht mehr sehen!"

And the poor fellow stalked dazedly away, leaving us quivering inwardly with embarrassment.

p. 532/534/ Ludecke, I knew H.

(Youth meeting at Potsdam)

Hitler was distressed when the Prince (Luwi) told him of the difficulties the meeting had created. The town was prepared to take 40,000 children,....twice that number had arrived, thousands of them had been on the road for days,

"I was afraid of this", said Hitler in a troubled voice. Schirach is too young for this job.the children mustn't sleep under the open sky."

....The Fuehrer was so concerned that after he had eaten something he drove out to Potsdam again at midnight, and did not return until he had made sure that everything possible was being done for the comfort of the children.

Hitler wasn't in bed till well after four, but at seven he was again in Potsdam, walking about to animate the weary children.

p. 534, Ludecke, I knew H.

LUDECKE

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....The Fuehrer stood reviewing the parade with his arm constantly lifted ~~from~~.....from eleven in the morning till six in the evening.....

....The Fuehrer....was sitting in a corner of the compartment, utterly spent.

Hitler motioned weakly to us to come in. He put the films in his pocket, nodded to me, but said nothing. Seeing how exhausted he was, I sat down for the barest moment. He looked for a second into my eyes, clasped my hand feebly, and I left.

pp 535, 537; Ludecke, I knew H.

(Berlin, Hitler already Chancellor)

....a door opened and Hitler came out. ...Recognizing me he came up and exclaimed: "Oh, Ludecke, Sie sind's - wie geht's?"Wait right here, I'll be back in a moment. Ich muss mal..." and he pointed to a door behind me through which he disappeared.In less than a minute he was back and took me into his working room.

..... I sat in a comfortable armchair....while Hitler perched easily on the arm of his chair.....and we chatted as if this were an ordinary event. He looked well; a quiet energy lent ~~xx~~ ~~energy~~ strength to his appearance.....

*.....

p.574, Ludecke, I knew H.

At Strasser's name that foxy expression flashed over Hitler's face. Although he has learned to exercise marvellous ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxx~~ self-control, he is by nature too impulsive entirely to control his eyes and mouth. Whenever something really touches him and he passes over it without a word, one who has known him from the early days can read a lot in the expression of his mobile face.

"Yes - that Strasser affair," he said, suppressed anger and contempt in his voice.

p. 575, Ludecke, I knew H.

".....And just call me Herr Hitler, plain Herr Hitler, always for my friends...."

p. 576, Ludecke, I knew H.

...we were walking up and down the terrace which had a good view of the chancellery garden.Suddenly Hitler gripped my arm.

"There! You see? There he is - the old one..." half aloud, leaning forward with pointed finger, Yes, there was old Hindenburg,

LUDECKE

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stumping along the path.....Hitler stretched himself and turned to me with a strangely hypnotized look in his remarkable eyes. Slowly he said again, as if half to himself: "Ja, ja, da geht der Alte."

p. 608, Ludecke, I knew H.

(Lunch with Hitler, 1923)

Kannenberg grimaced at....my laughter broke through....

"Nanu, Ludecke," Hitler said. "What's the matter?"

...I hesitated in embarrassment....began to invent a train of thought....the story was drawing to its scandalous ~~and~~ conclusion, having to do with a specially designed chair installed for...convenience (of a very fat man) at the famous Maison Chabanais in Paris....

"Stop, Ludecke, stop," Hitler cried. "Leave the rest to our imagination...That reminds me of a present I have in store for you.....what I mean is a muzzle...."

pp. 629/30, Ludecke, I knew H.

As I turned into the corridor of the Chancellery....I almost bumped into the Fuehrer, who seemed to be in a hurry.He looked preoccupied and stared at me with blank eyes for a moment without saying anything.

He looked at me with an expression of surprise, anger and impatience. Did his almost feminine intuition sense that contempt which I did not like to admit even to myself?....

It was the last I ever saw of him.

p. 670, Ludecke, I knew H.

11. November 1947, Seite 19. 9. 1.

.....wischen den Polizeibeamten in Zivil...der ist
stolz und aufrecht ~~xxxxxxx~~ Adolf Hitler. Seine Brust
schmückt das Eisenerkreuz 1. Klasse. Weiter von Schultern
hängt der braune Sammetmantel, den er beim Lauf durch die Stra-
ßen trug. Man ruht den linken Arm in der Schlinge, der beim
Fallen auf das Pflaster voriets wurde, als die Soldaten der
Grenzpolizei neben die Baracken der Parteiführer hin ge-
griffen. Fortschritt, die Polizei, die Polizei verliert, in das
eine Wirre der Straßenszene stellt, die sich der Verhaftete,
jeder soll in Ordnung, ...regelmäßig im Leben seiner Be-
gleiter....

p. 2, 3, Lurker, sitzend hinter Festungswällen

.....(1947) heißt der Auftrag, den man zu tun hat. Die Auf-
tragungen der letzten 4 Jahre haben den Mann, der sich
schon sehr schwer mit dem Leben zu tun hat, er ist sehr
noch krank. Total erschöpft, sitzt er auf dem ein-
fachen Lager, die Hände schneidet sich. (1947)...

p. 4, Lurker, sitzend hinter Festungswällen

Hitler ist schon auf. Nach dem 1. September der Be-
setzten Nacht auf seinem entliehen.die notwendigen For-
malitäten in/ der Kanzlei und beim Amtsarzt werden er-
ledigt. Der Arzt stellt bei Hitler eine Luxation der lin-
ken Schulter fest.

Die Ergebnisse und die ruckelnde Verletzung der letzten
Tage haben Hitler schwer zugesetzt; zudem will auch sein
verletzter Arm nicht besser werden, so dass/ der Verletzte
in eine Zelle der Krankenabteilung verlegt wird.....

p. 7, Lurker, sitzend hinter Festungswällen

Mit grosser Freude begrüsst Hitler den lange nicht
mehr gesehenen ~~xxxxxxx~~ treuen Begleiter - seinen Schwa-
ger - den einer der Freunde gelegentlich eines Besuchs
mitbringen darf.

p. 8, Lurker, sitzend hinter Festungswällen

p. 99, Lurker, 4. hinter Festungs

.....er selbst. Seit dieser Zeit bis (der Neu-
sich durch den neuen Leiter.er einmal in der Kopf da-
runter, so wurde in der Hand, der nicht misszuverstehen-
der selbst ist von Hitler selbst. Und der so gewaschen

n. 1/1, Langer, Hitler hinter Festungsmauern

Im Jahre 1941, Langer war in der "Gruppe" des neu
einsetzenden Festungswallungs.... Hitler beteiligte sich
persönlich nicht in solchen Szenen, nur der sein. 1941-
Langer und hatte für sich einen strengen Stil vollendet ver-
stärkt.....

n. 1/2, Langer, Hitler hinter Festungsmauern

~~xx~~zeichnend

Hitler beteiligte sich nicht an der Arbeit, sein von
auch bis Abend von schriftlichen Arbeiten ausgefüllter Tag
wurde durch die vielen Besuche oftmals unterbrochen. Koch
nahm er auch hier keinen Anteil an den Arbeiten seiner Mit-
genossen....

n. 1/4, Langer, Hitler hinter Festungsmauern

...in der Be-
stimmung...der an der...der...der...

Ein "Abgeordneter" der Union wurde dabei getötet.

Ein Buchaufsteiger, der er selbst schon vor der Zeit des
hier die Festung geltenden inneren Unfriedens 7 Uhr fertig an-
gezeichnet. Besondere Aufmerksamkeit setzte er der Aufpfle-
ge, die Anschaffung der im Kriege erlittenen Gasvergiftung
erwischte dies.

[illegible][illegible]

Er war literarisch, künstlerisch, wissenschaftlich, sportlich, gesellschaftlich in anderen Kreisen, seine Pläne im Festungsleben zu realisieren. Auch den Abenteuern teilte er sich gern als Zuschauer an dem vor dem Festungskreis von seinen Mitgefangenen veranstalteten Ballspielen. Sein Vorbild war Bachmann, der in unterirdischen Kriegen sich untergeordneten Soldaten und den Helden um, jeder recht herzlich, als einen Helden betrachtete. Insofern untergeordnet auf alle 4 Helden. Nach dem ersten Epochenbuch trafen sich die verteilten Helden zu kurzer Unterhaltung um, Besprechung ... d. Helden Führer.

am die Finger gezeichnet. Die zum Eingetretene hatte benutzte
stiller zu ungestörtem Studium oder zum Schreiben und Lesen.

ca. Fl. = 50; Lurker, alleer hinter Festungswällen

... In der ersten Zeit seiner Tätigkeit war er ein Mann, der sich nicht nur durch seine geistige, sondern auch durch seine körperliche Erscheinung auszeichnete. Er war ein Mann, der sich nicht nur durch seine geistige, sondern auch durch seine körperliche Erscheinung auszeichnete. Er war ein Mann, der sich nicht nur durch seine geistige, sondern auch durch seine körperliche Erscheinung auszeichnete.

..... on the other hand, the fact that the
first part of the document is very short and
the second part is very long is a very clear
indication that the first part is a very short
and the second part is a very long document....

James Earl Ray, Jr. of 1111 London Boulevard, Garden
Apt. 2, Los Angeles 44, California, advised that he had
been in contact with a young man, name, address or
phone number unknown, who was in the area.

[illegible]

... keine entsprechende St... halt Adolf Hitler mit seinem
... seine Stellung nicht kennen und verneint, die die
... (Hilfs-)Körper zu bringen, ist er im Rahmen der ...
... den. Sie ist nicht nur eine finanzielle Unterstützung
... der ... der ... die ... in missliche Cri-
... schuldigen gegenseitigen ...

... mit einem Soundigen linear berechtigt, Joseph von Vorre-
ter der Note, die sich unter dem Namen dem, wenn sein
einen immer einer die reichen durch, um... die Stimmung auf
dem Zeitpunkt angelangt ist. Er... die Note über seine Mitge-
fahrungen immer ein best, wenn an den vorstehenden der Buch-
er sich ihnen zum... Note. ... in einem der Tage...
wenn sie dann Note eine verändert, um bei Mit und dem
an unter dem... Note - mit... die vor dem...
... Kompositionen - den Abend zu verbringen. ... mit
... (Lautstärke) ... die... einer... ..

[illegible]

Um jene Zeit begann er auch den 1. Band seines Buches "Mein Kam I" zu schreiben. Tagsüber bis spät in die Nacht hinein klapperte die Schreibmaschine und man konnte ihn in der engen Stube seinem Freunde Hess diktieren hören. Die bereits fertigen Abschnitte las er dann meist an den ersehnten Samstagabenden seinen wie Juenger um ihn sitzenden Schicksalsgenossen vor....Während seiner Arbeiten vertrat er keine Störung, er lehnte deshalb in späterer Zeit, als er mitten im besten Schaffen stand, jeden nicht ganz gringlichen Besuch strikte ab. In dieser Haltung blieb er ganz konsequent. Selbst der lockende Titel auf der Visitenkarte einer Kollegin liess ihn nicht davon abgehen.

.....(er) laeste aus vollem Halse, als eines Tages ein
holzentwurfartiger Regen seine Schauer durch die schlecht
schliessenden Fenster von Millers Klasse mit solcher Wucht
dringen liess, dass das Wasser einen grossen Teil des Fuss-
bodens bedeckte. Alles rund um Klassen und Vertuechern;
beide sturzte sich die Schueler auf und trank in vol-
lem Guss. Die Lehrer sahen zu und schueltelten den Kopf.
.....(er) laeste in der ersten Klasse. Die Schueler sahen
auf und schueltelten den Kopf.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Bei dem im Besitze der besetzten Personen war die Heiligkeit nicht zu finden. Mitte war gegen Personen im Besitz der Heiligkeit, die er auch allen anderen Personen zur Schau trug. Derart die den ganzen oberflächlichen Wesen Titlers in der liegenden Einheit, die trotz aller Mängel und Unvollkommenheiten den anderen Menschen vor Augen zu stellen war der Vertraulichkeit beschriftet,....

30. 09/59; Lürker, Hitler hinter Festungsneuern

Herzlich gestaltete sich das Wiedersehen Äitlers mit seiner Schwester, Frau Knobel, aus Wien, das ein Zeugnis tiefer Geschwisterliebe gab....

op. 19, Lur'er, Hitler hinter Festungswern.

Bei der Besuchsunterhaltung entwickelte Hitler eine Bedegewandtheit, die es dem Besuchüberwachenden Beamten oft schwer machte, ihn bei Ablauf der Besuchszeit in seinen Ausführungen zu unterbrechen. War dies gelungen, so beendete Hitler sofort das Gespräch und verabschiedete sich.

p. 59, burker, hitler hinter Festungsmauern

Mit unerschütterlicher Ruhe trägt Hitler die grosse Enttäuschung....

p. 64, Lurker, Hitler hinter Festungsmauern

but he had got no pleasure out of this boy. He had never been able to romp with him, even when Adolf was a four year-old. One Sunday, five or six years before, he remembered, he had had a good deal of beer with his midday dinner and he was feeling sportive. He had seized little Adolf in his arms, with the idea of playing that he called "merry-go-round" with him, as he had always done with his other children. He held the boy's hands in his own and started "rocking" the child out and around. Adolf had begun to scream in terror and his wife had made him put the child down. Adolf had screamed horribly for a long time, wiggling his fists into his eyes and gazing at his father, through tears, with fear and also with what looked like hate. The father had tried to pick him up in his lap and comfort him, and had even offered him a sip of beer out of his own beer mug. The children of his other wives had always loved a sip of beer by the time they were old enough to toddle. But this Adolf had kept on crying hysterically and had struck at his father with his little hand - a hand that even then was more like a woman's than a man's, with its soft white skin and the long tapering fingers.

It had always been like that. The child loved his mother passionately. She called him "my little man" and he was so sensitive and so delicate. It was a real woman's child, striking, slender features and large, luminous eyes and beautiful yellow hair. The only time the child ever really seemed happy and at ease was when he was curled up in his mother's lap. The rest of the time he was jumpy and frightened, or else lost-looking and far away in daydreams that were almost like trances.

The father remembered something else that had happened when Adolf was six or seven years old. Adolf was sitting in his mother's lap one night when he came home from the gymnastics around eleven o'clock. The child had had one of the bilious attacks he was always having and the mother was stroking his cheek with her hand and singing to him, trying to get him to go back to sleep. The father, only a little weary and certainly not angry, had come along and had been looked by the sight of the mother and child, and had come up to them full of good nature and high spirits. Adolf, opening his great lid-like eyes, so much like his mother's, had seen his father there and cried out shrilly and buried his head in his mother's bosom and thrown his arms desperately around her neck, as if in fright. It had always been like that between the father and this son.

In den ersten Tagen sah ich Adolf Hitler zum ersten Mal. Ich kante ihn nicht, er ist mir jedoch beim Vorübergehen durch seinen energischen Blick und sein besonderes Wesen aufgefallen. Ich hielt ihn fuer einen Akademiker, deren so viele dem Regiment "List" angehörten. Am anderen Tage sah ich ihn zum zweiten Male, wie er mit seinem Gewehr herumhantierte. Er betrachtete es mit einer Sonne, wie eine Frau ihren Schmuck, vorwetternd und herzlich lachen musste.

p. 15, Hans Wend, Adolf Hitler im Felde, 1914-1918

Als ich nachmittags mit einem Befehl zum Regimentsfeldwebel Amann, dem jetzigen Direktor des Parteiverlages, ging, begegnete ich wieder Adolf Hitler. Es war in der Nahe der Wiener Hochschule, die in den vorhergehenden Kämpfen zusammengeschossen war. Hitler betrachtete die Verwüstung und unterhielt sich eifrig mit einem Kameraden. Sein Gewehr in der Hand, den Helm schief auf dem Kopf, mit herabhangendem Schnurrbart, bot er das Bild eines richtigen Landknechtes. Als aktiv Gedienter erkannte ich gleich in ihm den geborenen Soldaten und dachte mir, mit dem kann man unter die Kanonen springen.

Ein Sanitteter, der Adolf Hitler schon damals kennen kannte, antwortete auf meine Frage, ob er diesen Infanteristen dort mit dem energischen Gesicht kenne: "Ja, den kenne i guat, der is eigentlich Oesterreicher und a feiner Kerl, der is gscheiter via i", und auf meine Frage, warum der Oesterreicher bei einem bayrischen Regiment dient, gab er mir zur Antwort: "So vill i wosst, sollt er si bei der Mobilmachung beim oesterreichischen Kommandat melden; aber er is glei selber zum Koenig Ludwig gingen; der Koeni hat ihm persoanli die Erlaubnis geben, dass er im bayrischen Heer dienen darf."

"Wosst", bemerkte der Sanitteter lachend, "der ko koene Juden leiden und im oesterröichischen Heer gibts net jeni." Auf meine weitere Frage, was Hitler von Beruf sei, erwiderte er, das koenne er nicht sagen, aber so viel er wisse, koenne er lles.

p. 16/17, Hans Wend, ADOLF HITLER IM FELDE.

Unter den Ordonanzen bemerkte ich Adolf Hitler. Er ging ein biss chen nach vorn gebeugt, mit einem Lächeln auf den Lippen. Als ich Hitler zum ersten Mal sah, dachte ich, was wird dieser schwächliche Mensch machen, wenn er einen feil maschinenartigen Hornister tragen soll? Ich....wie es sich spaeter herausstellte, waren nur ganz wenige im Regiment so ausdauernd und gesund wie Hitler. Mit unglaublicher Zuehigkeit hielt er die groessten Strapazen aus und liess nie eine Schwache merken.

p. 19, Hans Wend, ADOLF HITLER IM FELDE.

Während wir im schweren Feuer lagen,.....erzähl-
te mir nun einer der Kameraden...auch von Adolf Hitler.
Laurentius sagte er die schwierigsten Aufträge an-
getreten, er sei einer der besten und zuverlässigsten
Kampf-Ordnenanten. "Das schon," sagte ein anderer, "aber
ich kann nicht verstehen, wie einer sein Leben so aufs
Spiel setzen mag, wenn ihn doch kein Stein in Deutsch-
land gehört; er ist ein mit ein Landerling und hat sei-
ne Welt über sich; sonst aber ist er ein tüchtiger Kerl."
Ging er da nicht oben vorbei um sein Leben auf dem
Feld, das Gesicht ganz hell, aber in den Augen die im-
mer den kühnen Blick!

Hans Wend, Adolf Hitler im Felde, p. 14/15

Adolf Hitler hatte an einem Tage erstklassiger
Leistung und wurde für einen der ersten nach dem Kampf
mit dem eisernen Kreuz II. Klasse ausgezeichnet.

p. 19, Hans Wend, Adolf Hitler im Felde.

Einmal begegnete mir Adolf Hitler.....er hatte
die Leinwand umhängen und in seinem schnellen, ziel-
bewussten Gang konnte man vermuten, dass er wichtigen Be-
trag von der Feldverwaltung brachte.

p. 20/21, Hans Wend, Adolf Hitler im Felde.

Am hellen Tage, bei grosstem Granat- und Maschi-
nengewehrfeuer, bei welchem die Gruppen in den Träben
zum Kopf herauszustrecken wagten, war er mit Mel-
dungen...unterwegs. Wenn ich...an ihm vorbeiritt, läch-
te er mich an, wie wenn er sagen wollte: "Bildest du Dir
etwas ein, weil du Meldebote bist? - wir leisten eben-
so viel wie du!" Einmal war ich dabei, wie er einen Of-
fizier mit einer anderen Ordnenant hatte, die von den Gros-
sen Befehlen sprach, welchen sie ständig bei den Patrouil-
len ausgesetzt sei. Hitler, der in Penoskieren nicht lei-
den konnte und der selber nie für etwas verurteilt liess,
auch wenn es miserabel ergangen war, sagte hergerlich:
"Wenn jeder von uns Ordnenanten so ein 'Aufbruch' wäre,
wie du, könnte der Oberst seine Meldungen selber über-
bringen. Ich glaube, du leidest an Feuerpsychose."

p. 22, Hans Wend, Adolf Hitler im Felde.

die Adolf Hitler auf dieser Welle sah, ist mir heute noch ein Bild. Ich weiß nur, dass er in der Ferne anwesend war und die selbstlose umgibt, das Gefühl im Arm, zuhause war... Befehle erwartete.... Einige Tage später....rief (ich) ihm lachend zu: "Mensch, du hast dich nicht umgesehen!" Ein Lächeln war seine Antwort.

p. 17, Hans Lenz, Adolf Hitler im Felde.

Freilich begab ich mich zu Adolf Hitler auf seinen Feldern. Als ich eines Tages die Straße Carnation-Osternsee zurückritt, wurde diese heftig beschossen.....(ich) sah zwei Infanteristen mit Feldtaschen daherkommen.wandte mich noch einmal um und sah, wie Hitler mit seinem Kameraden Schmidt gestikuliert und ihm aufmerksam zusah, bevor die Geschosse kamen. Mit einer Coolness strichen sie da und schauten in die Luft.....

p. 28/29, Hans Lenz, Adolf Hitler im Felde

Bei ständlichem Kaffee oder "blauem Heinrich" wurden mit Litz und Humor ...die "Ereignisse...rum besten gegeben. Es war Adolf Hitler kein Massverderber, im Gegenteil, er brachte mit seinen Einfällen und zeitreichen Lächeln immer Leben in die Truppe, - nur von reinen Leistungen sprach er nie.

p. 41, Hans Lenz, A.F. im Felde.

....als im Ringen von Messines liegende Fiegelei beschossen wurde. Ich sah dabei wie Adolf Hitler sich zu Boden warf, denn es muss über ihn Schrapnellkugeln geregnet haben.....Plotzlich sprang er auf, obwohl die Geschosse noch über ihm kreierten, und setzte seinen Weg in ruhigen Gangart fort. ...holte ihn am Grand Place in Messines ein, wo er sich mit einem anderen Feldgänger unterhielt und dabei lachte, als ob ihm seine letzte gefährliche Situation nichts gemacht hätte. Als ich ihn nochmals.....antraf, sagte ich im Scherz zu ihm: "Vorher haben wir die Engländer warm gemacht." Er gab mir zur Antwort: "Da mach ich mir nichts draus, das erleb ich jeden Tag!"

p. 42/43, Hans Lenz, A.F. im Felde.

Bei der Kothlehensformie sah ich abseits der Strasse einen Aufwarteristen stehen mit Gewehr bei Fuss. An seiner Haltung erkannte ich sofort Adolf Hitler. Vor ihm lagen zwei Tote, fuer die er sich scheinbar sehr interessierte.trotz der groessten Lebensgefahr blieb er bei den Toten stehen....

Im Quartier begegnete ich Adolf Hitler und fragte, was er denn gestern bei der Kothlehensformie so genau betrachtet habe. "Die zwei Toten habe ich mir angesehen, auf welchen schon der Name geschrieben ist."

p. 45; 46; Hans Bernd, A.H. im Felde.

....Die anderen hatten allerhand gemacht, nur eine Stunde am heiligen Abend zu Hause zu sein.

Adolf Hitler stand abseits und konzentrierte sich nicht auf unsere Konversation, fuer derartige Bueensche hatte er wenig uebrig; er hatte kein Interesse fuer eingegangene Postpakete, auf welche sich doch die meisten freuten. Holten sich denn einmal die Kameraden die Pakete vor und boten dabei Adolf Hitler von ihren "Gerrlichkeiten" an, dann bemerkte ich, adas er stets dankend ablehnte. Er las seinen Harris mit "Schokolade" und trank dabei eine bel Flasche voll Tee. XX

"Hast denn Hitler noch keine Weihnachtspakete erhalten?" fragte ich einmal eine Ordonnanz. Darauf bekam ich zur Antwort: "Der will doch gar keine haben, der laesst sich von niemand was Schenken".

p. 43, Hans Bernd, A.H. im Felde.

.....Sylvesterrausch. Da trat Adolf Hitler ein. Er machte ein recht zufriedenes Gesicht und xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx war guter Laune, wie mir schien. Beim Verlassen der Schreibstube fragte ich beim Voruebergehen: "Hun, o kommst denn du h-ut schon wieder her?" Darauf sprang er zur Seite, nahm seinen Helm ab, beugte sich mit einer schalkhaften Miene bis zum Boden und sprach mit dem Heim in der Hand: "Darf ich dem unsterblichen Hitler von Messines ein gutes Neues Jahr wuenschen?" Ich wollte ihm auf diesen Wunsch hin einen Fusstritt versetzen, er sprang behend zur Seite und machte weitere Bueedlinge vor mir. Er sagte endlich, das ich in meinem zivilen Gehalt alter gewesen war und in den besten "reisen" zu tun gehabt hatte. Ich sagte ihm noch einige derte Schmeicheleien und ging meiner Wege. Auf dem Hilt nach dem "loster" dachte ich mir: Der Hitler Adolf so ernst er manchmal ist, ist er doch im gegebene Moment ein Schelm."

p. 55, Hans Bernd, A. H. im Felde.

Eine halbe Stunde später, am "Grande Place" von Messines, sah ich Hitler wieder. Erst wollte ich ihn auszeichnen, aber er hatte sich schon rückwärts und grüßte mich aufs neue so ehrerbietig wie im Regimentsquartier. Ich schüttelte lachend den Kopf. "Er hat halt heute seinen guten Tag, sonst macht er ein Gesicht, als wenn er aus London in den Keller klinge...."

p. 77, Hans Mend, A. H. im Felde.

In der Nacht traf ich Adolf Hitler, er ging schon wieder mit einem Auftrag zur Feuerstellung, elastisch und unbekümmert wie stets. Einige Male hatte ich schon beobachtet, dass, wenn er mit einem Auftrag zum Graben geschickt wurde, er es nie versäumte, auf der Fahrt erst alle Punkte herauszusuchen, welche ihm / auf seinem Wege gefährlich werden könnten. Er wusste diese Stellen geschickt zu umgehen und mit Umsicht und Präzision wusste hat er immer sein Ziel erreicht.

Ich möchte den übrigen Heldegeängern des Regiments niemals ihre Leistungen vermindern, sie alle haben ihr Bestes gegeben, aber Hitler war ihnen doch überlegen, denn nicht allein Tapferkeit wird von einem guten Heldegeängern verlangt, sondern hauptsächlich Intelligenz und Scharfsinn. Auch beim Regimentsstabe wusste man das gut. Des öfteren hörte ich von Oberst Betz, wenn er nur eine wichtige Meldung, einen zuverlässigen Mann brauchte, den Namen Hitler rufen.

p. 77, Hans Mend, A. H. im Felde.

Heute sehe ich noch Adolf Hitler wie einen Tiger in der Ferne zu Halpegarde vor Grube umherlaufen. Er konnte es nicht erwarten, bis er von Oberst Betz mit einer Meldung abgeschickt wurde.

p. 78, Hans Mend, A. H. im Felde

Hitler erzählte später in Fournes, dass er bei seinen Heldegeängen so vom feindlichen Feuer über-schüttet wurde, dass er nur von einem Granatloch ins andere kriechend sich vorwärtsbewegen konnte und manchmal vor Schwefelqualm keine 10 Meter vor sich sehen konnte.

p. 79, Hans Mend, A. H. im Felde.

2...dabei stieß ich auf einige Kameraden, welche
irischen Jagdgewehren sich übergeben hatten...darunter
auch Adolf Hitler...Hitler hatte sein Jagdgewehr
auf dem Fuß eines Jagdgewehrs aufgestellt und leckte sich
bei seinem Vorübergehen um. Dabei sah er mich mit durchdrin-
genden Blick an als ob er sagen wollte: so hast denn du dich
verhalten, der Gefechtes herumgetrieben. Im Verlaufe zu seinen
vollständigen erschöpften Kameraden machte er einen verhält-
nismäßig frischen Eindruck. Genau wie früher...gab er
nicht nach und war immer sprunghaft. Seine mitgenommene Uni-
form, welche er in der weißen Uniform, war vollbreit und
geräuschvoll und bewegte, er war von einem stark sitzenden
Mittleren.

Der sehr dunkle Mann, um Hitler, er war ja nur
ein Melancholiker wie alle anderen die noch war in ihm. Die
weitere Überzeugung zu haben, ohne dass er etwas aus
sagen wollte. Als ihm sofort ein Arzt, vorbrachte er mit dem
sehr groben Verstand und Gesundheit.

1. 7. 1918, XIX Adolf Hitler in Berlin

Bei meiner Ankunft in Berlin wurde ich im Hause des re-
sidenten des Reiches Adolf Hitler um 10 Uhr mit
einer sehr großen Anzahl von Soldaten. Der erste Gang zu einer
von den Soldaten sei ich der, so wurde, weil ich nicht wisse,
ob ich hier zu verbleiben soll. Ich sagte darauf: "Ich rufe
ein Kommando, du gehst mit ihnen durch, aber ich nur kein
Wort in den Mund zu setzen." Mit dem Wort: "Hörst du gut
auf was ich sage, weil ich es sage," er Hitler ist.

1. 12. 1918, 1. 1. 1919 im Feld.

Hierbei erwähnen wir Adolf Hitler täglich
mehrere Male um, sagte, wenn er will nachgehen sollte,
dann kriechen sie nachhören.

1. 12. 1918, 1. 1. 1919 im Feld

Unter den Menschen von Bayern sollte ich Adolf Hitler
...ein. In seiner humoristischen Art verlegte sich Hitler
vor mir wie ein Zeremonienmeister vor seiner "Majestät". Um
seiner aufzuerst ein Ende zu machen, gab ich meinen "Trau-
nen" die Worte, dass er ausstieg, und Hitler mit den "Vor-
derfüßen getroffen hatte, wenn dieser nicht wenig die ein-
hundert über den Hals hingegen, wurde...in "Vor-
teigenen rief Hitler, den Helm fliegend: "Auf die Knie-
herr Kitzmeister..."

1. 12. 1918, 1. 1. 1919 im Feld

Adolf Hitler unterhielt sich über sein Lieblings-
thema, damit uns moralisch, ich sollte immer noch viel zu un-
stänke, wie er auf diesen Selbstbescheid. ... Ma-
ter kamen wir bei unseren Aufschneidung zu sprechen. Er muss-
te er im Bereich unseres Frontschneides jeden strategischen
Punkt uns oft ist sofort eingetroffen, was Adolf Hitler uns
im Voraus gesagt hatte. In seinem Verstande erfasste er je-
de Situation und wenn er mit anderen Angehörigen nach vorne
kam, dann es oft, heute ist Hitler dabei, da basiert nichts.
Sie verlassen sich auf seine Intelligenz und Umsicht. Auch
sein persönlicher Kontakt mit einer Person ist bekannt.
Sagte er mir, dass er auf sein Lieblings-thema, die
Politik, zu sprechen kam.

100, Hans Wend, A. S. in Feld

Adolf Hitler ist ein Mann, der unsere Augen nach
zu, das ist ein Stoff, der, nicht durch den Geist zu ziehen.
.....

101, Hans Wend, A. S. in Feld

Adolf Hitler sagte den in der ersten Zeit aus, als
ein solches Fronte hinter dem Her einstieg. Wir waren...
...stern vor schreck, ... nur Hitler, der steht in seiner
gewaltigen ... er sagte, ... sich mit großer Gewalt
... auf, ... die ... der ...

102, Hans Wend, A. S. in Feld

Meine Frage, wo ist denn der Adolf? - Hier steht sich
in Fronte um bessere Kiefer an, vielleicht ist er einen
Anzahl mit Kunstwerk gefunden, dann ist er gleich daneben
sitzen. Grosser Gerechtiger. Ein anderer meinte, wenn man ihm
noch einen ... voll Lee dazu hinstellt, dann bringt
man ihn bis morgen Fruch nicht mehr davon weg. Aber es könnte
möglich sein, dass man von Kunstwerk und Lee Courage be-
kommt, da Hitler trotz der ... und sich gute ...
... suche, während wir uns lieber im Erhöhen verkrühen
würden.

103/104, Hans Wend, A. S. in Feld

Adolf Hitler traf beim ... ein. Schon mehrere Male
hatte er an diesem Tage im Frontfeuer den Weg von Fronte
zum Kampfgebiet durchschritten. In kurz gefassten Worten er-
stattete er Bericht.

Mit dem Gewehr in der Hand, am ... noch ...
... entfernte sich Hitler von uns. Ich stand beim
Regimentsschreiber ... Da wir beide ... als einen Menschen
kannten, den ... uns ... sich sehr ...
... uns beiden ist sein ... auf-
gefallen

mit dem Gesichter in der Hand, im befehligen noch einige
 zu erhaschen, entfernte sich dieser von uns. Ich stand beim
 Regimentsarzt über... Ich habe diesen auch einen Menschen
 kennen, der nicht in Übertrieb ... Ich sehr vorsichtig
 war und nicht... Ich beiden ist sein interessantes Aussehen auf-
 gefallen... Der Ausdruck der Augen in seinem kranken gelb-
 lichen Gesicht war sehr und sehr...

...allein durch einen Juden & Juden un...erlich mit
Wolf Hitler absolut nicht vertragen konnte.

10

In den letzten Tagen des Monats Juli 1933 sass ich mit Adolf Hitler...im Quartier beisammen. ...in Döllsdorfer Biber...verehrte Hitler sehr und was er sagte, war ein Evangelium fuer ihn. In diesem Tage hatte unser Döllsdorfer aus seiner Heimat ~~vielleicht~~ von einem dort ansässigen Baron einen Brief erhalten, auf den er antworten musste. Das war aber bei ihm mit Hindernissen verbunden und deshalb hat er Hitler, er mochte ihm doch einen Brief aufsetzen....Mit viel Witz und Humor diktierte Hitler den Brief, so dass wir alle sehr herzlich lachten, besonders wenn er zwischendurch seine lustigen Bemerkungen dazwischen brachte.

p. 113, Hans Wend, A. N. in Bielefeld.

.....sagte ich zu Hitler: "Mein lieber, nur eine Minute noch deiner Rede in der Kirche hier, denn hatten wir anstatt vier viel mehr Zeit: vier Jahre." Adolf Hitler schielte sich seinen Blick auf den Kopf. Erwiderte mir: "Hätten wir, hätten wir," und verschwand in der Tür.

p. 117, Hans Wend, A. N. in Bielefeld.

Am 1. August 1933, der Aufforderung sich einmal zu unterrichten und die Bildung zu ertrachten.wiederholt habe ich den anderen Feldzeugen um zu verstehen gegeben, dass es unheimlich sei, immer nur einen mit der Meinung zu lassen. Sie haben mir zur Antwort: "Der Hitler so kann ist, wir sind es nicht."

p. 124, Hans Wend, A. N. in Bielefeld.

Obwohl es vorne sehr ruhig war, liess sich Hitler wie ein Kampfer vor dem Start, er hatte dann die Gewohnheit ruhelos umherzuwandern, umzuschallen und sich zurechtzurichten. Das ging den anderen oft auf die Nerven....

p. 124, Hans Wend, A. N. in Bielefeld.

Eines Tages ritt ich im Schritt hinter Hitler auf der Strasse.....ich war neugierig, ob Adolf Hitler sich benimmt.....ob er wirklich der Menschenmaschine ist.....Ganz in der Nähe von Hitler (schlug) eine Olive (ein.....Hitler aber setzte seltsam seinen Weg fort.....

p. 124, Hans Wend, A. N. in Bielefeld.

Acort mit-r hat sich... plötzliche der Beerdigungs-
feier eines englischen Offiziers sehr schnell darüber ausge-
sprochen, dass man feierliche Offiziere mit einem militäri-
schen Ehren begräbt und bei unseren Gefallenen dagegen
oft sehr....s are. & einmal wurde bei mir ein Offizier einer Be-
erdigung englischer Flieger bei... ..

[illegible] $\text{vol. } 170/201 \text{ cm}^3 \text{ mol}^{-1}, A_{\text{max}} \text{ at } 214 \text{ nm}$ in CHCl_3 .

„Mir ist es ein Anliegen von dem V. G. 13 in Kenntnis zu
setzen, inwiefern sich zeigt, dass diese Maßnahme keine Ihr
eigenes Leben mit einem schmerzlichen Leidener Zusammenhang ver-
binden werden.“

1. 140, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000, 10100, 10200, 10300, 10400, 10500, 10600, 10700, 10800, 10900, 11000, 11100, 11200, 11300, 11400, 11500, 11600, 11700, 11800, 11900, 12000, 12100, 12200, 12300, 12400, 12500, 12600, 12700, 12800, 12900, 13000, 13100, 13200, 13300, 13400, 13500, 13600, 13700, 13800, 13900, 14000, 14100, 14200, 14300, 14400, 14500, 14600, 14700, 14800, 14900, 15000, 15100, 15200, 15300, 15400, 15500, 15600, 15700, 15800, 15900, 16000, 16100, 16200, 16300, 16400, 16500, 16600, 16700, 16800, 16900, 17000, 17100, 17200, 17300, 17400, 17500, 17600, 17700, 17800, 17900, 18000, 18100, 18200, 18300, 18400, 18500, 18600, 18700, 18800, 18900, 19000, 19100, 19200, 19300, 19400, 19500, 19600, 19700, 19800, 19900, 20000, 20100, 20200, 20300, 20400, 20500, 20600, 20700, 20800, 20900, 21000, 21100, 21200, 21300, 21400, 21500, 21600, 21700, 21800, 21900, 22000, 22100, 22200, 22300, 22400, 22500, 22600, 22700, 22800, 22900, 23000, 23100, 23200, 23300, 23400, 23500, 23600, 23700, 23800, 23900, 24000, 24100, 24200, 24300, 24400, 24500, 24600, 24700, 24800, 24900, 25000, 25100, 25200, 25300, 25400, 25500, 25600, 25700, 25800, 25900, 26000, 26100, 26200, 26300, 26400, 26500, 26600, 26700, 26800, 26900, 27000, 27100, 27200, 27300, 27400, 27500, 27600, 27700, 27800, 27900, 28000, 28100, 28200, 28300, 28400, 28500, 28600, 28700, 28800, 28900, 29000, 29100, 29200, 29300, 29400, 29500, 29600, 29700, 29800, 29900, 30000, 30100, 30200, 30300, 30400, 30500, 30600, 30700, 30800, 30900, 31000, 31100, 31200, 31300, 31400, 31500, 31600, 31700, 31800, 31900, 32000, 32100, 32200, 32300, 32400, 32500, 32600, 32700, 32800, 32900, 33000, 33100, 33200, 33300, 33400, 33500, 33600, 33700, 33800, 33900, 34000, 34100, 34200, 34300, 34400, 34500, 34600, 34700, 34800, 34900, 35000, 35100, 35200, 35300, 35400, 35500, 35600, 35700, 35800, 35900, 36000, 36100, 36200, 36300, 36400, 36500, 36600, 36700, 36800, 36900, 37000, 37100, 37200, 37300, 37400, 37500, 37600, 37700, 37800, 37900, 38000, 38100, 38200, 38300, 38400, 38500, 38600, 38700, 38800, 38900, 39000, 39100, 39200, 39300, 39400, 39500, 39600, 39700, 39800, 39900, 40000, 40100, 40200, 40300, 40400, 40500, 40600, 40700, 40800, 40900, 41000, 41100, 41200, 41300, 41400, 41500, 41600, 41700, 41800, 41900, 42000, 42100, 42200, 42300, 42400, 42500, 42600, 42700, 42800, 42900, 43000, 43100, 43200, 43300, 43400, 43500, 43600, 43700, 43800, 43900, 44000, 44100, 44200, 44300, 44400, 44500, 44600, 44700, 44800, 44900, 45000, 45100, 45200, 45300, 45400, 45500, 45600, 45700, 45800, 45900, 46000, 46100, 46200, 46300, 46400, 46500, 46600, 46700, 46800, 46900, 47000, 47100, 47200, 47300, 47400, 47500, 47600, 47700, 47800, 47900, 48000, 48100, 48200, 48300, 48400, 48500, 48600, 48700, 48800, 48900, 49000, 49100, 49200, 49300, 49400, 49500, 49600, 49700, 49800, 49900, 50000, 50100, 50200, 50300, 50400, 50500, 50600, 50700, 50800, 50900, 51000, 51100, 51200, 51300, 51400, 51500, 51600, 51700, 51800, 51900, 52000, 52100, 52200, 52300, 52400, 52500, 52600, 52700, 52800, 52900, 53000, 53100, 53200, 53300, 53400, 53500, 53600, 53700, 53800, 53900, 54000, 54100, 54200, 54300, 54400, 54500, 54600, 54700, 54800, 54900, 55000, 55100, 55200, 55300, 55400, 55500, 55600, 55700, 55800, 55900, 56000, 56100, 56200, 56300, 56400, 56500, 56600, 56700, 56800, 56900, 57000, 57100, 57200, 57300, 57400, 57500, 57600, 57700, 57800, 57900, 58000, 58100, 58200, 58300, 58400, 58500, 58600, 58700, 58800, 58900, 59000, 59100, 59200, 59300, 59400, 59500, 59600, 59700, 59800, 59900, 60000,

[illegible]

pp. 145/146, same name, A. n. in folio

....den merkte Hitler, als alter Frontkämpfer, dass die Rekruten beim Abziehen der Handgrößen sehr unvorsichtig hantierten und sagte...:" wenn der Offiziersstellvertreter auf seine Rekruten nicht besser acht gibt, dann passiert etwas."als ich Hitler gleich darauf die Nachricht von dem Geschehenen überbrachte, staunte er gar nicht...sondern meinte:" Bei einem derart leichtsinnigen Hantieren, wie ich es heute wegen von den Leuten mitansah, konnte das nicht ausbleiben. Der Offiziersstellvertreter musste sich bemühen sein, dass er seinen Rekruten Handgrößen und bei so faulen Cier in die Hand gegeben hat."

pp. 143/143, "ans end, .". in beide.

Adolf Hitler bekam sich nun keine Zeit mehr sein warmes
Brot fertig zu essen, er holte sein Gewehr hervor, vi-
sitierte den Lauf, belte ihn um in einigen Minuten stand er
gemütsbereit auf der Strasse. "heute hat er dieser seinen
Tag....." brante ihm einer der Kameraden nach....

n. 151, Hans Mend, A. G. im Felde.

Adolf Hitler hatte dieser einen, wahren des künftigen
Hingangs in schenkenwerk seine gefährlichen Aufga-
ben voll und ganz erfüllt. So hörte ich es einstimmig von
den Gefechtsordnungen. Hitler sah noch recht zer-
stört und mitgenommen aus.

n. 155, Hans Mend, A. G. im Felde.

In den ersten Stunden blieb ich bei den Gefechts-
ordnungen auf, die aus dem Quartier hatten.
es gab es eine feste Anordnung.... die Adolf Hitler, mit ern-
stem Gesicht, aber in sehr unvorwilliger Weise verlas. ... Schon
dabei konnte sich niemanden denken mit seiner der starken
Bewusstheit Adolf Hitlers betonen und seine Anweisung
wurde von den meisten Angehörigen.

n. 156, Hans Mend, A. G. im Felde.

..... einen gewissen (wurde) die Vastfrumlichkeit
aufgezeigt, als er unentgeltlich oder als Soldatenleben verimpf-
te. Hitler war durchaus und voll bewusst von dort (Front).
eine weile hörte er zu, aber bald verlor unter Adolf die Ge-
duld..... Wenn Adolf Hitler auf dem Fronttruppen
schon nicht gut zu sprechen war, so hatte er noch viel we-
niger etwas fuer heute in der Hand geblieben..... er igno-
rierte sie....

n. 156, Hans Mend, A. G. im Felde.

In den 23 Monaten wo ich um ihn war, ist er kein einziges
Mal in Urlaub gefahren, nie in ein Lazarett gekommen, und
nur fuer einen halben Tag in Lille gewesen. Seine Tätigkeit S-
feld war immer im Feuerbereich. Seit Oktober 1914 hat er stets
alarmbereit nie mehr in einem Bett geschlafen, fuhr dann ei-
ner der Gefechtsordnungen in die Heimat, so musste er zu
seinem Dienst noch den des Urlaubers uebernehmen. Da er el-
ternlos war und als Oesterreicher in der deutschen Armee dien-
te, war er gewiss ermassen auch heimatlos..... Sein Leben ging
in Aussetzung seiner Pflicht auf. Hochstens, dass er sich wäh-
rend seiner freien Zeit mit Politik, Kunst- und Literaturstu-
dien beschäftigte.

n. 157, Hans Mend, A. G. im Felde.

im Oktober 1813... ich mich nicht in den...
bekannten Gefechts- und... von...
ben sie mir als... der... l. Klasse
und...:

Im selben... hatte... die...
der... und... der... ist zu-
teilt, so... als... funktionierte. Das
Regiment war... der... des...
... von... hatte... mit-
ter eine... zu... mit dieser
im... stand... ihren...
... der... nicht, lag-
te das... in... in ihrer Mutter-
sprache... in... die...
... die... zu...
entkommen. Die... ihre...
... als... der...
... von... vor.
... wurde... am 4. Au-
gust 1813 mit dem...:

Im... der... Leute
... der... der...
... sich... der...
...:

...:

... mit...
... der... und mit-
... der...
...:

...:

MEYER ADOLF

Mit Adolf Hitler im Reserve Inf. Reg. 16.

1915

...Bald zeigte sich im Gelaende ...ein einzelner Mann, der in gebueckter Stellung auf uns zueilte..... Bei uns angekommen, woehte er sofort durch den rueckwaertigen Graben...weitergehen. Wir baten ihn an den aufgestellten Apparat, um uns zu knipsen. Die stat er in bereitwilligster Weise. Einer von uns stellte die Frage nach Regimentszugehoerigkeit.dann der Gefragte hatte in vorchriftsmassiger Weise seine Achselklappen gerollt....Unsere Frage wurde kurz beantwortet: "Meldegaenger beim Regimentsstab 16, Hitler."

p. 33, Meyer, Mit Adolf H. im Res. Inf. Reg. 16.

Inzwischen war der Meldegaenger Hitler wieder zum Regiment zurueckgekehrt. Seine im Oktober 1916 in der Sommeschlacht ~~erlittene~~ erhaltene Oberschenkelver~~letzung~~wundung war ausgeheilt und er hatte dem Regiment davon Kenntnis gegeben. Ein ~~Telegramm~~ des Regimentsadjutanten Oberleutnant Wiedemann rief ihn wieder zum Regiment. Waere Hitler der Soldat gewesen, wie ihn seine politischen Gegner so gerne zeichneten, dann waere eine Zurueckberufung zum Regiment, und noch dazu eine telegraphische, sicherlich unterblieben.....

p. 57, Meyer, Mit A. H. beim Res. Inf. Reg. 16.

1917

...Dieser gab mir als Begleiter den Meldegaenger Gefreiten Hitler mit.....Der Weg fuehrte uns an zwei vorgeschobenen Geschuetzen vorbei. Kaum waren wir in deren Naeh, empfing uns der Gegner mit moerderischem Feuer.... Wenn ich allein gewesen waere, haette ich mich...in volle Deckung begeben. Niemand haette mir daraus einen Vorwurf machen koennen. Die vorzubringende Meldung hatte auf dieKampfhandlungen keinen Bezug.....Mein Begleiter war anderer Meinung. Ohne den geringsten Aufenthalt suchte er, natuerlich unter Ausnuetzung jeder Deckungsmoeglichkeit, so rasch als moeglich aus dem Feuertopf herauszukommen. ...Selbstverstaendlich konnte ich mir keine Bloesse geben und musste folgen. Wir kamen beide mit heiler Haut aus der gefaehrdeten Zone....

....In den beiden folgenden Einsatzperioden der Arrasschlacht wurde mir der Meldegaenger Hitler noch einige Male als Begleiter zugeteilt und jedesmal kamen wir ~~mit~~ unverletzt davon.

pp. 65/66, Meyer, Mit A. H. beim Res. Inf. Reg. 16

Waehrend des Vortrages des Kommandeursoeffnete sich der Vorhang und der Meldegaenger Mittler trat herein, machte seine Ehrenbezeugung so gut sie bei der geringen Hoehe der Hoehle moeglich war und ueberreichte eine geschriebene Meldung. Der Kommandeur ueberflog sie ohne sich in seinem Vortrag zu unterbrechen und gab dem Meldegaenger ein Zeichen, dass er abtreten koenne. Als sich jedoch der Vorhang hinter diesem geschlossen hatte, unterbrach der Major seine Ausfuehrungen, um gleich darauf mit erhobener Stimme, auf den Eingangweisend, zu sagen: "Wenn ich diesen Meldegaenger schicke, dann weiss ich, dass der Auftrag so gut ausgefuehrt wird, wie durch den besten Offizier meines Regiments."

Dieses Lob musste uns begreiflicherweise in groesstes Erstaunen versetzen....denn es galt einem Soldaten, von dem der Kommandeur kaum den Namen gewusst haben konnte.

pp. 78/79, Meyer, Mit A. H. im Res. Inf. Reg. 16

HANDSOME ADOLF- by Weigand von Miltenburg (pseud)
in LIVING AGE-(translated from Prager Tageblatt), March, 1931

....when Herr von Kahr was summoned to be general state commissar of Bavaria in 1923, his first act as legal dictator was to forbid twenty National Socialist meetings that were supposed to take place in Munich that evening to mark the beginning of a coup d'etat. Hitler's rage at this occasion knew no bounds, for he had always assumed that Kahr would play into his hands. A messenger was therefore sent from party headquarters to the general state commissar, begging him with threats and prayers to raise the ban on the meetings. After an hour the emissary returned to party headquarters and reported his sad message to Hitler. Kahr had refused to give way and had explained that he would open fire if the National Socialists resorted to force.

Up to this moment Hitler had hoped that he could speak to the crowds that evening. When he received this news he first kept silent for a few seconds and then fell into a kind of fit. He ran up and down the room, tearing his hair and shouting, 'Kahr is a traitor, a criminal. I am Scipio and he is Marius. I'll destroy him, annihilate him, he lying, perjuring Marius. This evening we shall march and perhaps I shall be killed by hostile bullets. Whoever dares to set himself up against me, I destroy.' The attack lasted nearly an hour. Threats, pseudo-historic tirades, and sadistic outburst followed one another in rapid succession. At last, when Hitler was finally persuaded by his staff that all resistance was useless, he collapsed and began to weep. A few minutes later he rallied himself together somewhat and began dictating a sharp, demagogic, and by no means stupid message to his followers, informing them that permits for the meetings had been refused.

This scene, which was reported to us by an eyewitness, reveals the man....

p. 15, March 1931, Living Age-
HANDSOME ADOLF, by Weigand von Miltenburg
translation from Prager Tageblatt.

Weigand von Miltenburg, pseud. for Blank, Herbert.
wrote pamphlets- Ernst Rowohlt Verlag Berlin: Adolf Hitler Wilhelm III.

...Adolf Hitler has a nine-room house on the Prinzregentenplatz, where he lives with a married couple who are really his cook and servant. Here he receives his more favored visitors in handsome, elegantly decorated rooms. His personal way of life has long been luxurious, and he is surrounded by every comfort. Besides his spacious city quarters, where his bedroom is fitted out in the most elegant taste and where his dressing table is covered with the most charming variety of perfume bottles, Hitler owns a country house where he spends his weekends, traveling there in one of his three automobiles.....

p 14, Living Age- translation from Prager Tagblatt-
Handsome Adolf by Weigand von Miltenburg, pseud, for Blank, Herbert.

ABSTRACTS FROM "RIP TIDE OF AGGRESSION"

By Lillian T. Monser

Hitler's link with the rebel militarists of Munich was not accidental. He was their man and they had sought his collaboration. The army had been his only spiritual home. Within its ranks he felt himself, for the first time, member of a group. As a poverty-stricken orphan in pre-war Vienna and Munich he had known only frustration and despair. Too untalented to be the artist he longed to be, too hysterical, ego-centric, and snobbish to be a home with workmen, he was an outcast and misfit, living in doss-houses, peddling hand-tinted postcards for a living. He thanked God on his knees when 1914 swept him into a Bavarian infantry regiment. He never rose to the officer's rank he craved but, as corporal, earned some praise for being "serviceable" to his superiors.

Love of a mystical Teuton Fatherland and passionate hatred of everything foreign, above all Jewish, made him both militarist and pan-German before the war was over. Within a short time of being demobilized he was back in the army again, disgusted with the brief bloody communist revolution Munich was going through, but suspiciously well-informed about its participants.

The Reichswehr was weeding out members of the revolutionary Soldiers' Councils. In the back rooms of low bars or beer-joints communists met and whispered. Adolf Hitler listened in their midst. Then suddenly, the doors would be thrown open; Captain Ernst Roehm's troops entered, and the wretched Reds would be marched away. One out of every ten was stood against the wall and shot. For during the revolution, Hitler was spy and informer for the Munich Group Command. He had no shame concerning his first "political activity." His heart was full of hatred for his fellowmen: fevered times gave him an opportunity to "distance himself" as he often expressed it; to feed his raging ambition even if only at cost of a comrade's life. Roehm had noticed his corporal's political awareness and gift of ready speech. He encouraged his patriotic talk in the barracks, gave him political leads, and small sums of money. "Buy the boys a beer and report to me what they're talking about," he ordered.

Hitler frequented labour meetings where disgruntled veterans aired their views. Gradually he began to orage himself. One day he listened to a public speaker labouring to explain the

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difference between Jewish-Marxist capital and socialism (which were bad) and German capital and socialism (which were all right). This fitted in exactly with Hitler's own conviction that anything and everything German were good. He inscribed himself as No. 7 in the little Verein which called itself the German Labour Party. Within a year he was leader of it.

The thwarted artist began to smarten up his little group. He grabbed slogans, party pins and flags, ideas from Russian communists, Italian fascists, German poets. Members were addressed as "comrade"; hefty lads with knuckle-dusters bounced hecklers at his meetings. These were his Order troops. He harangued crowds on the crime of the Versailles Treaty and the crime of the "Jews" who signed it. His fiery oratory was something new to slow-tongued, lower-class Bavarians. In Vienna you could find his like in any street-corner tub-thumper; in Munich his shouting and gesturing were a spectacle men paid to see. "Never did a man sweat so for his country; he wears himself out for us," remarked his placid listeners, deeply impressed, though they did not always understand his funny Austrian accent. The crowds grew and grew, and Hitler's belief in himself grew with them.

(pgs. 177-179)

.Both Rosenberg and Hitler were immensely influenced by Ludendorff who patronized their fanatical group. The old Man's wits were none too sound. This greatest military genius of his age now wrote crank pamphlets on Nordic supremacy and outdid the nazis in denouncing world plots of Freemasons and Jews. But he declared he loved Hitler "as a son". He had searched the Bavarian mountain villages in vain for a "Joan of Arc" to revive Germany's martial spirit. A prophetic impulse made him pick this Austrian to be his country's Messiah. Something in the little corporal's monomania touched his memories of other more glorious days, and the man had certainly given ample proof he could rouse the masses. By supplying him with army funds and marching at his side, Ludendorff symbolized the unbroken course of history.

(pg. 180)

.His (Hitler) six-month sojourn in prison broadened his outlook. It also stimulated a deep-lying itch for power. National socialism had almost collapsed in his absence, but he immediately revived the party and published his autobiography.

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Both showed obvious traces of much ill-digested reading, and Mein Kampf caused little stir when it appeared. "Campaign literature," said the few Germans who read it. Divorced from his magnetic personality, the continual harping on the Versailles "crime" failed to appeal.

(pg. 181)

Reichswehr complacency was a little dashed, however, when the Fuehrer, at his first official appearance gave his nationalist collaborators a demonstration that he could neither be trusted, nor appeased, nor used. He outwitted all those who helped him to power simply because they could not match his ruthless brutality. By methods no civilized government ever thought of, he instantly ousted them and made himself dictator. He dismissed Parliament and called a General Election. Six days before the ballot, the Reichstag burned. Declaring the communists had done it as the signal for "a plot to seize power" he arrested thousands, suppressed their political campaign, and stampeded the country into panic.

(pgs. 188-189)

He took a weak, defeated people crushed under a sense of inferiority and humiliation and turned them into hard, arrogant, fanatical warriors. He did this by giving them a new set of values. He induced them, because they had been beaten by the Western world, to discard everything the Western world cherished and called civilized. He vaguely realized that the forces of democracy and individualism were too strong for Germans to meet in battle on their level; therefore, he, or rather his racial experts, created a new German civilization based on the cult of blood; on the old myth of Nordic supremacy, relying on instinct rather than reason. Germans were ordered to "think with their blood."

(pg. 194)

This "revolt from the West" and national assault on intellect could not have produced such startling changes in Germany so quickly had such ideas been truly original and propounded for the very first time. Such talk, even with Hitler's genius for mass hypnotism, could not have prevailed against a people armed with convictions deeply opposed to it.

But nazism was no abrupt innovation, no sudden reversal of thought and sentiment. Most of its theories--in other forms--could be found in German literature and had their roots in national

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history. Nazi ideology was profoundly and characteristically German. Anti-semitism and the cult of a Herrenvolk had always found ready acceptance in certain circles.

It was Hitler's selection and crude application of these ideas which were so revolutionary and which gave them such wide and potent appeal. In his own garbled version he brought to the level of the masses the unbridled emotionalism of the Nineteenth-Century so-called "romantic" literary period. In Germany this had developed with typical extravagance and immoderation and affected not merely literature and art (as it did in other European countries), but politics, education, and general conduct as well. All the "dynamic discoveries" of that century's inflated ego he put back into circulation again to create a new barbarism and make the ideological soldiers of the Third Reich. His own boundless faith in himself and his mission were just further examples of the romantic contention that all authority sprang from within and owed nothing to objective facts or eternal principles.

Hitler's contempt for the main stream of European tradition, his repudiation of every restraint, had been fully anticipated by others; he was not even the first to deny Western civilization. The "insane Berserker rage" had seized Germans before. "For two thousand years we have fought the French" was how the popular mind conceived it. Yet it was not the French nation, but that sane sense of proportion French civilization typifies, the clear-thinking and classical form of self-control, against which demonic Teuton fury periodically rebelled.

How was it possible that he induced an intelligent people to accept his brutal theories? It was precisely because the German masses were so literate that they were easy victims for Hitler's appeal. A people that read less would not have fallen for his cosmic catchwords. Bear-mug philosophers and earnest adolescents were taken in. The atrocious vulgarity of the Nazi vocabulary did not deter them. Even the masses in Germany had heard echoes of the "survival-of-the-fittest" theory, knew something of Nietzsche's "superman", and the "will to power." They went to Wagner's operas regularly and were steeped in hero worship, identified Hitler with the "hero" who "turned against the ruin of his race."

(pgs. 195-197)

As long as Hitler was struggling for power he paid lip-service to Christianity; indeed, he broke with Ludendorff because the old man's pagan blasts lost him votes. Once in the saddle and sure that his Gestapo could crush any opposition he discouraged religion

and persecuted the churches. A good Christian could not be a good Nazi, and his totalitarian creed would admit no divided loyalties. Recruits in the Third Reich had to swear allegiance to the Fuehrer personally (not to the state) and the religious element of the soldier's oath was eliminated, despite the Reichswehr's disapproval.

(pg. 197)

Against the advice of his General Staff he sent German troops into the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland.

One bleak Saturday in March (1936) the grey-coated Reichswehr rumbled over the Rhine bridges; and Europe trembled on the brink of war.

"What shall we do if the French march?" questioned the frantic German generals, who knew that their army was far from ready and who saw all their long-laid plans for the "day" jeopardized by an amateur who trusted his instincts!

"If the French lift a finger, you can give the order to retreat and I will commit suicide!" answered the Fuehrer.

(pg. 203)

from : ADOLF HITLER, the drama of his career -by James Murphy -London 1934
after a meeting of the German Labour Party.

..As Hitler left the room a pamphlet was pushed into his hand by one of the members. The political instructor of Guard Regiment No 41 stuck the pamphlet into his pocket and forgot all about it for the time being. Were it not for two mice which called his attention to it later on, the German National Socialist Party might never have been founded. Food was very scarce at that time in Germany, even for the mice, because the Allied Blockade prevented supplies from reaching the starving people. Hitler, having a much more kindly soul than any that inhabited the bodies of Allied statesmen, thought even of the hungry mice. From his youth he had schooled himself in the virtue of self-denial, drinking and smoking little, and abstaining almost entirely from the use of meat. So it was easy for him to spare a little sugar for the mice. He used to place the piece of sugar on the floor of his room every night and took a great deal of pleasure in watching the happy faces of the two mice as they gorged themselves...One early morning - it was springtime- the two mice had awakened his interest so much that he could not fall asleep again...

p 31-32, J.Murphy- Adolf Hitler

ALOIS HITLER MAKES GOOD AS TEA ROOM PROPRIETOR

Berlin, Sept. 16th, 1937 - Alois Hitler, the half-brother whom Adolf never mentions, also has made good in Berlin.

Business is booming at the Tea Room Alois, which Alois opened two weeks ago. It is very modern and, in small letters over the door, there are signs: "Proprietor, Alois Hitler". The location is a principal square.

The waiters greet customers with "Heil Hitler", but they are cautious about discussing the relationship between the boss and Der Fuehrer.

Alois used to have a small cafe which was frequented by members of Adolf Hitler's Elite Guard.

The New York Times, Sept. 18th, 1937; 4:4

HITLER AND ROMANCE

German rumor predicts a marriage in the near future between Adolf Hitler and the widow of Siegfried Wagner, son of the great Richard. When the Nazi Chancellor and the lady met on Sunday in Leipzig on the fiftieth anniversary of Richard Wagner's death, the assembled press thought it was worth while to subject the demeanor and conversation of the two to particularly close scrutiny. The result was neutral.

One piece of indirect corroboration for popular report may be had. Hitler received a delegation of German newspapermen on Feb. 8 and promised them fair treatment in return for good behavior. Opposition within decent limits he was prepared for. Bismarck, he said, had the newspapers against him when he set out to build German unity, and so did Wagner at the beginning of his career.

Why drag in Wagner? To be sure, it is a great name, and the fiftieth anniversary was close at hand. Yet experts in the Unconscious will have no difficulty in proving that Hitler has been thinking of other Wagners than Richard. Entire biographies have been written on the basis of this kind of proof.

Editorial in: The New York Times, February 14th, 1933; 14:5

Hitler's new hide-away (the precipitous peak of the Kehlstein.
...a marvelous new steel and glass eyrie, perched like an eagle's nest on
...The Fuehrer has carved a new retreat for himself out of solid rock
high above his chalet...It can be reached only by a lift-shaft cut through
the heart of the mountain, the entrance to which is guarded as carefully
as the gold in the vaults of the Bank of England. Every chance he gets
he sits up in a small glass pavilion, 5,500 feet above sea level,
looking down on the snow-covered valleys and mountains below.
...Berghof did not give the Fuehrer the solitude he wanted....
...For month engineers and artisans have worked on his scheme. Although
it was completed just before last September's crisis, the German newspapers
have not been allowed to publish any details concerning it. Not have his
pet photographers been allowed to take any pictures of it.

Hitler wants no intrepid mountaineers risking their lives to shout:
"We want to see our Fuehrer" from the crags around his new retreat.

Every chance he gets he bolts from Berlin, the atmosphere of which
makes him nervous. In the summer he flies to Munich; in the winter he
takes his private train. From Munich his powerful Mercedes car races him
along his new concrete motor-road towards Salzburg. Then along the new
German Alpine road, hewn out of the rock, skirting the German Alps, to
Berchtesgaden.

He drives up the hill to the Berghof, past his chalet, up another five
miles over winding mountain roads.

If you went with him you would see suddenly in the cliff face two vast
bronze doors. As Hitler's car approaches, the doors swing slowly open.
His car drives through into the vast cave cut at the foot of the Kehlstein
It is a hall-like cave, walled with unpolished marble, 130 yards long
and twenty-feet broad, with garage space for a number of motor-cars.

You would go along a tunnel towards the heart of the mountain and
come suddenly to the lift. It is spacious and lined with burnished copper.
It has upholstered seats of heavy leather....400 feet to the summit..

The retreat itself is only large enough to hold eighteen persons
comfortably. It is painted white, furnished in simple Bavarian peasant
style. You might feel giddy as you approached the vast window, for the
pavilion is on the edge of a precipice. It has a view on four sides and
you would look down on the mountainous ~~XXXXXX~~ Berchtesgaden district
with its snow covered mountains and the snow-swept summits of the Bavarian
Alps all around you.

You would not go hungry in this eyrie. It has every comfort. Water is
pumped up to it by electricity..heat..kitchen, pantries..

One thing you would be unable to do and that is to smoke. Hitler
allows no one to smoke in his presence.

...There is always the possibility of some madman trying to bomb the
Nazi leader's Eagle nest from the air. So the Berchtesgaden district is
protected by anti-aircraft batteries as perhaps no other district is in
all Germany.

There is one other danger- that the lift should stop somewhere in
its four hundred foot shaft imprisoning the Fuehrer between rock walls.
An English friend of mine, one of the few foreigners who have been invited
to the new retreat, was shown over the Kehlstein by Hitler. "What would
happen if the lift stopped?" my friend asked the Fuehrer.

With a smile Hitler gave the immediate answer. "I suppose world
history would stop for a couple of hours."

-Silkirk Panton, Berlin Correspondent in the Sunday Express, London
taken from Current History April 1939

I could hardly believe my eyes as Otto Bauer, Der Fuehrer's personal pilot, ~~swoop~~ swooped into a perfect landing just below the chalet, and I saw the familiar figure approaching me...

Bareheaded, and with the unruly "browlook" broken loose, Hitler might have been a hired gardener. Clad in an old tweed coat, tightly buttoned and too short for him, and shabby trousers that did not match, he was waving a crooked stick wrenched from a cherry tree- for Hitler must carry something, even on his woodland hikes and hermit picnics in these lonely hills.

Hitler had aged a good deal, I thought, during the past year. He had grown thicker in girth, and showed signs of strain about the eyes and mouth.

"The pace has been hot," he owned. And then, with the wistful air of a man unsure of the task he has set himself, "kind you, I don't feel so young as I did!"

Yet standing there in the summer's blaze, he looked very alert; no huskiness in his voice, and an almost boyish air of joyous expectation. While he dwelt on the "world airport", which the capital would have in a couple of years, I stood gazing up and down at Alpine scenes of beauty..

...This is Hitler's one and only "home", the idyllic spot he selected twelve years ago. It is perched on the shoulder of the Obersalzberg....

Everyone knows how the modest chalet of today- "Haus Wachenfeld" is the name its Squire gave it- grew out of the original peasant hut where sister Angela kept house and washed and mended for a troublemaker who, from that day to this, had no use for any other woman in his emotional life. Hitler plays no games, is only a spectator of outdoor sports, and "collects" nothing but books on art and music.

Holiday with Hitler- by Ignatius Phayre- Current History July 1936

...There is little to note about Der Fuehrer's summer home, save the odd profusion of cactusplants in pots, the many canaries in gilded cages whose rolls and trills fill these bright rooms with tireless rapture, and the assortment of presents- furniture, china, silver and rugs- sent by German admirers from far and near. These, I thought were not well arranged; but then this is a bachelor's home. A woman's taste is in many ways missed- from the kitchen and bedrooms (those in the guest wings, as well) to Hitler's own study.

In this last, by the way, he writes all his important speeches.....

Holiday with Hitler- by Ignatius Phayre-Current History- July 1936

... Dinner at eight was a jolly affair. Everything was discussed except politics. Hitler himself, of course, ate his meatless dishes, yet the richness and variety of these, as prepared by Herr Kannenberg, his well trained cook, was a revelation to us grosser feeders. It was a well-spread table with fine wines, choice liqueurs and cigars. But our host is no smoker, and he drank only fizzy waters.

"Tomorrow," he announced at least, "we're going to have a children's party. So we'll hunt the highland villages for guests and then go down Berchtesgaden to complete the list."

Holiday with Hitler- Ignatius Phayre- Current History, July 1936

...There was music until the small hours. Herr Hanfstaengl gave us delicate bits from Mozart, with terrific crashes of Liszt in between. It was a relief when the last Rhapsody was played, and we could listen to the plaintive flutes and strings of a party of guides and hunters who serenaded their Leader from the cherry orchard close by.

Current History- July '36 Holiday with H. I. Phayre.

The furniture in my bedroom was of that 18th century German type which ~~was~~ Hitler affects, and on the walls I saw a few water-colors by Der Fuehrer himself.

These I inspected closely; for he still paints at odd hours- chiefly architectural subjects- and he signs them with a scrawly hieroglyph which no one could ever make out unless he knew the artist's name. Under one study of typical French peasant houses was written: "Harbourdin: 15-2-1916". Another was dated "November-1916". Yet another showed the interior of a field dressing-station. One that had no trace of havoc was painted on "June 29-1917"; this was the Cathedral of Ardoys in Flanders. Before I left Haus Wachenfeld I discussed his art aspirations with my host.

"I once took samples of my work," he told me with a wry smile, "to the Kunstakademie in Vienna. But I had no luck there, and all hope of a scholarship ended when my drawings were refused a show through 'poverty of talent' and because they were too architectural."

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History, July 1936

... He has never forgotten his "five years of misery in Vienna." There he had hunted odd jobs as a common laborer, a carpenter, or house painter with a little money picked up at intervals by drawing Christmas cards in sentimental vein. In quiet tones will Hitler recall his dreary tramps with workless hordes past the noble mansions of the Ringstrasse. There the contrast between the lot of rich and poor made a deep impression on this heartsick ex-service man, to whom social injustice was a crying evil that would not let him rest.

It was then, I gathered, that the first idea of the Volksgemeinschaft took root in his brooding brain. "I remember sniffing at a cook-shop door in the lull-hour. I had not a cent to buy food, and read rather vacantly a notice smeared with wet chalk along the steamy windows: Dein Volk ist alles; Du bist nichts- (Thy People is Everything. But You are Nothing!)"

There is nothing doleful in these memories as Hitler tells them at table. Even if there were, there is always the lively Goebbels to dispense sadness with a sudden quip or an old German folk-song.

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History- July 1936

..Next morning, after Breakfast on the terrace, under big canvas umbrellas, the Squire and Marshal von Blomberg set off to collect their guests for the children's party. A smiling Fuehrer would tap on an open door. Entering- perhaps at meal-time- he would inquire what the brood of babes had to eat (four is the minimum family he likes to see). And of course, he must dilate on ~~the~~ the vitamin-values of his own milk soups, cinnamon-rice, potato-pancakes and the rest. At four o'clock or so, quite a crowd of his little friends came straggling across the upland meadows.

Holiday with Hitler- I Phayre- Current History- July 1936

...Hitler was quite excited; never was there a middle-aged bachelor who so delighted in the company of children. I couldn't help recalling the somber exponent of the Reichsfuehrerschaft whom I had seen toiling in his Berlin bureau. He is ill at ease in that Presidential Palace on the Wilhelmstrasse, where the Graf von Dassewitz presents ambassadors and plenipotentiaries of all the nations. Again, I could see him orating in the open air, ...But here in his hillperched eyrie, Hitler is wholly changed and calmed. He can laugh heartily as he grabs up a tiny tot to show her all the fun that is going on in the aerodrome. Or again, some rustic maid of six or eight plucks up courage to creep up and pipe, "Ein Autogramme, Mein Fuehrer!" Out flashes that goldern pen, and in a moment Hitler's name is scrawled in a way to defy the handwriting expert. They say his autograph is negotiable anywhere in the Reich for ten marks or so. It is certain that scores of paper with "A. Hitler" on them have already built orphan homes and hospitals from here to the far marches of East Prussia.

.... When Hitler visits this lake or its neighbors, the Ober-see and the Winter-See, he ignores all the motor-craft that ply for hire, preferring a stout rowboat, and will act as his own Schiffmeister, bending to the oars as though he loved physical effort....

Holiday with Hitler- I Phayre- Current History- July 1936

...Retiring to his own study, where untidy books line the green walls, Hitler will roughly outline a manuscript without any embellishment or frills. He will then take the loose sheets to some favorite spot of meditation on the rocky heights, there to develop his theme and to memorize his arguments on a time basis. I was shown a steep knoll in a clump of firs where this earnest Demosthenes had such preliminary rehearsals quite alone. Here the mountain walls fall away, leaving the glorious view over into Austria ~~unbroken~~ unbroken for many miles. One can almost see Salzburg station from this point and the tranquil valleys of Hitler's "forbidden" native land.

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History- July 1936

..Here Hitler will speak of his boyhood days, just over the frontier in Leonding village, where, in a fourroomed cottage, his father, the much-married Alois Hitler, dwelt with his Klara. Young Adolf was a disappointment to them, as a dreamy and moonstruck ne'er-do-well who could never help the family budget to win a higher standard.

"My father," Hitler mused, "made rather a mess of his brief farming venture. He had no real bent in that way, being always the village official, and something of a martinet with us children. My little pal, Max Sixtl, and I were mighty keen on drilling rag-tag 'Armies' in the street. And I must own that our attack and defense shocks were a real affliction to the women shopkeepers. Once or twice we tried girls recruits in the ranks; my sister Paula was among them. But somehow, there's th at in the feminine make-up which sees no fun at all in war-games. The girls broke down and cried when they were thumped and knocked about in our battles. So after a short courtmartial we drummed them out of the ranks in disgrace.

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History, July 1936

" But we had awkward moments of our own, too. I remember that in the midst of tactics more or less on 'Cla sewitz' lines, I'd hear two ~~per~~ piercing blasts on a dog-whistle from down the street. Right weel did I know what they meant! And as a headlong deserter- to Max's gaping amazement- I would rade home as fast as my legs would carry me! At our cottage door stood the dread figure of my father. He'd be loud in reproach, and quite likely ready with heavy clouts that hurt my pride more than my person."

quotation Hitler in "Holiday with Hitler" I Phayre- Current History, Jy, 1936

..Of those past days (of the putsch) Hitler speaks freely enough, but rarely of the present events, and never of his future in politics. About music he will grow eloquent on a summer night, sitting out on the balcony as a big moon climbs up in a white glory from behind dark masses of the Schoenfeldspitze. All forms of jazz Hitler detests as "a sign of neurastenia, with a baleful influence upon our young people." ...

No one can say that this man courts the company of the grand folks. Neither is he physically robust, and when in Berlin he soon becomes fretful and tired. On the other hand, out here on the mountain frontier he can walk for hours without fatigue. Often he will rise at dawn, and soon the ground floor of the chalet resounds with the clack of typewriters and telephone bells. For there is business to be done, and quickly, so that by nine or ten he is free to devote himself to his friends, visitors and neighbors.

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History- July 1936

Women are rarely seen in this bachelor stronghold, apart from the wives of his ministers and official chiefs of the State Department in Berlin. Now and then one of the party's amazons, such as Frau Scholtz Klink, may bring along a party of girl scouts for a brief review and casual blessing.

Hitler's reading hours out here are divided among the foreign newspapers, world history, both ancient and modern; biography, and poetry. Blue is Der Fuehrer's favorite color for clothes; a double-breasted lounge suit, stiff white collar, and a dark tie with a pin-emblem in it.

Very few letters are allowed to reach Haus Bachenfeld from the Chancellery in Berlin. ~~the chancellery~~....

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History- July 1936

" You love this place?" I hazarded at last, watching this very "different" man with surprise, as he jested and told funny yarns to his friends out on the moonlit balcony after dinner.

"I am happy here," he replied simply. " High up on these sunny slopes, I feel I can breathe and think- and live! The very thought of all that reek and rattle of towns often appalls me as I recall it here. So does all the fuss, all the guarding, and cheering, and flower-pelting with the tedious routine of bureau and official life. Besides, I fancy the folks esteem me. You see, I'm just 'one of them'! They know I can enter into their joys and woes. I remember what I was, and what I have yet to do- if only my strenght lasts, and God and Luck remain with me to the end!"

Holiday with Hitler- I. Phayre- Current History, July, 1936

Pope- has seen Hitler frequently in Restaurants, Exhibitions- Operas and theaters.

..And last but by no means least, I have reluctantly turned my eyes from the stage of the Theater am Gaertnerplatz to watch the Fuehrer, resplendent in a white jacket and black trousers, whip out his high-powered opera glasses when Dorothy, hispet nude "Beauty Dancer" made her erotic appearances at the Nazi theater in Lehar's Merry Widow,..and other operettas..
..Let me take you to a performance of the Merry Widow..Of course we have no idea that the Fuehrer will slip into his royal box when the curtain rises. But then why did they cast have to go through an extra rehearsal without pay yesterday afternoon?!!.....The lights go out, the curtain goes up, and Adolf comes in, with his adjutant, Wilhelm Bruckner, on his left and his favorite Gauleiter, Boss Adolf Wagner, on his right.... Taking orders from his chief, Fritz Fischer packed the stage with a cast of two hundred actors and extras..He imported other foreign stars for special numbers in the show...

(after intermission).. Hitler waits until the bells have rung and the lights have dimmed again before he slides into his box. His adjutant has polished up the lenses of his opera glasses, for Dorothy, the Can Can Chorus, and the American dancers don't perform until the second half. (For this reason Adolf sometimes does not arrive at the theater until after the intermission.)

Dorothy begins her blitz-tease number. Sometimes her costume is a pair of transparent butterfly wings, more often she is completely nude. I have seen Hitler nudge his Gauleiter and smirk when Dorothy does her famous back-bending number in the spotlight. Watching Adolf ogle Germany's naked "Beauty Dancer" is just one more reason why I discredit the stories to the effect that the Fuehrer does not nurture a carnal interest in the female of the species.....

At one showing of the Merry Widow, Hitler himself applauded for twelve curtain calls before he left his box amid the "Heils" of the audience.

p. 5,-9 Pope, E. Munich Playground

For his own pleasure in Munich however, Hitler sent his private plans to France to pick up American dancers for the Merry Widow, which in addition to these has paraded English chorus girls, Czech and Yugoslav Widows, Danish acrobatic....

-p 7. Pope, Munich Playground

After the Merry Widow, Fritz Fischer, in full dress, accompanies Hitler down the theater steps to his bullet -proof Mercedes limousine, where he is joined by his adjutant and his Gauleiter. Around the corner, by the stage entrance, several busses chartered by the theater begin filling up with the cast in their costumes and make-up. Both the limousine and the busses have the same destination- another of Hitler's pet Munich projects, the Kuenstlerhaus (Artist's House). Adolf wishes to treat the cast and the girl extras (and himself of course) to a private after-the-theater party in this very special Nazi building.

Hitler's extravagant theater parties within the zealously guarded walls of this Nazi club are famous in Munich theatrical circles. Almost invariably when the Fuehrer attends a performance at the Theater am Gaertnerplatz, he invites the most attractive members of the cast to the Kuenstlerhaus. Somehow the male extras fail to be asked. Hitlerlikes to be surrounded with beautiful women in his leisure moments.

The Artists' House on the Lenbach Platz was rebuilt by order of the Fuehrer shortly after he had remodeled the Gaertnerplatz theater

..Hitler proclaimed that the Kuenstlerhaus was to be the club of Munich film and stage artists, Nazi painters, sculptors, authors, and journalists, where the Bavarian world of art and letters could dine, drink, and dance in luxurious halls away from the envious eyes of the ordinary German public....In a few month the Kuenstlerhaus developed into a hotbed of Nazi Nazi intrigue, orgies and artistic turpitude.....

A special suite in the Kuenstlerhaus is reserved for Adolf. ...
..The Reich Chancellor's theater parties are held in an ornate hall decorated with oriental rugs, furnished in the height of style and comfort. At one end of this hall the actresses and chorus of the Gaertnerplatz theater give intimate command performances for Adolf and his retinue in return for his champagne and company. The vaulted ceiling is covered with astrological figures of gold on a lapis lazuli background.

Before these parties, Hitler's adjutant informs the Gestapo manager of the Kuenstlerhaus that the Fuehrer is again "in the mood". The manager promptly orders an abundance of champagne.. Knowing that Adolf wants beautiful girls, he regiments them as living decorations for the entire house.

The Nazi Artists Guild in Munich has a complete file of several hundred Munich extras and models with their physical characteristics painstakingly described and photographed. ...The girls are warned to keep the Fuehrer's presence in Munich a strict secret.

Four hours after the Munich extras had been told to show up at the Nazi club, I called the management in my capacity as Munich Reuter correspondent and asked, "Is the rumor true that Der Fuehrer will visit the Kuenstlerhaus tonight?"

"We know nothing about any such visit", the Gestapo manager snapped.
p. 9-11 - Pope, Munich Playground.

...These private performances in the Kuenstlerhaus are the climax of the Fuehrer's indulgence in his passion for bright lights and colors, seductive music, and gorgeous women. Billy Rose is a blushing amateur compared to the streamlined Nazi efficiency in getting the most out of beautiful girls.

Hitler's theater parties last from midnight until ten o'clock the next morning, or later. The Great Man himself leaves for his Munich apartment between three and four A.M., while..

..The favorite actress or dancer of the evening has a way of leaving the party shortly after Adolf. A closed Borch, Maybach, or Mercedes provided either by Fritz or the Fuehrer's adjutant calls for her at the Kuenstlerhaus. I have trailed these cars several times along the Prinzregenten Strasse past the House of German Art to Hitler's apartment. Perhaps I was guilty of lese-majesté. But parked at a discreet distance in the dark Possart Strasse, I watched the young lady being escorted into the Fuehrer's house. After somewhat less than an hour, she returned to the waiting Mercedes with her uniformed chauffeur and was driven away. Adolf is a great protagonist of the blitz technique!

P. 11-12-E.R. Pope- Munich Playground-

Hitler laid the cornerstone to his artistic temple on October 15, 1933. "Lay this House of German Art..." the Fuehrer said on that occasion. Then he rapped the stone vigorously with a mason's hammer, while the spectators and guests of honor looked on in awed silence. The hammer broke! Hitler, intensely superstitious, turned pale. He was so upset by the incident that he locked himself in his Munich apartment and would see no one all next day...

P. 145- E.R. Pope- Munich Playground-

Hitler drops in at the gallery frequently to watch the progress in the hanging of the latest harvest of Nazi paintings of the *mise en scene* of Joseph Thorak's newest nude. His constant companion on these inspection tours is Frau Gerdy Troost, widow of the House's architect and a member of the Hitler hanging committee. These people trail the Fuehrer through the incompleting exhibit with greater trepidation than that experienced by the submitting artists. For Adolf is very outspoken about his views on German art.

During one of these trips, Hitler dove into the cellar to select an appropriate picture for one wall of the gallery. After much fussing, he finally found what he wanted and ordered the men to carry up the painting and hang it.

"But, Mein Fuehrer, You can't hang that painting!" objected Gerdy, who knows a thing or two about art. "It is impossible. The people will laugh at it. Look at the horrible color of the sky. And no grass ever has that tinge. It would never do to show the German people this absurd picture as an example of German art."

Adolf turned on Frau Troost, his eyes blazing. "I know what I'm doing," he barked. "How dare you question my judgment? In the world of art as well as politics, I am the supreme judge. *Verstanden?*"

Hitler scolded the widow of his dearest architect so savagely that she fainted on the spot. SS guards carried her out... I was fortunate enough to obtain the true explanation from someone who had witnessed the Fuehrer's outburst and the fainting....

P. 147-148 E.R. Pope- Munich Playground-

"I KNOW THESE DICTATORS"

by G. Ward Price

They are leaders who rose to supreme authority by embodying the national desire to escape from a condition of inferiority. Their functions are defined by the titles of Fuhrer and Duce that they bear.

Price-p. 3

Hitler's humor is more ingenuous and personal. He is gay and whimsical in the circle of his close friends, but too earnest in his attitude towards public affairs to be jocular about them.

Price-p. 4

He does not lend himself so readily as Mussolini to the give-and-take of question and answer, rejoinder and comment. Intercourse with him rather resembles the Socratic form of dialogue; the inquirer propounds a theme, and Hitler enlarges upon it. When more than two people are present, even though they are of his intimate circle, there is no general discourse. Either Hitler talks and they all listen, or else they talk among themselves and Hitler sits silent.

Price-p. 5

Hitler's manner is more formal. He greets his guest with a handshake, the arm held straight and low. His friendly smile is accompanied by a silence which, to a first-comer, is disconcerting. Or, when his caller is already known to him, he may murmur a quizzical "Na?" - an interrogative interjection which puts the onus of starting the talk upon the visitor.

Mussolini gives the immediate impression of a lively and eager brain reacting to each new stimulus. The temperament of Hitler is more dreamy and introspective. His bearing remains tranquil until his attention is aroused by some political remark. Then his eyes light up, his relaxed frame stiffens, and in a hoarse, somber voice, he pours forth a voluble reply. Hitler's public speeches are long and digressive, like the style of his autobiography. The Duce talks to the crowd in short, staccato phrases, and writes as compactly as if his words were to be carved in stone.

Price-p. 6

-2-

Price-p. 6 cont.

Whereas Mussolini is objective and practical, Hitler is subjective and mystical. Mussolini delights in complicated reports and official memoranda. Hitler detests them and shuns discussion of administrative detail. The one is a realist, the other a visionary. Mussolini's mental processes are dominated by facts; Hitler's are governed by ideals. It was a prominent German who once said to me, "You cannot really compare them, for the one is rational, the other intuitive."

Different in type as the two dictators are, they have the common quality of intense conviction. Both are fatalists. Mussolini believes in his star; Hitler in his call by Providence to the political redemption of Germany.

This certainty that their names and deeds are written in the Book of Fate gives confidence and directness to their utterances.

Both are extremely objective in their outlook on world-affairs. Their character as public men has been formed in the great struggle which each has had to wage in his own country. To this experience they owe their intensely nationalist angle of vision.

Price-p. 7

This conception of Hitler as a grim political robot is far from accurate. Behind the forceful character which he displays in public there is a human, pleasant personality known only to his intimates.

Although a passion for Germany was the earliest influence in his life, there is much of the Austrian in Adolf Hitler. The land of his birth and upbringing has endowed him with the artistic, visionary tendencies of the South German type. He makes no effort to control his feelings. When he tells the story of the trials and hardships of his youth and of the early struggling days of the Nazi movement, tears come readily to his eyes.

There is a strong strain of sadness and tenderness in his disposition. The intensity of feeling that imparts such high voltage to his public activities makes him sensitive to private griefs. When a close friend said to him: "You have been so lucky in everything you have undertaken," he replied: "In my

Price-p. 14

-3-

Price-p. 14 cont.

political life I have always been lucky, but in my private life I have been more unfortunate than anyone I have ever known."

The sobriety of Hitler's private life is well known. He is a vegetarian, teetotaler, and non-smoker. His favorite dishes are Nudelsuppe, a soup with little dumplings in it; spinach; apples, either baked or raw; and Russiche Eier, which are cold hard-boiled eggs with mayonnaise sauce. At tea-time, despite anxiety to avoid putting on weight, he is fond of chocolate eclairs. He drinks neither tea nor coffee, but only mineral water and infusions of camomile or lime-flowers.

Sometimes at the end of a hard day, or when he thinks he may have caught a chill, he swallows a little brandy in milk--but with distaste. He finds the smell of tobacco so unpleasant that no one is allowed to smoke in his presence, even after dinner, which to Germans is a serious deprivation.

Walking at Berchtesgaden is his only exercise, yet his appearance is healthy, his skin of a fresh color, and his pale blue eyes are always bright. In Berlin he never leaves his official residence except by automobile. Despite these sedentary habits, he shows great resistance to fatigue. I have seen him stand upright for five hours on end in his automobile at Nurnberg, holding the big yearly review of the Storm Troopers, most of the time keeping his arm stretched out stiffly in salute. During the crisis of the Rhineland re-occupation he worked continuously for two days and two nights. On the third evening he invited Frau Goebbels and some other friends to dinner. They looked at moving-picture films till 2 A.M., and when Frau Goebbels suggested that the Chancellor should get some rest, he said: "If you leave me now, I shall only sit up reading till 4 o'clock, so I hope that you will stay."

That is about his regular bedtime, most of his study of state documents being done in the small hours. Berchtesgaden is the only place where he can get a night's rest without a sleeping-draught, which he takes in capsule form after his evening meal, together with some digestive medicine. Whenever his public engagements allow, he stays in bed till noon. His general health is good, and the operation performed on him by Dr. Sauerbruch in the spring of 1935 was only to remove from the vocal cords one of those harmless "polyps" common with people who strain their voices by public speaking.

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Hitler is always smartly turned out, his thick brown hair brushed smooth, and his fresh-complexioned face closely shaved. Neither grayness nor baldness has yet touched his head. His teeth are strong. His white, spatulate-fingered hands are well manicured. Particularly noticeable is the big ball of his thumb, which palmists associate with strength of will. The lobes of his ears are large, an indication regarded by physiognomists as a sign of vitality.

.But only Nature could have provided the shape of the head, the facial angles, and that rather whimsical expression in the eyes, as if the brain behind them were occupied with some private joke, which is characteristic of Hitler.

.He often says that as a poverty-stricken young man in Vienna he made up his mind that when he became rich he would allow himself two luxuries--to have open fireplaces in every room (unusual in Germany) and to change his shirt twice a day.

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Herr Hitler is a widely read man. His closest friends declare that he is familiar with the works of all the leading German philosophers, and has mastered the history, geography and social and economic conditions of the chief European countries. His days of serious study are past, however, and he finds relief from responsibilities in stories of adventure. Karl May, a writer of the G. A. Henry type, whose books, like Through the Desert, are popular with German boys, is one of his favorites.

In works on travel, the maps and plans get most of his attention. He says that if he ever went to London or Paris he would immediately be able to find his way about, and he claims that there is hardly a famous building in the world which he could not draw from memory. The only cities outside Germany and Austria that he has ever visited are Brussels, to which he once went on leave during the War, and Venice, where he met Mussolini in 1934.

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Although he plays no instrument himself, music is a passion with Hitler. He never misses an opportunity of listening to Wagner and Beethoven. Grand opera is his favorite entertainment. A state performance of Die Meistersinger, with all the best German artists in the cast, is a standing feature of the Party Congress at Nurnberg. Hitler claims to have heard this opera a hundred times.

"I think I am one of the most musical people in the world," he says, with a whimsical smile.

He has a great liking for the ordinary theater and variety, but seldom gets a chance to indulge it.

Art has also a great appeal for him, and he knows a good deal about pictures. He recently acquired a Cranach and two Brueghels for his Munich flat.

The greatest practical interest in his life, however, is architecture. In everything but name he is the Chief State Architect of Germany.

No public building may go up until its style and layout have been submitted to the Chancellor, who examines them with the closest interest and attention. There is a room at the Chancellery in Berlin with a drawing-table, always spread with plans, at which he stands for hours, drafting original designs or modifications to be used in public works. The architectural features of the network of motor-roads which he has brought into existence were all of his contrivance.

.....His taste is thoroughly modern, with a preference for simplicity, symmetry, and spaciousness.

Price-p. 18-19

The cinema is one of Hitler's favorite distractions. All new films arriving in Germany or made there are sent to him. Frequently after dinner he will watch two full-length shows in a large drawing-room at the Chancellery. One of his favorite films is Lives of a Bengal Lancer, which I have heard him say he saw three nights running.

Fondness for children and dogs is regarded by many as evidence of good nature. This is a strong trait in Hitler's character. He keeps several Alsatians at Berchtesgaden, and

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felt great grief when one of his favorite dogs was poisoned, supposedly by the Communists.

Golden-haired, six-year-old Helga Goebbels is a favorite playmate of the Chancellor, and her mother, Frau Magda Goebbels, an extremely intelligent woman whose striking blonde beauty has been passed on to her little daughter, is his closest German friend of the opposite sex.

Price-p. 20-21.

Those in Hitler's intimate circle say that he is a very good mimic, and likes relating anecdotes to which added point is given by his impersonations of the characters concerned. After a concert following a state dinner, I have seen him standing among a group of the performers telling stories in a lively manner which kept his hearers in continual laughter.

The Chancellor has also a strong mechanical bent. Without any practical experience of engineering he takes particular interest in automobiles and motor-boats, being familiar with all the latest refinements of the internal-combustion engine, and quick to notice the features of a new model. Herr Werlin, a director of the Daimler-Benz Company, who is one of his personal friends, has told me that in discussing a forthcoming motor-show, Hitler once described to him an engine of a special type which he had seen at least twenty-five years before in Vienna, and did so with all the accuracy of an expert. When there is an automobile exhibition in Berlin he will spend a couple of hours a day there examining each car in turn. He claims to have motored more than half a million miles. "I am grateful to the motor-car, for it brought all Germany within my reach," is one of the Fuhrer's sayings.

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Hitler has a fantastically retentive memory. He can recall the contents of any book he has ever read, the plot of any play or film he has seen. His staff know that whatever they say to him is automatically recorded in his mind and will be quoted against them if, at some later date, they make a statement at variance with it.

His temperament is too individualistic to spare those who work under him. "He does not believe in helping people out of difficulties," said a close collaborator. "It is only when one

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of his subordinates is on the point of being overwhelmed by his work or responsibilities that he will come to his aid. Even then he does no more than lift the man's chin above the surface so that he can struggle for himself."

Inexorable as Hitler has shown himself upon occasion, his character is not one that cherishes small grudges.

"How many of your personal enemies did you pay out when you got to power?" he was once asked.

"None," was the answer. "There were many people against whom I had old scores, but when once I became Chancellor they seemed so insignificant. During my imprisonment at Landsberg, one of the warders was very disagreeable. He used to call me a Dorfler (village lout). I dare say he had a few qualms when I became head of the Government, but it would have been ridiculous to do anything to him."

Directly the Chancellor's emotions are touched, his generosity is prompt and liberal. In the summer of 1936 he was motoring in Upper Bavaria, and stopped by the roadside to admire a mountain view. An attractive young peasant-girl of about seventeen tried to approach him, and, on being prevented by his guards, burst into tears. Hitler saw her distress and asked what was the matter. She told him that her fiance had been expelled from Austria for his Nazi principles, and that as he could not find work, they would be unable to get married.

Hitler promised to look after both her and him, and not only found a job for the young man, but also equipped the couple with a furnished flat in Munich, complete, as he says with a smile, down to a baby's cot. In this case the Chancellor had his reward, for when the young woman after the wedding came to thank him, she flung both her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Towards subordinates and servants he is considerate, though capable of flashes of blistering wrath, but his personality and prestige are so strong that, without any effort on his part, he is surrounded, particularly in Berlin, by much awe on the part of his entourage. The atmosphere of his official residence has the unmistakable character of a court, though its routine and outward appearance are as simple as they can be where the head of a government is concerned.

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. They and his chauffeurs are on democratic, almost friendly relations with their master. Traveling by Hitler's special train, I have seen them taking their meals in the dining-car at the next table to that at which the Chancellor sat with Marshal Blomberg, General Fritsch, and Admiral Raeder, the Naval Commander-in-Chief.

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Yet Hitler has no fear of assassination, believing that his fate will protect him. "I always knew I should be a great man, even in my poorest days," he says, "and I feel convinced that I shall live to finish my task."

Stories of his dashing through the streets at high speed in a closed automobile between double ranks of S.S. men are quite imaginary. No head of a state shows himself more freely to the crowd, for he generally stands upright in the front seat of an open car which moves at a walking-pace.

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Though Hitler, as I am told by those in his confidence, always carries a revolver, his nerves are good. Once when he was entertaining a party of young women, one of them mischievously dropped a Knallerbse on the floor. Yet Hitler showed no alarm, but only laughed.

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. This head-butler, though small, is of imposing corpulence, and when he stands behind his master's chair at an intimate dinner-party, one of Hitler's favorite jokes is to exclaim over his shoulder, "Kannenberg, tell us, how many chins have you really got?"

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The principal living-room is long and narrow, with a similar angle in it to that of the hall. The walls are hung with a variety of pictures. In addition to a fifteenth-century Cranach and the original of the well-known portrait of Bismarck by Lenbach, there are several of those popular paintings by Jose

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Frappa, a French artist of the eighteen-nineties, which depict cardinals in scarlet robes dining amid sumptuous surroundings.

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"On the Berg"--so he and his friends refer to his house at Berchtesgaden--the domestic arrangements were formerly under his elder, widowed half-sister, Frau Raubal, with whom he lived during the early days of the Party in Munich. She is a strongly built, imposing woman of fifty-four, and there is no family resemblance between them. Two years ago Frau Raubal married again and went to live at Dresden with her new husband, who is of about her own age and a professor at the university. Her brother did not attend the wedding. His friends say that he disapproves of marriage for elderly people.

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The Fuhrer's style of living there is simple. He generally wears Bavarian peasant-costume or civilian clothes. From the house, which stands on a spur of the hills, a straight drive leads down to the public road, where a post of S.S. guards is always on duty. Here, especially in the holiday-season, a throng of Germans assemble daily in the hope of seeing their leader, and Hitler is fond of walking down to greet them. He pays special attention to the children, signing the pictures of himself which they hold out to him and sometimes asking them up to the house for lemonade and cakes. Nor does he resent the intrusion of young people when he dines at one of his favorite little Munich restaurants. Parties of the Hitler Youth or the League of German Girls are allowed to come in and look at him. He generally calls them to his table, shakes hands, and orders ice-creams and chocolates for them.

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Although Hitler dislikes being alone and is fond of the company of intimate friends, he takes little pleasure in formal entertainment.

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"This is an anniversary in my career," announced the Chancellor, as we sat down. "It is ten years today since I was released from prison at Landsberg."

Not many statesmen refer in public to their early reverses. Hitler, with the simplicity of genius, has made the unsuccessful Putsch of November, 1923, into the proudest anniversary of the Nazi movement. Instead of being passed over as a failure it is celebrated as a glorious martyrdom.

The Chancellor continued his reminiscences of Landsberg during the first part of dinner. "When I was released after thirteen months," he said, "practically the entire staff of the prison, including the Governor, had been converted to the Nazi movement. The Bavarian Government was furious, and sent most of the warders to the Police School as punishment. Before they had been there six months the place had become a Nazi recruiting-center, and had to be closed. That was a good thing, for it spread about over the whole of Bavaria a lot of policemen who made propaganda for our principles."

When dinner was over, Hitler rose, saying, "Will those who don't want to smoke come with me into the room on the right, and the rest go into the room on the left?" ~~xxxxxx~~

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This dining-room is a new and spacious apartment designed by Hitler for such occasions, built out in what used to be the garden of the Chancellery. It is about 100 feet long by 50 across, with rows of red marble pillars forming an arcade along each side. Windows draped with brown curtains reach up to the lofty roof, which is flat and made of a mosaic of light blue and gold. One of Herr Hitler's staff told me that the color of this ceiling had been changed half a dozen times before the Chancellor was satisfied. Tall gold candlesticks stood at intervals along the floor, and the room's only adornment was a big Gobelin tapestry on the wall behind the head of the table, which had been brought from the German Museum at Munich.

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Another respect in which an entertainment of this kind in Germany differs from the official dinners of most governments is the dresses of the women. Simplicity is the rigid rule of feminine attire under the Nazi regime. As "make-up" is contrary to its principles, and jewelry almost entirely barred by the

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Spartan views of the Government, state functions in Germany lack some of the glamor which feminine extravagance confers on them elsewhere.

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In the first place Herr Hitler is no woman-hater. He shows a strong predilection for feminine society, in which his manners are marked by an old-world formality.

There can be few European statesmen whose greeting is so gracious as Herr Hitler's. He takes a lady's hand in his own, holds it for a moment as if it were some precious object while his blue, searching eyes smile into hers, and then bends forward in an elegant bow to touch it with his lips. In the company of women Hitler's manner takes on a lively air of interest which has no appearance of being forced. He shows marked appreciation of good looks, but unless a woman is also intelligent he avoids engaging her in conversation. Small talk is uncongenial to him.

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For Herr Hitler, living under the strain of the leadership of a great nation and the control of a huge party, the society of these young Englishwomen has an attraction which can be readily imagined. They can talk to him with a freedom which few German women would venture to use. Their outlook on life, derived from a different background and upbringing, is in marked contrast to that of most people whom he meets. They have a lively sense of humor, which is shared by few, except Dr. Goebbels and his wife, in the Chancellor's immediate circle. Their keenness and high spirits work as a mental tonic upon a man subject to the varying moods of a highly strung temperament.

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Platonic relations with the other sex, of the kind that I have just described, may well represent the full extent of Hitler's taste for feminine companionship. His life is dominated by the conviction that he has a great mission to fulfill. He allows no outside influence to interfere with its achievement. By eliminating such complications as marriage or intrigue, the Fuhrer economizes energy and spares himself perpetual pre-

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occupation. He furthermore adds--though not, perhaps, deliberately--to his mystical prestige with his fellowcountrymen. His single condition consorts well with his role as High Priest of the German people.

Intensity of purpose is no uncommon cause of celibacy, and, in Hitler's case, the sublimation of sexual impulses in the performance of public duties would be helped by the self-control that he shows by doing without tobacco and wine and limiting himself to food of monastic simplicity.

It is certain that this disciplined restraint of human instincts implies no lack of human sympathy. One of the most striking features of Hitler's personality is his faculty for putting himself in harmony with others. Men of most varying characters alike receive, in contact with him, the conviction that there is some special bond between them. His mind, like that of many great leaders in the past, has a strong psychic strain. I have been told that the Austro-German borderland where he was born is known, like the Scottish Highlands, to be prolific of people with this gift of intuition.

The susceptibility of the Chancellor's mind to psychic influences is shown in his public oratory. At the outset of a speech his delivery is sometimes slow and halting. Only as the spiritual atmosphere engendered by a great audience takes possession of his mind does he develop that eloquence which acts on the German nation like a spell. For he responds to this metaphysical contact in such a way that each member of the multitude feels bound to him by an individual link of sympathy.

His own awareness of a psychic sense would seem to be indicated by one of the stories he tells of his experiences in the War.

"I was eating my dinner in a trench with several comrades," he says. "Suddenly a voice seemed to be saying to me, 'Get up and go over there.' It was so clear and insistent that I obeyed automatically, as if it had been a military order. I rose at once to my feet and walked twenty yards along the trench, carrying my dinner in its tin can with me. Then I sat down to go on eating, my mind being once more at rest.

"Hardly had I done so when a flash and deafening report came from the part of the trench I had just left. A stray shell had burst over the group in which I had been sitting, and every member of it was killed."

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To neither masters nor schoolfellows did Adolf Hitler, then just entering his 'teens, appear to possess any unusual qualities. The former, in their class reports, used to censure him as "lazy and self-willed." And though a boy defiant of authority enjoys a natural prestige among his classmates, the youthful Austrians of a generation ago took their studies too seriously for his insubordinate example to impress them. They knew that a good "school-leaving certificate" would be indispensable as the foundation-stone of their future career. Hitler himself, a few years later, came bitterly to regret his failure to pass this examination. For it led to the refusal of his application for admission to the School of Architecture in Vienna, and thus brought him up against the fact that, for a poor boy who had neither learnt a trade nor taken advantage of his educational opportunities, the only means of livelihood was manual labor.

As a schoolboy young Adolf was already a political agitator. His instinct reacted to those racial antagonisms which divided the polyglot Empire of Austro-Hungary into jealous nationalist sections.

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Young Hitler's enthusiasm for Germany and her achievements was further increased when, at the age of twelve or thirteen, he saw from the topmost gallery of the Linz Opera House a performance of Lohengrin. The splendor of Wagner's music stirred his soul. In it the boy found the emotional expression of his sense of kinship with a nation to which he felt himself drawn far more strongly than to the patchwork federation of races whose only link was the Imperial House of Austria. The bitterness which is the strength of a successful agitator was already taking root in his heart.

Adolf Hitler certainly did not inherit these anti-Hapsburg sentiments from his father, whose earnest desire was that his son should become an Austrian government official like himself.

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Alois Hitler was fifty-two years old when Adolf was born. Four years later he went on pension, and during the ten years that were left to him, the ambition of the retired Customs Officer was to see Adolf qualify for government service. He

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was sent to the Modern School in Linz, and nothing caused the father so much wrath and disappointment as his son's obstinate refusal to fall in with this plan. Adolf had made up his mind to be an artist, and idled away his time at school except in such subjects as he liked, which were drawing, history, and geography. Any political topic, however, aroused his eager attention.

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For a day or two before the royal visit, young Hitler was busy canvassing his schoolfellows, and the result was that when the headmaster gave the signal, he was horrified to hear, instead of the official "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" a shrill chorus of "Heil! Heil! Heil!"

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Adolf's father dropped dead one January morning in 1903 while reading the newspapers in the local coffee-house at Leonding, a village near Linz where the family had settled after his retirement. Hitler was then fourteen, and in the absence of his father's authority, he neglected his lessons still more. About this time he was, moreover, discovered to have a weakness of the lungs, which kept him away from school for a whole twelve months. During the next five years, which included only a little more schooling at Linz and Steyr, he lived with his widowed mother.

To their neighbors in Linz, where Frau Hitler moved after her husband's death, this young man must have seemed on the way to become a ne'er-do-well. He had had a good middle-class education, but had lost the advantage of it by failing in his school-leaving examination. And now, in his later 'teens, when most youths of his class were already working, he continued to live at home with his mother, supported by her small pension as the widow of a Customs Officer. His affection for her was the happiest feature of his early life, and as a soldier at the front he carried her picture next to his heart.

Hitler had always been accustomed to poverty. He often speaks of the days when as a boy he went barefoot even in the snow. Yet the poor circumstances and precarious outlook of

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his family did not lead him, as might have been expected, to look for employment. The reason was that he had an instinctive dislike for manual labor, and since he had failed to obtain any educational certificates, nothing else was open to him.

Politics were the principal diversion of Hitler's youth. He would sit in a cheap coffee-house devouring the various party organs which hung in rows, each on its wicker holder, from pegs on the wall. He developed, too, a taste for attending political meetings, especially those likely to be noisy or to attract the attention of the Austrian police by seditious speeches. Frau Hitler's devotion to her only surviving son made her uneasy lest these interests should get him into trouble. She would implore him to keep away from such gatherings, and Adolf would promise to do so--only to find the temptation too strong to resist.

On one occasion, when a German Nationalist speaker was denouncing the Hapsburg dynasty and its alleged betrayal of the interests of the Austro-Germans, a police inspector stepped onto the platform and stopped the proceedings. The audience made a rush for the doors. They ran into the arms of a strong detachment of gendarmes and were ordered to form up to be marched to the nearest police station.

Adolf was in a fright. It might be that the prisoners would be released after names and addresses had been taken, but it was also possible that they would be locked up for attending an illegal political demonstration. What would his mother say after he had pledged himself to keep out of such scrapes? He cast anxious eyes around as he stood herded with the others under a police-guard. They fell on one of those circular advertisement-kiosks that stand in Austrian streets. Each time the nearest policeman turned his back he sidled stealthily closer to it. When the constable's attention was distracted for a moment by an order from the inspector, Adolf darted behind the kiosk. Before the policeman had noticed his disappearance, he was running at top speed for home.

Five years were thus dawdled away. Young Hitler had a natural ability for sketching, and till he was eighteen, kept up his mother's hopes with the assurance that as soon as he was old enough he would get into the Art Academy at Vienna and complete his studies there.

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In 1907, with four years of indolence already behind him, he accordingly made his first journey to Vienna to apply for admission to the Painting School of the State Academy, where free instruction and a small living-allowance were given to students.

To his dismay his application was refused, the Rector of the Academy deciding that his sketches did not show sufficient talent.

Hitler's taste in drawing was mainly for architectural subjects, and he followed up this failure by a similar application to the School of Architecture. There he came nearer to success. In his book, Mein Kampf (published in England as My Struggle and in America as My Battle), he relates that the Director showed some interest in the specimens of his work, but on learning that he had never passed his school-leaving examination, declared that he was ineligible for admission.

In despair, the young would-be artist took the train back to Linz. His long-indulged dream of a career as a painter had been shattered. The future must have seemed dark indeed. Even today, Hitler, talking of those times, holds out his shapely hands and says; "Look at these! You can see they were never made to use a spade."

But it was soon to be a choice between that and starvation. In the following year his mother died, and with her death ceased the little pension upon which she had hitherto provided her now nineteen-year-old son with bed and board.

A small sum was realized by the sale of the cottage which had been his father's property. Hitler gave up his share of this small inheritance to his younger sister, Paula, and set out with hardly anything but the clothes he stood up in to earn his living in Vienna.

From that time all connection between Hitler and his family ceased for many years. It is characteristic of the man that he has kept himself free from domestic ties. From the first his mind was more occupied with public questions than with personal affairs of any kind.

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"If my relatives had deserved better conditions, they would have got on as I did," is a remark attributed to Hitler.

In his autobiography his brother and sisters are not mentioned. The only one of them for whom he seems to have any attachment is his step-sister, Angela. He got into touch with her again when he revisited Vienna after the War. She was then the widow of a man named Raubal, and in domestic service as a cook. Frau Raubal and her daughter, Grete, came to see Hitler while he was a political prisoner at Landsberg in 1924. When the Party was refounded in the following year and Hitler's finances began to improve, they moved to Munich to keep house for him.

His other sister, Paula, seven years younger than himself, lives in humble circumstances in Vienna. Hitler sends her an allowance, but it is limited to the maximum amount that the currency regulations permit to be sent out of Germany within a given period.

His elder half-brother, Alois, born in 1882, worked for many years as a waiter in Germany and England. His fate is uncertain. Some say that he is dead; others that he is the proprietor of a modest restaurant, known by his Christian name, recently opened on the Wittenbergplatz in the West End of Berlin.

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It was his sense of frustration that filled him with antagonism towards the existing order of society, and prepared him to interpret and inflame the exasperation which defeat and the pressure of the Peace Treaty kindled among the German people. The animosities formed by Hitler in Vienna have become the prejudices with which he has inspired the whole German nation.

Seeking for an outlet of this resentment against his fate, his instinct fastened upon two grievances--the activities of the Jews and the futility of parliaments.

In his boyhood days Hitler had been unaware of the very existence of the Jewish question.

"Linz possessed only very few Jews," he writes in "mein Kampf". "In the course of centuries their outward appearance had been Europeanized and become human. I even regarded them as Germans. The folly of this conception was not apparent to me because I regarded them as differentiated only by a foreign faith. That for this reason they should be persecuted, as it seemed to me, sometimes intensified into disgust my disapproval of unfavorable comments on them."

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Adolf Hitler's vindictive hatred of his wretched and apparently hopeless condition thus found an outlet on which it could be concentrated. The German Nationalist instincts of his boyhood had set him against the Hapsburgs because they gave the other races of the Empire equal standing with its German stock. But here was a more flagrant abuse to arouse his indignation. Investigation of Jewish activities in the press, art, literature, and the theater convinced him that they amounted to "a pestilence, a spiritual pestilence, worse than the Black Death of former times, which was affecting the whole nation." The street-life of Vienna showed him the part played in prostitution and the white-slave traffic by the race which had become the object of his abhorrence. He learnt that the Socialist press was largely conducted by Jews. He found, in fact, that the controlling spirit and hand behind the things he most hated were almost invariably Jewish.

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"I gradually began to hate them," he says. He transferred to the Jews the hostility that he had formerly felt for the Socialist workmen with whom his brief experience as a builder's laborer had brought him into touch. These he now perceived were more to be pitied than blamed. They had been corrupted by the Jewish gospel of Marxism, which "denied the aristocratic principle of Nature and substituted for the eternal pre-eminence of strength and might the deadweight of numbers."

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The other obsession with which his four years' stay in Vienna imbued the mind of this discontented and critical young man was that of the futility and peril of parliamentary institutions.

Hitler admits that his youthful newspaper-reading had inspired him with unconscious admiration for the British Parliament, which he had some difficulty in shaking off. He was impressed by the dignity with which the House of Commons fulfilled its task, but for a state made up of such a mosaic of peoples as Austria he found the parliamentary system totally unsuitable.

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It aroused his indignation that the fate of the German element, which he regarded as the elite of the country, should be dependent on a parliament where other national elements were in the majority. He watched debates from the galleries and was disgusted to see with what indifference and lack of discipline they were conducted. It shocked him that some speakers should address the house, not in German, but in their native Slav dialects.

He conceived contempt both for parliamentary institutions and their members. The main defect of a parliament, as he saw it, was that no one could be held personally responsible for any measure. He was disgusted that a statesman's artfulness in controlling a more or less corruptly compounded majority should be rated as high as his ability to plan a large-scale policy or take great decisions.

"Majorities can never replace men," was his conclusion. "They represent not only stupidity but timidity. And just as a hundred boneheads are incapable of wisdom, so a hundred cowards will never make a heroic resolve."

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Disgust with the cosmopolitan capital of Austria led Hitler in the spring of 1912 to move to the more congenial German atmosphere of Munich. In those days frontiers were only Customs-barriers and could be crossed without passport or police permission. As an Austrian subject Hitler remained liable to military service, and during his early days in Munich he returned to Austrian territory at Salzburg to present himself for enrollment. The doctor rejected him as unfit. It is not surprising that the privations he had endured in Vienna should have lowered his physical condition.

He could still be called up for service on mobilization. By joining the Bavarian Army as a volunteer at the outbreak of the War, Hitler lost his Austrian nationality. Until he became a German citizen in 1932, he was officially classed in Germany as Staatenlos, or "without allegiance."

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The desire to confirm his pro-German sentiments by deeds had long been urgent in his mind. Though his own native land was involved in the struggle now beginning, he felt no call to fight for the Hapsburgs. Instead, on August 3, 1914, he applied to be enrolled as a volunteer in the Bavarian Army. He was immediately accepted and attached to the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment.

Price-p. 57

Of his military career, as of his life in Vienna and Munich, Hitler himself has furnished a shadowy record lacking in detail. He was attached as an orderly to regimental headquarters and showed, throughout his long war-service, a grim and moody courage. In October, 1916, he was wounded by a shell-splinter, and in the hospital to which he was sent at Beelitz; near Potsdam, he had his first contact with the demoralization which had already begun in Germany.

Hitler was disgusted to hear his neighbor in hospital boast of a self-inflicted wound, and to hear expressions of admiration for the artfulness of soldiers who managed to avoid the front.

When his wound was healed he went on leave to Berlin and Munich. Everywhere discontent and grumbling prevailed. Hitler applied for immediate return to his regiment. He had no friends or family. His war-comrades say that he never received a parcel and hardly ever a letter. The regiment was his only home. "I do not want to be in Munich when my comrades are at the front," he wrote in asking to rejoin at once.

The story of Hitler's war-service, as pieced together from the recollections of men who served in the List Regiment, shows him to have been reserved and distant with his comrades, but enthusiastic in the discharge of his duty.

The regimental history records that under heavy artillery fire he jumped in front of his commanding officer to shield him with his body, and pushed him into the shelter of a shell-hole. This devotion to his officers even aroused the jealousy of his fellow-soldiers. He was always on the alert to do them service by looking after their clothes or meals in the trenches. Yet they do not seem to have detected in him the qualities of leadership. His various company-commanders gave him no promotion, despite his experience at the front, beyond the rank of lance-corporal.

Price-p.57-58

Price-p. 58 cont.

It was probably his lack of popularity with the men that barred Hitler from advancement. He took no part in the jokes and grumbles of the trenches. His sullen silence was broken only by violent diatribes on topics of little interest to the ordinary soldier. He would contrast the effectiveness of British war-propaganda with the failure of the German Government to employ similar methods. He observed how, in the Allied countries, the day of popular leaders like Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Wilson had come. During all those years on the Western Front he was steadily developing a sense of his own superiority to the mass of mankind.

When his companions jeered at his political lectures, Hitler used to assure them that "you will hear a lot of me yet." Nor were his propaganda activities confined to words alone. He is said to have used his fists in beating up a telephonist who declared that it was all the same to him whether Germany won the War or not.

The merits of Hitler's military service were proved by the fact that towards the end of the War, on August 4, 1918, he was given the Iron Cross of the First Class.

There is a picturesque story, told by Hitler's former comrades, that this was conferred upon him for an action demanding both courage and decision. They say that during the fighting round the Montdidier bridge-head, Hitler and another orderly, while acting as dispatch-runners, stumbled upon a dozen French soldiers out off in a trench. Hitler, according to this version, covered them with his rifle, made them lay down their arms, and marched them back to regimental headquarters.

There seems to be no official record of this action, but even without it the recommendation of Hitler for the Iron Cross of the First Class, drafted by his commanding officer, Baron von Godin, is a high tribute to his soldierly qualities. It reads as follows:

Lance-Corporal (Volunteer) Hitler, Third Company.

Hitler has been with the regiment since the beginning of the War, and has given a splendid account of himself in all the engagements in which he has taken part.

As company-runner, he displayed, both in open and trench warfare, exemplary coolness and spirit, and he was always ready to volunteer to carry through messages in the most difficult positions and at great risk to his life.

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Price-p. 59 cont.

After the cutting of all communications in a critical situation, it was due to Hitler's indefatigable and self-sacrificing activity that important messages got through despite all difficulties.

Hitler received the Iron Cross (second class) for gallant conduct in the Battle of Wyttschaete on December 2, 1914. I regard him as fully worthy to be decorated with the Iron Cross (first class).

In October, 1918, on the same sector near Ypres where Hitler had received his baptism of fire four years before, his battalion came under a night-long bombardment of "Yellow Gas" shells. At seven o'clock on the morning of October 14 his eyes were so badly affected that he had to be sent down the line, carrying with him, as he says, his last dispatch.

Price-p. 57-60

Hitler burst into tears. All the sacrifices and suffering that he had witnessed and shared had been in vain. Germany, his youthful idol and adopted fatherland, lay in ruins.

Gradually his grief gave way to bitter hatred of those Jews and Socialists whom he held responsible for the collapse of the German nation. It was to avenge this betrayal that he determined to take up politics.

Price-p. 60

The political dreams and discussions which seemed so unprofitable in Hitler's early career had given him a self-assurance that now stood him in good stead. All doubts and difficulties in his own mind were disposed of. He was so thoroughly convinced himself that he carried conviction to the puzzled and despairing multitude. He realized that in times of confusion and catastrophe men crave to be led rather than persuaded.

Price-p. 62

After the suppression of the Reds, Hitler joined the Military Intelligence Service, and was attached to an organization for giving civilian training to the troops after their long army service.

Price-p. 63

Price-p. 63 cont.

It was here that the idea of forming a political party arose in his mind. He discussed it with his comrades and decided that the best name would be "The Social Revolutionary Party," because the reconstruction of which they dreamed would amount to a revolution.

Price-p. 62-63

He hesitated because, he says, he has always had an instinctive dislike for people who start things without carrying them through.

Price-p. 65

When Hitler gave up his pay and rations as a soldier to work for the Party, he condemned himself for several years to extreme poverty. He used frequently to pass the night in the public waiting-rooms at the Munich railway station, unable to afford a bed. Members of the Party who were in employment used to take turns in asking him to share their meals. Even as late as 1923 a friend who gave Hitler an overcoat saw tears come into his eyes.

Price-p. 71

In Hitler's eyes discipline was of greater importance than intelligence.

Price-p. 73

Hitler was against this project of making his young men into plain-clothes soldiers. It may be that he realized that the practical effect of the proposal would be to transfer them from his authority to that of the army chiefs. He opposed their militarization with the argument that week-end training on a voluntary basis and without military penalties for slackness was not enough to make an efficient soldier.

Price-p. 75

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Price-p. 75 cont.

As for the other plan of using the Storm Troops for a political coup d'etat, Hitler maintained that power in Germany could be won only by peaceful means. The Kapp Putsch had shown, he declared, that armed revolution was doomed to failure.

Political agitation, therefore, was the only effective instrument. Overruling the stubborn opposition to Rohm, he insisted that the Storm Troopers should be used for no other purpose.

Price-p. 75

Some of his supporters were Monarchists; others wanted a dictatorship. He himself favored a continuance of the Republican regime. It was not so much the form of government as the spirit animating it that he wanted to change.

Price-p. 77

"No one leaves this room alive without my orders!" were his first words. Armed Storm Troopers took up their stand as guards at the entrance. Hitler had kept his pistol in his hand, and though he assured von Kahr that there was no personal danger for him, he propounded his plans with the threatening remark, "There are still five bullets in my pistol--four for traitors, and one, if things go wrong, for myself."

Price-p. 79

Hitler, arrested at the Hanfstangl villa three days after the Putsch, was at first plunged in black despair. To von Kahr and the others whom he had tried to co-opt by force and who deserted him, he had declared that if he failed he would shoot himself. The idea of suicide was still with him when he was brought to Landsberg Prison to await his trial. He contemplated a hunger-strike like that by which the Lord Mayor of Cork had ended his days some twelve months previously.

Price-p. 92

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.Admirers brought him fruit and flowers, sometimes with bottles of wine concealed inside, for Hitler was not yet a teetotaler. On his birthday in July, his quarters were described as "like a conservatory."

This retirement from the world was exactly what Hitler needed at that stage of his political development. It gave him a chance to revise and reorganize his plans. He had time to reflect upon past errors.

Price-p. 93

When he was released at Christmas, 1924, Hitler's work lay in ruins. The only money he had in world was 700 marks, the proceeds of the sale in pamphlet form of his speech at the trial. He felt a mystical conviction that to rebuild the Nazi movement he must start with nothing. His first act was to distribute the 700 marks among poor members of his Party. Then, penniless, he began his political career again.

Price-p. 94

In the early stages of his campaign Hitler refused to be photographed. He believed it added to the interest of his propaganda that his name should be well known while his appearance remained mysterious. When he spoke in public two or three of his followers were detailed to prevent photographers from getting a picture of him.

Price-p. 95

Hitler's room in the building was simply decorated in the modern style. Its only ornaments consisted of two portraits of Frederick the Great, together with his death-mask hanging on the wall, and a bronze bust of Mussolini mounted on a pedestal.

Price-p. 103

The risk of a secession of Strasser's supporters in the Party completed the gloom of this darkest hour before the dawn

Price-p. 119

Price-p. 119 cont.

of its triumph, which was so close at hand. Goebbels describes how Hitler paced up and down his room in the Kaiserhof, exclaiming at one moment: "If the Party splits, I will end it all inside three minutes with a pistol!" A few weeks afterwards he said, "There have been two miracles in my life. Twice have I been face to face with disaster--after the Munich Putsch, when I was in jail, isolated, defeated, and made to look ridiculous; and on the very eve of becoming Chancellor, when I seemed about to founder in sight of port, swamped by intrigues, financial difficulties, and the dead-weight of twelve million people who swung first one way and then another. Both times God saved me."

Price-p. 119-120

It is Hitler's usual practice not to interfere in differences of opinion about policy among his subordinates. He remains as a supreme authority above the turmoil, ready to intervene only if such divergences of view threaten the efficiency of the regime.

Price-p. 142

"For twenty-four hours I was the Supreme Court of the German people," he told the Reichstag a fortnight later. He showed no more remorse for his severity than does a judge who has sentenced a criminal to death on evidence. That interpretation of his action is the one that prevails in Germany.

Price-p. 144

Hitler has often told his friends that he will retire from public life at sixty, an age that he will reach in 1949.

After that, he would like to play for another ten years the role of an Elder Statesman, helping his successor with advice, but taking no part in the administration. "I have seen too much of old men in high places" is a remark he sometimes makes, doubtless in allusion to the closing years of his predecessor, President Hindenburg.

Price-p. 150

. . .The German Chancellor may be a fiery speaker but he is a cool thinker.

Price-p. 166

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION

by

Hermann Rauschning

"We shall not capitulate--no, never," Hitler exclaimed. "We may be destroyed, but if we are, we shall drag a world with us--a world in flames."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 5)

"They can imagine the future only in terms of their own petty experience. They are blind to the new, the surprising things. Even the generals are sterile. They are imprisoned in the coils of their technical knowledge. The creative genius stands always outside the circle of the experts.

"I," he went on, "have the gift of reducing all problems to their simplest foundations. War has been erected into a secret science and surrounded with momentous solemnity. But war is the most natural, the most every-day matter. War is eternal, war is universal."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 6)

That August of 1932 was not the first time I met Hitler. I had looked into his famous eyes before this. But now for the first time I saw him in his private home, which combined good middle-class taste with highland scenery and refined peasant style, as was customary in our pre-war middle class. Dimity curtains, and what is known as rustic furniture, everything small and dainty. Not really the right background for the future liberator of Germany.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 12)

Hitler is not physically attractive. Everyone knows that today. But at that time stories were circulated in the party and among sympathizers about his deep blue eyes. They are neither deep nor blue. His look is staring or dead, and lacks the brilliance and sparkle of genuine animation.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 13)

Hitler's physical appearance certainly does not heighten the impression made by his personality. A receding forehead, with the lank hair falling over it; a short, unimposing stature, with limbs somehow ill-fitting and awkward; an expressionless mouth beneath the little brush of a mustache--such are the traits of the outer man. His only charm lies perhaps in his hands, which are strikingly well-shaped and expressive. What a difference to the strikingly youthful, intelligent countenance shown in Napoleon's death-mask!

(Destruction-Bauschning-p. 13-14)

Hitler denounced the monotony of travel by air as compared with the ever-changing and delightful glimpses of the landscape, and of country and city life, obtained from a motor car. He advised us to return home by car. He himself, after his first amazement at the view from above, had long since ceased to enjoy air travel.

(Destruction-Bauschning-p. 15-16)

Everyone who knew Hitler during the early years of struggle knows that he has by nature an easily moved and unmistakably sentimental temperament, with a tendency towards emotionalism and romanticism. His convulsions of weeping in all emotional crises are by no means merely a matter of nerves. The maudlin, sobbing tone in which, for example, he appealed to the Berlin S.A. when the Stinnes conflict threatened to split the party was genuine. For this very reason, there lies behind Hitler's emphasis on brutality and ruthlessness the desolation of a forced and artificial inhumanity, not the amorality of the genuine brute, which has after all something of the power of a natural force. Nevertheless, in the harshness and unexampled cynicism of Hitler there is something more than the repressed effect of a hypersensitiveness which has handicapped its bearer. It is the urge to reprisal and vengeance, a truly Russian-nihilistic feeling.

(Destruction-Bauschning-p. 17)

"Besides," Hitler continued, "I do not worry about the theories of Feder and Lawaczek. I have a gift for tracing back all theories to their roots in reality. I have nothing to do with pipe-dreams. . . ."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p.20)

". . .These people cannot think simply. Everything has got to be complicated. I have the gift of simplification, and then everything works itself out. Difficulties exist only in the imagination!"

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 20)

There is no doubt that he did possess this gift of simplification, even in a creative sense, up to a point. He has the gift, like many self-taught men, of breaking through the wall of prejudices and conventional theories of the experts, and in so doing, he has frequently discovered amazing truths.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 20-21)

It was late at night. Hitler had been to the cinema--some patriotic rubbish glorifying Frederick the Great. We had preceded Hitler to the Chancellery and had waited for him there.

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A few minutes later Hitler came up in the lift.

"How did you like the picture?" Forster asked.

"A horror--absolute rubbish. The police will have to stop it. We've had enough of this patriotic balderdash!"

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 48)

He lived at that time on the second floor of the new Reich Chancellery. His home was good middle-class, one might almost say petit bourgeois. The rooms were smallish, the furnishing simple and without refinement. There was not a single piece that revealed anything of good personal taste or artistic value.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p.58)

The food was simple. In this, too, the party Fuhrer liked to give an impression of modest living on proletarian lines. He frequently expressed his intention of changing none of his previous habits, either in his clothing or in his style of living.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 58)

At dinner, there was soup, followed by a meat course, vegetables, and a sweet. Hitler himself ate no meat, but he devoured astonishing portions of the sweet, and his personal cook, an old party member, prepared special vegetable dishes for him. But Hitler placed no vegetarian compulsion on his guests, nor did he refuse them alcohol in the shape of beer. There was a choice between beer and lemonade, and it was amusing to watch newcomers, especially enthusiastic party members, choosing lemonade, with a side-glance at the temperate Fuhrer, in order to make a good impression.

There was always a mixed and varied company at the table. Invariably some outstanding person was present, a film star, an artist or a leading member of the party. There were ladies, too, but usually in the minority. On one occasion I met two strikingly pretty blondes; Hitler asked one of them to sit beside him, and kept putting his hand on her arm.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 59)

It was interesting to watch Hitler talking himself into a fury, and to note how necessary to his eloquence were shouting and a feverish tempo. A quiet conversation with him was impossible. Either he was silent or he took complete charge of the discussion. Hitler's eloquence is plainly no natural gift, but the result of a conquest of certain inhibitions which, in intimate conversation, still make him awkward. The convulsive artificiality of his character is specially noticeable in such intimate circles; particularly notable is his lack of any sense of humor. Hitler's laugh is hardly more than an expression of scorn and contempt. There is no relaxation about it. His pleasures have no repose.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 60)

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The two were discussing the National Socialist humorous papers and the significance of wit as a weapon. In humor, too, or what he called humor, Hitler saw only a weapon. It was at this time that, in connection with the Sturmer and its Jewish caricatures, he gave utterance to the remark later much quoted in the party, that this was "the form of pornography permitted in the Third Reich." Evidently Hitler took pleasure in these filthy stories.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 60)

(1933)

Hitler's entire entourage, especially his stepsister, Frau Raubel, who at that time lent his home a housewifely character, were continually worried about his safety. Attempts at assassination were already feared, particularly within the Chancellery gardens, and Hitler had been warned against walking in them. He took little exercise. The terrace was his substitute for a garden.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 61)

(1934)

Among intimate friends, Hitler let himself go. I often heard him shout and stamp his feet. The slightest contradiction threw him into a rage. This was the beginning of the technique by which he would throw his entourage into confusion by well-timed fits of rage, and thus make them more submissive. People began to be afraid of his incalculable temper. The terror of the 30th June and the bloody deeds against patriots and citizens were bearing fruit.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 66-67)

About the United States, Hitler had his firm, preconceived opinion which no argument could shake. This opinion was that North America would never take part in a European war again, and that, with her millions of unemployed, the United States was on the brink of a revolution from the outbreak of which only Hitler could save her.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 68)

He regretted that the "whole shack" had not burnt down. They had been so hurried that they could not "make a proper job of it." Goring, who had taken the leading part in the conversation, closed with the significant words:

"I have no conscience. My conscience is Adolf Hitler."

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 77-78)

And this is the essential difference between Hitler and Goring, that the former, before he can "act," must always lash himself out of lethargy and doubts into a frenzy. But in Goring amorality is second nature.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 78)

I happened to be present when Hitler's attention was called to the Stettin incident and other similar occurrences. It was entirely characteristic that Hitler was by no means indignant, as one might have expected, at the horrible excesses of his men, but on the contrary roundly abused those who "made a fuss" about these trivial matters.

The occasion was my first experience of Hitler's paroxysms of rage and abuse. He behaved like a combination of a spoilt child and an hysterical woman. He scolded in high, shrill tones, stamped his feet, and banged his fist on tables and walls. He foamed at the mouth, panting and stammering in uncontrolled fury: "I won't have it! Get rid of all of them! Traitors!" He was an alarming sight, his hair disheveled, his eyes fixed, and his face distorted and purple. I feared that he would collapse, or have an apoplectic fit.

Suddenly it was all over. He walked up and down the room, clearing his throat, and brushing his hair back. He looked round apprehensively and suspiciously, with searching glances at us. I had the impression that he wanted to see if anyone was laughing. And I must admit that a desire to laugh, perhaps largely as a nervous reaction to the tension, rose within me.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 82)

Brutality is respected. Brutality and physical strength. The plain man in the street respects nothing but brutal strength and ruthlessness--women, too, for that matter, women and

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 82-83)

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 82-83 cont.)

children. The people need wholesome fear. They want to fear something. They want someone to frighten them and make them shudderingly submissive.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 82-83)

"I shall spread terror by the surprise employment of all my measures. The important thing is the sudden shock of an overwhelming fear of death. Why should I use different measures against my internal political opponents? These so-called atrocities spare me a hundred thousand individual actions against disobedience and discontent."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 83)

Is Hitler unfeeling towards the pain suffered by others. Is he cruel and revengeful? Today there can hardly be a doubt as to the answer, but a few years ago, everyone who had the opportunity of hearing Hitler's remarkable statements in intimate circles, could not but ask himself this question. Every conversation, however unimportant, seemed to show that this man was filled with an immeasurable hatred. Hatred of what? It was not easy to say. Almost anything might suddenly inflame his wrath and his hatred. He seemed always to feel the need of something to hate. But equally, the transition from anger to sentimentality or enthusiasm might be quite sudden.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 85)

"I shall put the screw on this man Dollfuss!" Hitler shouted. "He dares to contradict me! But wait, gentlemen! You will see them before long crawling on their knees to me. But," with icy coldness, "I shall have them put to death as traitors."

Hatred--personal hatred--rang out in his words, revenge for early years of poverty, for disappointed hopes, for a life of deprivation and humiliation. For some time there was an embarrassed silence. . . .

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 88)

The Jews, he said, laughing, were Germany's best protection. They were the pledge that guaranteed that foreign powers would allow Germany to go her way in peace. If the democracies did not withdraw their boycott, he would take from the German Jews as much of their property as would cover the damage done to Germany by the boycott.

"We'll show them how fast they'll have to stop their anti-German propaganda! The Jews will yet make Germany's fortune!"

(Destruction-Rauschning-p.88-89)

"Streicher," Hitler continued, laughing himself, "has suggested that in the next war they should be driven ahead of our attacking defense lines. They would be the best protection for our soldiers. I shall consider the suggestion."

The party shouted with laughter at this "witticism," and Hitler, stimulated by his success, went into detail on the measures he would take to expropriate the Jews slowly, but relentlessly, and to drive them out of Germany.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 89)

"What do I care about personal happiness or personal affairs?" Hitler had, on one occasion, cried impatiently. "Do as you like, do as you please!"

Envy, primitive rage and the craving for power: this was the wisdom that Hitler gave his followers along their political path.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 90)

Hitler knew very well that the ordinary person cannot live on hate and revenge alone. This man, who was quite consciously making use of the worst human instincts, knew the weaknesses and desires of his people very thoroughly.

"I give my men every freedom," Hitler said, in the course of a dinner-table conversation. "Do anything you like, but don't be caught at it!"

It was Hitler himself that egged on his men quite intentionally to make the most of their opportunities. They needed no second bidding. It was then that I heard the curious

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 91-92)

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 91-92 cont.)

expression: "planned corruption." Certainly this corruption was planned, and not merely condoned.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 91-92)

This was something very close to controlled, planned corruption. But Hitler had more in his mind than this. He knew that there is nothing so binding as crimes committed in company. I found out later how the party, to make certain of unreliable members, forced them to commit punishable acts in its interests in order to keep them under complete control. The same principle underlay the sharing out of the long-desired spoils. The "inner conspiracy" of the party elite was thus a circle of those who were all in the secret. Everyone was in the power of everyone else, and no one was any longer his own master. This was the desired result of the slogan: "Enrich yourselves."

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 94-95)

I began to suspect something quite different, namely, that Hitler quite consciously and intentionally planned to destroy the economic power of certain classes of society. The harshness with which he refused any attempt at an open devaluation was in marked contrast to the ease with which he not only tolerated, but actually encouraged, concealed inflation.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 100)

Hitler distrusts everyone who tries to explain political economy to him. He believes that the intention is to dupe him, and he makes no secret of his contempt for this branch of science. He does not understand it, but he feels that an essentially simple matter has been made needlessly complex. He is convinced that labor, money and capital are related in a manner to be ascertained by practice alone;

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 100)

"That would be the end. But even if we could not conquer then, we should drag half the world into destruction with us, and leave no one to triumph over Germany. There will not be another 1918. We shall not surrender.

"But that stage will never be reached," Hitler continued, restraining his mounting excitement. "It would only happen if I failed in all my undertakings. In that case I should feel I had wrongly usurped this place. Certainly I shall never blame accident for any mistakes I may make. But fortune follows where there is a firm will."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 121)

Was this really Hitler's Russian program?

At that time, I had still no inkling that in fact Hitler might have no definite political aims at all, but simply rode on the crest of every favorable opportunity, prepared to surrender everything he had ever fought for, solely in order to strengthen his power. Perhaps he had improvised everything he said about Russia, simply to have something to say, to enhance his importance. He has always been a poseur. He remembers things he has heard and has a faculty of repeating them in such a way that the listener is led to believe that they are his own. Perhaps he told a visitor who followed me the exact opposite of what he presented to me as the result of profound political study.

Hitler's politics consists in an unscrupulous opportunism which discards with perfect ease everything that a moment before has passed as a fixed principle. His past continues to haunt him--his past as a paid political agent prepared to accept every advantage offered him, flirting with Marxism today, and accepting money from the promoters of a Bavarian restoration tomorrow. Such a political attitude is characterized by two things: first, an unbelievable capacity to tell falsehoods, and second, a quite disarming naivete, a total innocence of promises and assertions made only a moment before. Most of these National Socialists, with Hitler at their head, literally forget, like hysterical women, anything they have no desire to remember. Everyone who has had dealings with Hitler has had the same experience that I had over and over again: when reminded of some former statement he would either stare in blank amazement, or would curtly declare that he had never said anything of the kind.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 135-136)

But whither was it leading? Evidently to an indescribable destruction of everything that had hitherto been accepted as the basis of all national and social order.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 150)

He therefore felt an uncontrollable craving to assure himself of the greatness of his historical significance by continually returning ~~it~~ in discussion to his world-embracing plans.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 155)

The same thing in 1934 as in 1932. The insolence and softness Hitler displayed betrayed the questionable greatness of the "leader." Was this really the heaven-sent liberator of Germany? A man who complained of the ingratitude of the German people in the sobbing tones of a down-at-heel music-hall performer! A weakling who accused and sulked, appealed and implored, and retired in wounded vanity ("--if the German people don't want me!") instead of acting.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 163)

After purge.

With his peculiar intuitive gifts, Hitler at once sensed the vacillation of his bourgeois antagonists. But at first he too had little of the demeanor of a victor. With swollen, distorted features, he sat opposite me as I made my report. His eyes were lifeless. He did not look at me, but sat playing with his fingers. I had the impression that he was not listening. At length, however, after asking me one or two questions, he made his decision along the lines I suggested. All the time, I felt that disgust, weariness and contempt filled his mind, and that his thoughts were far away.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 169)

Purge.

There were rumors that since the bloody occurrence he had been able to sleep only in swatches. At night he prowled restlessly up and down. Sleeping tablets either did not help, or he would not take them, for fear of being poisoned. It was alleged that he had started out of his short, uneasy sleep in convulsive fits of weeping, and had been like repeatedly. Trapped in blankets, and shaking with ague, he had remained sitting in a chair, believing he was poisoned. One moment he wanted everything lit up and the rooms full of people, and the next he could not bear to see anyone, fearing even his most intimate friends. The only one whose company he still tolerated was Hess. Buch, the executioner, was said to inspire him with a positive horror, but he dared not show it. As a matter of fact, his nerves had, it was alleged, completely deserted him at the crucial moment, and everything had been done without his knowledge, though in his name. For a long time he had not known the whole terrible truth, and even then was not informed as to the full extent of the executions.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 170)

It was thus that Hitler kept his courage up. He dismissed us--a man who had just dosed himself with the morphine of his own verbiage.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 173)

"Brooding over these matters is of no use," Hitler returned. "No matter what you attempt, if an idea is not yet mature, you will not be able to realize it. I know that as an artist, and I know it as a statesman. Then there is only one thing to do: have patience, wait, try again, wait again. In the subconscious, the work goes on. It matures, sometimes it dies. Unless I have the inner, incorruptible conviction: this is the solution, I do nothing. Not even if the whole party tried to drive me to action. I will not act; I will wait, no matter what happens. But if the voice speaks, then I know the time has come to act."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 181)

In this connection I might mention that Hitler has never occupied himself with the minor details of a problem, with two exceptions: foreign policy and the army. What is known as the mastery of material was quite unimportant to him. He quickly became impatient if the details of a problem were brought to him. He was greatly averse to "experts" and had little regard for their opinions. He looked upon them as mere hacks, as brush-cleaners and color-grinders, to use the terms of his own trade.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 183-184)

Hitler seems a man of tremendous will power, but the appearance is deceptive. He is languid and apathetic by nature, and needs the stimulus of nervous excitement to rouse him out of chronic lethargy to a spasmodic activity. He had chosen the easier path, and had abandoned himself to the forces that led him to destruction.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 216)

"Conscience is a Jewish invention. It is a blessing, like circumcision."

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 223)

"We must distrust the intelligence and the conscience, and must place our trust in our instincts. We have to regain a new simplicity."

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 224)

"Providence has ordained that I should be the greatest liberator of humanity. I am freeing men from the restraints of an intelligence that has taken charge; from the dirty and degrading self-mortifications of a chimera called conscience and morality, and from the demands of a freedom and personal independence which only a very few can bear."

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 225)

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Did I know, he continued, that Wagner had attributed much of the decay of our civilization to meat-eating? "I don't touch meat," said Hitler, "largely because of what Wagner says on the subject, and says, I think, absolutely rightly." So much of the decay of our civilization had its origin in the abdomen--chronic constipation, poisoning of the juices, and the results of drinking to excess. He did not touch meat or alcohol, or indulge in the dirty habit of smoking; but his reason had nothing to do with considerations of health, but was a matter of absolute conviction. But the world was not ripe for this advance.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 229)

"For myself, I have the most intimate familiarity with Wagner's mental processes. At every stage in my life I come back to him. Only a new nobility can introduce the new civilization for us. If we strip Parsifal of every poetic element, we learn from it that selection and renewal are possible only amid the continuous tension of a lasting struggle. A world-wide process of segregation is going on before our eyes. Those who see in struggle the meaning of life, gradually mount the steps of a new nobility. Those who are in search of peace and order through dependence, sink, whatever their origin, to the inert masses. The masses, however, are doomed to decay and self-destruction. In our world-revolutionary turning-point the masses are the sum total of the sinking civilization and of its dying representatives. We must allow them to die with their kings, like Amfortas."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 230-231)

Hitler's anti-Semitism is an essential element in his general policy, but it is also part of his mental make-up. To him the Jew represents the very principle of evil. His feeling about the Jews has much in common with that of the pornographer Julius Streicher and with that of the ordinary storm-trooper or S.S. man; but there are also elements of difference. To the great majority of the Nazi clique of leaders the whole racial doctrine is "Adolf's bunkum." They regard the ousting of the Jews as an exercise in revolutionary activity. They are able to do with the Jews as they would have been glad to do with the whole middle class, which is not so defenseless.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 233-234)

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 233-234 cont.)

To Streicher and his following anti-Semitism is a splendid stroke of business and, at the same time, a satisfaction of their vile instinct. Among the mass of the Germans there is no deep-rooted anti-Semitism; they have their prejudices against the Jews, but there are no great matters.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 233-234)

Hitler, however, believes in the natural wickedness of the Jew. For him the Jew is evil incarnate. He has made a myth out of the Jew, and has made capital out of it; but behind this is a manifestly genuine personal feeling of primitive hatred and vengeance.

Explanation of this may be sought in his personal experience, and, incidentally, it may be that under the Nuremberg racial-legislation Hitler himself is not entitled to be classed as "Aryan"; but the intensity of his anti-Semitism can only be explained by his inflation of the Jew into a mythical prototype of humanity. It cannot be said, indeed, that he is illogical in this. His own esoteric doctrine implies an almost metaphysical antagonist to the Jew. Israel, the historic people of the spiritual God, cannot but be the irreconcilable enemy of the new, the German, Chosen People. One god excludes the other. At the back of Hitler's anti-Semitism there is revealed an actual war of the gods.

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 235)

It was perfectly true, he said, that anti-Semitism is a useful revolutionary expedient. He had often made effective use of it, and would in the future. It was valuable both as an implicit threat to the whole middle class in Germany, a class with a greatly exaggerated birth in itself, and as a warning to the short-sighted democracies.

"My Jews are a valuable hostage given to me by the democracies. Anti-Semitic propaganda in all countries is an almost indispensable medium for the extension of our political campaign. You will see how little time we shall need in order to upset the ideas and the criteria of the whole world, simply and purely by attacking Judaism."

(Destruction-Rauschnig-p. 236)

Anti-Semitism, continued Hitler, was beyond question the most important weapon in his propagandist arsenal, and almost everywhere it was of deadly efficiency. That was why he had allowed Streicher, for instance, a free hand. The man's stuff, too, was amusing, and very cleverly done. Wherever, he wondered, did Streicher get his constant supply of new material? He, Hitler, was always on thorns to see each new issue of the Sturmer. It was the one periodical that he always read with pleasure, from the first page to the last.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 236-237)

"The new man is among us! He is here!" exclaimed Hitler triumphantly. "How are you satisfied? I will tell you a secret. I have seen the vision of the new man--fearless and formidable. I shrank from him!"

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 247-248)

Only, when, like old Frederick, King of Prussia, his venerated hero and model, he had his wars behind him, could he proceed to the actual building up of Germany. Many times he touched on these ideas in conversation. And we could see behind his outward resignation the consuming impatience to get at last to his real work, the work of the creative statesman and legislator, the pioneer artist and city builder, the prophet and founder of a religion.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 251)

Then there would be something really great, an overwhelming revelation. In order to completely fulfill his mission, he must die a martyr's death.

"Yes," he repeated, "in the hour of supreme peril I must sacrifice myself for the people."

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 252)

Hitler is not superstitious in the ordinary sense. His interest in the horoscope and the cryptic elements in nature is connected with his conviction that man exists in some kind of magic

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 253)

(Destruction-Reuschning-p. 253) cont.

association with the universe. The political element is for him only the foreground of a revolution which he pictures on the most stupendous scale.

(Destruction-Reuschning-p. 253)

A red thread may be plainly seen running through all the inconsistent, contradictory activities of this most extraordinary man. "Activity is everything. Keep always on the move." His natural restlessness finds expression in everything. But at the back of it there is not only his own "haunting hysteria," as he himself so significantly calls it. A world in full process of dissolution, and a people no less hysterical than himself could not but come under the leadership of a man of this sort.

(Destruction-Reuschning-p. 253-254)

Anyone who has seen this man face to face, has met his uncertain glance, without depth or warmth, from eyes that seem hard and remote, and has then seen that gaze grow rigid, will certainly have experienced the uncanny feeling: "That man is not normal."

(Destruction-Reuschning-p. 255)

My own experience of him and that I have learned from others indicate a lack of control amounting to total demoralization. His shrieking and frenzied shouting, his stamping, his outbursts of rage--all this was grotesque and unpleasant; but it was not madness.

(Destruction-Reuschning-p. 255)

Hitler, however, has stated that approach persecution mania and dual personality. His sleeplessness is more than the mere result of excessive nervous strain. He often wakes up in the middle of the night and wanders restlessly to and fro. Then

(Destruction-Reuschning-p. 256)

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 256 cont.)

he must have light everywhere. Lately he has sent at those times for a woman who have to keep his company during his hours of marital cohabitation. At times these cohabitations must have become dreadful. I was in his closet daily and one day with him gave me this account: Hitler wakes at night with convulsive shrieks. He shouts for help. He sits on the edge of his bed, as if unable to stir. He shakes with fear, and his face is pale and virate. He shouts confused, totally unintelligible phrases. He gasps, as if imagining himself to be suffocating.

My informant described to me in full detail a remarkable scene--I should not have credited the story if it had not come from such a source. Hitler stood swaying in his room, looking wildly about him. "He! He! He's been here!" he gasped. His lips were blue. Sweat streamed down his face. Suddenly he began to mangle off figures, and odd words and broken phrases, entirely devoid of sense. It sounded horrible. He used strangely composed and entirely un-German word-formations. Then he stood quite still, only his lips moving. He was addressed and offered something to drink. Then he suddenly broke out--

"There, there! In the corner! That's what?"

He stamped and shrieked in the familiar way. He was shown that there was nothing out of the ordinary in the room, and then he presently grew calm. After that he lay asleep for many hours, and then for some time there were no more.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 256-257)

There is an instructive parallel-medium. Most of these are ordinary, undistinguished persons; yet suddenly they acquire gifts that carry them far above the common crowd. These qualities have nothing to do with the medium's own personality. They are conveyed to him from without. The medium is possessed by them.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 258)

Hitler is exacting, spoiled, & voracious, greedy. He does not know how to work steadily. Indeed, he is incapable of working. He gets ideas, impulses, the realization of which must be feverishly achieved and immediately got rid of. He does not know what it is to work continuously and unremittently. Everything about him is "spasm," to use a favorite word of his. Nothing about him is natural. His professed love of children and animals is a mere pose.

(Destruction-Rauschning-p. 260)

He loves solitary walks. The mountain forests intoxicate him. These walks are his divine service, his prayers. He watches the passing clouds, listens to the murmure of the wind from the pines. He hears voices. I have met him often in this mood. He recognizes nobody there: he wants to be alone. There are times when he flees from human society.

(Destruction-Bauschnig-p. 160)

He has acquired the most curious habits. He can only get to sleep if his bed has been made in a particular way. The quilt must lie folded exactly as prescribed. Men whom he trusts must make the bed. Is he afraid of poisoning, of some secret contrivance, poison on the pillow, an infernal machine in the mattress?

(Destruction-Bauschnig-p. 261)

He is timid and sensitive. He has to force himself by much preparation to put on a bold front; he then becomes aggressive. He is without natural splendor.

(Destruction-Bauschnig-p. 261)

Hitler used to like to be seen with a riding whip in his hand; he has given up this habit. But the qualities it revealed remain--contemptuousness, arrogance, brutality, vanity.

(Destruction-Bauschnig-p. 262)

But Germany's Fuhrer is not only vain and as sensitive as a mimosa: he is brutal and vindictive. He is entirely without generosity. He lives in a world of insincerity, deceiving and self-deceiving. But hatred is like wine to him, it intoxicates him. One must have heard his tirades of denunciation to realize how he can revel in hate.

Brutal and vindictive, he is also sentimental--a familiar mixture. He loved his canaries, and could cry when one of them sickened and died. But he would have men against whom he had a grudge tortured to death in the most horrible way. He eats incredible quantities of sweetmeats and whipped cream; and he has the instinct of the sadist, finding sexual excitement in inflicting torture on others.

(Destruction-Bauschnig-p. 262-263)

Most loathsome of all is the reeking miasma of furtive, unnatural sexuality that fills and fouls the walls of Hitler's room. Like a man who is afraid to go into his own environment in daylight, Hitler's behavior is furtive, his desires are furtive, his life is furtive. In this man's surroundings is no daylight, no sunshine, nothing has the openness of a natural instinct.

(Extraction-Murdering-p. 262)

Hitler has a room with pictures on the wall, concealing nothing. Such pictures have no artistic intention or appeal. He revels in this style of painting. Is he merely aping Frederick "the Great" and his cynicism? Was that his intention, too, when he was paying court to Goethe--was he trying to dupe the world by pretending to be involved in obscure adventures while his troops were preparing to march on Prague, in imitation of Frederick's invasion of Saxony? Frederick II of Prussia is his great exemplar. He feels akin to him. He aspires to Frederick II the posthumous honor of recognition as Hitler's forerunner.

(Extraction-Murdering-p. 263)

He lives on praise and recognition. He needs constant reassurance by expressions of enthusiastic approval. He depends at all times on the agreement of those round him. It is to women's encouragement that he owes his self-assurance. It is a sure thing that he of all men should always be surrounded by a crowd of women, most of them rather over-blown--that women, indeed, launched him on his career.

(Extraction-Murdering-p. 264)

SEEHOFER HERBERT
Mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs

....In der knappen Minute ~~xxx~~ zwischen dem Fallen der Startflagge und ~~dem~~ dem donnernden Anlauf der Maschine stellt mich der Reichspressechef Dr. Dietrich dem Fuehrer vor.

"Das ist hier der Berichtersatter, den ich mit den anderen Kameraden fuer den Wahlkampf eingesetzt habe!"

Der Fuehrer nickt.
Sonst nichts.

p. 15, Seehofer, Mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs

Rechts auf dem ersten Platz sitzt wie immer der Fuehrer.

In dem schmalen Gepaecksnetz ueber dem Sitz des Fuehrers tuermen sich bis unter die ...Decke herrliche Blumenstraeusse.....Begeisterte Maenner und Frauen haben diese Blumendem Begleitkommando in die Arme gedrueckt...und nun begleiten die duftenden Blumengruesse den Fuehrer bis zur naechsten Stadt....

...Auch ein dickes Paket von Briefen und Buechern liegt sorgsam geschichtet in dem Gepaecksnetz. Es ist Post fuer den Fuehrer, derman zum Wagen trug...oder zur Rednertribune.....

pp. 21/22, Seehofer, Mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs.

(Blick durch ein Fenster) (Auf einer Wahlkampf-Reise)
Er sass in einem Stuhl////vor dem flackernden Kamin des Hauses. Der Kopf war auf die Brust gesunken. So sass der Fuehrer und schlief. Es war das Bild eines Tag und Nacht arbeitenden Menschen, der die Muedigkeit ueberfallen hatte.

p. 49, Seehofer, Mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs.

"Sobald der Fuehrer vor das Mikrophon tritt, sieht man und verspuert man, wie er mit seinen ersten Worten selbst die Lautsprecheranlage prueft und sich gewissermassen in die taeglich veraenderten Mikrophon - und Lautsprecherverhaeltnisse einzufuehlen versucht....."

p. 57, Seehofer, Mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs.

.....ich habe den Fuehrer immer froh und gluecklich gesehen, wenn seine Jugend vor ihm stand. Dann ging ein stolzes Leuchten ueber seine Zuege, und es lag unendlich viel Vaeterlichkeit im Blick. Und Stolz ueber sie, seine Jugend....

p. 90, Seehofer, mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs

Da zog in der letzten Reihe einer Gefolgschaft ein Junge mit, ein Pimpf vom Jungvolk, mit schwarzem Aepf und braunem Hemd, der seltsam in der Reihe der frischen, kraeftigen Jungens anzusehen war. Ein koerperbehindertes Kind. Der rechte Schu trug eine dicke Sohle und einen riesigen Hacken, da das Bein zu kurz oder verkrueamt war. Der Ruecken hatte sich, ohne die Last der Jahre gespuert zu haben, gewoelbt, und der Kopf mit den hervorquellenden kranken Augen stand in seiner krankhaften Groesse in einem sonderbaren Verhaeltnis zu dem schwachen Aoepper.

Der Blick des Fuehrers traf diesen Jungen, der sich mit aller Kraft bemuehte, in gerader Haltung ueber den Paradeweg zu kommen. Lange Zeit blickte der Fuehrer dem Jungen nach.

Ein Wink des Fuehrers.

Eine Ordonnanz wird beauftragt, den Namen des Kindes ... festzustellen.(ich) hoere einen kurzen Befehl: Der Junge bekommt das Bild des Fuehrers mit eigenhaendiger Unterschrift!

pp. 93/94, Seehofer, Mit dem Fuehrer unterwegs

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary pp.16-17.

Sept. 22, 1938. This morning I noticed something very interesting. I was having breakfast in the garden of the Dreesen Hotel, where Hitler is stopping, when the great man suddenly appeared, strode past me, and went down to the edge of the Rhine to inspect his river yacht. I, one of Germany's leading editors, who secretly despises the regime nudged me: "Look at his walk!" On inspection it was a very curious walk indeed. In the first place it was very ladylike. Dainty little steps. In the second place, every few steps he cocked his right shoulder nervously, his left leg snapping up as he did so. I watched him closely as he came back past us. The same nervous tick. He had ugly black patches under his eyes. I think the man is on the edge of a nervous breakdown. And now I understand the meaning of an expression the party hacks were using when we sat around drinking in the Dreesen last night. They kept talking about the "Teppichfresser", the "carpet-eater". At first I didn't get it, and then someone explained it in a whisper. They said Hitler has been having some of his nervous crises lately and that in recent days they've taken a strange form. Whenever he goes on a rampage about Benes or the Czechs he flings himself to the floor and chews the edges of the carpet, hence the Teppichfresser. After seeing him this morning, I can believe it.

William Shirer: Berlin Diary. 241

Sept. 26, 1938. I broadcast the scene from a seat in the balcony just above Hitler. He's still got that nervous tic. All during his speech he kept cocking his shoulder, and the opposite leg from the knee down would bounce up. Audience couldn't see it, but I could. As a matter of fact, for the first time in all the years I've observed him he seemed tonight to have completely lost control of himself. When he sat down after his talk, Goebbels sprang up and shouted: "One thing is sure: 1918 will never be repeated!" Hitler looked up to him, a wild, eager expression in his eyes, as if those were the words which he had been searching for all evening and hadn't quite found. He leaped to his feet and with a fanatical fire in his eyes that I shall never forget brought his right hand, after a grand sweep, pounding down on the table and yelled with all the power in his mighty lungs: "Ja!" Then he slumped into his chair exhausted.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary p. 142

Sept. 30, 1938. How different Hitler at two this morning! After being blocked from the F hrerhaus all evening, I finally broke in just as he was leaving. Followed by Goering, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Hess and Keitel, he brushed past me like the conqueror he is this morning. I noticed his swagger. The tic was gone! As for Mussolini, he pulled out early, cocky as a rooster.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary p. 145

November 5, 1939. CBS wants me to broadcast a picture of Hitler at work during war-time. I've been inquiring around among my spies. They say: He rises early, eats his first breakfast at seven a.m. This consists usually of either a glass of milk or fruit-juice and two or three rolls, on which he spreads marmalade liberally. Like most Germans, he eats a second breakfast, this one at nine a.m. It's like the first except that he also eats a little fruit. He begins his working day by wading into state papers (a job he detests, since he hates detail work) and discussing the day's program with his adjutants, chiefly S.A. Leader Wilhelm Brueckner, and especially with his deputy, Rudolf Hess, who was once his private secretary and is one of the few men he trusts with his innermost thoughts. During the forenoon he usually receives the chiefs of the three armed services, listens to their reports and dictates decisions. With Goering he talks about not only air-force matters but general economic problems, or rather results, since he's not interested in details or even theories on this subject.

Hitler eats a simple lunch, usually a vegetable stew or a vegetable omelet. He is of course a vegetarian, tee-totaller, and non-smoker. He usually invites a small circle to lunch, three or four adjutants, Hess, Dr. Dietrich, his press chief

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and sometimes Goering. A one-percent beer, brewed especially for him, is served at this meal, or sometimes a drink made out of kraut called "Herve," flavoured with a little Mosel wine. After lunch he returns to his study and work. More state papers more conferences, often with his Foreign Minister, occasionally with a returned German ambassador, invariably with some party chieftain such as Dr. Ley or Max Amann, his old top sergeant of the World War and now head of the lucrative Nazi publishing house Her Verlag, which gets out the Voelkische Beobachter and in which Hitler is a stockholder. Late in the afternoon Hitler takes a stroll in the gardens back of the Chancellery, continuing his talk during the walk with whoever had an appointment at the time. Hitler is a fiend for films, and on evenings when no important conferences are on or he is not overrunning a country, he spends a couple of hours seeing the latest movies in his private cinema room at the Chancellery. News-reels are a great favourite with him, and in the last weeks he has seen all those taken in the Polish war, including hundreds of thousands of feet which were filmed for the army archives and will never be seen by the public. He likes American films and many never publicly exhibited in Germany are shown him. A few years ago he insisted on having IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT run several times. Though he is supposed to have a passion for Wagnerian opera, he almost never attends the Opera here in Berlin. He likes the Metropol, which puts on tolerable musical comedies with emphasis on pretty dancing girls. Recently he had one of the girls who struck his fancy to tea. But only to tea. In the evening, too, he likes to have in Dr. Todt, an imaginative engineer who built the great Autobahn network of two-lane motor roads and later the fortifications of the Westwall. Hitler, rushing to compensate what he thinks is an artistic side that was frustrated by non-recognition in his youthful days in Vienna, has a passion for architect's models and will spend hours fingering them with Dr. Todt. Lately, they say, he has even taken to designing new uniforms. Hitler stays up late, and sleeps badly, which I fear is the world's misfortune.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary pp. ~~242, 243, 244~~ 242, 243, 244.

William L. Shirer: Berlin Diary

March 3, 1940. My spies report Hitler is in a confident mood these days and thinks he can win the war outright and quickly.

William L. Shirer: Berlin Diary, p. 293

March 10, 1940. Hitler spoke today in a courtyard in the Zeughaus, the War Museum. There amidst the museum pieces - the arms and weapons Europeans have used to kill one another in all the wars of the past, he orated. His voice was full of hatred, which he might have been expected to avoid on Memorial Day. Has the man no other emotion?

William L. Shirer: Berlin Diary, p. 296

June 21, 1940. The armistice negotiations began at three fifteen p.m. A warm June sun beat down on the great elm and pine trees, and cast pleasant shadows on the wooded avenues as Hitler, with the German plenipotentiaries at his side, appeared. He alighted from his car in front of the French monument to Alsace-Lorraine which stands at the end of an avenue about two hundred yards from the clearing where the armistice car waits on exactly the same spot it occupied twenty-two years ago.

William L. Shirer: Berlin Diary, p. 420

June 21, 1940. Through my glasses I saw the Fuehrer stop, glance at the monument, observe the Reich flags with their big Swastikas in the centre. Then he strode slowly towards us, towards the little clearing in the wood. I observed his face. It was grave solemn, yet brimming with revenge. There was also in it, as in his springy step, a note of the triumphant conqueror, the defier of the world. There was something else, difficult to describe, in his expression, a sort of scornful, inner joy at being present at this great reversal of fate - a reversal he himself had wrought.

Now he reaches the little opening in the woods. He pauses and looks slowly around. The clearing is in the form of a circle some two hundred yards in diameter and laid out like a park. Cypress trees line it all round - and behind them, the great elms and oaks of the forest. This has been one of France's national shrines for twenty-two years. From a discreet position on the perimeter of the circle we watch. Hitler pauses, and gazes slowly around. In a group just behind him are the other German plenipotentiaries: Goering, grasping his field-marshal's baton in one hand. He wears the sky-blue uniform of the air-force. All the Germans are

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in uniform, Hitler in a double-breasted grey uniform, with the Iron Cross hanging from his left breast pocket. Next to Goering are the two army chiefs - General Keitel, chief of the Supreme Command, and General von Brauchitsch, commander-in-chief of the German army. Both are just approaching sixty, but look younger, especially Keitel, who has a dapper appearance with his cap slightly cocked on one side.

Then there is Erich Raeder, Grand Admiral of the German Fleet, in his blue naval uniform and the invariable upturned collar which German naval officers usually wear. There are two non-military men in Hitler's suite - his Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, in the field-grey uniform of the Foreign Office; and Adolf Hess, Hitler's deputy, in a grey party uniform.

The time is now three eighteen p.m. Hitler's personal flag is run up on a small standard in the centre of the opening. Also in the centre is a great granite block which stands some three feet above the ground. Hitler, followed by the others, walks slowly over to it, steps up, and reads the inscription engraved in great high letters on that block. It says: "HERE ON THE ELEVENTH OF NOVEMBER 1918 SUCCEMBED THE CRIMINAL PRIDE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE....VANQUISHED BY THE FREE PEOPLES WHICH IT TRIED TO ENSLAVE."

Hitler reads it and Goering reads it. They all read it, standing there in the June sun and the silence. I look for the expression on Hitler's face. I am but fifty yards from him and see him through my glasses as though he were directly in front of me. I have seen that face many times at the great moments of his life. But today! It is afire with scorn, anger, hate, revenge, triumph. He steps off the monument and contrives to make even this gesture a masterpiece of contempt. He glances back at it, contemptuous, angry - angry, you almost feel, because he cannot wipe out the awful, provoking lettering with one sweep of his high Prussian boot. He glances slowly around the clearing, and now, as his eyes meet ours, you grasp the depth of his hatred. But there is triumph there too - revengeful, triumphant hate. Suddenly, as though his face were not giving quite complete expression to his feelings, he throws his whole body into harmony with his mood. He swiftly snaps his hands on his hips, arches his shoulders, plants his feet wide apart. It is a magnificent gesture of defiance, of burning contempt for this place now and all that it has stood for in the twenty-two years since it witnessed the humbling of the German Empire.

Finally Hitler leads his party over to another granite stone, a smaller one fifty yards to one side. Here it was that the railroad car in which the German plenipotentiaries stayed during the 1918 armistice was placed - from November 8 to 11. Hitler merely glances at the inscription, which reads:

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reads: "The German Plenipotentiaries," The stone itself, I notice, is set between a pair of rusty old railroad tracks, the ones on which the German car stood twenty-two years ago. Off to one side along the edge of the clearing is a large statue in white stone of Marshal Foch as he looked when he stepped out of the armistice car on the morning of November 11, 1918. Hitler skips it; does not appear to see it.

It is now three twenty-three p.m. and the Germans stride over to the armistice car. For a moment or two they stand in the sunlight outside the car, chatting. Then Hitler steps up into the car, followed by the others. We can see nicely through the car windows. Hitler takes the place occupied by Marshal Foch when the 1918 terms were signed. The other spread themselves around him. Four chairs on the opposite side of the table remain for Hitler remain empty. The French have not yet appeared, but we do not wait long. Exactly at three thirty p.m. they alight from a car.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary pp. 420, 421, 422, 423.

Paris, June 21, 1940.

Now we get our picture through the dusty windows of that/wagon-lit car. Hitler and the other German leaders ^{old} see as the French enter the drawing-room. Hitler gives the Nazi salute, the arm raised. Ribbentrop and Hess do the same. I cannot see M. Noel to notice whether he salutes or not.

Hitler as far as we can see through the windows, does not say a word to the French or to anybody else. He nods to General Keitel at his side. We see General Keitel adjusting his papers. Then he starts to read. He is reading the preamble to the German armistice terms. The French sit there with marble-like faces and listen intently. Hitler and Goering glance at the green table-top.

The reading of the preamble lasts but a few minutes. Hitler, we soon observe, has no intention of remaining very long, of listening to the reading of the armistice terms themselves. At three forty-two p.m., twelve minutes after the French arrive, we see Hitler stand up, salute stiffly, and then stride out of the drawing-room, followed by Goering, Brauchitsch, Raeder, Hess, and Ribbentrop. The French, like figures of stone, remain at the green-topped table. General Keitel remains with them. He starts to read them the detailed conditions of the armistice.

Hitler and his aides stride down the avenue towards the Alsace-Lorraine monument, where their cars are waiting. As they pass the guard of honour, the German band strikes up the two national anthems, Deutschland, Deutschland, Über Alles and the Horst Wessel song. The whole ceremony in which Hitler has reached a new pinnacle in his meteoric career and Germany avenged the 1918 defeat is over in a quarter of an hour.

Shirer: Berlin Diary pp. 424, 425

William L. Shirer: Berlin Diary

7.

Berlin, 27, June 1940: Hitler himself has drawn up detailed instructions for German officers about taking an interest in the personal problems of their men. One of the most efficient units in the German army at the front is its post office which brings letters and packages from home to the men, regardless of where they are, and which attends to the dispatch of letters and packages from the men.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary P. 441.

Berlin, 27 June 1940. Hitler once said that as a private of the last war he would see to it that the men in the new army benefited by the lessons he had learned. And in this one case, at least, he seems to have kept his promise..

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary P. 441, 442.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, Berlin, July 19, 1940.

The Hitler we saw in the Reichstag tonight was the conqueror, and conscious of it, and yet so wonderful an actor, so magnificent a handler of the German mind that he mixed superbly the full confidence of the conqueror with the humbleness which always goes down so well with the masses when they know a man is on top. His voice was lower tonight; he rarely shouted as he usually does; and he did not once cry out hysterically as I've seen him do it so often from his rostrum. His oratorical form was at its best. I've often sat in the gallery of the Kroll Opera House at these Reichstag sessions watching the man as he spoke and considering what a superb actor he was, as indeed are all good orators. I've often admired the way he uses his hands, which are somewhat feminine and quite artistic. Tonight he used those hands beautifully, seemed to express himself almost as much with his hands--and the sway of his body--as he did with his words and the use of his voice. I noticed too his gift for using his face and eyes (cocking his eyes) and the turn of his head for irony, of which there was considerable in tonight's speech, especially when he referred to Mr. Churchill.

I noticed again, too, that he can tell a lie with as straight a face as any man. Probably some of the lies are not lies to him, because he believes fanatically the word, he is saying, as for instance, his false recapitulation of the last twenty-two years and his constant reiteration that Germany was never really defeated in the last war, only be-

W. Shirer:Berlin Diary,Berlin July 19,1940.

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trayed. But tonight he could also say with the ring of utter sincerity that all the night bombings of the British in recent weeks had caused no military damage whatsoever. One wonders what is in his mind when he tells a tall one like that. Joe(Harsch), watching him speak for the first time, was impressed. He said he couldn't keep his eyes off his hands; thought the hand work brilliant.

W. Shirer:Berlin Diary pp.454,455.

Berlin July 19,1940. Suddenly pausing in the middle of his speech, Hitler became the Napoleon, creating with the flick of his hand (in this case the Nazi salute) twelve field-m Marshals, and since Goering already was one, creating a special honour for him-Reichsmarshal.

W. Shirer:Berlin Diary p.455.

Berlin July 22,1940. Hitler has given Mussolini a birthday present. It's an anti-aircraft armoured train.

W. Shirer:Berlin Diary p.458.

Berlin, September 5,1940. Though grim and dripping with hate most of the evening. Hitler had his humorous, jaunty moments. His listeners found it very funny when he said: In England they're filled with curiosity and keep asking: "Why doesn't he come?" Be calm. Be calm. He's coming! He's coming!" And the man squeezed every ounce of humour and sarcasm out of his voice. The speech was not broadcast direct, but recorded and rebroadcast two hours after he had finished.

W. Shirer:Berlin Diary p.497.

Berlin, September 24,1940. Last night's bombing reminds me-.....the best air-raid shelter in Berlin belongs to Adolf Hitler. Experts doubt that he could ever be killed in it. It is deep, protected by iron girders and an enormous

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, Berlin, September 24, 1940.

9.

amount of reinforced concrete, and is provided with its own ventilating and lighting plant, a private movie and an operating room. Were British bombs to blow the Chancellery to smithereens, cutting off all a parent escape from the cellar, the Fuhrer and his associates could emerge safely by simply walking through one of the tunnels that run from his shelter to points several hundred yards away. Hitler's cellar also is fitted out with spacious sleeping-quarters, an important consideration, but one utterly neglected in most shelters, since the loss of sleep is hurting the German people far more than British bombs.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary p.520.

Berlin September 27, 1940. At one p.m. to-day in the Chancellery, Japan, Germany, and Italy signed a military alliance directed against the United States.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary p.532.

Berlin, September 27, 1940. The ceremony of signing, as described by Hartrich, who was present, was carried through with typical Axis talent for the theatrical. In the first place, the surprise of the event itself. Then the showy setting. When Ribbentrop, Ciano, and Japanese Ambassador M. Kurusu, a bewildered little man, entered the gala hall of the Chancellery, Klieg lights blazed away as the scene was recorded for history. Brightly colored uniforms all over the place. The entire staffs of the Italian and Japanese embassies present. (No other diplomats attended. The Russian Ambassador was invited, but replied he would be out of town this noon.) The three men sit themselves at a gilded table. Ribbentrop rises and motions one of his slaves, Dr. Schmidt, to read the text of the pact. Then they sit while the cameras grind away. Then comes the climactic moment, or so the Nazis think. Three loud knocks on the giant door are heard. There is a tense hush in the great hall. The Japanese hold their breath. The door swings slowly open, and in strides Hitler. Ribbentrop bobs up and formally notifies him that the pact has been signed.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, September 27, 1940.

The Great Khan nods approvingly, but does not deign to speak. Hitler majestically takes a seat in the middle of the table, while the two foreign ministers and the Japanese Ambassador scramble for chairs. When they have got adjusted, they pop up one after another, and deliver prepared addresses which the radio broadcasts round the world.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary pp. 535, 537.

Berlin, November 6, 1940. Because Roosevelt is one of the few real leaders produced by the democracies since the war (look at France; look at Britain until Churchill took over!) and because he can be tough, Hitler has always had a healthy respect for him and even a certain fear.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, p. 560

Berlin, November 6, 1940. I'm told that since the abandonment for this fall of the invasion of Britain Hitler has more and more envisaged Roosevelt as the strongest enemy in his path to world power, or even to victory in Europe.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, p. 560

Berlin, December 1, 1940. The really big shots in the Nazi world, Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Ley, and the head of the armed services, see Hitler either at appointments during the day, or after dinner in the evening, when he often invites them to see a private showing of a film. Hitler has a passion for movies - including the products of Hollywood. (Two of his favourites were It Happened One Night and Gone With The Wind.)

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, pp. 537, 538.

Berlin, December 1, 1940. There Hitler is distant, legendary, nebulous, an enigma as a human being. Goering is salty, earthy, lusty man of flesh and blood. The Germans like him because they understand him.

W. Shirer: Berlin Diary, p. 538.

Howard K. Smith
Last Train From Berlin

1937 (?)

Hitler was in Munich.....(he) had come to see the opera that evening, a special gala performance of Aida.I have seen Hitler many times since then, and in grander settings, but I have never been as excited as on this first visitation of the holy teutonic sacrament. Nothing could have convinced me beyond doubt that Nazism was black magic and he a weird, incredible wizard as this. Hitler arrived late, after the curtain had risen, certainly for reasons of safety. The audience rose as soon as the light flashed on in the royal box below me where I could not see him, and cheered and shouted the Aryan greetingFrom that moment the true stage was in the rear, in the red plush box ~~which was not in front~~.....not in front where the singers were. At the end of the first act, when the prima donna, borrowed from La Scala in Milan especially for the occasion, had made her fifth bow, two ushers carried to the stage an enormous bouquet of three or four dozen roses from which hung a broad red sash bearing Hitler's name in gold.....

When the curtain fell, I rushed around the tier....! There, about thirty yards below me, like a flash of light from the hammer of Thor stood Siegfried, in tails, leaning on the railing of his box and smiling out at his subjects. It was without doubt the single most impressive spectacle I have ever seen. The spectacle was impressive because Hitler was not.He was a short, very short, little comical looking man.his eyes were beady little black dots with timid circles under them. ...his moustache...was a laughable little wisp of hair not as broad as his crooked mouth or the under-part of his nose. That was what, after you smothered your first unconscious smile, alarmed you~~This funny little figure with its crooked smile, flapping its hand over its black-coated shoulder in salute~~ This, the "apotheosis of the little man".....This funny little figure with its crooked smile, flapping its hand over its black-coated shoulder in saluteThat was Hitler in 1937.....he was not entirely sure of himself; and you could read it in his whole make-up.

Hitler then retreated to the back of his box for a lemonade. I watched him back there sipping it and talking to a man in a brown uniform.....

pp. 29/31, Howard K. Smith, Last Train From Berlin.

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Howard K. Smith
Last Train From Berlin

1939

Hitler, himself, I saw many times during the first two years of the war. My impression of him changed drastically. It may have been because he now constantly wore a uniform which suited him better than the ridiculous tails I had first seen him in, or it may have been - and there is a strong case for this - that Hitler himself changed. When I first saw him, he was a political phenomenon, but still untried in the field he loved most, the actual mechanics of war and conquest. But now he was the greatest conqueror in world history, the most hated and the most loved man alive. His walk as he strode, hatless, up to the white rostrum of the Sports Palace to speak, was graceful and confident. Chattering on his balcony with booring while crowds cheered him on his return from France he smiled, but there was no timidity about his crooked mouth. Once, I stood outside the gates of the chancellery and watched him drive out in an open car. From a distance of ten feet, his eyes appeared no longer the eyes of the funny little man, not yet entirely certain of himself, but were calm, hard and cruel, like the apotheosis of the Military Man, which he had become. The impression that Hitler is self-conscious, however, remained. ~~fix~~ In fact, I was convinced that of all the millions on whom the Hitler Myth had fastened itself, the most carried away was Adolf Hitler, himself.

p. 58, Howard K. Smith, Last Train From Berlin.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Starhemberg, Between Hitler and Mussolini

In April 1932, an invitation reached me...to go to Berlin....
 ...an adjutant accompanied me to Hitler's drawing room.Over the writing table hung a large picture of Frederick the Second. Beneath it sat Adolf Hitler, who rose at my entrance and advanced to meet me. As was his custom, he looked me straight in the face and once again I felt the extraordinary magnetism of his eyes. I fought against it. We had grown too far apart from me to feel any great sympathy with him. I tried to count up the repellent details of Hitler's person. In a badly fitting blue suit he sat facing me in a huddled position. How repulsive his face really was, how ugly his hands, and how common the German dialect he spoke. A Prussianised South German dialect it was, which gave the impression that he was trying feverishly to speak cultivated German. And yet I could not be blind to something that I could only call attractive and compelling.

.....

(Conversation on politics in Austria. Starhemberg refuses to be instrumental in delivering Austria to the Nazis. Refusals co-operation with Austrian Nazis.../ says:)

...."I told you years ago, and I tell you again today, leave it to the Heimwehr to create a new and patriotic Austria, and Austria that is national in the best sense. Austria will always maintain the ~~best~~ closest relations with a National Government in Germany."

Hitler did not answer. With a fixed expression on his face he stared straight in front of him. For some seconds there was silence in the room. Then suddenly Hitler began to speak in an unnecessarily loud voice: "It is utterly wrong to say that a man can be a good interior decorator if he is a bad architect. It is also completely wrong to assert conversely that a good architect understands nothing of interior decoration. Both these branches of architecture are inseparable and interwoven." Hitler grew excited. It is one of the idiocies of our time to attempt to separate exterior from interior architecture." The flood burst.

Citing examples from the history of architecture extending from pre-Babylonian, Egyptian, Grecian and Roman days up to the Gothic period, Hitler argued furiously in support of his theory of the inseparability of exterior ~~architecture~~ and interior architecture. He finally grew so excited that he jumped up from his chair, which fell over with a crash, and walked up and down the room, at moments of his lecture literally screaming. "No one," he shouted, "would have dared suggest to one of the great masters who built our Gothic cathedrals that he should devote himself only to the exterior and leave the interior to another."

I had the impression that he thought he was addressing a large audience. I said nothing, extremely uncomfortable at this exhibition. I must confess that his form of words and his assembly of evidence were extremely effective and convincing, although the metaphor made no appeal to me. I kept count of the time by my wrist-watch. For forty minutes Hitler spoke or shouted on the history of architecture. Then he suddenly broke off and sank exhausted into an armchair. I rose and picked up the fallen chair. Hitler stood up and returned to his place at the writing table. I wondered how I could take my leave, having no wish to resume our talk. Hitler sat huddled up, leaning over his writing table and staring straight in front of him. Suddenly he sat up with a jerk, and hitting the table with his fist three times, but quite gently, he said: And it is so and any other opinion is wrong." I said, "I must go now, as I have an appointment at my hotel", and I rose to leave. Hitler stood up....he was breathing heavily as though exhausted by violent physical exertion....

The memorable day was Tuesday, December 19, 1939. Shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon, a shining limousine drew up in front of the Hotel Adlon and a handsome young officer in dove-gray Foreign Office uniform ushered me to the waiting car....the car stopped before the Chancery and blew a peculiar note on its horn... In response to the summons, however, the entrance opened immediately and the car drove slowly inside. What a contrast to the plain exterior! I found myself in a large paved courtyard. Opposite the gate was a broad flight of stone steps flanked by two impressive gray stone figures. The flight led up to an entrance. On the stone stood several lackeys in blue-and silver liveries, while near the entrance doorway was a group of high officers in regulation gray-green uniforms. Through the entrance I glimpsed a foyer ablaze with electric light from crystal chandeliers.

Merging from my car, I walked up the steps, to bows and salutes, and entered the foyer, where more lackeys took charge of my hat and overcoat. I was here greeted by a high official with whom I walked through the foyer into a magnificent hall, without windows but electrically lighted from above. This lofty hall, done in light-red marble in laid with elaborate patterns, reminded me somehow of an ancient Egyptian temple. At its further end, more steps led up to an enormously long gallery of mirrors lighted by numerous sconces on the left-hand wall. Since this gallery was set at a slight angle, the effect upon me was of intense brilliance; much more so than a straight perspective would have afforded.

About half-way down the long gallery I observed a door on the right-hand side, before which stood a pair of lackeys. Through this door I passed, to find myself in a large room which, I was told, was the antechamber to the Fuehrer's study. In it were about a dozen high officers to whom I was introduced and with some of whom I chatted for some moments.

The whole build-up thus far had been so magnificent and the attendant psychic atmosphere so impressive that by this time I really did not know what to expect. I had the feeling that I was being ushered into the presence of a Roman Emperor or even an Oriental Potentate. The absurd thought crossed my mind that I might find G. M. M. seated on a throne surrounded by flowing swastikas.

At that moment I was bidden to the presence. Turning left, I passed through double doors and entered another large room.

p. 103-105, L. Stoddard, Into the Darkness.

To my right hand, near the doorway, was an upholstered sofa and several chairs. At the far end of the room was a flat-topped desk from behind which a figure rose as I entered and came toward me. I saw a man of medium height, clad in a plain officer's tunic with no decorations save the Iron Cross, black trousers, and regulation military boots. Walking up to where I had halted near the doorway, he gave me a firm handshake and a pleasant smile. It was the Fuehrer.

For an instant I was taken aback by the astounding contrast between his simple, natural greeting and the heavy significance through which I had just passed. Pulling myself together, I expressed in my best German my appreciation of the honor that was being shown me, calling him Excellency as foreigners are supposed to do. Hitler smiled again at my little speech, motioned to the sofa, and said: "Won't you sit down?" himself taking the nearest chair about a yard away from me. My German evidently made a good impression, for he complimented me upon my accent, from which he inferred that I had been to Germany before. I assured him that was correct, but went on to say that this was my first view of the Third Reich. To p. 205- L. Stoddard- Into the Darkness

To which he replied with a slight shake of the head: "A pity you couldn't have seen it in peacetime."

The conversation of about twenty minutes which followed these preliminaries naturally cannot be repeated, except I add given my word to that effect. Hitler, however, told me no deep, dark secrets--heads of states don't do that sort of thing with foreign visitors. I think it is no breach of my agreement to say that much of his talk dealt neither with the war nor politics but with great rebuilding plans which the war nor politics but with great rebuilding plans which the war had constrained him temporarily to lay aside. His regretful interest in those matters seemed to show that he still had them very much in mind.

Even more interesting than what Hitler said was his whole manner and appearance. Here I was, in private audience with the Master of Greater Germany, and able to study him at close range. Needless to say, I watched intently his every move and listened with equal intentness to his voice. Not to try to repeat as clearly as possible what I observed.

There are certain details of Hitler's appearance which one cannot surmise from photographs. His complexion is medium, with blond-brown hair of neutral shade which shows no signs of gray. His eyes are very dark-blue. Incidentally, he no longer wears a cartoonist's mustache. It is now the usual "tooth-brush" type, in both size and length. As already remarked, his uniform is severely plain and seemingly of stock materials.

In ordinary conversation, Hitler's voice is clear and well-modulated. Throughout the audience he spoke somewhat rapidly, but never hurriedly, and in an even tone. Only occasionally did I detect a trace of his native Austro-Bavarian accent. The audience was not a monologue. Although naturally he did most of the talking, Hitler gave a plenty of chances to ask questions and put in my say. He did not at any time sharply raise his voice. Only when discussing the war did it become vibrant with emotion, and then he dropped his voice almost to an intense whisper. He made practically no resting on the arm of his chair and the other lying relaxed in his lap.

Hitler's whole appearance was that of a man in good health. He certainly did not look a day older than his fifty years. His color was good, his skin clear and unwrinkled, his body fit and not over-weight. He showed no visible signs of nervous strain, such as squinted eyes, sagged lines, or twitching physical reactions. On the contrary, appearance, voice, and manner combined to give an impression of calmness and poise. I am well aware that this description tallies neither with current ideas nor with reports of other persons who have seen and talked with him. Very likely those reports are just as true as mine, since Hitler is said to be a man of many moods. Perhaps I saw him on one of his good days; perhaps he intended to make a particular impression upon me. All I can do is to describe accurately what I myself saw and heard.

Three other persons were present during this audience. First of all, there was Herr Schmidt... This time his services were not needed, so Herr Schmidt sat quietly beside me on the sofa without uttering a word the entire time. Equally silent were the other two, who sat in chairs some distance away. They were Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and Herr Hewel, who had done much to bring the audience about. Hitler terminated the conversation by rising, shaking hands again, and wishing me success in the balance of my stay in Germany. He then turned back to his desk, whither von Ribbentrop had already gone and where two other men were standing. At some point during the interview a photograph had been taken of Hitler and myself in conversation. So unobtrusively was this done that I was not aware of it at the moment. The first thing I know about it was when a copy was presented to me with the Fuehrer's compliments as a souvenir of the occasion.

P. 206-08- L. Stoddard, Into the Darkness.

...From this audience emerge two outstanding contrasts. First, as already indicated, that between the significantly staged and rough and the simple, undramatic, almost matter-of-fact meeting with the man himself. Very likely this contrast was also deliberate. Anyhow, it made a striking effect.

The second notable contrast which occurred to me was that of this audience with Hitler and one I had years ago with his fellow-dictator, Mussolini... There isn't much stage setting in reaching Mussolini at the Palazzo Venezia. The dramatic build-up really begins when you go through a little ante-chamber door ~~xxxx~~ and find yourself in an immense room, darkened by half-closed blinds, and with no furniture except a desk and a couple of chairs at the far end of the room. From behind that desk rises Mussolini, just like Hitler, but there the resemblance abruptly ends; for instead of coming to meet you, you have to walk all the way across the room to him.

However and wherever you start, you feel that Mussolini is intensely sincere. You get the fact that he is interested in you as a person. Also you sense that he is trying to sell you, not only his ideas but also HIMSELF. He wants to win your interest and admiration, and to attain that he employs the arts of a finished actor: uses his big, compelling eyes; twinges out his chin; aims to ~~touch~~ semi-personalize you. It's all very impressive. Perhaps, to an Anglo-Saxon, it's a bit too obvious. But it flatters your ego, not the same.

Nothing like that with Hitler. Though always pleasant and courteous, he makes no obvious attempt to impress or win you. When he talks, his eyes get a far-away look, and he sometimes bows his head, speaking abstractedly, almost as though to himself. Whatever he may be to his friends and intimates, I came away feeling that, however interested Hitler may be in people collectively, he is not interested in the average individual, at such. Of course, that is a personal impression. After all, I was just a foreign journalist who said nothing to him or his circle of things, and whom he had seen only on the advice of subordinates. But the same was true of Mussolini, who had shown a personal interest.

Another factor: personal charm. Mussolini had it. At least, he turns it on even in casual audiences. I felt his magnetic aura when I was two yards away from him. I didn't get any such psychic radiation from Hitler; neither did I get any emotional "lift" from his conversation. This was perhaps the most surprising thing in my whole audience with him, because all that had been told me pointed to the exact opposite.

PX08-10 -1. Stoddard- Into the Darkness

...My very first evening in Berlin, Goebbels had descended to me on the inspirational value of personal contact with the Fuehrer, and all who were closely connected with him spoke in the same way. Dr. Ley, for instance, described at great length the need of continuous personal contact with Hitler, not only for specific advice but even more to drink in and be inspired by the constant creative emanations from the Fuehrer's constructive genius. For instance, Ley said that Hitler had once said to him "If you wait until a decision has already solidified, then it is already too late." As a matter of fact, the Nazi inner circle foregathers with Hitler almost every day, especially at lunch time. The mid-day pause in Berlin's official life is abettedly tied to this intimate luncheon-period.

p. 210 L. Stoddard: Into the Darkness

FLIGHT FROM TERROR

by

Otto Strasser

Since this entire regiment had taken the Red oath as a matter of course, it is inconceivable that this young corporal did not do likewise. He was either a turncoat who now pointed the finger of guilt at his ex-comrades in arms in order to save his own skin through prosecution's evidence, or he was a spy who had joined the Reds at the bidding of Captain Roehm. The job he performed as witness was the very lowest in the moral scale.

Yet there was something about the manner in which he gave his testimony that was arresting. Perhaps divining the unfavorable position he was in, he used, knowingly or by instinct, a shrewd psychological device to extricate himself. Instead of shrinking back with shamefaced apology, he puffed out his chest, thrust out his chin and tore into each defendant with barely suppressed fury. There was venom and vindictiveness in his bitter, damning words—and those words he cast into the silence of the courtroom with all the deadly earnestness of a savage stoning a hated enemy. His black hair fell over his forehead with the intensity of his charges; his dark eyes flashed spite, and shone with the light of a crusader, while his comic mustache wriggled and danced as he spoke. He was more prosecutor than witness; and even Captain Roehm, hating the Communists though he did, several times had to caution him that this was a witness stand, not a soap box.

After some minutes of listening to this prosecution witness, two facts dawned on me with stunning clarity: The first was that this odd-looking little corporal had an amazing power with words when he addressed an audience. He used words much as a tennis player uses the ball in tournament play. He exhausted his opponents with the sheer brilliance of his play; he rarely used gentleness, and then only for deception and effect. Most of his verbal attacks were violent, powerful, overwhelming; and in the end he crashed forward for a smashing stroke to win his point. That is the only way I can think of to express this strange man's power over an audience—and those who were there that night will agree with me. I know that, because I could see them about me—engrossed, tautly attentive, slack-mouthed, breathless.

The second fact I saw that night explained the soldier's strange fury and aggressiveness toward the defendants. It was compounded, in part, of a deep-rooted, almost insane hatred of Communism, and in part of a sheer intoxication with his own ability with words; as though he became drunk, like his audience, with the emotional appeal of his own oratory. And that last speaks of an exaggerated vanity, a self-centered ego that comes close to outright madness. It is a dangerous egomania.

The figure he cut was ludicrous—but no one laughed. In the spell his oratory created that odd little bedraggled form faded into the background; there was only the sweeping power of the shouted words that rolled out to engulf us all.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 26)

As a result of the services he had rendered Captain Roehm in the past, Corporal Hitler enjoyed high favor—even admiration—from his superior. Now, in this moment of crisis, Hitler again came to the captain's rescue, this time with a plan that was perhaps a bit too astute for either of his superiors to see through; for Adolf Hitler, ragged and unknown, was even now dreaming majestically of the future for himself which he believed predestined.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 30)

Hitler, standing beside the General, seemed to pale into insignificance. He wore a single-breasted blue suit and a high stiff collar, and his hollow cheeks and the pallor of his face seemed to indicate a lack of fresh air and physical exercise.

Gregor's wife, Elsa, announced that luncheon was served, and we all took our places at the table in the dining room. We drank a toast in wine to the regeneration of Germany. But I noticed that Hitler's glass contained only a colorless fluid—and afterward Gregor explained that Hitler was a teetotaler and a vegetarian.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 41-42)

Gregor looked up quickly at her and in this manner tried to convey to her that Hitler was a vegetarian. Hitler made no attempt to reach for a helping.

"I know"—and Elsa heavily accented the word "know"—"that Herr Hitler will not offend me by refusing my cooking."

Adolf Hitler ate meat that afternoon. I know of no other occasion since then when he has done so.

During the early part of the meal Hitler maintained a discreet silence. His attitude toward the General was obsequious; he was in agreement with everything Ludendorff said.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 42)

Hitler bowed slightly. "Exactly, Your Excellency! That is what our National Socialist Party is trying to do. We shall gather the support of the common people before we make our bid for power. We shall wipe out the Jew, who has brought the Communist peril to this world!"

I smiled at that statement, realizing the inadequacy of Hitler's scholarship. I learned during this discussion that Hitler is at a terrible disadvantage when he attempts to argue with a single individual. Whereas he could mouth fine-sounding theories, he was often at a loss if he tried to explain them. Unlike the intellectual, he reasoned from the emotional to the factual, twisting facts to suit and prove the emotion that had prompted his thought. When he was then confronted by contradictory facts, he was left floundering.

Now Hitler drew himself erect and by the far-away look in his eyes showed plainly that he was not speaking merely to me; he was addressing an imaginary audience that stretched far beyond the walls of the living room.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 43-44)

The moment I entered the room, Hitler came to his feet and strode forward to meet me, greeting me warmly as we shook hands, his soft palm gripping mine firmly enough. I noticed then, as in the future, that his palm was clammy and moist, which is probably a sign of his nervous inner tension and emotional excitability.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 48)

"But there are many large industrialists who are interested in the Nazi movement, also", I reminded him.

Surprisingly enough, Hitler's temper didn't flare up again; instead—in a manner characteristic of the man—he went to the opposite extreme and became the soul of agreeability and soft sincerity.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 49)

Hitler, the speaker, was always sure of himself; of that there could be no doubt in anyone's mind. In those days he rarely prepared a speech, but stood looking out over his audience until the words welled up within him. On this occasion his slowness was accentuated by a dark suit; his right hand was held stiffly across his abdomen, the palm pressed tightly against his body. As he surveyed the audience and stood silently waiting for the words to come, a brilliant light grew in his eyes.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 51)

He started speaking slowly, gradually increasing the smooth rhythm and volume of his voice until he was shouting in bitter anger. Most novelists write stories in which there is a strong central character; the reader identifies himself with the hero, and as he reads through the story suffers the trials and misfortunes of that fictional character. So it was with Hitler's audience. They seemed to identify themselves with his voice, to lose themselves in it, casting aside their own weakness and blind groping to adopt its strength and sureness. It was not the voice of Hitler speaking out to them; it was their own voice, the voice of Germany.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 51-52)

Adolf Hitler paced a jittery path before his lieutenants, occasionally removing his steel helmet to wipe the rivulets of perspiration from his face and forehead, gazing often and long toward Munich, the scene-to-be of his great triumph—much as Napoleon may have gazed from the shores of Elbs toward a distant France. But no word came.

Then, shortly after eleven, a strong Reichswehr detachment swung into view, flanked right and left by the green-uniformed forces of the police. At sight of them Hitler's face contorted with rage; his body crouched forward, as though he would spring at those men who interfered with his destiny and whip them single-handed. For a moment I thought he was on the point of a hysterical fit, and then he saw Captain Ernst Roehm, at this time a member of the Reichswehr's officer staff.

A soft cry sounded behind Hitler's clenched teeth and he leaped toward Roehm like a maniac, seizing him by the tunic with trembling hands. "Have you betrayed us?" he screamed in a frenzy. "Explain! Why are you with these traitors? What has happened?"

By that time the demonstrators of the Oberwiesenfeld had been surrounded by the military; the situation was already hopeless, and Roehm seemed unimpressed with Hitler's fury. He looked at him coldly, and took his time before he said in a superior manner:

"Control yourself. The time is not yet ripe."

The two men gazed into each other's eyes, and Hitler was the one to give way. Perhaps the ingrained military training of years, his subconscious acceptance of their corporal-and-captain relationship, had something to do with it. In a moment his hands fell from Roehm's uniform and Hitler dropped his eyes. He turned away.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 61)

I am convinced now that the deep rancor Hitler nourished against Captain Ernst Roehm dates from that very moment on the field at Oberwiesenfeld.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 63)

Ludendorff and von Epp were furious; Roehm, who saw his power and influence at an end, was livid with fear; while Hitler's reaction was typical of him when crossed—his hysterical, demoniacal rage brought him to the verge of utter collapse. Gregor, however, always the man of action, counseled immediate countermeasures rather than emotional acrobatics. And he had his way.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 64)

How incongruous that Iron Cross must have seemed to those old-school army men as it dangled from Hitler's breast in that moment. It was the first occasion on which I had seen Hitler wearing that supreme decoration, and where he "won" the medal is a mystery he has never cleared up. Certain it is, however, that it wasn't for any sanguinary, single-handed victory. One will note that the only shot he had fired so far that evening was aimed at the ceiling.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 73)

What might have been an immediate deadlock for other politicians did not find Hitler at a loss. Always quick of wit in a tight place, his ingenuity did not fail him now. Hitler immediately struck an attitude. "That is precisely what I am, an agent for His Majesty, and in common with you three gentlemen, also seek to bring about the restoration!"

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 75)

Hitler, the vegetarian and teetotaler, had drunk a full stein of beer in his unthinking ecstasy! It was, undoubtedly, one of the few alcoholic drinks he'd had in his lifetime—and he probably never remembered drinking it!

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 76)

His face went deathly pale. Instinctively, he threw wide his arms to halt the column; then, as quickly, started forward again.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 82)

Hitler, of course, was in the direct line of fire, but Ulrich Graf, a Brown Shirt in the front ranks of the marchers, threw himself in front of Hitler and with his own body protected the Nazi Fuehrer. A slug caught Graf in the side and he fell bleeding—and Hitler flung himself flat on the ground, allowing Goering and the aged Ludendorff to continue marching into the hail of death. All the versions that say anything else are false. Adolf Hitler in his cowardice flung himself ignominiously to the ground. Goering, on his left, was hit in the thigh by a bullet and he staggered after Hitler, who was now crawling as fast as possible toward safety. But General Ludendorff, head held proudly erect, marched directly toward those blazing ranks of guns.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 83-84)

Certain questions were not to be put to the defendants at all, since the answers to them might prove highly embarrassing to von Kahr and his cohorts. For instance, should Hitler decide to tell from the witness stand, in answer to a direct question, the circumstances concerning the intrigue that preceded the putsch, the central government in Berlin would almost certainly become most displeased. In view of this situation, there is little wonder that what should have been a serious and dignified judicial proceeding degenerated into a farce. It was a case of criminal prosecuting criminal for a crime that neither wanted aired publicly, and of which each side was equally guilty.

On the whole, Hitler enjoyed the trial immensely, for it placed him in the limelight and gave him a chance to orate about himself and his aims—subjects that always held first place in his affections. People who had never heard his name before were now listening to, and reading of, the fine principles for which he swore he was ready to die.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 89)

Ordinarily, Hitler was not prone to accept the suggestions of others on party policy; he preferred to keep all such credit solely for himself, and, if necessary, would veto a good suggestion and later revive it as his own idea. But at this point in party history Hitler was just another man very anxious to get out of prison as quickly as possible.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 97)

To Adolf Hitler, two men constituted a sufficient—if not satisfactory—audience, and once again his tireless repetition soon outstripped the fascination of his fiery eloquence.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 98)

In its original version, Mein Kampf was a rambling, almost incoherent expression of political commonplaces and hackneyed socialistic theory lifted from the philosophies of a dozen minor politicians and obscure statesmen. There were passages taken from Houston S. Chamberlain and Lagarde, men whom Dietrich Eckhart used to quote in conversation and writing. The finished manuscript was given to Father Staempfle, a priest of brilliant intellectual attainment who was also the editor of a newspaper at Miesbach, and he twice rewrote it for Hitler, editing it extensively and making it both coherent and readable.

Hitler chose a typical way to repay this debt to a man of the cloth. He ordered Father Staempfle put to death—murdered—on the night of the "blood purge."

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 39)

It was during this period that we came to know one another more intimately, and we often met in the home of Herr Bechstein, the famous Berlin pianomaker. Frau Bechstein, who was twenty years older than Hitler, lavished maternal affection on him. Hitler, seated at her feet, would lay his head against her while she stroked his hair tenderly and murmured, "Mein Wolfchen" (My little wolf).

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 111)

In spite of his faults Hitler had a strength of which I never lost sight. His muddled thinking, his keen vanity and pride, his fear of making decisions, his continued deceit—these never kept me from recognizing his instinctive genius. His skill as a public speaker is without parallel. He responds to the most vibrations of the human heart with the delicacy of a lie-detector. He absorbs through every pore of his body the hidden intricacies of his listeners. It is, perhaps, some psychic power that even Hitler cannot comprehend and may not even be aware of; it is simply there.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 112)

These things are instinctive with him. He can cry on the public platform and the tears are real. In a speech, he can fall into an uncontrollable rage and storm hysterically for an hour—not because he mounted the platform ~~with~~ with those emotions within him, or even that under ordinary circumstances he would feel anger about the things he now storms at; but because he knew beforehand his listeners felt that way, and consequently he has talked himself, has willed himself, into a very real and true fury. As I have said before, Hitler loses himself completely in a speech, forgets himself utterly. Thus, once he has determined the emotional and mental "vibrations" of his audience, the rest, for him, is easy. It is as though he could assume any character, any mental outlook, at will, living it completely during his oration.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 112)

Hitler is a physical coward, yet he has moments of seeming great courage. He hates to be contradicted, and bad news, even of a most trivial nature, sends him into a raging fury; yet somehow he manages to take the sharpest blows of adversity and overcome them after his emotional explosion.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 112-113)

He likes to think of himself as an ascetic. This is not altogether accurate, since the real ascetic renounces the pleasures of the flesh because of an ideal. Hitler's reasons for eschewing mundane joys are more materialistic. Meat, he feels, is harmful; liquor is a drug that dulls the senses; while normal relations with women are impossible for him for physical reasons.

The man is humorless, yet on occasion he will tell a joke. Invariably this occurs when everything is going his way and he is feeling benign and fatherly to those about him.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 113)

"He locked me up again," she said between sobs. "He locks me up every time I don't agree to do what he says."

She wanted to tell the story to someone sympathetic; of her own accord she poured out the details of it. Like other party members close to private sources of information, I had heard all about the eccentric practices to which Fraulein Hofmann was alleged to have lent herself, but I had sincerely felt that the photographer's daughter was naturally a little hysterical and had a predisposition to invent enormous lies for the sheer fun of it. But not Gely. Further, she was completely ignorant of her uncle's former affair—yet now she confirmed it through her own experience, as she poured forth incident after incident.

To all practical purposes, her uncle kept her isolated from the outside world; she was rarely allowed to see a man. So one evening, almost out of her mind through this treatment, she had yielded to the importunities of Emile Maurice, Hitler's chauffeur. Hitler had surprised them and afterward, through the door behind which they were closeted, Gely heard the angry words of the two men.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 133)

I never saw Gely again. She died of a gunshot wound in her uncle's house in 1931. The events surrounding the shooting were very mysterious and the aftermath suspicious. It was not until 1935 that I learned the full details.

My brother Paul—now Father Bernhard, a Benedictine monk (his name having been changed, as is the custom of that order)—and I met in Austria in the spring of 1935. During a conversation that took place one day, Paul happened to say, half to himself:

"And to think that Gregor once stopped Hitler from committing suicide!"

"On what occasion was that?" I asked.

"After Hitler murdered his niece Gely."

The statement astounded me. "Did Gregor tell you that?"

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 134)

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 134 cont.)

Paul nodded. "I swore to keep it a secret," he began hesitantly, "but it should be told. Gregor spent three days and nights with Hitler, who was like a madman. It was during a quarrel that he shot Gely, so perhaps he didn't realize what he was doing. Immediately afterward, he wanted to commit suicide, but Gregor prevented him."

I asked for further details.

"After Gely was found dead by violence, an inquest was opened in Munich. The public prosecutor, who has lived abroad since Hitler's accession to power, wished to charge him with murder, but Gartner, the Bavarian Minister of Justice, stopped the case. It was announced that Gely had committed suicide."

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 134)

To make this accusation even stronger, I went to report one incident that happened in Paris in 1939, where I was writing articles for Le Journal, and when I happened to mention Gely's death, charging Hitler directly with the guilt. Three days later the editor of the Courrier d'Autriche called at my rooms.

"Do you know Father Pant?" he asked.

"No," I told him, "not personally; but I know that he lived in Munich, and that he was the brother of the priests and Senator Pant, the former leader of the anti-Nazis in Poland."

"That's the man," he said. "Father Pant is now in exile, but he asks me to send you the following message, which I repeat verbatim:

"It was I who buried Angela Reubel, the little Gely of whom Otto Strasser wrote. They pretended that she committed suicide; but I should never have allowed a suicide to be buried in consecrated ground. From the fact that I gave her Christian burial you can draw conclusions which I cannot communicate to you."

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 135)

Bruno Fricke and I, with four others, roamed the streets of Berlin for the rest of that night, hoping to pick up Hitler's trail again. It was a hopeless mission—though we didn't know that—for, as we learned later, Hitler had been so unnerved by his close escape from the beer hall that he fled immediately back to Munich.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 178)

Shortly afterward he stormed into von Papen's office, slammed his fist angrily on the Chancellor's desk and delivered an ultimatum that was brazen in its arrogance. If these men died for their crime, he threatened, he would set loose every one of the 800,000 SA and SS men under his command and the reprisal would make the bloody events of their first night of terror seem like a polite tea party by comparison.

(Flight from Terror-Strasser-p. 204)

Hitler's slight figure paled into insignificance in the same room with the giant von Hindenburg. The frock-coated Field Marshal arose as his visitors entered and stood behind his desk, slightly bowed, supported by a heavy walking stick. In his presence, as ever, Hitler found himself embarrassed and unsure. He shifted uneasily on his feet and cleared his throat.

(Flight from Terror-Stresser-p. 204)

In the silent night hours of solitude Hitler reached his decision; he would lift himself by his political bootstraps through uncompromising "diplomacy by liquidation." Next day, Hitler was no longer the wavering, indecisive politician; he became a man of action with an inexhaustible store of energy that was fed by a fanatical belief in the righteousness of his cause. He had a task to perform--somewhat distasteful, perhaps, since it involved the cold-blooded murder of many of his comrades-in-arms who had fought at his side since the early days of the movement--but whatever his feelings, he never swerved from what he considered his "duty" once his mind was made up. Such abstract considerations as gratitude, friendship, fair play and loyalty were signs of weakness and decadence.

(Flight from Terror-Stresser-p. 242-243)

During the drive, he had all but collapsed, and Hitler himself had taken the wheel--something that he frequently did on any long drive.

(Flight from Terror-Stresser-p. 320)

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Dazu kommt eine-allerdings eine geradezu krankhafte Verlogenheit; ein Eitelkeit, die laengst das Ausmass von Grosseuwahn erreicht hat; eine Treulosigkeit, die mehr ein Zeichen der Schwache, als ein Zeichen machiavellistischer Politik ist; eine Unbestaendigkeit des Weessens, die durchaus hysterische Zuege traegt; eine Verkarnfttheit der Haltung, die nicht nur in der nie abgelegten Unsicherheit des "kleinen Mannes", sondern zweifellos auch in sexueller Ungeploestheit ihren Ursprung hat.

Ueberhaupt bildet das Wissen um Hitlers ausgesprochen feminine Art den Schluesssel zum Verstaendnis seines Wesens und seiner Handlungen. Seine schwankenden Stimmungen, die der Kamerilla um ihn einen so ihren Abaren Einfluss einzuwuenden; sein Angst vor allen Entscheidungen, die geradezu grotesk ist; seine entwaeffnende Unlogik, die ihn befachigt, alle seine eignen Worte mit der Sicherheit der guten Gewissens abzulegen; sein g-e-i-s-t-i-g-e polstige Abhaengigkeit von irgendjemand noch so unzu-laen-lichen, aber gerade infolge seiner Halbbildung kritiklos uebernommenen Lehre oder Anschauung; seine Abneigung gegen alle innerlich gefestigten, selbstsicheren Menschen und dementsprechend seine Verlaesse fuer labile, unzugangliche, ja verbrecherische Menschen-

all das findet in dem femininen Wesen Hitlers seine betruendungs- wie nicht minder auch sein Einfuehlungsvermoegen, seine Phantasie, seine Gefuehlskraft, seine geradezu medialen Faehigkeiten, die sowohl passiver als aktiver Natur sind.

Ist Hitler ein Fuehrer? - kann man fragen. Keinen Fuehrer nennen, der zwar ein Ohr hat fuer die intimen Leidenschaften eines Volkes und auch die Kunst beherrscht, diese Leidenschaften in Aufruhr zu bringen - dem aber jede Erkenntnis fuer das Wesen, fuer die Heingthit dieser Leidenschaften fehlt und vor allem jedes Wissen um die Gruende, daraus sie aufbrechen und um die Ziele, denen sie zustreben? - Der, in summe Erkenntnis eigener geistiger Unzulaenglichkeit, die durch ueberbetontes Selbstgefuehl nur wenig haefig verdeckt wird! Angst vor jeder klaren Entscheidung hat und sich deshalb in allgemeinen Redensarten gefachelt, die jeder Hoerer nach seinem Belieben auslegen kann?

Der bei ganz dringenden Fragen "unfach" unzufindbar verweist, so- wie er einmal Gregor Strasser gegenueber gedurch auswich, dass er vom gemeinsamen Mittagessen weg durch die Toilette das Lokal verliess und schnell davonfuhr?!

Aber ein Taktiker ist er, von gressen Format! Mit Fingerspitzenge- fuehl, wie eine Frau! Mit allen Requisiteen der Menschenbehandlung, wie ein Schauspieler! Mit einer salglatten Wendigkeit und oeligen Vieldeu- tigkeit, wie ein Hofmann alter Schule! - Da laechelt er erwidern, schaut treuherzig, markiert Traenen (es gibt wohl keine interne Verhandlung, in der Hitler nicht diesen Truuf versucht!), um ploetzlich in laetendes Schimpfen, roehendes Tosen ueberzugehen, wenn er sich davon mehr Ein- druck verspricht!

Ein englischer Diplomat hat nach seinem Besuch bei Hitler diese feminine Art Hitlers dem Verfasser gegenueber in die Worte gefasst: "Hitler ist doch kein Politiker, er ist die Frau eines Politikers!"

Und ueber die peinliche Eitelkeit Hitlers fand er die Worte: "Ich habe gedacht, ich koennte zu einer Prinzessina. Aber es war nur eine Sou- brette."

30. Juni 1934

.....Hitler(stuerzt) auf Roehm's Zimmer, Nr. 7 los, trommelt mit seiner Handpeitsche gegen die Tuer und bruellte: "Aufmachen, aufmachen!"

Von drinnen hoerte man das schwaerfaellige Umdrehen eines schlaftrunkenen Mannes, der zueckfrug: "Ja, wer ist denn da?"

Und nun kommt die Wechselrede, die der Verfasser als direkte Mitteilung eines Augen-und Ohrenzeugen empfing und/ unter seinem Eid wortgetreu wiedergibt:

"Ich bin's, Hitler, lach' auf!"

Worauf Roehm antwortet:

"Was, du bist schon da? Ich hab' geacht Du kommst erst Littag."

Maechte die Ture auf - und wurde mit einer Flut von Schimpfworten, Fluechen, Vorwurfen, Drohungen Hitlers ueberschaettet, die er erst in fassungsloser Stummheit ueber sich ergehen liess, um dann s einerseits in aehnlichem Ton und gleicher Lautstaerke zu erwidern.

Auf Befehl Hitlers gefesslet, sass Roehm noch einige Minuten im Vorzimmer, wo er auf einen "Heil Hitler Gruss", des inzwischen erwachten und herbeigeeilten Wirtes nur ein muedes "Na ja, Gruess Gott" antwortete. Herr Hitler bat den Wirt um Entschuldigung ueber die Stoerung und fuhr dann mit Roehm.....nach Luenzen.....

.....Dort...im Braunen Haus....haelt Hitler ~~Wach~~ "Gericht". Fahlen Angesichts, flackernde Augen, wie ein Wahnsinniger bruellte er immer nur: "Die Hunde! Die Verraeter! Verrecken muessen sie alle!"

Und eilfertigt notiert Buch: Tod, Tod, Tod.....

pp. 117/118, Strasser, Die Deutsche Bartholomaeusnacht.

...And Hitler was late. An hour late. Waiting in the upstairs foyer of the Kaiserhof Hotel I saw him shoot by, on the way to his rooms, accompanied by a body-guard who looked rather like Al Capone. Minutes pass, half an hour. I go round to the room of the press chief..... Then finally I walked into Adolph Hitler's salon in the Kaiserhof hotel, I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany in something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was not.

It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog.

He is formless, almost faceless, a man whose countenance is a caricature, a man whose framework seems cartilaginous, without bones. He is inconsequent and voluble, ill-poised, insecure. He is the very prototype of the Little Man.

A lock of lank hair falls over an insignificant and slightly retreating forehead. The neck head is shallow. The face is broad in the cheekbones. The nose is large, but badly shaped and without character. His movements are awkward, almost undignified and most un-martial. There is in his face no trace of any inner conflict or self-discipline.

And yet, he is not without a certain charm. But it is the soft, almost railing charm of the Austrian? When he talks it is with a broad Austrian dialect.

The eyes alone are notable. Dark, gray and hypertrophied- they have the peculiar shine which often distinguishes neophytes, alcoholics and hysterics.

There is something irritatingly refined about him. I bet he crooks his little finger when he drinks a cup of tea.

His is an actor's face. Capable of being pushed out or in, expanded or contracted at will, in order to register facile emotions.....

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

p. 12-14, Thompson, Dorothy- I saw Hitler!

.. The interview was difficult, because one cannot carry on a conversation with Adolph Hitler. He speaks always, as though he were addressing a mass meeting. In personal intercourse he is shy, almost embarrassed. In every question he seeks for a theme that will set him off. Then his eyes focus in some far corner of the room; a hysterical note creeps into his voice which rises sometimes almost to a scream. He gives the impression of a man in a trance. He bangs the table.

p. 16, Thompson Dorothy- I saw Hitler!

"I PAID HITLER"

By Fritz Thyssen

Hitler told me how he had sent for Furtwangler and told him he simply could not keep on playing pieces by Jewish composers. That was as intolerable as if he, Hitler, were to fall in love with a pretty Jewess. I had to laugh inwardly. For actually, whenever Hitler did go near a woman at all, the woman he ogled would turn out to be a Jewess.

Thyssen-p. 127

The National Socialists never had a real economic plan. Some of them were entirely reactionary; some of them advocated a corporative system; others represented the viewpoint of the extreme Left. In my opinion, Hitler failed because he thought it very clever to agree with everybody's opinion.

Thyssen-p. 134

Hitler had an unprecedented opportunity, such as no man will ever again be offered so easily, to create something entirely new. However, beside the fact that he knows absolutely nothing about matters economic, he cannot even fully understand his economic advisers. He is impulsive and always follows his last impressions, but he is not energetic. His constant worry has ever been to keep himself in power. In addition to this, he believes that he alone is a great man, and all others non-entities.

Thyssen-p.135

It has come to the point where even Hitler is afraid of the Gestapo. Those scoundrels know how to turn this to their profit. They constantly tell him that they must protect him, and they protect him so well that he is almost their prisoner. Indeed, Hitler is not at all what he seems to be. He is not a daredevil like Goering; he constantly fears for his own security. What the Gestapo does in order to "protect him," as they put it, is beyond all imagination.

Thyssen-pp. 137-138

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But Hitler, without ever admitting it, is inspired by Napoleon's example. This turns his mind toward such projects as the replanning and transformation of cities like Berlin, Munich, and Hamburg. He desires people to speak of "Adolf Hitler's Highways" as they speak of Napoleon's roads.

Thyssen-p. 142

I

In the building of highways, as in everything he does, Hitler did not proceed according to a plan. He wanted to create immediately something that would appeal to the public's imagination.

Thyssen-p. 143

Hitler is totally ignorant of economics. He lets himself be taken in by notions which he thinks he understands and which do not make the slightest sense. One day, the great "economist" of the party, Bernard Koehler, grandiloquently pronounced in his presence the slogan that "labor is capital". This signifies absolutely nothing. Yet Hitler has repeated this nonsense, variously paraphrased, in at least twenty speeches. An unfortunate consequence was that the slogan was put into practice and people in Germany began to do just anything, since "labor is capital"!

Thyssen-pp. 144-145

Hitler is constantly afraid of not seeing things in large enough proportions. Pyramids, Napoleonic roads, Roman roads are an obsession with him. He plans his highways for centuries to come. At Nuremberg he builds a congress auditorium to hold several hundred thousand people. He tears down half Berlin to reconstruct it. Money does not count. And unhappy Dr. Schacht had to torture his brain to find a way of financing these unproductive projects. After exhausting himself in protesting he eventually resigned his office. Yet he must bear part of the responsibility. It was he, indeed, who at the beginning of the new regime showed the Nazis how to

Thyssen-p. 146

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Thyssen-p.146 (cont'd.)

use credit. No doubt he desired to remain within reasonable limits. But Hitler, seeing that "credit could be created" - according to Dr. Schacht's incautious formula - never wanted to halt his course.

One of Hitler's most incredible projects is the construction of a giant bridge in Hamburg. He has seen photographs of the George Washington Bridge in New York and dreams of having just as imposing a structure in Germany. One day, accompanied by a large staff of Nazi dignitaries, he walked along the banks of the Elbe. Suddenly, he stopped and declared, "Here the bridge shall be built!" The project was submitted to experts. It would have necessitated the building of an immense suspension bridge with foundations about one thousand feet deep, because of the bad terrain. Moreover, the bridge would have obstructed the port. Military experts declared that if it should collapse, under an air bombardment for instance, the consequences would be disastrous. The cost would have exceeded one billion marks. But the Fuhrer had made up his mind, and, of course, he can never err. If war had not intervened, this absurd structure would have been begun. No one has dared submit the only reasonable solution imposed by necessity. To join the two banks of the Elbe, a tunnel should be dug; it would be less costly, without involving the disadvantages of a bridge. The Nazis, however, dislike underground construction, probably because there they cannot be seen.

Thyssen-pp. 146-147

It is, in any case, difficult for any foreigner to understand Adolf Hitler's character. Sometimes, indeed, his intelligence is astonishing. This peasant's son (for such, at least, he pretends to be) often exhibits miraculous political intuition, devoid of all moral sense, but extraordinarily precise. Even in a very complex situation he discerns what is possible, and what is not. It is hard to believe that the scion of an Austrian peasant family should be endowed with so much intelligence. One is less puzzled, perhaps, when one discovers an important gap in Hitler's ancestral line.

According to the published records, Hitler's grandmother had an illegitimate son, and this son was to become the father of Germany's present leader. But an inquiry once ordered by

Thyssen-p. 159

Thyssen-p. 159 (cont'd.)

the late Austrian chancellor, Engelbert Dollfuss, yielded some interesting results, owing to the fact that the dossiers of the police department of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy were remarkably complete. According to these records, the Fuhrer's grandmother became pregnant during her employment as a servant in a Viennese family. For this reason she was sent back to her home in the country. And the family in which the unfortunate country girl (afterwards Frau Schickelgruber) was serving, was none other than that of Baron Rothschild. This circumstance throws a new light on the story. The Rothschilds, who in the course of a century had risen from nothing to the position of one of Europe's great families, certainly did not lack a prescient intelligence - at least not in business! And it is this very type of intelligence that Hitler has been shown to possess in politics. Moreover, this presumed Jewish ancestry of Hitler might also give us a psychoanalytical explanation of his anti-Semitism. By persecuting the Jews, the psychoanalysts would say, Hitler is trying to cleanse himself of his Jewish "taint."

However this may be, Dollfuss prepared a document in which all these facts were established. After his assassination his successor, Dr. Schuschnigg, took possession of the document. Through his spies Hitler was informed of this compromising inquiry. When he asked the Austrian chancellor to come to Berchtesgaden, in February, 1938, he intended to get possession of the document. In order to get hold of it, he began by ordering the arrest of Countess Fugger, Chancellor Schuschnigg's friend, who later - after he was taken prisoner by the Gestapo - became his wife. The compromising document was then given to Baron von Ketteler, the secretary of the Fuhrer's ambassador in Vienna, Herr von Papen. It is quite possible that Papen took care to have the incriminating papers photographed before having them carried to Berlin by Ketteler. It is clear that in these circumstances the unfortunate Schuschnigg, faced by his terrible adversary at Berchtesgaden, was deprived of his one weapon against him - the threat to publish the Dollfuss document which would have revealed Hitler's true origin to the world.

Incidentally, a copy of the document in question is said to be now in the hands of the British Secret Service. At any rate, it may be presumed that the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss was connected with his inquiry into Hitler's genealogy.

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The Brauchitsch story was reported to Adolf Hitler, who is always eager to be informed of all kinds of personal affairs. It was he who gave General von Brauchitsch the needed sum. This episode is quite typical of Hitler's character. He misses no opportunity of buying important people, or their conscience.

Thyssen-p. 162

All this might perhaps be overlooked if politics were practiced as methodically. But whoever thinks that this is being done has an entirely wrong conception of the country. There is no such thing as an administration with its center in Berlin. As regards internal order, Hitler has achieved exactly nothing. He thought it was very smart to build up a governmental system in which all the powers cancel each other out. Alongside the mayor of a city there always sits a party functionary known as a Kreisleiter (district leader). And so it is with every important post. If the two men who have been put side by side agree with each other, the situation is tolerable; if not, there is perpetual strife, which of course is harmful to the entire government structure. These conditions are entirely unknown to the public; yet they are pernicious.

Indeed, this mutual canceling out of forces is noticeable in all fields. Theoretically, for instance, the owner of a factory is also its manager; yet a representative of the Labor Front is put alongside of him, and unless he is bribed he constantly interferes.

Thyssen-pp. 165-166

It is true that his needs are modest. He does not care for good food, he neither smokes nor drinks, and he has no mistress. Bruning, the ascetic, at least smoked cigars. The Nazis reproached him even for that. Hitler, like Goering, has a weakness for paintings. In truth, as he likes to say, if he had not entered politics he would have devoted his life to painting. Sometimes he buys pictures by the Old Masters with his own money, but above all he accepts gifts. Cities and states have offered him

Thyssen-pp. 173-174

Thyssen-p. 174 (cont'd.)

several museum pieces. Numerous also are those private citizens who wish to prove their gratitude or their admiration to the Fuhrer. But Hitler does not go himself to the art dealers, as Goering does. He uses his photographer, Hoffmann, as an intermediary. The latter is the only official photographer authorized by Hitler and his regime. This monopoly brings him a fortune. But he does not consider it beneath his dignity to earn commissions on works of art. His method is about the same as people who serve Goering, with the difference that it costs the victim even more. An art dealer of reputation will go to one of his best customers and address him about as follows: "I now have a certain picture for sale. I know that our beloved Fuhrer would like it very much. Wouldn't you like to make him a gift of it?" Everybody knows what this means, and the suggestion is complied with.

But it also happens that Hitler presents a painting to someone to whom he wishes to do a favor. One day he sent to Dr. Hjalmar Schacht a painting by the classic German genre painter Spizweg, in a superb frame. Schacht noticed immediately that it was a vulgar copy of a well-known original. Thinking that the Fuhrer had been deceived, he sent the painting back to him saying it was a copy. Infuriated, Hitler declared, "This copy is an original!" After all, why not, since the axiom of the regime is "the Fuhrer is always right"?

Thyssen-p. 174

Is it the materialization of one of those fantastic drawings with which Victor Hugo adorned the margins of his manuscript of *Les Burgraves*, the fantasy of a Millionaire, or merely the refuge where brigands take their leisure and hoard their treasures? Is it the conception of a normal mind, or that of a man tormented by megalomania, by a haunting desire for domination and solitude, or merely that of a being in the grip of fear?

One detail cannot pass unnoticed, and is no less valuable than the rest for someone who tries to assess the psychology of Adolf Hitler: the approaches, the openings of the underground passage and the access to the house are manned by soldiers and protected by nests of machine guns....

Thyssen-pp. 212-213

"Whoever wants to understand National Socialist Germany must know Wagner," Adolf Hitler has often told his friends; and the whole National Socialist regime, which finds its foundation in the Germanic myths and the cult of the heroic, is in fact unthinkable without Wagner and all he represents. In that sense the whole present war resolves itself into a super-Wagnerian opera turned into grim reality.

P 10, Otto D. Tolischus-They wanted war,

Wagner was a romanticist who has now been taken over by political realists. And lest it be thought from American precedents that operas are after all only for the select few, it must be kept in mind that nearly every German city has its opera house and that Hitler himself explained, "I am convinced that art, and the uncorrupted and most immediate reproduction of a nation's spiritual life, have unconsciously the greatest direct influence on the mass in combination."

P. 14- Otto D. Tolischus- They wanted war.

As a result of this enthusiasm, Hitler had attended hundreds of Wagner performances, traveling from the cheapest seats in the highest balconies in his days of penury to the royal box in his days of power. He has steeped himself in the provocative Wagner melodies. Although he cannot carry a tune, he reads Wagner's scores, and so detailed is his interest that every little change in every performance immediately brings inquiries from him.

P 15- Otto D. Tolischus- They wanted war.

..Of course, no man in Hitler's position is able to dismiss the work and cares of office anywhere or at any time. But at the Berghof before war came, Hitler's cares seemingly were reduced to a minimum. In line with the artistic temperament which Hitler's admirers extol as his biggest asset in the art of politics, Hitler always has led a somewhat Bohemian life- so much so that methodical people, accustomed to a strict daily routine, have (until proved wrong) whispered doubts of his complete devotion to concentrated work. From the days of his youth, when he refused to follow his father in the methodical career of ~~xx~~ a minor Austrian official, Hitler has always held purely ~~office~~ official drudgery in abhorrence; he regards it as death to really creative work. Though he recognized a bureaucracy as a necessary evil of administration, he still warned party leaders not to get lost in deadly paper work, but rather to keep in touch with the people and the facts of life.

At any rate, that is the rule Hitler adopted for himself. He has been a great improvisator, and that his improvisation is not without merit is proved by his spectacular career. But these improvisations of his early years in power were both not out of burning the midnight oil over long official reports but rather out of visits to all parts of the country and talks with many kinds of people and above all, out of protracted discussions and exchanges of opinion th the intimate circle of his old cronies and collaborators, stretching at times into the small hours of the morning. ..

The proverb, "It's the early bird that catches the worm," did not apply to Hitler in those creative years. He rarely rose before nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes even later, except when he was on tour. During breakfast, which usually consisted of milk, bread, oatmeal, honey, and cheese, he read the newspapers, especially his own Volkischer Beobachter. Then he took a walk in the mountains accompanied by some guests. He sometimes visited Goering's chalet, or stopped at a mountain cafe, or he might simply stroll about, stopping at times to emphasize the ideas he was expounding to his guests by drawing pictures in the sand with his stick. About eleven o'clock, however, he was usually at his desk where his mail and the official business that had come up in the pouch from the Chancellery had already been laid out by his adjutants, Wilhelm Brueckner and Julius Schaub, and his press chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich. T..

As a rule official business was completed by lunch time. Hitler's vegetarian lunch and dinner consist of soup, eggs, vegetables, and mineral water, although he occasionally relishes a slice of ham and relieves the tediousness of his diet with such delicacies as caviar, luscious fruits and similar tidbits. He is outspoken about having a sweet tooth and loves confectionery, especially chocolates. ...

In the years of peace, unless other things intervened, the afternoon was usually devoted by Hitler to his favorite hobby- architecture. In his study or special studio built at the Berghof, he could be found almost any afternoon bent over architectural sketches with a pencil in his hand, changing, adding, correcting; or inspecting models of new buildings and other constructions and expounding his views to his entourage and the original designers. Architecture was not his first love merely; architecture in the Third Reich meant monumental buildings, and monumental buildings were to Hitler lasting symbols of a great epoch.

His evenings at the Berghof were usually spent around the fireplace in the big hall in the company of his guests. These might include artists from the opera, the stage, and the films, especially musicians who might give a sample of their talent for the edification of the company. Most of the time, however, the evenings were devoted to informal discussion of problems of the day. In these chatty talks Hitler learned many things that would never have found their way into official reports. Through them he extended the antennae of his intuition, gauged the atmosphere around him and measured the forces that he must take into account in making his decisions. These discussions were so much the rule at the Berghof that some believed that Hitler hated being alone. But there were other moods.

Even many of those who came to the Berghof with a certain reserve were captivated by the Fuehrer's complete naturalness in these surroundings. Before the swallowing of Czechoslovakia, for example, a Czech delegate of the Front Fighters' Congress, who admitted his initial skepticism, described his impressions of his visit to Hitler in his native Czech paper as follows:

"In his salon Hitler gave us the impression of an unaffected private gentleman. Before other statesmen of great name, the average person has a peculiar feeling of distance. With Hitler it was otherwise. He sat among us. It seemed to me as if I had spent at least two years with him in the trenches. He repudiated the word 'dictator' for himself. The Germans, he said, had elected him with more than 90 per cent of the votes. He compared the life of nations with the life of a married couple. Agreement was necessary, he said, and difficulties had to be removed. War, he insisted, was the last thing he would take on his conscience; it is terrible for the vanquished and the victors.

"I repeat, this statesman and head of the German nation did not seem stiff; his social manner was informal and, so to say, comradely. Ladies accompanying blind veterans had been informed before hand that Hitler does not like paint and powder. In the salon was a piano and a bust of Wagner. Yes, Hitler loves music, and plays the piano well. The artist are well taken care of by the Fuehrer."

....Similar descriptions have been given by other foreign visitors, and though it may be too much to say that they came to scoff and stayed to pray, the fact is that visitors to the Berghof put stress on Hitler's informality, while visitors to the Chancellery at Berlin were more likely to be impressed by his preoccupation and earnestness.

p 35- 37- Otto D. Tolischus- They Wanted War.

...And finally, associated with the Berghof is a curious anecdote. This is that while Hitler and Amann were climbing about in the Bavarian mountains early in their careers, before they always knew where their next meal was coming from, Ammann jestingly remarked: "When we get rich, we'll build our homes here."

Hitler is said to have replied: "I shall never get rich, but some day, perhaps, my people will build a house here for me."

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T. C. B. R. K. Karl

Hitler spricht

Das Tagebuch; Jahrgang 8, Heft IX, 26. März 1937; S. 438-540

.....Adolf Hitler hat man zwei Jahre nicht sprechen lassen.Seine Freunde haben die Aufhebung des Redeverbotes durchgesetzt,Seine erste Versammlung in München war ein Triumph,.... Mehr als 4000 Menschen drängten sich.....

Dann tritt Adolf Hitler vor und muss fünf Minuten warten, bis der Stuhl sich gelegt hat. Er ist bleich, nervös, und hat nicht gleich das Wort in der Gewalt. Die ersten Sätze spricht er mit dem Manuskript in der Hand. Auch er geht von dem Redeverbot aus.....und schließt dann die Thematik seiner Vortragsrede an. Worin besteht sie, worin ihre Wirkung. Der ihm zum ersten Mal geort, ist ein wenig enttäuscht. Die Stimme ist nicht gross, nicht rein, wird rasch heiser: Hitlers Deutsch unverkennbar österreichischen Ursprungs, aber nicht wienerisch, sondern ~~XXXXXXX~~ dem Hochdeutsch ähnlich, das die aus Deutschböhmen stammenden Wiener Beamten sprechen. Der dialektische Anklang deutet auf Komotau. Er spricht das "t" wie "d", sagt "Einigkeit", "Bereitschaft", "Geschlossenheit". Eine, wie man in Österreich sagt, "knoedlige" Sprache. Dabei dennoch verständlich und selbst im Umkreis eines Radius von sechzig Metern vernnehmbar. Unter Münchenern klingt dieses deutschböhmische Beamtendeutsch wie eine Bildungsprache. Auch darum, weil es papiern spricht, unoriginelles Zeitungsdeutsch mit viel abstrakten Ausdrücken und vielen Bildern.....unter den Stotterern von heute ist Hitler ein Redner. Dabei ist seine rhetorische Kunst, die Kunst zu gliedern und aufzubauen, Pointen vorzuführen, sehr gering. Es fehlt ihr auch die beste Waffe: der Humor. Hitler ist ganz humorlos, nur pathetisch. Seine Steigerungen bestehen in der Steigerung des Pathos. Er ist auch eigentlich kein Redagoge.....

Sein Gedankengang entspringt einem vulgären Glauben an die Unfehlbarkeit und organische Entwicklungsfähigkeit des nationalen Instinkts.....Rhetorisch schwach, gedanklich null, bleibt in Hitlers Rede nur als wirksames Moment nur seine Fähigkeit, Gefühlsregungen zu übermitteln.Vielleicht glaubt Hitler, was er spricht; jedenfalls ist's der Ton gefühlsmässiger Überzeugung, der ihm den Erfolg bringt. Also die primitivste Stufe rednerischer Kunst.....

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

VORWAERTS
(Berliner Volksblatt)

26. Februar 1924

Prozess:

.....Nach mehr als fuenfviertelstuendiger Beratung wurde.... in die Personalvernehmung Hitlers eingetreten.....

Auf die Frage des Vorsitzenden an Hitler, ob er sich vernehmen lassen wolle, erhebt sich Hitler und tritt mit einer zustimmenden Verbeugung an den Richtertisch. Der Vorsitzende stellt dann kurz die Personaldaten des Angeklagten fest und faehrt fort: Sie sind im Jahre 1912 als Architekturzeichner nach Muenchen gekommen? Hitler: Jawohl, ich wollte Architekt werden. Vorsitzender: Neben ihren beruflichen Studien haben Sie sich auch dem Studium der Rassenfragen und der Kulturgeschichte gewidmet. Sie sind dann 1914 als Freiwilliger in die Bayerische Armee eingetreten und haben den Feldzug beim Reserve-Infanterie-Regiment 16 mitgemacht. An Kriegsauszeichnungen haben Sie das E.K.I und das Militaerverdienstkreuz sowie andere Orden fuer hervorragende Tapferkeit erhalten. In Ihren Militaerpapieren ist Ihre Fuehrung als sehr gut bezeichnet. Sie sind einmal verwundet worden und haben einmal eine schwere Gasvergiftung erlitten? Hitler: Jawohl, es war eine Vergiftung mit deutschem Gelbkreuzgas und ich war eine Zeitlang fast blind. Spaeter hat sich mein Zustand dann gebessert, aber mit Ruecksicht auf meinen Beruf als Architekt galt ich doch als vollkommener Krueppel und ich habe nie geglaubt, dass ich noch einmal eine Zeitung werde lesen koennen.

Vors.: Aus dem Lazarett sind Sie dann als k.v. entlassen worden. Hitler: In dem Lazarett in Pasewalk herrschten schon seit dem 5. November 1918 vollstaendig revolutionaere Zustaende. Ich habe meine Militaerpaesse gar nicht mehr bekommen, die Papiere sind alle verlodert worden.

Vors.: Sie sind dann im September 1919 als Bildungsoffizier zum Schuetzenregiment 41 gekommen und sind am 1. April 1920 aus dem Militaerdienst entlassen worden. Im Jahre 1919 sind Sie der nationalsozialistischen Arbeiterpartei als Mitglied beigetreten und Sie sind seit dem 29. Juli 1921 Erster Vorsitzender dieser Partei. Man sagt, dass die Gruendung der oesterreichischen Nationalsozialistischen Partei auf Sie zurueckzufuehren sei. Hitler: Nein, die ist schon vor 20 Jahren gegrueudet worden und hat damit nichts zu tun.

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In der Nachmittagsverhandlung ausserte sich Hitler dann ueber die Vorgeenge am 9. November. Er betonte zu- naechst, dass es eigentuemlich sei, dass ein Mann, der jahrelang als Soldat blinde gehorchte, mit dem Staat in Konflikt kommen koenne. Ich bin als 16jaehriger Mensch ge- zwungen worden, mein Brot selbst zu verdienen. In Wien lernte ich erstens das Soziale Elend, zweitens das Ras- senproblem kennen, und zwar die Rasse, die der groesste Feind der arischen Rasse ist, drittens lernte ich die Par- tei kennen, die das Elend der Rassen ausnutzt und mit den Semiten verbunden war, die Marxisten. Ich ging von Wien

ALS ANTISCHMIT UND TODFEIND DER MARXISTEN
fort. Ich ging nach Muenchen. Dann meldete ich mich, als der Krieg ausbrach, bei der deutschen Arnee, da ich ueber- zeugt war, dass das Schicksal bei der deutschen Arnee aus- gefochten wuerde. Ich war ferner ueberzeugt, dass, wenn die Regierung die marxistische Frage in Kuerze nicht loe- sen wuerde, all Blutopfer umsonst sein wuerden. Ich kam 1916 ins Lazarett. Dort hatte der Gehorsam ueberhaupt auf- gehoert, waehrend draussen noch Disziplin herrschte. Ich hatte im Lazarett einmal ein Buch ueber Kriegswissenschaft, da fragte mich ein Arzt, Dr. Stettiner, warum ich den "Un- sinn" lese. Da war mir klar, warum im Lazarett der Gehor- sam untergraben war. Dann kam das Kriegsende und die Re- volution. Als ich in Stettin hoerte, dass die Revolution ausgebrochen war, war ich entschlossen mich der Politik zuzuwenden. Ich ging nach Muenchen zum Ersatzbataillon. Dann trat die Deutsche Arbeiterpartei ins Leben, deren siebentes Mitglied ich war. Ich wandte mich dieser klei- nen Gruppe zu, weil sie losgelooet war von allen marxisti- schen Gruppen. Die marxistische Bewegung war, das erkannte ich, die Lebensfrage fuer unser Volk. Wo die marxistische Bewegung ueberwiegt, muss die Kultur zugrunde gehen. Der Marxismus entfremdet das Kind, den Juengling dem Eltern- haus und der Gesellschaft; er macht ihn zum Todfeind sei- ner Blutgenossen und zum Bruder des Landesfeindes.

Der Ang klagte verbreitet sich dann ueber den Ruhr- kampf und sagt: Die Regierung hat Tausende junger Leute, die mit dem schwarz-weiss-roten Band aus dem Ruhrrevier nach dem unbesetzten Gebiet stroemten, wieder zurueckge- sandt. Man hat den Befreiungsampf einer Nation zum be- zahlten Generalstreik degradiert. Man zerruetete das deutsche Finanzwesen und organisierte die Banden, die dann spaeter als Separatisten auf uns Deutsche losgingen. Es ist der Fluch der damaligen Regierung, dass sie die Welle nationaler Begeisterung nicht zur grossen Bewegung empor- getrieben hat, sondern sie, wie im Jahr 1914, hat verkuen- mern lassen.

Ueber K a h r sagt Hitler, er sein ein biederer Be- amter, aber damit Schluss. Keine eiserne Faust. Er faehrt fort:

Herr v. Kahr scheint mir nicht der Mann, die Erwar- tungen der nationalen Parteien zu erfuellen. Ich glaubte bestimmt, dass er im Augenblick des Kampfes zusammenbre- chen wuerde. Angenommen, wir haetten damals die Absicht

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eines Putsches gehabt), und die Polizei haette das erfahren, da entschliesst sich ~~das~~ das Ministerium, einen Generalstaatskommissar zu ernennen. Es waere doch ganz selbstverstaendlich von Kahr gewesen, mich hinter Schloss und Riegel zu setzen. Statt dessen stellte sich v. Kahr in einer Konferenz freundlich meinem Vertreter vor und bedauerte, mich nicht persoenlich sprechen zu koennen. Aber bereits 14 Tage vor dem Putsch war beschlossen worden, die nationale Bewegung in eine militaerische Faust zu legen. Der wahre Kampf war ja auch vom ersten Tage an: KAMPF GEGEN BERLIN!

Ich habe bei Oberst v. Seisser Protest gegen das Regierungsverbot eingelegt. Seisser erklarte, das Verbot sei durch den Ausnahmezustand begruendet. Es sei aber keine Spitze gegen uns.

Wer hat nun gelo en? Kahr oder Knilling oder Seisser?

Ich hatte in Bayreuth mit Hauptmann Heiss eine Unterredung. Er meinte mein Zoegern sei unverstaendlich, da Kahr doch die Fahne aufrollen und nach Berlin marschieren wolle. Ich meinte, dass Kahr sich kaum auf die staubige Landstrasse begeben und dass andere Leute sich im letzten Augenblick als Retter aufwerfen wuerden. Es waren damals Foederationsbestrebungen im Gange, und es war zu befuerchten dass Herr v. Kahr der Lage nicht gewachsen war. Ich stand auf dem Standpunkt, dass der Kampf zwischen Bayern und Berlin verloren war, wenn die 54 Millionen Deutsche gegen 6 Millionen Bayern standen. Wir wollten nicht foederative Rechte erkaempfen. In einer zweiten Unterredung mit Heiss wurde ich unterrichtet, dass Kahr, Lossow und Seisser den Kampf ruecksichtslos aufnehmen wollten.

Welche Vorbereitungen getroffen wurden, kann ich in oeffentlicher Sitzung nicht sagen.

Aber die Vorbereitungen erweckten die Ueberzeugung in mir, dass der Kampf unvermeidlich sei. Exzellenz v. Lossow war General und HATTE DEN CHEF DER HEERESLEITUNG DEN GEHORSAM VERWEIGERT/ ES WAR KINDLICH ANZUNEHMEN?, DASS DANACH ETWAS ANDERES MOEGLICH WAR ALS KAMPF BIS ZUM AUSSERSTEN/ EIN MILITAER, DER NICHT GEHORCHT, KANN SICH NICHT VERSOEHNEN. ER MUSS WEG ODER KAEMPFEN/! TUT ER LETZTERES NICHT, IST ER EIN GEWOEHNLICHER REBELL UND MUSS FALLEN/ (Beifall im Zuehoererraum.)

Ich habe Lossow damals erklart, dass er auf der schiefen Ebene sei, da er dem Kampf, statt den Charakter einer deutschen Erhebung nur den Charakter einer bayrischen Ablehnung gegeben habe. Lossow antwortete: "Nun ist nichts mehr zu aendern. Was soll geschehen?" Ich erklarte, das Volk habe etwas anderes erwartet, als eine Bierpreisermaessigung oder andere laecherliche Massnahmen. An Stelle Kahrs muesse der energischste und faehigste Mann stehen, wie z.B. Poehner. Ein Kampf nach Norden koennen von bayrischen Organisationen allein nicht getragen werden, sondern nur von einer nationalen Armee. Der einzige Helfer, der dafuer in Frage komme, erklarte ich, sei General Ludendorff. Lossow hatte gegen Ludendorff nichts einzuwenden

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aber Heiss, der ein Gegner Ludendorffs war. ~~Kunze~~

Lossow akzeptierte Ludendorff und auch mich, wuenschte aber auch norddeutsche Herren, deren Namen ein Programm bedeuteten. Lossow hat damals nicht erklart, er wuensche den Kampf nicht; er stand ja schon mitten drin.

Diesen Eindruck verstaerkte meine zweite Unterredung mit Lossow. Wegen des Konfliktes mit dem Voelkischen Beobachter suchte ich Lossow abermals auf, der ganzgeknickt war, weil der Kampf unvermeidlich war. Ich sagte: "Exzellenz, ich halte in dem Konflikt treu zu Ihnen." Dieses Versprechen war nur Lossow gegeben und wurde mir bitter schwer, da ich von Herrn v. Reventlow gewarnt war, der mir gesagt hatte: "Stellen Sie sich nicht hinter Lossow, sondern hinter Seeckt." Auch Herr v. Graefe hatte mich vor Lossow gewarnt. Ich habe mein Versprechen treu und ehrlich gehalten. Ich habe Lossow nie das Versprechen gegeben, dass ich hinter v. Kahr staende. Ich habe nur dummerweise mein Wort gegeben, im Kampf um ihre Existenz Kahr und Lossow keine Schwierigkeiten zu machen. Lossow hat immer staerker behauptet, er wolle den Kampf, aber er muesse eine 51% Garantie fuer den Erfolg haben. Gegen Ende Oktober trate ein Stimmungsumschwung ein. Es kamen Herren aus Berlin, die erklarten, Seeckt traege sich mit hehnlichen Plaenen. Lossow erklarte, dass, wenn Seeckt ans Ruder kaeme, dann nur eine Loesung bliebe. 2 "Entweder Seeckt frisst mich oder ich ihn." Ich sagte, dass Seeckt Lossow sicher zur Verantwortung ziehen werde. Man knuepfte darauf aber doch Faeden nach Berlin an, aber Kahr, Lossow und Seisser hatten die gleichen Ziele mit uns, an Stelle der marxistischen, internationalen Reichsregierung einen nationalen Diktator zu setzen. Wenn Lossow oder Seeckt an Ebert das Ansinnen stellten, zu gehen, da die Truppen ihm nicht mehr gehorchten, so waere das keine Gewalttat, sondern ein Staatsstreich, wenn mein Unternehmen Hochverrat war, so waren Kahr, Lossow und Seisser auch Hochverraeter. Seisser verlangte noch eine kurze Frist, da er nach Berlin fahren wolle. Nach seiner Rueckkehr wich er mir jedoch aus. Wir waren in einer eigenartigen Lage. Wir hatten nicht, wie Lossow, Rekruten vor uns, denen man sagte, der Staatsstreich ist abgesagt, er findet naechste Woche statt, wir konnten unsere Leute nicht dauernd aufflammen lassen. Lossow fehlte nur der Mut zum Absprung. Auch von Seisser hatte ich den Eindruck: er macht mit. Ich denke an 1920, als Ehrhardt in Berlin einrueckte und in Muenchen ein Leutnant mit 10 Mann die roten Minister zum Teufel jagte. Diese an sich verfassungswidrige Tat hat Bayern zum Segen gereicht.

Hitler ging dann mehr auf die unmittelbare Vorgeschichte der Novemberereignisse des vorigen Jahres ein. "Ich erfuhr, dass Lossow in der letzten Zeit in Verhandlungen mit Herren von Norddeutschland sich zum Standpunkt der Aktion bekannt hatte, aber ich konnte nicht begreifen, warum nicht in Norddeutschland auch andere Generale losschlugen?"

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Das Wollen war bei ihnen da, aber der Wille war schwach. Kein Eindruck von der Besprechung am 6. November war da; Kahr, Lossow und Seisser waren so weit, dass sie nicht mehr zurueck konnten, dass sie sich schlagen mussten. Kahr hat Dinge gemacht, die ein Generalstaatskommissar gar nicht machen duerfte. Oberst Seisser hat nie einen Zweifel daran gelassen, dass der Landtag nicht mehr zusammentreten werde. Knilling war nicht mehr in der Lage, gegen Kahr vorzugehen. Fuer uns war also die Lage geklaert. Die Frage war nur, w a n n wollten die Herren das laengst geregelte in die Tat umsetzen?

AM 6. NOVEMBER HATTEN SIE UNS ERKLAERT: "WIR SIND ZUM HANDELN BEREIT." LOSSOW HAT IN EINER OFFIZIERSBESPRECHUNG GESAGT: "ICH BIN UNTER GEWISSEN VORAUSSETZUNGEN ZUM STAATSTREICH BEREIT, ABER DAS SIGNAL MUESSEN WIR GEBEN."

Wir befuerchteten, dass der Anstoss von einer Seite kommen wuerde, die die Bewegung in ein foederalistisches Fahrwasser lenken werde. Deshalb habe ich am Abend des 6. November, zusammen mit zwei anderen Herren, die nicht mehr am Leben sind, den Beschluss gefasst, dass w i r den Anstoss geben wollen. Am 7. November haben wir uns dann in einer Sitzung auf einen Plan geeinigt. Ich stand auf dem Standpunkt, dass niemand etwas von diesem Plan erfahren durfte, der es nicht unbedingt wissen musste. Es war uns zwar nicht bekannt, dass dieser Plan in allen Lagern erwartet wurde, dass man auf die Stunde der Loesung h o f f t e. Wir haben dann beschlossen, alle aelteren Herren, die Familie und Kinder hatten, nicht zu benachrichtigen. Auch Ludendorff sollte wegen seiner Stellung als Offizier nichts davon wissen. Seine Haltung im gegebenen Moment war ganz klar, denn Ludendorff hatte ja die ganze Zeit nichts mit Lossow zu tun, er musste als Mann von Charakter die Konsequenzen ziehen. Keine militaerischen Fuehrer wussten nichts von dem Plan, sie wussten nicht einmal, weshalb die Truppen alarmiert wurden. Viele von ihnen sind zu Unrecht eingesperrt worden, denn sie haben sich keines Vergehens schuldig gemacht, wie

DIE HERREN KAHR, LOSSOW UND SEISSER? DIE BIS IN DAS KLEINSTE DETAIL DIE DINGE TORHER MIT UNS BESPROCHEN HATTEN/

Am 7. November wurde als Termin der Aktion der 8. November bestimmt. An diesem Tage sollte Kahr eine Versammlung abhalten, und da schien es mir am leichtesten eine vollendete Tatsache zu schaffen. Wir wollten den Saal umstellen, Kahr, Lossow und Seisser herausbitten und ihnen sagen, dass sie jetzt die Konsequenzen ziehen mussten. Am Abend des 8. November erfuhr ich dann noch, dass die letztgenannten Herren nun wesentlich praeziser und energischer waren. Haette ich all erdings gehaht, dass diese Herren beabsichtigten, die Sache am 12. November ins Rollen zu bringen, dann haette ich von meinem Plan Abstand genommen. Keine militaerische Leitung hat, wie gesagt, nichts gewusst. Wenn sie es ahnte, dann ist es allerdings kein Wunder, die Proklamation Kahr galt ja allgemein als die der neuen Revolu-

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tion. Meine Leute dachten aber, die Entscheidung werde von Kahr ausgehen und wir waeren nur zur Unterstuetzung da. Ausserdem pfliffen es ja die Spatzen von den Dae bbern, dass der Staatsstreich bevorstand.

Am 8. um 8 Uhr aber begab ich mich dann mit meiner Begleitung zum Buergerbraeukeller, wo im Saal und vor dem Keller grosse Menschenmassen versammelt waren. Es war ein grosses Aufgebot von Polizei anwesend. Ich ging zunaechst in den Saal, wo ich erkannte, dass es bei dem ungeheuren Umfang der Versammlung unmoeglich sein wuerde, die Herren herauszubitten. Ich ging wieder in die Vorhalle zurueck und liess durch einen meiner Herren Ludendorff benachrichtigen. Die anwesenden Polizeibeamten bat ich, im Hinblick auf die starken Ansammlungen vor dem ~~Staatshaus~~ Gebaeude die Strasse freizumachen, was sie auch taten. Um Halb neun kam dann mein Stosstrupp, der die Vorhalle besetzte. Drei Mann nahm ich mit mir und ging dann mit gezogener Pistole in den Saal. Ich hatte die Waffe deshalb gezogen, weil ich damit rechnen musste, dass ich von einem der anwesenden Offiziere niedergeschossen werden wuerde. Von einem Anschlag auf Kahr kann keine Rede sein. Ich musste ja auch die Pistole dauernd in der Luft halten, weil ich mir mit den Ellenbogen Platz verschaffen musste. Als ich in den Saal trat, gab ich einen Pistolenschuss ab und warf ein paar kurze, aufklaerende Saetze in die Masse hinein, denn anders haette ich mir niemals Ruhe verschaffen koennen. Kahr trat sofort

LITTERND UND BLEICH

vom Podium zurueck. Ich bat dann Kahr, Lossow und Seisser heraus und versicherte ihnen sofort, dass ihnen nichts passieren wuerde. Ich war genau so Herr meiner Sinne, wie an jedem anderen Tag. Kahr war ganz geknickt und gebrochen. Er tat mir aufrichtig leid, ebenso wie es mir leid tat, dass ich zwei Offiziere so herausbringen musste. Die Worte, die ich in der Unterredung gesagt habe, sind dann in der Oeffentlichkeit entweder gefaelscht oder aus dem Zusammenhang herausgerissen worden. Kahr, der absolut nicht in einer Helldenpose dastand, erklarte auf meine Versicherung, dass ihm nichts geschehen wuerde: "Ich fuerchte mich auch gar nicht. Leben oder Sterben ist mir egal." Meine Pistole hatte ich inzwischen meinen Begleitern gegeben, sonst war keiner von uns bewaffnet. Die Herren Kahr, Lossow und Seisser sind nicht bedroht worden, das haette ja auch keinen Wert gehabt. Ich habe sie nur an alles das erinnert, was sie mit uns besprochen hatten. Ich habe gesagt: "Wenn Ihr Plan nicht ~~galt~~ gelingt, dann gehen wir zugrunde." Damit meinte ich natuerlich, mit der ganzen Sache zugrunde, denn ich sah voraus, dass die Herren dann auch ins Gefaengnis kommen ~~w~~ wuerden, eine Meinung, die ich jetzt allerdings korrigieren muss. (Heiterkeit). Kahr sagte nur: "Ja, aber man muss doch zu einer Sache eine gewisse innere Freude haben. So wie ich herausgefuehrt worden bin, koennen die Leute doch nicht verlangen, dass ich von hier aus mitmache. Sie haben mich ja nicht einmal ~~mir~~ ausreden lassen." Das war sein einziger Einwand.

Lossows einziger Einwand war: "Erstens: ist die Sache auch im Norden losgegangen? und zweitens: ist Ludendorff bereit?" Ich erklarte ihm darauf, dass ich vom Norden nichts wisse und dass Ludendorff benachrichtigt sei. Bevor Ludendorff kam, trafen dann schon Dr. Weber und Poehner im Buergerbraeu ein, die auf Kahr, Lossow und Seisser ebenfalls einsprachen. Ich war inzwischen noch einmal in den Saal gegangen, um die Versammlung aufzuklaeren, dass im Nebenzimmer die Entscheidung falle. Ich schlug dann der Versammlung die notwendige Loesung vor und ein ungeheurer Beifallsturm antwortete mir. Unter Hinweis auf diesen Beifall beruhigte ich Herrn v. Kahr.

DANN KAM LUDENDORFF.

Er fragte mich ganz kurz, ob die anderen Herrn durch sein Kommen bestimmt worden seien. Er erklarte dann, dass er genau so ueberrascht sei, wie alle anderen, dass aber fuer ihn das einzig Entscheidende sei, dass das Besprochene nunmehr in die Tat umgesetzt werde. Er liess auch keinen Zweifel daran, dass dies nur mit Kahr, Lossow und Seisser geschehen koenne. Ludendorff sprach dann zuerst mit Lossow und Oberst Seisser. Beide waren zum Schluss ganz ergriffen und das Wasser stand ihnen in den Augen. Schliesslich sagte Lossow zu Ludendorff: "Exzellenz, Ihr Wunsch ist mir Befehl."

Er reichte ihm die Hand und das gleiche tat auch Seisser.

Schliesslich sagte dann Herr v. Kahr:

"KEINE HERREN, WIR SIND DOCH ALLE MONARCHISTEN."

"Ich kann die Landesverweserschaft nur als Statthalter des Koenigs annehmen." Mir, so erklarte Hitler, war das egal. Ich habe zu Kahr gesagt, dass seine Koenigliche Hoheit Kronprinz Rupprecht verstaendigt werden solle, dass sich die Revolution nicht gegen ihn richte. Was spaeter kam, war nicht mehr unsere Aufgabe. Darauf willigte Kahr ein. Ich werde nie vergessen.

WIE ER MIR BEIDE HAENDE REICHTE, MIR ERGRIFFEN IN DIE AUGEN SCHAUTE UND SAGTE: "SIE WISSENT, HERR HITLER,

WIE ICH IHNEN IMMER GEGENUEBERGESTANDEN HABE." ER KONNTE NICHT WEITERREDEN, DAS WASSER TRAT IHM IN DIE AUGEN/ (Grosse Bewegung im Saal)

Es kann gar keine Rede davon sein, dass wir damals etwa wie Betrunkene mit Masskruegen und Revolvern hin und hergeschwankt seien. Dann haetten wir im Saale nicht diese riesige Begeisterung erzielt. Im uebrigen bin ich allerdings Antialkoholiker. Kahr sprach dann mit Poehner und Ludendorff und war dabei auch ganz ergriffen. Haette Kahr damals erklart, er wolle nicht, dann waere ich fuer meine Person bereit gewesen, die Konsequenzen zu ziehen. Wenn ich das spaeter nicht getan habe, dann nur deshalb, weil mir der Fall ganz undenkbar schien, nach allem, was vorausgegangen war. Nach diesen Vorgaengen im Buergerbraeu erfuhr ich dann, dass beim 1. Bataillon des Infanterieregiments 19 sich noch einige Offiziere geweigert haetten, die neue Regierung anzuerkennen. Ich fuhr zum Wehrkreiskommando und spaeter zum Buergerbraeu zurueck, wo ich noch mit

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Lossow ueber die Vorgaenge bei 1/19 sprechen wollte. Kahr, Lossow und Seisser waren aber schon fort gefahren. An ihr Ehrenwort glaubte ich unbedingt, uebrigens behaupten ja die Herren selbst nicht mehr, dass sie unter Pistolendrohung gestanden haetten. ~~Es gelang mir dann in der Nacht nicht mehr, mit den Herren in Verbindung zu treten. Allerdings glaubte ich nicht daran, dass sie umgefallen waeren. Vielmehr dachte ich, sie seien in die Haende ihrer Umgebung gefallen. Von diesem Gesichtspunkt aus muessen auch alle unseren spaeteren Versuche beurteilt werden. Bekanntlich ~~war~~ haben sich die Herren aber nicht einmal von Exzellenz Ludendorff telephonisch sprechen lassen. Lossow musste wissen, dass Ludendorff nur deshalb sein Wort gegeben hatte, weil auch Lossow mitmachte. An Ludendorff ist also eine Gewissenlosigkeit sonder leichen begangen worden, wenn man mich schon verdammen will. Ploetzlich kam dann Oberst Leuthold, der uns berichtete, was Lossow vor seinen Offizieren erklart habe. Diese Offiziere waren aber dieselben, die schon damals mit dem Wehrkreiskommandeur in schaeferstem Konflikt gestanden hatten, als der Konflikt zwischen Lossow und Gessler entstanden war; und ich hatte den Eindruck, dass sich Lossow in einem Kreise befinde, der ihn nicht mehr herauslasse. Ludendorff hatte nur die unguenstige Chance, Kahr, Lossow und Seisser konnten auf jeden Fall nur gewinnen. Das bayerische Volk war da mit uns und ist noch heute fuer uns. Ich moechte hier auch betonen, dass, als wir um Buergerbraeukeller versammelt waren, bis 12 Uhr mittags weder von Kahr noch von den anderen Herren ueber ihre wirkliche Stellung aufgeklart waren, ergaben sich fuer uns zwei Moeglichkeiten: entweder in Muenchen zu bleiben, oder den Kampf hinauszutragen. Das letztere bedeutete die Gefahr der Pluenderungen, da uns Lebensmittel fehlten. Ludendorff und ich waren der Ansicht, wir muessten die oeffentliche Meinung in Muenchen gewinnen und so wurde der~~

MARSCH IN DIE STADT

Beschlossen. Wir Fuehrer stellten uns, wie es selbstverstaendlich war, an die Spitze und lieben nicht im Hintergrund zurueck, wie das die Kommunisten oder die Herren im anderen Lager beliebten. Dr. Scheubner hatte eine Vorahnung seines nahen Todes, er sagte zu mir: "Ich fuerchte, wir gehen unseren letzten Gang". Infolgedessen sagte ich zu General Ludendorff, der doch der wertvollste Mann war, es sei leicht moeglich, dass wir niedergeschossen wuerden. Ich wollte ihn damit etwas im Hintergrund halten. Aber Ludendorff antwortete, wie ich es nicht anders erwartet hatte: "Wir marschieren!" Unsere Leute hatten ihre Gewehre nicht geladen, wie ich betonte. Die Geiseln, die bei uns waren, und deren Schicksal, wie ich offen bekenne, mir sehr gleich-

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gueltig war, da sie im Rathaus und an anderen Stellen ~~am~~ mit ~~am~~ Unglueck Deutschlands gearbeitet haben, wurden freigelassen (?). An der Ludwigbruecke trat uns Schutzpolizei entgegen. Die Leute hatten scharf geladen; sie sind nicht, wie Herr v. Kahr das behauptet, entwaffnet worden, sondern sie sind, von innerer Zerrissenheit bewegt ~~zur Seite~~ beiseite getreten, sie sahen, dass in dem Zuge Leute marschierten, die die alten Ehrenzeichen aus dem Felde trugen. Einige unserer Anhaenger riefen: "Schlagt doch die Kerle tot!" Wir aber haben gesagt: "Lasst sie in Ruhe, es ist wahrhaftig nicht noetig, dass sie, die Irregelmassigen, niedergestochen werden." Vor der Residenz traten uns abermals Schupoleute entgegen, und vor der Feldherrnhalle kam Reichswehr heren.

EIN GEWEHRSCHUSS KRAENTE,

nicht ein Pistolenschuss, wie die andere Seite behauptet. Gleich darauf folgte eine Salve. Ich hatte das Gefuehl, einen Steckschuss in die rechte Seite bekommen zu haben, und ich stuerzte zusammen mit Scheubner, der sich bei mir eingeklemmt hatte, zu Boden. Dabei renkte ich mir den linken Arm aus. Als ich wieder aufstand, sah ich nur Tote und Verwundete, Panzerautos, und 70-80 Meter hinter mir unsere Leute. Ein Wagen brachte mich dann in Sicherheit. Dann wurde ich verhaftet, kam ins Gefaengnis und las nun die schamlosen Luegen, die ueber mich verbreitet worden sind. Ich sollte am 6. November noch Kahr mein Wort gebrochen haben, ich sollte der Lamm sein, der abwechselnd mit der Pistole und mit dem Masskrug fuchtelte. (Weinend). Damals bedauerte ich, dass ich nicht gefallen sei an der Seite meiner Bruder. Es war fuer mich das Schamloseste, dass diese Leute, als ich wehrlos im Gefaengnis sass, solche Luegen ueber mich verbreiteten. Ich bin loyal gegen Kahr und Lossow geblieben, bis ich unter den Augen zusammenbrach. Ich streite nicht ab, ich bekenne mich zu meiner Tat. Auch Oberstleutnant v. Friebe, der heute so vieles auf sich nehmen will, hat keine Verantwortung; ich trage sie allein. Aber ein Verbrecher bin ich ~~ich~~ darum doch nicht, und ich fuehle mich auch nicht als solcher. Gewiss, ich bin kein Deutscher Staatsangehoeriger, aber ich habe in dem alten Deutschland, in dem Deutschland in Waffen, meinen Buergerbrief erworben, und ich hoffe, dass die Zeit kommen wird, wo Deutschland ueber die schwarzgelben Grenzen hinaus ausgedehnt werden wird, wo es nur noch ein einiges grosses Deutschland geben wird. (Beifall der Zuhorer). 4 Vors.: "Ich ersuche um Ruhe, wir sind nicht im Theater." - Hitler, fortfahrend: "Ich fuehle mich als Deutscher, es waere von mir charakterlos, wenn ich ~~mir~~ von irgendeinem Berliner, der sich nicht als Deutscher fuehlt, oder der vielleicht noch nicht einmal Deutscher ist, ein Zertifikat ueber meine Staatsangehoerigkeit ausstellen lassen wuerde. Wenn ich hier als Revolutionaer angeklagt bin, so bin ich doch kein Hochverraeter an den Revolutionaeren ~~am~~ 9. November 1918, an den Leuten, die uns den Frieden von Versailles gebracht haben. Ich habe keinen Hochverrat an den

Verraetern begangen. Habe ich aber nach Meinung des Gerichtes in den letzten Monaten wirklich Hochverrat getrieben, so verstehe ich nicht, dass neben mir nicht die Herren Kahr, Lossow und Seisser sitzen, dass der Staatsanwalt nicht gegen sie wegen desselben Verbrechens Anklage erhoben hat. (Zustimmung im Saalraum). Wenn gegen diese Leute keine Anklage erhoben wird, so bin auch ich nicht schuldig. Ich wiederhole es, ich bekenne mich zu allem, was mir vorgeworfen wird, aber moralisch schuldig fuehle ich mich nicht. Ich fuehle mich vielmehr als bester Deutscher, der das Beste gewollt hat, und ich bitte nun den Herrn Vorsitzenden, mir Fragen vorzulegen.

Vors.: Warum haben Sie die Minister im Buergerbrauerey-Keller verhaftet? - Angekl.: Weil ich der Ansicht war, dass Herrn Kahr sein Anschluss weniger peinlich wuerde und weil ich die Minister selbst vor eine vollendete Tatsache zu stellen wuenschte. Im uebrigen sollten die Herren am naechsten Tag freigelassen werden.

Vors.: Sind Ihnen die Verstoerungen in der Muenchener Post bekannt gewesen? - Hitler: Ich verurteile meine Leute darum nicht, was diese Zeitung am Deutschen Volk gesuendigt hat, das koennen auch tausend Verstoerungen nicht wieder gut machen.

Vors.: Sie haben auch Geiseln verhaften lassen. - Hitler: Das war notwendig, denn haette ich die Leute nicht verhaftet, dann waeren sie von unseren Anhaengern auf der Strasse toteschlagen worden.

Vors.: Sie haben auch Maschinengewehre bei sich aufgestellt. Warum taten Sie das? - Hitler: Aus moralischen Gruenden. Im uebrigen moechte ich noch hinzufuegen: Es war uns bekannt geworden, dass Herr v. Seeckt in Berlin am 12. November toteschlagen wollte. Unsere Aktion war dazu bestimmt, die Ereignisse in Berlin zu beschleunigen. Wenn in Muenchen die volkische Idee siegreich blieb, so musste man sich in Berlin doch die Frage vorlegen, ob man seine Hoheit, Herrn Ebert noch halten, oder ob man sich nicht unserem Vorgehen anschliessen wollte.

Erster Staatsanwalt Stenglein: Herr Hitler hatte der Staatsanwaltschaft zugesagt, dass er uns ueber das Vorhaben und die inneren Gruende in ausfuehrliches Exposé machen wollte. Ich betone jedoch, dass wir bis heute das nicht erhalten haben. Ob die Beschuldigungen, die der Angeklagte gegen die Herren v. Kahr, Lossow und Seisser gerichtet hat, richtig sind, wird ja die Zeugenvernehmung ergeben. Hitler erklarte im Anschluss daran noch, dass er bei dem Ueberfall im Buergerbraeu nicht 600 Mann, sondern lediglich 12 Anhaenger bei sich gehabt habe. - Erster Staatsanwalt: Haben Sie den Herren Kahr, Lossow und Seisser verboten, sich im Buergerbrauerey-Keller im Saal oder im Nebenraum zu unterhalten? - Hitler (nach einigem Zögern): Vielleicht. Jawohl, ich erinnere mich, ich habe die Herren darum gebeten. Aber das ist wahrhaftig kein Befehl gewesen, denn schliesslich haette ich ja auch nichts machen koennen, wenn die Herren sich unterhalten haetten.

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Ein Beisitzer: Sie wollten also, Angeklagter, die fruheren verfassungsmaessigen Zustaeude durch Ihr Vorgehen wiederherstellen? - Hitler: Ich wollte die Majorisierung unseres Volkes durch die juedische Presse, durch die Gewerkschaften, usw. aufheben und wollte dem Volk die Freiheit des Entschlusses zurueckgeben. Es war alles ein Provisorium, auch das Amt mehrs sollte nur provisorisch sein.

Derselbe Beisitzer: Glauben Sie, dass man heutzutage bei Rutschen von rechts oder links mit der Reichswehr machen kann, was man will? - Hitler: Darauf kann ich in oeffentlicher Sitzung keine Antwort geben. Ich betone nur nochmals: Es muss ein Unterschied zwischen der Reichswehr und meinen Leuten gemacht werden. Keine Leute waren ja auf die ganze Sache vorbereitet, aber sie sind doch schliesslich keine Rekruten, denen man "Stillgestanden" oder "Losgeschlagen" kommandieren kann.

Prozess:

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R.A. Kohl: Hat Hitler nicht im engen Freundeskreis erklärt, dass er mit Reichswehr und Schupo zusammenwirken müsse, und dass seine Mission erledigt sei, wenn er das Volk zur Erloesung gebracht habe? - Hitler: Richtig.

Ein Beisitzer: Hat Herr Hitler nicht am 8. November die erste Stellung in der Politik angestrebt? - Hitler: Ich habe nur die politische Fuehrung des Kampfes uebernommen. Die erste Stelle in der Bewegung gehoerte General Ludendorff als dem Wuerdigsten.

Angekl. (Dr. Weber): Seisser hat Hitler gefragt, ob er etwas gegen die Landespolizei und die Reichswehr unternehmen werde und Hitler hat ihm geantwortet, das wuerde niemals der Fall sein. ER WUERDE NIE OHNE VERSTAENDIGUNG MIT SEISSER HANDELN. Als dann am 1. November die Klarheit in allen Punkten bestand, da erklarte uns Seisser, er fahre nach Berlin, um dort die Stimmung zu erkunden und mit General v. Seeckt Fuehlung zu nehmen, damit man endlich zum Absprung komme. Hitler erklarte damals: "Herr Oberst handeln Sie rasch, sonst muss ich den Absprung fue. Sie, hahr, und Lossow vorbereiten".

Vors.: ~~Mr.~~.....Nun faellt mir auf, dass ~~der Hauptmann Roehm~~, bei der Unterredung, die am 7. zwischen den militaerischen Leitern des Kampfbundes stattfand, der Hauptmann Roehm, der doch entschieden einer der Hauptfuehrer war, nicht zugegen gewesen ist. Angekl. (Weber): Ich erkläre mir das so, dass Roehm, der mit Hitler eng befreundet war, von vornherein mit allem einverstanden gewesen ist, was Hitler unternahm.

R.A. Dr. Luetgebrune-Goettingen: Was wissen Sie ueber die Rollenverteilung, die Hitler geplant hat? - Angekl. (Weber): Ludendorff sollte die nationale armee uebernehmen, Hitler die Politische Abteilung, denn er sollte gewissermassen, wie Lloyd George im Kriege die Rolle des Tambours, des Erweckers spielen.

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Hitler wurde noch kurz ueber ein Schreiben vernommen, das von seinen Leuten an die O.C. (Organisation Consul?) gerichtet ~~war~~ worden war, und das, wie Hitler betont, die Bruecke zur Ehrhardt Bewegung schlagen sollte. Es ~~heisst~~ heisst darin, dass die Hitler Bewegung mit ihrer ganzen Macht sich hinter die Organisation stellen wuerde.....

Vors.: Mit welcher Macht wollten Sie sich hinter die Organisation stellen? - Hitler: Mit der Macht der oeffentlichen Meinung.- Staatsanwalt: Es hiess aber ausdrucklich, mit der gesamten militaerischen Macht.

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Poehner: "...Kahr war sehr kleinmuertig und meinte, die Sache werde nicht anhalten. Ich erwiderte, dass die Namen Kahr und Lossow die Sache truegen und dass ein Mann wie Hitler, mit so ungeheuer propagandistischer Kraft die Bewegung treiben koenne. Kahr antwortete: 'Als alte koenigliche Beamte koennen wir uns nicht hinter, wir muessen uns vor den Koenig stellen.' Auch Hitler sagte: 'Wir wollen ja gerade das Verbrechen am Koenigshaus wieder gut machen. Ich will zu seiner Majestaet fahren und ihm mitteilen, dass das Unrecht an dem hochseligen Vater seiner Majestaet gutgemacht werden soll.'

VORWAERTS

1. Maerz 1924

Hitler:

"Bei der Besprechung am 8. November glaubte Kriebel offenbar, dass ich Kahr nur eine Mitteilung machen wollte. Das ist nicht richtig. Ich beabsichtigte ihm drei Fragen vorzulegen: 1) Wollen Sie ueberhaupt handeln? Wenn nicht, dann Schluss. 2) Wie wollen Sie handeln? und 3) Wann wollen Sie handeln? Haette Kahr gesagt, dass er noch o. Tage * Frist brauche, so haette ich meine Aktion abgebremst." R.A.Meyer: "Waereb Sie dazu ueberhaupt noch instande gewesen?" - Hitler: "Jawohl, da der Kreis der Mitwisser ein ganz kleiner war."

Ludendorff: "Ich lernte in Herrn Hitler einen selbstlosen Mann kennen, dessen Wachsen ich beobachten konnte; er verstand es, der volkischen Bewegung den Inhalt zu geben, dass das Volk es instinktiv begriff: hier ist etwas sittlich Hohes."

Ludendorff: "....mit gefalteten Haenden sprachen dann Hitler und die anderen Herren auf Kahr ein...."

Ludendorff: "Herr Hitler hatte die Absicht, durch Propaganda in der Stadt zu wirken und daurch auch auf die drei Herren (Kahr, Lossow, Seisser) Eindruck zu gewinnen."

VORWAERTS

4. Maerz 1924

Angekl. Hitler: "Ich sehe jetzt aus meinen Akten, dass eine Sitzung am 23. Oktober tatsaechlich zwischen den militaerischen Fuehrern stattgefunden hat, bei der ich jedoch nicht offiziell gesprochen, sondern nur eine Begruessungsansprache gehalten habe."

Vors.: "Sie sollen doch aber gesagt haben, dass die Zeit gekommen sei, gegen die Judenregierung in Berlin loszuschlagen...."

Hitler: "Das war doch nichts p

VORWAERTS

4. Maerz 1924

Angekl. Hitler: "Ich sehe jetzt aus meinen Akten, dass eine Sitzung am 23. Oktober tatsaechlich zwischen den militaerischen Fuehrern stattgefunden hat, bei der ich jedoch nicht offiziell gesprochen, sondern eine Begrueesungsansprache gehalten habe."

Vors.: "Sie sollten doch aber gesagt haben, dass die Zeit gekommen sei, gegen die Judenregierung in Berlin loszuschlagen....."

Angekl. Hitler: Das war doch nichts Besonderes, das habe ich ja schon seit vier Jahren jeden Tag behauptet." (Heiterkeit).

VORWAERTS

5. Maerz 1924

....Hitler (gibt) auf eine Frage des Staatsanwalts Chardt, ob Hitler zum Reichskanzler oder nur zum Trommler der Bewegung ausersehen sei, folgende Erklaerung ab: "Nach dem Bericht der 'Muenchener Neuesten Nachrichten' habe ich damals gesagt: 'Bis zum Ende der Abrechnung mit den Verbrechern, die Deutschland zugrunde gerichtet haben, uebernehme ich die LEITUNG DER POLITIK. Der Bericht der 'Muenchener Neuesten Nachrichten' ist bis auf ganz kleine Einzelheiten vollkommen richtig. Haette ich den Reichskanzlerposten beansprucht, dann haette ich es auch gesagt. In einer Zeit, in der ein Bremenser Hotelier Reichskanzler wird, und hier in Bayern zwischen Bierpreisherabsetzung und Butterkonfiskation geschwankt wird, lehne ich eine solche Bescheidenheit ab. Lossow behauptet, ich sollte Propagendaminister in der provisorischen Regierung werden. Ich habe keinen Anlass bescheidener zu sein, als Herr v. Lossow. (In ploetzlicher Erregung): Was ich wollte, das war die Abrechnung mit den Novemberverbrechern (sich zum Staatsanwalt wendend) und das wird auch mein Deservat sein, Herr Staatsanwalt, wenn nicht jetzt, dann in einer kommenden Zeit."

VORWAERTS

8. Maerz 1924

Zeuge Dr. Alexander v. Mueller:" Dann kamen, nach Beendigung der Besprechung, alle Herren wieder und nahmen das Wort. Kahr war sehr ernst, Hitler zeigte eine kindliche Freude....."

~~...Auf den Zeugen (Generalmajor Ritter v. Meurer) habe die ganze Sache einen widerlichen Eindruck gemacht, weil es sich um ein uebersallartiges Eindringen auf den hoechsten Beamten des Landes handelte.....~~

VORWAERTS

8/Maerz 1924

...Auf den Zeugen (Generalmajor Ritter v. Memmer) habe die Sache einen widerlichen Eindruck gemacht, weil es sich um ein ueberfallartiges Eindringen auf den hoechsten Beamten des Landes handelte.....Lossow und Seisser.... (hatten)...nur gezwungen das Wort ergriffen.....sie seien foerzlich veranlasst worden, irgendwelche Erklaerungen abzugeben....Genau so sei es mit dem Haendeschuetteln Kahrs bestellt. Kahr habe nicht freiwillig seine Hand gegeben, sondern

HITLER HABE KAHR'S HAND ERGRIFFEN UND SIE SEHR KRAEFTIG GESCHUETTELT/ (Heiterkeit)

Hitler: "Glauben Sie, dass die drei Herren, die nicht gewohnt sind, in Versammlungen zu sprechen, improvisiert reden koennen?"

Zeuge: "Von Kahr und Lossow weiss ich es, Seisser habe ich noch nicht sprechen hoeren."

Hitler: "Herr General, haben Sie Kahr schon einmal ohne Konzept sprechen hoeren?"

Zeuge: "Nein."

Hitler: "Danke sehr." (Heiterkeit)

Losow ueber Hitler:

"Kun' 20 Hitler. Ich kernte ihn am 26. Januar 1922 kennen. Es bestand damals ein leichter Konflikt zwischen Herrn Hitler und der Staatsautoritaet. Dann suchte mich Hitler in zwei Wellen auf: erste Welle Januar bis April, zweite Welle Oktober 1923. Die Initiative, wie ich hier betone, ist stets von Hitler ausgegangen. Es war sein stete

WUNSCH, MICH UNTER VIER AUGEN ZU SPRECHEN.

Ich dagegen wunschte ihn nur in Gegenwart meines Generalstabschefs, eines Zeugen, zu hoeren. Hitler entwickelte sein bekanntes Programm: Kampf gegen den Marxismus und die Novemberverbrecher. Die suggestive Beredsamkeit Hitlers machte auf mich anfangs Eindruck. In vielem hat er zweifellos recht. Je oeffter ich ihn hoerte, desto mehr schwaechte sich der Eindruck seiner Persoenlichkeit ab. Bei einer Unterredung im Oktober, erklarte Hitler im Gerichtssaal, haette ich gebrochen oder geknickt dagesessen. Das ist s e i n Eindruck gewesen. Man konnte aber auch folgenden Eindruck haben, den naemlich, dass General Losows Geduld erschoept war und dass er es zwar nicht sagen aber ~~noch~~ durch seine Haltung ausdruecken wollte: ich habe genug! Wie fuer die aktivistischsten Verbaende, so galt auch fuer Hitler das bekannte Wort: "Und der Koenig absolut". Tat man Hitler seinen Willen, so war alles gut. konnte man das nicht, so war man eben unten durch. So kam der 1. Mai. Es war damals die Frage,

WER IST HERR IM STAAT, HITLER ODER DIE REGIERUNG?

Hitler unterlag und das Tischtuch zwischen ihm und uns war zerschnitten. Im Oktober, nach Erledigung der Ruhraktion kam Hitler wieder zu mir, weil er glaubte, ~~das~~ die Zeit fuer seine Plaeue sei gekommen. Seit dem "Deutschen Tag" in Nuernberg schien in den militaerischen Kampfverbänden der Sinn fuer das Moegliche ganz verloren gegangen zu sein. Hitler, der vorher bei seinen Unterredungen nichts fuer sich verlangt hatte, war jetzt nicht mehr der selbstlose Mann, fuer den er sich anfangs ausgegeben hatte. Hitler hielt sich fuer den "deutschen gambetta" und seine Umuebung, die das Erbe von "ued-Byzanz angetreten, hielt ihn fuer den deutschen Messias. Es entstand in Hitler der Plan, die

REICHSDIKTATUR HITLER-LUDENDORFF ZU ERRICHTEN,

und von Muenchen aus Deutschland zu sanieren. Dieses Programm entwickelte er und suchte mich zu gewinnen. Ich habe mit Seisser versucht, Hitler auf den Boden der Tatsachen wieder zurueckzufuehren, weil wir den gesunden Kern der Hitler Bewegung fuer die nationale deutsche Arbeiterschaft erkannt hatten und weil wir Hitler nicht in einen Gegensatz zu dem Staat hineinzwingen wollten. Ich erstrebte das D i r e k t o r i u m, Hitler das Reichsdir torium Hitler-Ludendorff von Bayern aus. Die Darstellung Hitlers hierueber im Verichtssaal ist zum groessten Teil unrichtig gewesen. Hitler hielt s i c h fuer den Berufenen und alle anderen hatten seine Vorschlaege zu akzeptieren.

tieren. Hitler war der Ansicht, dass in dem Sumpf im Norden sich niemand fuer das Direktorium bereit finden werde. Damit hat er leider Gottes recht gehabt. Ludendorff werde die Reichswehr mitbringen. Die Generale, so meinte er, lebten an der Futterkrippe und hielten sich zu Seeckt. Vom Major abwaerts sei alles fuer Ludendorff. Diese Ansicht ausserte Ludendorff auch mir gegenueber selbst einmal. An die Spitze des Direktorium sollte Hitler treten und machte mir den Vorschlag, ich solle das Reichswehrministerium, Seisser das Polizeiministerium uebernehmen. Hitler glaubte damit, die 7. Division und die Landespolizei gewinnen zu koennen.

Ich habe laechend abgelehnt.

Ich bin doch kein berufsloser Komitatschi, der glaubte durch einen Putsch zu neuen Ehren oder Wuerden kommen zu koennen. Hitler glaubte, dass ich auf Grund des Konfliktes mit Berlin seinen Plaenen geneigt sein wuerde. Er setzte bei mir einen Ehrgeiz voraus, den ich nicht hatte, und er wollte nie glauben, was ich ihm versicherte, es falle mir leicht, in der Versenkung zu verschwinden. So versuchte er es, mich mit Leichenreden zu gewinnen: Ich sei ein toter Mann, und eine Rettung fuer mich gaebe es nur, wenn ich mit ihm zusammen ginge. Ich hatte aber nicht die Absicht, den neuen York zu spielen. In den Zeitungen habe ich gelesen, dass Hitler hier ausgesagt hat, er sei zum ersten Mal menschlich gebunden gewesen, als er mir zusicherte, er staende hinter mir und hinter sonst niemandem. Er werde nichts unternehmen, und zwar nur in dem Sinne, dass er mich in dem Kampf gegen Berlin unterstuetzen werde.

DARAN IST KEIN WAHRES WORT.

(Bewegung im Saal). Hitler glaubte - oder richtiger gesagt - er war eingestellt auf das Wort Brutalitaet. Das Wort Sentimentalitaet habe ich nie von ihm gehoert. Das ist erst nachtraeglich konstruiert. Ebenso unwahr ist es, dass ich zum Schluss gesagt haben soll, es ist besser, ich - Lossow - fresse den Seeckt als der Seeckt frisst mich. (Sich scharf zu den Angeklagten herumdrehend): Leider ist es mir nicht moeglich, alle Verdrehungen und Unrichtigkeiten, die hier zutage gekommen sind, einzeln zu widerlegen, dazu muesste ich Tage lang reden....."

Der Haendedruck

Dann kommt Justizrat Schramm auf den beruehmten Haendedruck zwischen Hitler und Kahr zu sprechen, wobei Kahr behauptet, dass Hitler seine zweite Hand auf die bereits geschlossenen Haende gelegt habe, waehrend Justizrat Schramm dem gegenueber betont, dass gerade Kahr seine zweite Hand auf die Hitlers gelegt haette.

Kahr: Dazu habe ich absolut keine Veranlassung gehabt.

Justizrat Schramm: Von den Zeugen dieses Vorfalles ist aber gerade diese Scene als eine Art Ruetli-Szene aufgefasst worden.

Kahr: Das wird wohl eine Tauschung gewesen sein.

.....
Hitler springt auf und tritt erregt vor Kahr: Exzellenz wandten sich mir zu, reichten mir die Hand und legten dann Ihre linke Hand auf meine, so dass ich voellig ueberzeugt war, dass es ehrlich gemeint war. Ich habe dann erklart: Exzellenz, ich habe Sie als Menschen immer geschuetzt. Jetzt haben Sie mich auch in politischer Beziehung zu absoluter Treue verpflichtet, und ich werde Ihnen die Treue halten. Dann habe wir uns wieder die Haende gereicht und dann gingen wir ins Nebenzimmer, und dort haben Sie mir zum dritten mal die Hand geschuetzelt. (Sehr erregt und fast schreiend). Bin ich jetzt ein Luegner oder keiner?

Kahr, der bei dieser ganzen Szene unbeweglich sitzen geblieben ist: Ich wiederhole, dass ich mich nicht erinnern kann, dass ich meine andere Hand auf Ihre gelegt habe.....

Kahr: Hi... "Hitler erklarte, er uebernehme die Proklamation, weil er die ganze Sache gemacht habe.".....

.....
Hitler springt auf: "Exzellenz haben erklart: 'Was sollen wir nun tun? Wir muessen doch die Oeffentlichkeit verstaedigen?' Daraufhin habe ich gebeten, dass man mir das ueberlassen moege, und Sie haben es mir auch ueberlassen."

Kahr: Nein, das geschah von anderer Seite.

Hitler (hoehnisch): Jawohl, die Seite war Exz. v. Kahr.

Rechtsanwalt Hemmeter: ".....(es) koennte doch der Eindruck entstehen, dass die Erklaerung der Herren mit vorgehaltener Pistole abgegeben worden ist."

Hitler: "Ich habe allen drei Herren im Saal vor dem Podium, als ich sie hinausbat, gesagt: 'Ich garantiere fuer Ihre Sicherheit, meine Herren.' Ich habe diese Aeusserung dann nochmals im Nebenzimmer wiederholt."

Kahr: Daran kann ich mich nicht erinnern.

Hitlers Ehrenwort:

Hitler: Ich muss dann darauf zurueckkommen, dass mir bis jetzt vorgeworfen worden ist, ich haette mein Ehrenwort gebrochen. Habe ich Ew. Exzellenz persoenlich mein Wort unterstellt, dass ich gegen den Willen Ew. Exzellenz nichts unternehmen will?

Kahr: Mir persoenlich nicht.

Hitler: Ich hatte am 1. November noch eine letzte Besprechung mit Herrn v. Seisser, und ich habe ihm ausdruücklich erklart: 'Wenn Sie, Herr v. Seisser, nach Ihrer Rueckkehr aus Berlin mir nicht erklaren koennen, was nun wird, dann fuehle ich mich an nichts mehr gebunden.

Sind Exzellenz v. Kahr ueber diese meine Erkluerung von Herrn v. Seisser unterrichtet worden?

Kahr: Diese Erkluerung ist meines Wissens zwischen Seisser und Lossow besprochen worden.

Hitler (in hoechster Erregung): Herr v. Seisser war nur das Instrument Ew. Exzellenz, und Seisser muss Ihnen meine Erkluerung uebermittelt haben, da doch fuer Sie diese Frage von aeusserster Wichtigkeit war, ob ich neutral bleibe oder ob ich losschlage. Haben Sie nun noch den Mut, mir Ehrenwortbruch vorzuwerfen?

~~Kahr~~Zeuge v. Kahr: Ich musste annehmen, dass Sie sich Herrn v. Seisser gegenueber gebunden hatten.

Hitler (schreiend):

Nie und nimmer habe ich mein Ehrenwort gegeben!

.....

R.A. Goetz: Herr Hitler richtete an Exz. v. Kahr die Frage, ob Exzellenz v. Kahr noch immer den Vorwurf des Ehrenwortbruches aufrecht erhaelt? Ich habe darauf keine klare Antwort gehoert.....

Kahr: Ich erklare nochmals, auf Grund der Unterredungen Hitlers mit Herrn v. Lossow und Seisser, hatte ich den Eindruck, dass Hitler eine bestimmte Zusage gemacht hatte. Ich habe diese Ueberzeugung auch heute noch, weil ich an der Ehrenhaftigkeit der Herren Lossow und Seisser nicht im mindesten zweifle.

R.A. Roder: Wenn Ew. Exzellenz nun ~~wehrexz~~ von Herrn v. Seisser ueber das Ehrenwort Hitlers falsch unterrichtet worden waeren, wuerden Sie dann noch bei Ihrer Ansicht bleiben?

Zeuge v. Kahr schweigt.

Hitler (in hoechster Erregung aufspringend): Ich verzichte auf jede Ehrenerkluerung von Herrn v. Kahr.

R.A. Dr. Holl: Dr. Weber hat dieser Unterhaltung Hitlers mit und Seissers beigewohnt. Er versichert auf sein Ehrenwort, dass Hitler nicht sein Ehrenwort gegeben hat. Exzellenz, wenn Sie dem Ehrenwort Dr. Webers glauben, wollen Sie dann nicht zur Beruhigung weiter kreise jetzt sagen, dass Sie sich geirrt haben?

Kahr: (sehr bestimmt): Ich habe hier keine Ehrenerkluerungen abzugeben. (Grosse Unruhe im Saal.)

Hitler (zu Lossow): "Haben sich Exzellenz durch die Pistole des Postens im Nebenzimmer bedroht gefuehlt?"

Lossow: Die ganzen Voergaenge waren unter einem ausgesprochenen Zeichen der Pistole und als psychischer und moralischer Zwang zu betrachten.

Hitler: Ist es Ihnen nicht bekannt, dass ein vollkommen gleicher Zwang einige Jahre vorher schon ausgeuebt worden ist und dass dieser Zwang Herrn v. Kaahr zum Ministerpraesidenten gemacht?

Lossow: Nein, Gott sei Dank, damals war ich noch der unpolitische, nichts mit der Politik zu tun haben wollende General Lossow.

.....
Am Schluss der Mittagssitzung.....richtete Hitler an Lossow die Frage, ob auch er der Ansicht sei, dass Hitler seine Zusage, er werde sich neutral verhalten, gebrochen habe. v. Lossow erkluert, dass er in der Tat der Ansicht sei, Hitler haette durch die Zusage, die er ihm, dem General Lossow, gegeben habe, erkluert, dass die Kriegserklaerung an Herrn v. Seisser zurueckgenommen und dass der Status quo ante eingetreten sei. Als Hitler dann weiter fragte, ob Seisser sich ~~nicht~~ im Buergerbraeu nicht zu Unrecht ueber den Ueberfall beschwert habe, antwortete General v. Lossow: "Als Offizier stehe ich auf dem Standpunkt, dass Herr v. Seisser sich ueber den feigen, hinterlistigen Ueberfall mit Recht beschwerte."

Hitler (schreiend): Ich betone, dass ich gegen die drei Herren nicht feindlich vorgegangen bin. Es handelte sich im Buergerbraeu nur um die Ausloesung eines laengst besprochenen Planes. Wer bin ich denn im Buergerbraeu gewesen, Herr General v. Lossow, der sentimentale oder der brutale Hitler?

Lossow (sehr erregt): Wenn Sie mich fragen, so antworte ich Ihnen: 'Das war der Hitler mit dem schlechten Gewissen.'

Hitler (in hoechster Erregung) Wenn Sie mir das zu sagen wagen, dann behaupte ich; Der einzige Mensch, der sein Ehrenwort vom 1. Mai gebrochen hat, ist nicht Hitler sondern der General v. Lossow gewesen! (Grosse Bewegung im ganzen Saal)

General v. Lossow, der sich sichtlich in hoechster Erregung befindet, beherrscht sich sehr muhsam, macht dann eine kurze Verbeugung und verlaesst wortlos den Gerichtssaal.

Vors.: Herr Hitler, das ist ein geradezu unglaubliches Benehmen, das Sie hier an den Tag legen. Ich ruege das in der entschiedensten Weise.

Dann folgte eine Vernehmung des Muenchener Freibankmeister Ulrich Graf,der....als Adjutant und Pistolentraeger Hitlers bekannt ist. ~~Herr~~ Graf ist bei den Zusammenstoessen am Odeonsplatz durch Lungenschuesse schwer verletzt worden. Das Gericht gestattet dem Zeugen, Platz zu nehmen, der sich jedoch sofort erhebt, sobald Hitler oder Hitlers Verteidiger das Wort an ihn richtet. Der Zeuge hat die ganzen Vorgaenge im Buergerbraeueller mitgemacht und ist auch im Nebenzimmer gewesen, als die Auseinandersetzung zwischen Hitler auf der einen, Kahr, Lossow und Seisser auf der anderen Seite stattfand. Der Zeuge behauptet, Hitler haette im Nebenzimmer ohne irgendwelche Drohungen mit den drei Herren

in guemuetlichem Tone

gesprochen, und Lossow und Seisser haetten sich mit seinen Vorschlaegen sofort einverstanden erklaert.

Vors.: Das ist ganz neu, was Sie da sagen, und es wird von allen anderen Zeugen bestritten. Sie sind doch der Mann, der Hitlers Pistole geladen hat?

Zeuge: Ich habe siewerst erst eingesteckt und viel spaeter geladen. Es ist also nicht richtig, wenn behauptet wird, Hitler haette den Herren mit der Pistole gedroht.

Vors.: Haben Sie den Verhandlungen im Nebenzimmer ununterbrochen beigewohnt?

Zeuge: Ich bin einmal hinausgewesen, als Hitler zu mir sagte: "Hol mir a Masskrug". Hitler muss naemlich, wenn er redet, immer was trinken, damit er bei Stimme bleibt. (Heiterkeit).

.....

.....
Zeuge:.....Hitler hat dann den Kahr angefleht, doch mitzutun, und der Kahr hat sich gereckt und in Positur gestellt und hat dann gesagt: "Herr Hitler, Sie haben mich ueberzeugt." Dann ist das Treuegeloebnis im Saal gekommen und Herr Hitler hat zum Kahr gesagt: "Jetzt haben Sie in mir Ihren treuesten Freund. Das Vaterland wird Sie einmal zu seinen groessten Maennern rechnen." Dabei haben beide Herren Traenen in den Augen gehabt.....

.....
...(Der Zeuge) bestreitet auch, dass Hitler gesagt habe: "Vier Schusshabe ich in der Pistole, drei fuer meine Mitarbeiter, wenn sie mich verlassen, den letzten fuer mich."

.....
Vors.: Haben Sie selbst Ihre Pistole auch entladen?

Zeuge: Nein, ich brauchte doch meine Pistole fuer den Schutz fuer Herrn Hitler. Es konnte doch irgend etwas passieren. (Heiterkeit)

.....

.....
Hitler: Der Herr Graf ist der treueste, beste, edelste Mensch, den ich gefunden habe, der sich fuer mich totschliessen laesst. Der Mann luegt nicht.

Hitler: " Meine erste Einstellung war die, dass ich den Schritt Lossows als Leuterei ablehnte. Erst als ich die Moeglichkeit sah, dass Lossow ein zweiter Mark werden koenne, kamen die Massnahmen, die dann spaeter zu dem Unternehmen fuehrten.....

.....Ich war von Anfang an ueberzeugt, dass Kahr wegen seiner politischen Schwaeche nicht imstande war, den Kampf bis zur letzten Konsequenz zu fuehren. Die Schaffung unserer gewaltigen Bewegung war unser Werk, nicht das v. Kahrs, und wir konnten die Bewegung nicht in die Hand eines Mannesgeben, der m.E. kein Bismarck, sondern nur eben Erz. v. Kahr war. Wir waren nur unter der Bedingung bereit mit ihm zu gehen, dass der begonnene Kampf nicht in der Richtung Paris, sondern in der Richtung Berlin laufe.

.....
"Ich betone, ich kannte damals und kenne heute noch keinen anderen militaerischen Fuehrer fuer Deutschland als General Ludendorff.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

HITLER'S SALAD DAYS* by W.W.C.

in The Living Age- Sept. 1933

from the New Statesman and Nation, London Independent Weekly of the Left.

The first time I heard the name of Adolf Hitler mentioned was shortly after the end of the war, when a man named Franz Xavier Huber, a war veteran who had had a leg shot away before Verdun in 1917, told me stories of curious fellow who had been in his regiment at the front. He was a garrulous chap, and sitting in that same Buergerbrau Keller in Munich where in 1923 Hitler took his first plunge into revolutionary activities by firing off his army revolver at the ceiling and declaring the morrow would see him victor or dead, although it saw him neither the one nor the other, but unscathed, a helter-skelter fugitive in the Saverian hills, he used to tell tales tragic and humorous of his campaign experiences.

The thing that had struck him about 'Private Hitler' was his grandiloquence. He was neither popular nor the reverse with his fellows; they just smiled at him and his vague, rambling speeches on everything in the world and out of it. He acquired very swiftly the reputation of being ~~XXXXXX~~ what in the British Army is called 'an old soldier'. That is, he showed distinct talent in avoiding disagreeable tasks, but he knew on which side his bread was buttered. He interested himself particularly in the important question of seeing that the officers' washing was done or doing it himself. This secured for him the good graces of the colonel, who removed him from the more constant dangers of the trenches and appointed him runner between regimental headquarters and the front line.

These duties brought him frequently in contact with the men and he would sit for hours in a dug-out and hold forth on socialism, of which it was evident he had only very hazy notions. Old Social Democrats used to laugh at him, but no one debated seriously with him. He could not brook contradiction and used to fly into terrible rages if anyone ventured a word of dissent. Though he got the Iron Cross of the second class, no one in the regiment ever looked upon Hitler as any sort of a hero; indeed, they rather admired him for the skill with which he avoided hot corners. The regimental records contain not a line concerning an award of the Iron Cross of the first class to Hitler, though in latter years he had taken to wearing it prominently on his self-constructed uniform.

p 44, Living Age- September 1933- Hitlers Salad Days, by W.W.C.

From the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, London Independent Weekly of the Left.

In those days in Munich I lived in the Thiersh Strasse...and I frequently noticed in the street a man who vaguely reminded me of a militant edition of Charlie Chaplin, owing to his characteristic moustache and his ~~hacking~~ bouncing way of walking. He never wore a hat, but always carried a riding whip in his hand, with which he used incessantly to chop off imaginary heads as he walked. He was so funny that I inquired from neighbors who he might be; most of them, going to his Slav type, took him to be one of those Russian émigrés who abounded in Germany at that time, and they freely talked of his being probably a trifle mentally deranged. But my grocer told me it was a Herr Adolf Hitler from Braunau in Austria, and that he was leader of a tiny political group which called itself the 'German National Socialist Workers' Party'. He lived quietly enough as a boarder in the apartment of a small artisan, wrote articles for an obscure paper called the Voelkischer Beobachter, and orated in hole-and-corner meetings before audiences of a dozen or two. His closest friend was a Russian

HITLER'S SALAD DAYS- by W.W.C.
in the Living Age Sept. 1935

émigré from the Baltic provinces, a certain Herr Rosenberg, who was joint owner of the paper. Out of curiosity I bought the paper once or twice...by obliging grocer closed his information on Hitler by remarking that he frequently purchased things in his shop and was, despite his eccentric appearance, quite a pleasant fellow, though inclined to talk sixteen to the dozen about anything and everything.

Some time later I became a frequent customer of a little wine saloon in the Schelling Strasse, called the 'Osteria Bavaria'. ...Hitler was an almost daily visitor; he had, I learned, been a house painter in his early days in Vienna, but he was rather sore on the subject, and posed as an artist. He was very fond of airing his views on art and architecture which, however, were not taken seriously by any of the artists who frequented the place.

Hitler was often accompanied by one or two friends who, I was told, were members of his little political group. The most sensible of the band was a chemist named Gregor Strasser, a very sound fellow with whom I often spoke. Hitler's closest friend at that time, however, seemed to be an ex-army captain named Roehm, who later while his friend Baldur von Schirach,.....

One thing that struck me about Hitler was his extreme abstemiousness. He ate every night a dish of vegetables, and mineral water was his only drink. He never smoked. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~.....

Sometimes instead of regaling us with chaotic speeches, Hitler would sit for hours on end in front of his mineral water, staring into space, not uttering a word, and apparently quite oblivious of his surroundings. If on these occasions someone suddenly addressed him, he would start as if out of sleep, and stroke his forehead with his hand several times before coming back to reality.

pg. 10- Living Age- Hitlers Salad Days- by W.W.C. Sept. 1935

...Apart from politics and art, Hitler's chief topics of conversation were Italy and clairvoyance. He had never visited Italy, but had apparently read a great deal about it, and he would sometimes talk for half an hour on end about the glories of ancient Rome and the greatness of the Caesars. There was something about his talk that made one think of the prophets of the Old Testament; he spoke as if he believed himself to be inspired. The only thing that dispelled the illusion was his frequent use of words that are not found in the dictionary of a cultivated German.

One day I remember that a man came in who, for the price of a plate of soup, read hands and told fortunes. Hitler retired with the soothsayer into a corner and spent a whole hour with him in earnest conference. When he got back among us, he turned with anger upon a student who had made a slighting remark about clairvoyance, and launched out upon ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ an eloquent defense of occultism of every kind, and especially of Steinschneider who had taken to himself the name of Hanussen, and consulted him frequently.

However ..the incident (of Hanussen's mysterious death after Hitler's rise) does not appear to have shaken Hitler's faith in astrology, and one of Hanussen's chief revels, a man named Quecke, has been appointed by Hitler 'Federal Commissary for Occultism'. This, I believe, is the first time in modern ages that a state has officially recognized ~~soothsaying~~ and turned it into a government department. soothsaying

HITLERS SALAD DAYS- Living Age - Sept. 1933
by W.W.C.-London,

... Hitler was not without devoted adherents in the Osteria Bavaria'. Some students after a while became seized with a sort of hero worship regarding him, and hung on to every word he said with wrapt attention. But there is no doubt that his chief admirers were the two waitresses, buxom Bavarian wenches who listened open-mouthed to him and danced attendance on him in a way that formed the subject of many jokes among the habitués of the place. Hitler's relations with women indeed are a strange and obscure chapter. I saw a great deal of him at that time, and I can certify that he was in these matters as abstemious as in regard to food and drink. The only woman he seemed to care for at all was the lady to whose villa in the hills he fled after his inglorious collapse in November 1923. He used to correspond with her a great deal and spent frequent week-ends at her place. Later on he is said to have fallen in love with Winifred Wagner, but I can hardly imagine the Hitler of 1921 in love ~~with~~.

Another thing that struck me was the man's utter incapacity to deal with important details. When he spoke of Italy, or the German race, or occultism, or the Jews, his talk was a succession of vague generalities, couched in attractive if flowery language, but showing in every case either complete ignorance or at least complete contempt for detail.
HITLER'S SALAD DAYS- LIVING AGE- Sept. 1933

...But I will say this, as the result of these long evenings spent with him; he was, and probably still is, passionately, almost ferociously, sincere in all he says and does, even when it appears hypocritical and insincere.

HITLER'S SALAD DAYS- LIVING AGE Sept. 1933
by W.W.C.- from the NEW STATESMAN & NATION, London Independent Weekly of the Left.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Interview by T.R. Ybarra in Colliers July 1, 1933

... He found time amid Cabinet meetings, which were following one another in quick succession, to receive me in his office at the chancellery on Berlin's historic Wilhelmstrasse. Without hesitation, concisely and straight from the shoulder, Chancellor Hitler- who in the opinion of many, even his enemies, had taken his first step as a statesman ... - gave me a message direct from himself to the American nation, the kernel of which was a plea for better understanding among Americans for the problems now confronting Germany at home and abroad.

When he received me Hitler made a strange contrast to his Wilhelmstrasse surroundings. He had so far conformed to statesmanlike etiquette as to don the conventional garments usual at European chancelleries- which he still does reluctantly.

.. Hitler received me in the big audience chamber of the new chancellery. .. The Chancellor's eyes were clear, his bearing alert, and he allowed no signs of fatigue to become apparent. During the preceding days, Hitler had no rest. From Tempelhof Field... he had rushed to Kiel... Koenigsberg... Munich... Yet when he stepped forward to shake my hand you wouldn't have thought he was bothered about anything. His face was solemn- but it always is. And he didn't smile- but he seldom does.

I asked him to talk straight out to Americans. He paused a moment then said: "I don't believe in criticizing. It simply creates difficulties."

Then gathering force and speed as he talked, until he almost resembled the Hitler who has so often swayed mass meetings to tumultuous enthusiasm, he continued:

.... Worked up by this time to a high pitch of earnestness, Hitler leaned forward, emphasizing his points by tapping my knee with two fingers of his right hand....

Interview by T.R. Ybarra, Collier's July 1, 1933

.. He paused for a moment and I, knowing well the torrential nature of eloquence when once under way, carefully refrained from interrupting with questions. For a moment Hitler sat there with knit brows and stern expression. Then, fixing his eyes again on me, he said: "You Americans... .. Again the Chancellor leaned forward, his voice tense with earnestness. Again he tapped my knee as he said: "Here is what I wish would happen: That American people might understand these special German problems.... ~~xxxxxx~~... He paused. In silence he gazed straight ahead. He seemed to be trying actually to see the Americans to whom he was addressing his words. Into his face came some of that mystical quality which has helped him to drive audiences to hysteria.

"If only all Americans," he said, coming out of his reverie and fixing his eyes on mine, "could come over here to Germany. They would look about and ask themselves where is this revolution, where is this terror, where is all this destruction and chaos I've heard about?"

Then abruptly he stood up. The interview was over. We shook hands. A moment later he was back amid the other Nazi chieftains debating the latest thorny problem confronting Germany. (And I was out in the corridor..

Collier's July 1, 1933, Says Hitler- by T.R. Ybarra.

..There is a strong strain of sadness and tenderness in his disposition. The intensity of feeling that imparts such high voltage to his public activities makes him sensitive to private griefs. When a close friend said to him: "You have been so lucky in everything you have undertaken," he replied: "In my political life I have always been lucky, but in my private life I have been more unfortunate than anyone I have ever known." p. 16, G.Hard Price- I know these Dictators.

..Though brought up as a Catholic, Hitler is not a professing Christian. Yet he once said very earnestly to me: "I believe in God, and I am convinced that He will not desert sixty-seven million Germans who have worked so hard to regain their rightful position in the world.".. p. 16- G.Hard Price-I know these Dictators.

...His favourite dishes are Nudelsuppe, a soup with little dumplings in it; spinach; apples, either baked or raw; and Russische Eier, which are cold hard-boiled eggs with mayonnaise sauce. At tea-time, despite anxiety to avoid putting on weight, he is fond of chocolate éclairs. He drinks neither tea nor coffee, but only mineral water and infusions of camomile or lime-flowers.

p. 17- G.H. Price- I know these Dictators.

He finds the smell of tobacco so unpleasant that no one is allowed to smoke in his presence, even after dinner, which to Germans is a serious deprivation.

p. 17- G.H. Price- I know these Dictators

...Walking at Berchtesgaden is his only exercise, yet his appearance is healthy, his skin of a fresh colour, and his pale-blue eyes are always bright. In Berlin he never leaves his official residence except by motor car. Despite these sedentary habits, he shows great resistance to fatigue. I have seen him stand upright for five hours on end in his motor-car at Nuernberg..most of the time keeping his arm stretched out stiffly in salute. During the crisis of the Rhinland reoccupation he worked continuously for two days and two nights. On the third evening he invited Frau Goebbels and some other friends to dinner. They looked at cinematograph-films till 2 A.M., and when Frau Goebbels suggested that the Chancellor should get some rest, he said: "If you leave me now, I shall only sit up reading till 4 o'clock," so I hope that you will stay.

This is about his regular bedtime, most of his study of State documents being done in the small hours. Berchtesgaden is the only place where he can get a night's rest without a sleeping-draught, which he takes in capsule form after his evening meal, together with some digestive medicine. Whenever his public engagements allow, he stays in bed till noon. His general health is good, and the operation performed on him by Dr. Sauerbruch in the spring of 1935 was only to remove a harmless 'polyp' on the vocal chords which is common with people who strain their voices by public speaking.

p. 17-18 G.H. Price- I know these Dictators-1938

..Hitler is always smartly turned out, his thick brown hair brushed smooth, and his fresh-complexioned face closely shaved. Neither grey-ness nor baldness has yet touched his head. His teeth are strong. His white, spatulate-fingered hands are well manicured. Particularly noticeable is the big ball of his thumb, which palmists associate with strength of will. The lobes of his ears are large, an indication regarded by physiognomists as a sign of vitality.

There has been little alteration in his appearance during the fifteen years of his public life. His face and form have grown fuller, though not more so than suits his soldierly figure, and his hair, which in earlier days was parted in the middle, has been made to lie in a flat wave over the left temple.

...When I have seen him in plain clothes at his flat at Munich, or at the house of Herr von Ribbentrop, the Chancellor he always wears a double-breasted dark blue suit with white shirt and soft collar.

p.13-

p. 15- G.W.Price- I know these Dictators.

Herr Hitler is widely read man....

In works on travel, the maps and plans attract most of his attention. He says that if he ever went to London or Paris he would immediately be able to find his way about, and he claims that there is hardly a famous building in the world which he could not draw from memory. ...

Although he plays no instrument himself, music is a passion with Hitler. Grand Opera is his favourite entertainment. "Leistersinger". Hitler claims to have heard this opera a hundred times.

"I think I am one of the most musical people in the world," he says with a whimsical smile.

Art has also a great appeal for him, and he knows a good deal about pictures. He recently acquired a Cranach and two Brueghels for his Munich flat.

The greatest practical interest in his life, however, is architecture. In everything but name he is the Chief State architect of Germany. .. There is a room at the Chancellery in Berlin with a drawing-table, always spread with plans, at which he stands for hours, drafting original designs or modifications to be used in public works....

..If it (new Congress Hall planned in Nuremberg) fulfils Hitler's intention, this structure will last as long as the Parthenon or Coliseum. "Thousand s of years hence," he says, "people will still be marvelling at it and saying 'What a great race those Germans were!'"

..In the middle of a Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, Herr Hitler suddenly exclaimed to him (architect Speer) : "We must have a new excellent site for it." And, taking a writing-pad, he began at once to draw the plan and elevation. During the building of the House of German Art in Munich, he went every day that he was in that city to inspect its progress.

He would like, if it were possible, to create an entirely new capital for Germany, because (1) the climate of Berlin is so dry that it tends to make its inhabitants highly strung; (2) being a business centre, it receives alarmist reports from commercial sources which are at once communicated to the Ministries; and (3) he would prefer a more peaceful and solely political and diplomatic capital, such as Washington provides for the United States.

p 19-21 G.W. Price- I know these dictators.

The cinema is one of Hitler's favourite distractions. All new films arriving in Germany or made there are sent to him. Frequently after dinner he will watch two full-length shows in a large drawing-room at the Chancellery. One of his favourite films is *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which I have heard him say he saw three nights running. As a result of this keen interest in British and American talking-films the Chancellor is almost unconsciously beginning to acquire a knowledge of English.

Fondness for children and dogs is regarded by many as evidence of good nature. This is a strong trait in Hitler's character. He keeps several Alsatians at Berchtesgaden, and felt great grief when one of his favourite dogs was poisoned, supposedly by the Communists.

Golden-haired, six-year-old Helga Goebbels is a favourite playmate of the Chancellor, and her mother, Frau Magda Goebbels, is his closest German friend of the opposite sex. ...
p.21-2, G.W.Price- I know these dictators.

Those in Hitler's intimate circle say that he is a very good mimic, and likes relating anecdotes to which added point is given by his impersonations of the characters concerned. After a concert following a State Dinner, I have seen him standing among a group of the performers telling stories in a lively manner which kept his hearers in continual laughter.
p 22- G.W. Price- I know these dictators- 1937

The Chancellor has also a strong mechanical bent. Without any practical experience of engineering he takes particular interest in motor-cars and motor-boats, being familiar with all the latest refinements of the internal-combustion engine, and quick to notice the features of a new model. Herr Wehrlin, a director of the Daimler-Benz Company, who is one of his personal friends, has told me that in discussing a forthcoming motor-show, Hitler once described to him an engine of a special type which he had seen at least twenty-five years before in Vienna, and ~~did~~ did so with all the accuracy of an expert. When there is an automobile exhibition in Berlin he will spend a couple of hours a day there examining each car in turn. He claims to have motored more than half a million miles. "I am grateful to the motor-car, for it brought all Germany within my reach," is one of the Fuehrer's sayings.

Yet he has no desire to drive a car himself. That, he says, is not his job. Mussolini's zest for piloting... is quite incomprehensible to Hitler's more introverted temperament.

He has none of his Italian colleague's love for speed. His special train is not allowed to run at over thirty-five miles an hour, though this is mainly because he is a bad sleeper, despite the comfort of his private coach, which has a marble bathroom opening off the bedroom.
p 22-23 G.W. Price- I know these dictators.

..Hitler has a fantastically retentive memory. He can recall the content of any book he has ever read, the plot of any play or film he has seen. His staff know that whatever they say to him is automatically recorded in his mind and will be quoted against them if, at some later date, they make a statement at variance with it.

His temperament is too individualistic to spare those who work under him. "He does not believe in helping people out of difficulties," said a close collaborator. "It is only when one of his subordinates is on the point of being overwhelmed by his work or responsibilities that he will come to his aid. Even then he does no more than lift the man's chin above the surface so that he can struggle for himself."

p. 23- G.W. Price- I know these dictators.

Unforgivable as Hitler has shown himself upon occasion, his character is not ~~such~~ one that cherishes small grudges.

"How many of your personal enemies did you pay out when you got to power?" he was once asked.

"None," was the answer. "There were many people against whom I had old scores, but when once I became Chancellor they seemed so insignificant. During my imprisonment at Landsberg, one of the warders was very disagreeable. He used to call me a 'Doerfler' (village lout). I dare say he had a few enemies when I became head of the Government, but it would have been ridiculous to do anything to him."

p. 23- G.W. Price- I know these dictators.

When the Chancellor's emotions are touched, his generosity is prompt and liberal. In the summer of 1936 he was motoring in Upper Bavaria, and stopped by the roadside to admire a mountain view. An attractive young peasant-girl of about seventeen tried to approach him, and, on being prevented by his guards, burst into tears. Hitler ~~saw~~ ^{had} distress and asked what was the matter. She told him that her fiancé had been expelled from Austria for his Nazi principles, and that as he could not find work they would be unable to get married. Hitler promised to look after both her and him, and not only found a job for the young man, but also equipped the couple with a furnished flat in Munich, complete, as he says with a smile, down to a baby's cot.

p. 23-24, G.W. Price- I know these Dictators.

Towards subordinates and servants he is considerate, though capable of flashes of blistering wrath, but his personality and prestige are so strong that, without any effort on his part, he is surrounded, particularly in Berlin, by much awe on the part of his entourage. The atmosphere of his official residence has the unmistakable character of a Court though its routine and outward appearance are as simple as they can be where the Head of a Government is concerned.

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..The Chancellor's personal staff consists of three hardworking adjutants whose duties last until far into the night. Best known of these is Obergruppenfuhrer Wilhelm Bruckner, who has been associated with him from the earliest Munich days, and shares his imprisonment at Landsberg. Bruckner is a jovial-faced man, close on six and a half feet high and of immense proportions, who, when younger, was one of Germany's best tennis-players. He served as an officer in the war, and has much social charm and elegance. His large form with its big red face and twinkling, friendly eyes is never far from Hitler's side.....

Herr Schaub is another adjutant. He is a pale, grove-faced man who always wears the black S.S. uniform, whereas Bruckner is usually in the khaki dress of the storm troopers. Herr Schaub is a son of a Bavarian peasant stock whose first contact with Hitler came about in a romantic way.

He was a minor official of the Postal Service and joined the Brown Shirts in their early days. Before the Munich Putsch of 1923 Hitler noticed that, at parades of his followers, a certain man always marched past him with a limp, the result of a war-wound. When the Chancellor was in prison at Landsberg, this unknown man with the limp came one day to ask if he might serve Hitler as personal attendant without pay. There was no mistaking the ardent devotion in Herr Schaub's face, and since then he has shared his master's fortunes, first in prison and now in good.

Captain Wiedenmann, the other adjutant, is a dark, handsome man, with a record even more unusual, for he was Hitler's company-commander in the 16th Bavarian Infantry Regiment during the latter part of the war. It was in the Party's early days that Captain Wiedenmann suddenly realized that the prophet of national recovery whose movement was beginning to attract attention in Bavaria was none other than his former corporal and dispatch-runner. He went to see him and offered his services in any capacity, with the result that to-day he is one of the three men in closest attendance upon his former subordinate.

Three valets, all young men belonging to the Leibstandarte, or Personal Guard, accompany Hitler everywhere, wearing the black uniform of their corps. They and his chauffeurs are on democratic, almost friendly relations with their master. Travelling by Hitler's special train, I have seen them taking their meals in the dining-car at the next table to that at which the Chancellor sat with Marshal Hindenburg, General Fritsch, and Admiral Raeder, the Naval Commander-in-Chief.

p. 24-25, G.W. Price- I know these Dictators.

..Yet Hitler has no fear of assassination, believing that his fate will protect him. "I always knew I should be a great man, even in my poorest days," he says, "and I feel convinced that I shall live to finish my task."

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Stories of his dashing through the streets at high speed in a closed automobile between double ranks of S.S. men are quite imaginary. No head of a state shows himself more freely to the crowd, for he generally stands upright in the front seat of an open car which moves at a walking-pace. At the Party Congress every September he is on the same stand as several thousand spectators, including many foreign guests of the Government. I have seen him arrive unannounced at the Oberammergau Passion Play, and mingle with the crowd of people of all nationalities.

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.. In Munich he often has to push his way to his motor-car through a dense throng of delighted admirers. Less than six weeks after the 'Purge' of June 30, 1934, he did not hesitate to appear with all the members of the Government at President Hindenburg's funeral on August 6, in the centre of the threatened memorial arena at Tannenberg, dominated by seven towers where he was exposed in a way that gave the secret police considerable anxiety.

Though Hitler, as I am told by those in his confidence, always carries a revolver, his nerves are good. Once when he was entertaining a party of young women, one of them mischievously dropped a Knallerbse on the floor. A Knallerbse is a sort of cardboard bomb sold in Munich at carnival time, filled with a calcium-and sulphur powder which goes off on impact with a loud bang that would startle almost anyone, to say nothing of a dictator. But Hitler showed no alarm, but only laughed.

p. 16- ... Price - I know these dictators.

..This hood-budler, (Herr Tannenberg) though small, is an imposing character, and when he stands behind his master's chair at an intimate dinner-party, one of Hitler's favourite jokes is to exclaim over his shoulders, "Tannenberg, tell us, how many chicks have you really got?"

At his official residence in Berlin, his household is under the charge of ..Herr Tannenberg, a former restaurant-keeper whose acquaintance Hitler made many years ago, and who now acts as his major-domo. He has a repertoire of songs, English as well as German, with which he entertains the Chancellor and his guests.

..Hitler's flat at No. 16, Prinzregentenplatz in Munich is looked after by a married couple, Herr and Frau Winter. ..The building is on the outskirts of Munich and stands on the corner of a square. There is a small restaurant next to the entrance....

..A broad wooden staircase leads to the second floor. (...the ground floor flat is a sort of guard-room where detectives are always on duty) There is nothing on the door of the flat to mark it as the private residence of the most important man in Germany.

The entrance-hall is wedge-shaped, one end being lined with book-shelves over which hangs a portrait of Frederick the Great.

The principal living-room is long and narrow, with a similar angle in it to that of the hall. The walls are hung with a variety of pictures. In addition to a fifteenth-century Cranach and the original of the well-known portrait of Bismarck by Lenbach, there are several of those popular paintings by José Prappa, a French artist of the eighteen-nineties, which depict cardinals in scarlet robes dining amid sumptuous surroundings.

The room contains a lot of furniture, all modern in light-coloured bird's-eye maple, and at one end of it is a sort of alcove-what Germans call an Erker- marked off by a low partition and containing a round table, the top of which is of verde antique marble. It is at this table that Hitler receives his guests.

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'On the Berg', which is the name that he and his friends use ~~xxx~~ for his house at Berchtesgaden, the domestic arrangements were formerly under his elder, widowed half-sister, Frau Raubal, with whom he lived during the early days of the Party in Munich. She is a strongly built, imposing woman of fifty-four, and there is no family resemblance between them. Two years ago Frau Raubal married again and went to live at Dresden with her new husband, who is of about her own age and a professor at the university. Her brother did not attend the wedding. His friends say that he disapproved of marriage for elderly people.

p. 27-28. G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

..In the rebuilding (of Haus Wachenfeld or 'the Berg') Hitler was careful to preserve the original Haus Wachenfeld intact as part of the more extensive plan, for, as he says, the many memorable conferences held and decisions made there have given to it an historic value.

-p. 28, G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

..The Fuehrer's style of living there is simple. (at Haus Wachenfeld) He generally wears Bavarian peasant-clothes or civilian clothes.... especially in the holiday season, a throng of Germans assemble daily in the hope of seeing their Leader, and Hitler is fond of wading down to greet them. He pays special attention to the children, signing the pictures of himself which they hold out to him and sometimes asking them up to the house for lemonade and cakes. Nor does he resent the intrusion of young people when he dines at one of his favourite little Munich restaurants. Parties of the 'Hitler Youth' or the League of German Maidens are allowed to come in and look at him. He generally calls them to his table, shakes hands, and orders ice-creams and chocolates for them.

p. 29. G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

Although Hitler dislikes being alone and is fond of the company of intimate friends, he takes little pleasure in formal entertainment. For the first two years of his régime he was able to avoid this on the ground that his official residence in Berlin was under reconstruction. But by the end of 1933 this was completed, and I was one of four foreign guests at the first dinner-party which the Chancellor gave on December 19, 1934. ..Two dozen people were present, the rest being either members of the Government with their wives or German operatic singers taking part in the concert which was to follow. ...

Hitler himself was in ordinary full evening-dress, though many of his German guests wore the Party uniform. After a little casual talk in the ante-room he led the way into a dining-room, where there was an oval table of light wood decorated with bowls of trailing pink begonias. The Chancellor sat in the middle of one of its broader sides, with Frau von Ribbentrop on his right and Frau Lubliner, one of the operatic singers, on his left...The footmen waiting at table were ~~xxx~~ dressed in short brown moss-jackets with black trousers. The ~~xxxx~~ china, glass, and silver were all of modern design.

The menu, too, was of up-to-date simplicity. I consisted of a cup of thick white soup, fish, roast chicken and vegetables, and an ice, and was accompanied by white and red German wine.

p. 29-30. G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

..When dinner was over, Hitler rose, saying, "Will those who don't want to smoke come with me into the room on the right, and the rest go into the room on the left?" Lord Rothermere, who also is a non-smoker with Herr von Ribbentrop and some of the ladies, accompanied the Chancellor.

p. 31. G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

..another respect in which an entertainment of this kind in Germany differs from official dinners of most Governments is the dresses of the women. Simplicity is the rigid rule of feminine attire under the Nazi régime. As 'make-up' is contrary to its principles, and jewellery almost entirely barred by the Spartan views of the Government, State functions in Germany lack some of the glamour which feasting extravagance confers on them elsewhere.

p. 32. G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

relations to women:

...In the first place Herr Hitler is no woman-hater. He shows a strong predilection for feminine society, in which his manners are marked by an old-world formality.

There can be few European statesmen whose greeting is so gracious as Herr Hitler's. He takes a lady's hand in his own, holds it for a moment as if it were some precious object while his blue, searching eyes smile into hers, and then bends forward in an elegant bow to touch it with his lips. In the company of women Hitler's manner takes on a lively air of interest which has no appearance of being forced. He shows marked appreciation of good looks, but unless a woman is also intelligent he avoids engaging her in conversation. Small talk is uncongenial to him.

p. 33. G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

..Two of his closest friends of the other sex are young and charming members of the British aristocracy. They are daughters of Lord Redesdale - the Hon. Mrs Diana Guinness, and her younger sister, the Hon. Unity Freeman-Litford....

It was the younger sister, Miss Unity Litford, who first made Hitler's acquaintance. In 1934 she was attending art-classes in Munich and used to lunch at a little restaurant which is one of Hitler's regular resorts when staying at his Munich flat.

..Her golden hair, fair skin, and blue eyes attain the highest standards of that Nordic beauty which Germans especially admire.

It was natural that Hitler should eventually inquire who this attractive young woman might be. On hearing that she was an English student he sent his burly adjutant, Herr Bruckner, ~~next~~ to convey the Chancellor's compliments and inquire whether she spoke German. If so, would she do him the honour to take coffee with his party?

In this informal way began a friendship soon to be extended to Mrs. Guinness, Miss Litford's sister, who came to visit her in Munich.

p. 35- 36. G.W. Price I know these dictators.

arriving at Cologne for speech in 1936:

As Hitler came into the hall, his expression was set and stern. He raised his hand automatically in response to the roar of 'Heil!' that met him, and to the sudden upflinging of arms in the Nazi salute. Then his eyes fell on the two sisters. His face broke at once into a smile. "Was! Ihr beide hier!" he exclaimed. "You must come and have tea with us."

p 36-37, G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

(sublimation of sexual impulses)

..It is certain that this disciplined restraint of human instincts implies no lack of human sympathy. One of the most striking features of Hitler's personality is his faculty for putting himself in harmony with others. Men of most varying characters alike receive, in contact with him, the conviction that there is some special bond between them. His mind like that of many leaders in the past, has a strong psychic strain. I have been told that the Austro-German borderland where he was born is known like the Scottish Highlands, to be prolific of people with this gift of intuition.

The susceptibility of the Chancellor's mind to psychic influences is shown in his public oratory. At the outset of speech his delivery is sometimes slow and halting. Only as the spiritual atmosphere engendered by a great audience takes possession of his mind does he develop that eloquence which acts on the German nation like a spell. For he responds to this metaphysical context in such a way that each member of the multitude feels bound to him by an individual link of sympathy.

His own awareness of a psychic sense would seem to be indicated by one of the stories he tells of his experiences in the war.

"I was eating my dinner in a trench with several comrades," he says. "Suddenly a voice seemed to be ~~xxxx~~ saying to me, 'Get up and go over there'. It was so clear and insistent that I obeyed automatically, as if it had been a military order. I rose at once to my feet and walked twenty yards along the trench, carrying my dinner in its tin-can with me. Then I sat down to go on eating, my mind being once more at rest.

"Hardly had I done so when a flash and deafening report came from the part of the trench I had just left. A stray shell had burst over the group in which I had been sitting, and every member of it was killed."

p. 37-38,

G.W. Price: I know these Dictators.

.. Most of my talks with Hitler have taken place at times of public excitement, when even a responsible statesman might overstress his aims. They have left me with an impression of continuity in his plans, which even if they go farther than some countries may like, are limited by common sense. Like Gladstone, The German Chancellor is a fiery speaker but a cool thinker.

p. 143- G.W. Price: I know these dictators.

SEIDNEY WALLACH
Hitler - Menace to Mankind
Emerson Books, 1933

Calendar of Hitlerism

Adolf Hitler born in Austria, April 20, 1889

Settles in Munich 1912

Joins German army, August 7, 1914

Wounded at front October 7, 1916; gassed October 14, 1918

Joins German Workers Party (later National Socialist Worker
 Party) May, 1919

Addresses first mass meeting, February 24, 1920

Munich beer hall putsch, November 8, 1923

Arrested November 12, 1923

Brought to trial February 1924

Sentenced to five-year prison term, February 1924

Released from prison December 1924

National Socialists win 12 Reichstag seats, May, 1928

Wilhelm Frick - Minister of Interior in Thuringia, January 1930

Nazis obtain 6,400,000 votes & 107 Reichstag seats, Sept. 14, 30

Hitler receives 11,341,119 votes for president, March 10, 1932

Hitler loses presidency to Hindenburg, but secures 13,418,670
 votes, April 10, 1932

Nazis in coalition with other parties obtain control of Prus-
 sian and other State Diets, April 13, 32

Nazis lose 34 seats in Reichstag elections, November 6, 1932

Hindenburg rejects Hitler's demand for Nazi cabinet November 24,
 1932

Hitler sworn in as Chancellor, January 30, 1933

Nazis win election majority, receiving 17,280,000 votes, March
 5, 1933

New Reichstag convening at Potsdam votes itself out of existence
 for four years; Hitler becomes dictator, March 23, 1933

Ernst Rohem

Die Geschichte eines Hochverraters.

Ein freudiges Wiedersehen war es, als ich Hitler wieder die Hand schuettern konnte. Er hatte schwere innere Kämpfe hinter sich; in Landsberg war er sogar in den Hungerstreik getreten, von dem ihn nach langem Zureden Drexler i und ein weiterer Parteifreund nur mit Mühe abgebracht hatten.

Bei dem Wiedersehen schien es mir, als ob Hitler Vorwürfe seiner Kampfgenossen vom 8. 11. fuer den Fehlschlag des Unternehmens befuerchtet haette. Um so freudiger war er bewegt, als er bei uns allen die alte Kampffreudigkeit und Siegesstimmung fand, die auch ein mehrmonatiger Gefaengnis-aufenthalt in keiner Weise hatte beeintraehtigen koennen.

p. 303, Rohem, Geschichte eines Hochverraters

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Henny von Schirach takes quite a special position among the wives of the leaders. She is the daughter of Hans Hoffmann, Hitler's photographer. As a young girl she lived with her father in close proximity to Hitler. She was extremely pretty and attractive, and it appears that Hitler was in love with her for a while. But Hitler's make-up.....prevented him from making normal approaches to her. So Henny was very soon disgusted and turned her attentions elsewhere like his earlier flames.

.....
It only remains to say a few words about the women whose names have been linked with that of Hitler himself. Adolf Hitler has a peculiar kind of perversion in his behavior to women which is impossible to describe in detail. This, however, did not stop him in the early days from showing a very keen interest in them. Only when he was compelled to realize that this peculiarity excluded normal relations did he withdraw to the solitude of Haus Wachenfeld and give up the idea of finding a wife who would be amenable to his peculiarity. It is absolutely untruethat Hitler married some months ago. Hitler has gained the reputation of being a misogynist, which he by no means is. I have already mentioned that I had occasion to live for some months under the same roof as Hitler, and I have repeatedly noticed how susceptible the Leader was to pretty women and how quickly and skillfully he withdrew after his first advances.

In earlier years, this was not so. Once he went as far as to be engaged. This was in 1923, the woman was Jenny Haug, the sister of his first chauffeur. Actually Hitler was already conscious of his perversion which excluded the possibility of consummation, so although he courted her and took her out frequently he politely took his leave at her door. Practical Jenny was by no means content with this merely superficial attachment, for she suspected that her swain must be intimate with some other woman and as a consequence shrank from making love to her more violently. Hitler was annoyed about this and soon broke off the engagement.

The greatest attachment he has had for a woman was in his Munich days, and this for his niece, Grete Raubal. I have only heard the story told by friends in the Party, as Grete herself - or Geli, as Hitler called her - took her life in 1930 out of grief for her "Alf's abnormality. Grete grew up in her uncle's house. She appears to be the only woman who has loved him really unselfishly and who strove for a permanent tie with him. As she was the daughter of his step-sister a legal marriage would have been possible.

Hitler loved his niece enough to think of wedding her yet he knew that his abnormality would make a marriage scarcely tolerable. He visited several well known doctors and even underwent treatment which, however, was not successful. In spite of this he endeavored to steer his relations with Geli into normal channels; for he believed that he would find in her a sympathetic understanding. It seems that Geli was with him in his efforts. But the various courses of

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of treatment which he had undergone became public knowledge and were used by friends and opponents for extortion. This, and the actual relationship which was becoming more and more intolerable, finally seem to have driven Geli to suicide. At all events Hitler was for a while completely Geli's, and her death was a very heavy blow for him.

Nevertheless quite a number of other women have played a certain part in his life. In his Munich days his friend Esser's rather common wife took his fancy. There followed in rapid succession Erna Hanfstaengel, (Putzi Hanfstaengel's sister), and Winifred Wagner.... Both affairs fell through without any more intimate attachment having been formed although he still keeps up a very good friendship with them. Then Hitler fell for Leni Riefenstahl, the film star, and the prima-donna, Margarete Slezak. More recently he took a liking to an American dancer and a young Englishwoman whom he had invited to Haus Wachenfeld. All these women have passed before him like shadows and, as is understandable, have done nothing to alter the morbidity of his nature.

It must be stressed that the Leader is decidedly not a homosexual. All such rumors are based on the fact that it cannot be proved that he has had any normal relations with women. His sexual abnormality is of quite different a nature. It is not incumbent upon me to go into details regarding this rather rare condition, and to do so would only give offence. It will be for the medical profession, at a later date, when Hitler is but a name, to expatiate on this aspect. I am convinced that lack of knowledge on this point leaves much unexplained in his life and disposition, because the absence of facts leaves his character incomplete. It must be stated that the facts are well known to a number of doctors and also by his own circle.

pp. 23-25; Koehler, Inside Information

One of Hitler's affairs was with ~~Margarete Slezak~~ the pretty opera singer, Margarete Slezak.... Her mother was a Jewess; but this made no difference during the brief infatuation of the Fuehrer. Nor did he hesitate to visit Bayreuth and admire Winifred Wagner.

The daughter of the great German composer was certainly no pure Aryan....

p. 191, Koehler Inside Information

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(From a secret file of Himmler's)

Perhaps I should mention here another newspaper cutting.....dated in the year 1911, it was taken from the Kronenzeitung of Vienna. There are only a few lines:

Sunday's Bathing Accidents.

'The unemployed Adolf H. drifted into strong currents while bathing near Greifenstein and was in danger of drowning. He was rescued by the bathing attendant, Josef Ehrenstrasser.'

pp. 208/209, Koehler, Inside Information

"e learned that a letter went from the Imperial Chancellery to the Mayor of Greifenstein. It roused no little sensation in the little summer resort. The Chancellery requested the full address of Josef Ehrenstrasser, since the Chancellor proposed to send him a present. What could the German Chancellor have to do with Josef Ehrenstrasser?.... 'If people find out that I once saved the chap's life, they'll knock me in the head,' he grumbled.... 'Tell the Chancellery I'm dead.'

This was done, Greifenstein denied his hero, the man who almost made history.

p. 220. Koehler, Inside Information

(Himmler's secret dossiers)

One note read: 'Boasts that in the early days of the party he was always giving the Fuehrer money, as one gives a tip to a servant.' (Hence his effrontery).

p. 219, Koehler, Inside/ Information.

Chelius, F.H. Aus Adolf Hitlers Jugendland und Jugendzeit. 1938.

1.

So traf ich in Braunau auch auf Hitlers erstes Kindermaedchen, die heutige Frau Rosalie Hoerl, die in den Jahren 1886 bis 1889 in den Diensten der Familie Hitler stand. Was sie ueber Adolf, das Kind, zu sagen hat, ist naturgemaess nur wenig und laesst sich in die Worte zusammenfassen: Er war ein kerngesundes, lebhaftes Kind, das sich ausgezeichnet entwickelte. Wesentlich mehr konnte sie dagegen von den Eltern Adolf Hitlers und seinen Geschwistern erzahlen.

Adolf Hitlers Vater war damals Zollamtssoffizial, ein ausgesprochen pflichtbewusster, arbeitsfreudiger und strebsamer Beamter, der ganz in seinem Dienst aufging. Er war stolz auf die errungene Position, denn er hatte sich aus eigener Kraft selbst emporgearbeitet. Nach dem fruehzeitigen Tode seiner ersten Frau hat er sich zum zweiten Male verheiratet mit einer niederösterreichischen Bauerntochter. Dieser Ehe entstammen die Kinder Alois und Angela, von denen nur noch Angela am Leben ist. Als auch die zweite Frau bald starb, entschloss sich Vater Hitler zu einer dritten Ehe und seine Wahl fiel diesmal auf eine Verwandte, auf Klara Pelzel, die ebenfalls aus dem Niederösterreichischen stammte. Dieser dritte Hochzeitstag war bezeichnend fuer Vater Hitler. Am Morgen hielt er ein bescheidenes Bruehstueck, an dem auch die Trauzeugen Offizial Hegel und Dr. Diorenhofer teilnahmen, dann ging's zur Trauung, und um 11 Uhr versah er schon wieder seinen Dienst wie alle Tage.

Frau Hoerl schildert ihn als einen mittelgrossen, rundlichen Herrn mit graublauen Augen und blondem Kaiserbart, der zwar sehr energisch sein konnte, aber einen guten Charakter hatte. Mit geradezu schwaermerischer Liebe spricht sie von Frau Klara Hitler, die sie als eine schlichte, arbeitsame Hausfrau schildert, deren ganze Sorge dem Werden und Wohlergehen der Kinder galt. Aus dieser Ehe entstammen drei Kinder, Edmund, der schon in jungen Jahren einer Dichteritis zum Opfer fiel, Paula und Adolf, dem keiner an der Wiege gesungen hat, dass sein Lebensweg ihn einst auf den Posten des deutschen Reichskanzlers fuehren sollte.

Es ist ja erklaerlich, dass Adolf Hitler selbst sich sehr wenig an diese erste Zeit in Braunau erinnern kann, war er doch ein kleiner Junge von vier Jahren, als sein Vater nach Passau versetzt wurde. Ein Freund seines Vaters dagegen, der jetzige Oberbaurat Ronneck in Linz, der von 1887-1901 in Braunau stationiert war und damals an der Regulierung des Inn und der Salzabfuhr mitarbeitete, denkt noch oft an jene Zeit, als er mit Vater Hitler allabendlich am Stammtisch zusammensass, wo eifrigst politische Tagesfragen erörtert wurden. Koeglich auch, dass Vater Hitler in der Hitze der politischen Debatten die Zeit vergass, und die Mutter den kleinen Adolf schickte, um den Vater zum Abendessen heimzuholen. Oberbaurat Ronneck erinnert sich jedenfalls, in welcher drolliger, aber sichtlich energischer Form der Kleine den Vater zur Heimkehr zu bewegen verstand.

Nach Ronnecks Schilderung muss das Leben im damaligen Braunau, der alten Festungsstadt, beneidenswert idyllisch gewesen sein. Lustige, lebensfrohe Menschen voll Witz und Humor bildeten eine fidele Gesellschaft, die lebte und leben liess, und wenn auch ihre Ansprüche und Bedürfnisse in bescheidenen Grenzen blieben, so nahmen sie doch vom Leben so viel des Guten mit, als nur irgend zu erreichen war. Die Offiziere und Beamten vereinten sich zu geselligen Zusammenkünften bei Militärmusik und auf der Kegelbahn, bei Schlittenpartien oder Auer- und Birkhahnbäsen; denn dem gemütlichen Oberösterreicher lag nichts ferner als ein Kastengeist.

Chelius, F.H. Aus A.H. Jugendland.. pp. 10, 21, 12.

Chelius F.H. Aus A.H. Jugendland.. 1937.

1894 war sein Vater nach Passau versetzt worden und schon im Jahre darauf in den Ruhestand gegangen.

Benediktiner-Stift: Hier war es, wo Adolf Hitler zum erstenmal mit dem Hakenkreuz in Berührung kam; denn sonderbarerweise führt dieses Stift u.a. das Hakenkreuz im Stiftswappen. Symbol? Ex oriente lux! aus Lambach das Hakenkreuz? Selbst wenn Adolf Hitler später aus ganz anderen Motiven zu diesem Symbol gelangt ist, die Tatsache lässt sich nicht aus der Welt schaffen, dass er schon einen Teil seiner Kindheit unter diesem Symbol verbrachte.

Festzustehen scheint, dass die Familie Hitler im Anfang des Jahres 1895 in Lambach eintraf, dass der Vater dann das Gut in Hafeld bei Lambach kaufte und sich dort ansiedelte, es aber 1897 schon wieder verkauft haben muss und sich nun für etwas mehr als ein Jahr in Schmidts Mühle häuslich einrichtete, bis er Anfang 1899 sich ein Haus im nahegelegenen Leonding kaufte und mit der Familie dorthin zog.

Als Adolf mit seinen Eltern nach Lambach kam, wohnte er zuerst in einem Eckhause am Marktplatz gegenüber dem grossen Eingang zum Benediktinerstift.

Das Bauerngut in Hafeld bei Lambach, das Hitlers Vater von dem Strassenmeister Radlecker kaufte, war nach unsern Massen ungefähr 15 Morgen gross.

Unweit des Bauernhofes stand die Holzstofffabrik des Josef Wuehrer, der mit den Hitlerleuten gute Nachbarschaft hielt. Wenn man den alten Wuehrer und seine Frau, denen die Entwicklung der österreichischen wirtschaftlichen Verhältnisse uebel mitgepielt hat, heute von jenen versunkenen Zeiten reden hoert, dann klingt immer wieder ein Preislied zum Lobe der Mutter Adolf Hitlers hindurch, die mit ihrem sanften, liebevollen Wesen, ihrer rastlosen Arbeitsfreudigkeit zum Wohle der Ihren sich in den Herzen ihrer Mitmenschen ein Denkmal der Liebe und Verehrung gesetzt hat, schoener als eins in Erz oder Stein je sein kann. Auch das Andenken des Vaters Hitlers wird von seinen Bekannten in Ehren gehalten, die ihn als einen Mann schaezteten, der wenig lachte, aber Herz und Charakter hatte.

Noch heute erzehlt der alte Nachbar Pfarl, wie Adolfsen die Rechen

in den Stegmuehlbach geworfen hat, weil sie so schoen schwammen und von der ziemlich starken Stroemung so lustig abgetrieben wurden, aber als man sie brauchte-waren sie nirgends zu finden, bis der Vater Hitler durch ein Strafgericht ihren Verbleib feststellte.

Aber nur kurze Zeit sollte diese ungebundene Freiheit dauern, denn Adolf war allmaehlich in das Alter gekommen, wo der Ernst des Lebens an ihn herantreten sollte, um die Schule rief. Nun gehoerte Hafeld, war sym Bezirk Lambach, aber die Volksschule in Fischlham, die nur 20 Minuten von dem Elternhause entfernt war, lag zunaechst guenstiger fuer den kleinen ABC-Schuetzen als die Lambacher Volksschule, die einen Schulweg von fast einer Stunde verlangte. Der Vater zog also vor, ihn zunaechst in die Fischlhamer Volksschule zu schicken, wo er am 2. Mai 1895 eingeschult wurde. Die Schulverhaeltnisse dort waren zwar reichlich primitiv, denn die ganze Schule bestand nur aus einer einzigen Klasse, in der drei Jahr gaenge teils gemeinsam, teils getrennt von einem Lehrer unterrichtet wurden. Seine damaligen Schulkameraden, der jetzige Sturmbauer Johannes Puehringer in Forstberg und der Schuster Josef Blum in Fischlham, erinnern sich seiner als eines ausgesprochen lebhaften und aufgeweckten Jungen, dem das Lernen nur so zuflog und der viel zu quecksilbrig war, als dass er der Schule mehr Interesse haette entgegenbringen koennen, als unbedingt noetig war.

Auch dem Vater Hitler scheinen die Schulverhaeltnisse in Fischlham nicht sonderlich imponiert zu haben, denn er sah sich veranlasst, ihn vom 7. Juli 1897 ab auf die Volksschule nach Lambach zu ueberweisen. Nun war allerdings die Lage fuer Adolf ganz anders, denn der Schulweg hin und zurueck nahm taeglich mindestens 2 bis 3 Stunden in Anspruch; man weiss ja, was Jungens in diesem Alter unterwegs immer an Interessantem erleben. Auch war der Weg recht beschwerlich, die heutige bequeme Strasse nach Hafeld wurde erst viel spaeter erbaut. Dass er auch in dieser Schule einer der besten Schueler war, darueber geben die noch heute vorhandenen Hauptkataloge Aufschluss, die auch noch seine Schulzeugnisse enthalten. Daraus ist ersichtlich, dass er im Zeugnis des 2. Quartals des Schuljahres 1897/98 zehn Einsen nach Hause brachte, eine Zahl, die er auch im naechsten Quartal noch hielt. Dann tauchen vereinzelt auch mal Zweien und auch eine Drei auf, aber sein letztes Zeugnis in dieser Schule erstrahlt wieder im Widerscheine von zwolf Einsen. Neben der Schule besuchte Adolf Hitler das Saengerknaben-Institut des Benediktinerstifts, nachdem sein Klassenlehrer Franz Rechberger auf die gute Stimme aufmerksam geworden war. Die Erziehung dieser Saengerknaben verfolgte naturgemuess den Zweck, dem katholischen Kultus des Stiftes eine hoehere Weihe zu verleihen, und es war ganz selbstverstaendlich, dass der katholische Pomp des Gottesdienstes auf den aufgeweckten Jungen seinen Eindruck nicht verfehlte. Es ist psychologisch durchaus verstaendlich, wenn er in seinem Werke "Mein Kampf" selbst erzaehlt, dass sein damaliges Ideal gewesen sei, Abt zu werden; der Prunk der kirchlichen Umgebung, die kostbaren Priestergewaender, die dort bei vielen kirchlichen Anlaessen zur Schau gestellt wurden, das alles erhielt in den Augen des Knaben einen mystischen Glanz.

Das Saengerknaben-Institut lag im Nordfluegel des Stifts, unmittelbar gegenueber der Volksschule. Eine alte, holzgedeckte Treppe fuehrte zu den Unterrichtsraeumen, ueber denen wieder die Schlafräume der Saengerknaben lagen, denn ein grosser Teil der Saengerknaben wohnte in diesem Internat. Auch Adolf Hitler wohnte im Winter 1897/98 dort, da die winterlichen Wegverhaeltnisse den Schulweg zu berschwerlich machten, so dass der Knabe nur Samstags und Sonntags nach Hafeld kommen konnte.

Der Herr und Meister der Sengerknaben war der Pater Bernhard Groener, heute ein kranker Greis von 82 Jahren, aus dessen Augen noch jetzt die Energie und Strenge leuchtet, die einst auch Adolf Hitler zur Genuege kennen-gelernt hat kennen lernen. Er meinte, als die Rede auf seinen einstigen Schueler kam: "Der Adolf Hitler war schon ein Wilder, aber er

hat: zu was 'bracht !"

Chelius, F.H.: Aus A.Hs. Jugendland. pp. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

Chelius, F.H.: Aus A.Hs. Jugendland..1933.

Fuer Adolf Hitler besserte sich Lage im Fruhjahr 1898 dadurch, dass sein Vater das Bauerngut in Hafeld verkaufte und mit der Familie wieder nach Lambach uebersiedelte, wo er im ersten Stock von Schmidts Muehle eine passende Wohnung fand. Adolf konnte als wieder im Elternhause wohnen. Sein Arbeitstag war reichlich ausgefuellt: Von 8 bis 11 Uhr Schule, von 11 bis 1 Uhr Saengerknabeninstitut; von 1 bis 3 Uhr wieder Schule und von 3 bis 6 Uhr wieder Saengerknabenunterricht. Das war immerhin ein Arbeitspensum, da an einen Neunjaehrigen allerhand Anforderungen stellte. Trotzdem blieb immer noch Zeit, um die arg beschuettelte Freiheit auszukosten, und Adolf liess keine Minute ungenutzt verstreichen.

Schon das neue Heim bot reichlich Gelegenheit zu allen moeglichen Streichen. Abfluss doch unter dem Fenster der Schweigbach dahin mit einem hohen, immer rauschendem Wehr. Die Mitbewohner der Hauesen waren der Muel-ler Ziehl, der unter der Hitlerischen Wohnung sein Handwerk betrieb, und der Schmied Preisinger, der im hinteren Trakt der Muehle seinem Gewerbe nachging. Fuer einen zu allen Streichen aufgelegten Jungen ein Milieu, wie man es sich nicht schoener wuenschen kann. Der Meister Preisinger weiss denn auch von Schlachten zu berichten, bei denen Adolf stets der Anfuhrer und Angreifer war, der damals schon seine Kameraden mitzureissen verstand. Mit seinem Schulfreunde Hubinger hat er sich denn auch der oeffteren gruendlich gekeilt. Dass Adolf damals schon ueber sehr respektable Koerperkraefte verfuegte, zeigt ein Vorfall, bei dem der Neunjaehrige sich aus der Schmiede zwei grosse schwere Wagenraeder herbeiholte und einen Baumstamm herbeischleifte, um aus dessen Teilen sich eine Schaukel zu bauen. Es gehoerte sich auch Mut und ~~Wart~~ Unternehmungsgeist dazu, wenn er seine Schulkameaden veranlasste, mit ihm als Steuer- mann in einem Sautrog ueber das brausende Wehr zu segeln.

Zahlreich sind die Anekdoten, die heute aus jenen schoenen, verklungenen Zeiten von den Lambachern aufgefrischt werden, dieweil der Held dieser Anekdoten nun Kanzler des Deutschen Reiches ist. Der Meister Johann Ziehl und seine Frau Luise, die damals die Hausherrn in Schmidts Muehle waren, wissen zu berichten, wie Adolfs Mutter ihre liebe Muehe hatte mit den wilden Jungen und oft genug war es zu hoeren: "So 'n Lambub, nie kommt er heim, immer is er dabei!" Historische Tatsache ist jedenfalls, dass zerrissene Hosen, zerschundene Haende und Beine und gar manche Beulen gewichtige Rollen im damaligen Leben Adolfs spielten, dessen Freiheits- und Tatendrang unbaendig waren. Es gab keine Jugendtollheiten, von gestohlenen Birnen angefangen bis zu handfesten Pruegeleien, an denen Adolf nicht beteiligt war. Und bezeichnenderweise - zumeist als "Raedels- fuhrer". Der Volksfuhrer bereitete sich vor.

Chelius, F.H.: Aus A.Hs. Jugendland pp. 21, 22, 23.

Chelius, F.H.: Aus A.Hs. Jugendland und Jugendzeit, 1933.

23. Februar 1899: Die Familie Hitler siedelte nach Leonding ueber. Das neue Heim... ein freundliches, schlichtes, einstoeckiges Haus, von einem Obstgarten umgeben und mit grossen Baeumen vor der Haustuere... ... Vom Fenster aus sah man die Kuppel der Dorfkirche heruebergruessen und dahinter reckte der Kirnberg sein Massiv in die Luft, wohl damals d das Hauptbeschaeftigungsfeld des jungen Adolf in seinen Freistunden. Hier schlug er - wie sein spaeterer Vormund, der Bauernhofbesitzer Josef Meierhofer erzaehte - mit seinen Schulkameraden noch einmal die Schlachten d des Burenkrieges, die von Ladysmith und Bloemfontein, die damals die Ju- und ganz Europas in ihren Bann schlugen und zur Nachahmung (wenn auch nur mit Knueppeln) herausforderten. In dieser Zeit es es auch gewesen, dass der Junge populaeer gehaltene Kriegsgeschichten ueber den Krieg 1870/71 in die Hand fielen, die seine Phantasie voellig gefangen nahmen. Welches Terrain waere geeigneter gewesen zur Wiedergabe solcher Schlach- ten als das wellige, schwer uebersichtliche Gelaende von Leonding oder die Tannenwaelder des Kirnbergs.

Die Volksschule, die Adolf noch ein Jahr in Leonding besuchte, war im Erdgeschoss des Pfarrhauses, das direkt der Kirche gegenueber lag, untergebracht. Sie duerfte ihm ebensowenig Schwierigkeiten bereitet haben, wie die in Lambach, denn wer Adolf Hitler ~~war~~ in jener Zeit kannte, erzaeht, dass er ein aussergewoehnlich aufgeweckter Junge voll Witz und grosser Beredsamkeit war, den es auch nicht darauf ankam, bei seinen Schulkameraden handgreiflich seine Ansichten durchzusetzen, und der deshalb zumeist bei allen Streichen die Anfuhrerrolle spielte.

Wie es sein Schulkamerad Wieser so treffend ausdrueckte - "a zuenftiger Lausbub."

Chelius, F.H.: Aus A.Hs. Jugendland, pp. 24, 25.

Chelius, F.H. aus A.Hs. Jugendland, 1933.

Hier ruht in Gott Herr Alois Hitler k.k. Zollamts Oberoffizial i/P. und Hausbesitzer gest. 3. Jaenner 1903 im 65. Lebensjahre Dessen Gattin Frau Klara Hitler gest. 21. Dez. 1907 im 7. Lebensjahre. R.I.P.

In einem Oval traegt die Marmorplatte das Emailbild von Adolf Hitler als Vater in Zivil, auf dem er allerdings nicht mehr den grossen Kaiserbart traegt, wie er ihn in seinen Dienstjahren getragen hat.

Als am 3. Januar 1903 der Vater Hitler einem Blutsturze erlag, uebernahm der Bauernhofbesitzer Josef Meierhofer die Vormundschaftsueber Adolf Hitler. Der Vater selbst hatte diese Regelung noch vorgesehen.

In diesen Weihnachtstagen des Jahres 1907, als er den Sarg der Mutter zur letzten Ruhe geleitete, schlossen sich die Pforten des Jugendlandes hinter Adolf Hitler. Von den Waisenpensionen, die er und seine Geschwister erhalten sollten, konnte kein Mensch leben. Es ist ein menschlich schoenes Zug von Adolf Hitler gewesen - wie sein Vormund Meierhofer erzaehte - dass er auf seinen Anteil (er betrug zwar nur 15 bis 17 Kronen) zugunsten seiner Schwester Paula verzichtete, und sehr leichten Beutels aber zuversichtlichen Herzens in die Welt (nach Wien) zog, um sein Glueck zu machen.

Chelius, F.H. Aus Adolf Hitlers Jugendland und Jugendzeit 1933, pp. 27, 28.

Gunter, John: Inside Europe. 1940. War Edition.

I have seen his early paintings, those which he submitted to the Vienna art academy as a boy. They are gross, utterly devoid of rhythm, color, feeling, or spiritual imagination. They are architect' sketches: painful and precise draftsmanship; nothing more.

He is almost oblivious of ordinary personal contacts. A colleague of mine traveled with him, in the same airplane, day after day, for two months during the 1932 electoral campaign. Hitler never talked to a soul, not even to his secretaries, in the long hours in the air; never stirred, never smiled.

The change from "Hiedler" to "Hitler" is easily explained. The peasants could scarcely read ~~XXXXXXXX~~ and write; names were hardly ever written ~~in~~ down, except at birth and death. Hiedler's father, in fact, called himself "Huetler", according to the records I saw in the village church. And Paula Hitler, Adolf's sister, to this day signs herself "Hiedler."

Klara Poelzl, Adolf's mother, was a ~~XXXXXXXX~~ woman of enterprise and courage. Her father was a peasant in the village of Spital, and her mother was Johanna Huetler, a cousin of Alois Hitler's father. When

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Klara was ten years old in 1900, she got her first job-as maid in the home of Alois Hitler's first wife, Anna Glaesl-Horer. Here Alois first saw the little girl, a distant relative, whom fifteen years later he was to marry-his first wife's servant.

Presently Klara ran away to Vienna. This was an unprecedented thing to do. Few other girls in the Waldviertel had shown such initiative. No one knows the reason for her flight. I have asked her sister (who died last year) about it. She had no explanation. Klara lived in Vienna-her circumstances a complete mystery-for ten years. Then in 1915 she returned to her native village, Spital. She was a tall, nervous girl now, not as strong as most of the peasant stock she came from. She lived with her parents in a house adjacent to the one-I have seen there-both-wherein Alois was brooding over the loss of his ~~KIKI~~ two lives. He remembered the girl who had been his first wife's servant-and married her.

In Spital, a country hamlet about an hour's journey from Leonding, I met several surviving members of the family, among them Hitler's aunt, Theresa Schmitz (Klara's sister), a bouncing old woman and her two sons, Edward and Anton, Hitler's first cousins. One of them, Edward, is a congenital defective, a lunatic with an impediment in his speech-a pitiable creature. They are miserable poor.

These folk are Hitler's blood relatives. Their plaster huts seem a million miles from the shining roofs of Wilhelmstrasse where the Leader rules. Hitler has never returned to visit the district since he left it as a boy. He sends these cousins no letters, no money, and seems totally unaware of their existence.

It took Hitler from July 1 to July 13/4 to recover his shak a nerve. Hitler spoke on July 13 and told off the names of the seventy-seven who he admitted to be dead. He looked like a broken man.

Gunter, John: Inside Europe, 1940, pp. 1, 6, 21, 22, 23, 24, 57.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

When the adventure landed Hitler in Landsberg prison, the correspondents reported that he was under guard of two army sergeants especially selected for their powers of resistance to his magnetism. An officer told the reporters: "If you are hostile to his purpose you feel physically exhausted after resisting his talk. He takes control of the conversation from the instant it begins and never lets up. We dare not try him by jury."

Newsweek: XIII, p. 23.

Buelow Paul: Adolf Hitler und der Bayreuther Kulturkreis 1933.

Aber ich weiche ab von meinem Thema, denn ich wollte nur von Ihnen sprechen. Dass Sie mir Ruhe gaben, liegt sehr viel an Ihrem Auge und an Ihren Handg. bearden. Ihr Auge ist gleichsam mit Haenden begabt, es erfasst den Menschen und haelt ihn fest, und es ist Ihnen eigentuemlich, in jedem Augenblick die Rede an einen Besonderen unter Ihren Zuhoeern zu richten - das bemerkte ich als durchaus charakteristisch. Und was die Haende anb. trifft, sie sind so ausdrucksvoll in Ihren Bewegungen, dass sie hierin mit den Augen wetteifern. Solch ein Mann kann schon einen armen geplagten Geist Ruhe spenden.

Ich bin Adolf Hitler zweimal begegnet; das erste Mal war er so freundlich, mich am Spaetabend des Bayreuther Deutschen Tages aufzusuchen, das zweitemal traf ich ihn am folgenden Morgen in einem groesseren Kreise... in Haus Wahnfried. Ausserdem habe ich viel von ihm erzahlen gehoert... von Menschen, die ich besonders hoch zu schatzen Veranlassung habe, und welche alle weiter treu an ihm hingen; auch sind mir Hitlers Reden in der Sammlung von Viktor von Koerber bekannt.... Hitler gehoert zu den seltenen Lichtgestalten - zu den ganz durchsichtigen Menschen, wozu ich nicht behaupten will, dass man eine ausfuehrliche Kenntniss von ihm auf den ersten Blick gewinne, aber man erblickt die Grundpfeiler seines Wesens sofort. Er ist eben ein wahrer Volksmensch.

Hitler gibt sich ganz in jedem Wort, das er spricht, und wenn er spricht, fasst er stets irgendeinen der Zuhoeer fest ins Auge. Niemand kann diesem faszinierenden Blick widerstehen, diese Gewohnheit gruendet sich offenbar auf die Tatsache, dass sich seine Worte immer unmittelbar an das Herz wenden und deswegen die Sprache des Auges nicht entbehren koennen; kann auch das Auge in jedem Augenblick nur einen einzelnen erfassen, so teilt sich doch etwas im Tone mit, das auf alle wirkt - ein etwas Intimes, zu Herzen Gehendes, unmittelbar Wirkendes. Somit waeren wir bei dem Hauptorgan dieser Persoenlichkeit angelangt: dem Herzen!...

Hitler wuerde ich entschieden zu den Herzmenschen rechnen... der Herd wozu die Glut sich entfacht... ist das Herz. Das unterscheidet ihn

Buelow Paul: A. H. und d. Bayreuther Kreis. pp. 10, 11, 12.

Strasser berichtet: Hitler: Alles, was Sie sagen, beweist nur, dass Sie keine Ahnung von Kunst haben. Es gibt ueberhaupt in der Kunst keine "Alten" und "Jungen", so wenig, wie es eine "Revolution der Kunst" gibt, sondern es gibt ueberhaupt nur eine ewige Kunst, naemlich die griechisch-nordische Kunst, und alles, was man sagt: hollaendische Kunst, italienische Kunst, deutsche Kunst ist Irrefuehrung, genau so, wie es ~~historisch~~ toericht ist, die Gotik als eigene Kunst aufzufassen - alles das ist eben nordisch-griechische Kunst und alles, was ueberhaupt auf den Namen ~~Kunst~~ Kunst Anspruch erhebt, kann nur immer nordisch-griechisch sein."

Darauf Hitler: "Was Sie hier sagen, ist aeltester Liberalismus. Es gibt ueberhaupt keine chinesische oder aegyptische Kunst. Ich sagte Ihnen schon, dass es nur eine nordisch-griechische gibt, und Sie wissen doch wohl, dass es sich bei Chinesen, Aegyptern, usw. garnicht um einheitliche Voelker handelt, sondern dass dort auf einem niederrassigen Volkskoerper ein nordischer Kopf sass, der allein jene Meisterwerke schuf, die wir heute als chinesische oder aegyptische Kunst bewundern. Als dann diese duenne nordische Schicht verschwand, z.B. die Mandchus, war es mit der dortigen Kunst zu Ende."

Blank H.A.H. Wilhelm III. pp. 25. 25.

Blank H.A.H. Wilhelm III.

Er hat weder ein fuer ihn charakteristisches Kleidungsstueck noch ueberhaupt irgendeine Kontur, die er seiner Haltung untertaenig gemacht hatte. Dazu kommt seine erschreckende Geschmacklosigkeit. Einzig und allein im neutralen blauen Anzug wirkt er ertraeglich und einigermaßen unauffaellig. Es stimmt nachdenklich, dass allein dieser buergerliche Habitus ihn einheitlich aussehen laesst, waehrend alle seine uebrigen Uniformen sofort ins Auge fallen durch ihre geschmacklose Zusammenstellung und durch stoerende Einzelstuecke. Selbst das Braunhemd, das jedem einigermaßen gut Gewachsenen eine anstaendige aeussere Form gibt, zerfleddert er in der Wirkung dadurch, dass er entweder plump halbhocher Schaftstiefel dazu traegt oder sich vom Guertel ab, "oberbayrisch" gehabt, mit grossmaetterlichen, haesslichen-grauen Stutzen.

Der Dinge aergstes jedoch ist die Peitsche, die er fast stets mit sich fuehrt. Es ist dies etwas keine lange Reitgerte, die der Diktator im Zorn federnd gegen den Unterschenkel schlagen koennte, damit die Schaeffe oder Dringlichkeit eines Kommandos unterstreichend. Sondern es ist eine -Hundepeitsche. Mit dickem silbernen Knopf und kurzes stummeliger, abgenutzter Lederkordel. Zuweilen haelt er sie wie einen Marschallstab und dann glaubt man jeden Augenblick, das Glockenzeichen zum Beginn der Zirkusvorstellung zu hoeren. Diese Peitsche ist ein Symbol; sie langt einfach nicht. Sie ist nicht kurz genug, um als Stab zu dienen, und nicht lang genug um Federung zu verleihen. Diese Peitsche ist ein Dilettant wie der ganze Mann.

stillen

Und so sah ich ihn einmal in einer alten, sueddeutschen Stadt aus der ratternden Mercedes-Limousine steigen. Auf dem Haupt eine blaue, nach hinten gezogene Schirmmuetze, ein blaues Jackett, weiche Kragen mit Allers weltskrawatte, braune Manchester-Kniehosen, graue Stutzen und Haferlschuhe

von den meisten Politikern, er liebt das Volk, er liebt sein deutsches Volk mit inbrünstiger Liebesleidenschaft. Hier halten wir an dem Mittelpunkt, aus dem seine ganze Politik, seine Wirtschaftslehre, seine Gegnerschaft gegen die Juden, seine Kampf gegen die Verrohung der Sitten usw. fliessen. ...

... Antisemitismus: Weil er kein Phrasendrescher ist, sondern konsequent seine Gedanken zu Ende denkt, und furchtlos seine Folgerungen daraus zieht, erkennt er und verkündet er was kann sich nicht zugleich zu Jesus bekennen und zu denen, die ihn am Kreuz schlagen. Das ist das Grossartige an Hitler: sein Mut ... Zivilcourage ... besitzt er in ueberschwenglichen Masse. In dieser Beziehung gemahnt er an Luther. Der Mut ... kommt ihm ... daher, dass es ihm heilig ernst um die Sache ist. Hitler spricht kein Wort, um das ihm nicht ernst waere. Er findet sich in seinen Reden kein Füllsel, keine Uebergangsphrasen. (weil es ihm ernst um die Sache ist); dies hat aber die Folge, dass er als Phantast verschrien wird. Man behauptet, Hitler waere ein Traeumer, der den Kopf voller Unmoeglichkeiten habe, um doch ... sagt ... ein Historiker von ihm, er sei seit Bismarck der schoepferischste Kopf auf dem Gebiete der Staatskunst. "Es ist ihm unmöglich ... den todbringenden Einfluss des Judentums auf das Leben des deutschen Volkes (zu schon) und nicht d. nach zu handeln, erkennt man die Gefahr, so muessen schleunigst Massregeln gegen sie ergriffen werden das sieht wohl jeder ein, aber keiner wagt's auszusprechen, keiner wagt.. die Konsequenzen zu ziehen; keiner ausser Adolf Hitler.

Buelow, Paul: A. H. u. der Bayreuther Kulturkreis. pp. 10. 11. 12.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

In der Hand die Symbol-Peitsche.

Aber dieser war ein Sammel-surium, Unfertig, voller Bruchstuecke, nichts wissend von seinem Wohin und Woher. Der Regen rann, die Haende in den Taschen, den Kopf gesenkt, bummelte er ueber das Pflaster.

Die Besucher des Festungsgefangenen Hitler schildern ihn zumeist als niedergeschlagen, verbittert, misstrauisch. Jeder Tag der Haft musste fuer seine innere Weichheit eine Qual gewesen sein. Obwohl sich Festungswaelle von Zuchthausmauern doch sehr erheblich unterscheiden.

Eines Tages erhielt er den Besuch des Reichstagsabgeordneten Juer-gen v. Ramin. Und diesem gegenueber aeusserte er-wohl auf einen Kampf-vorschlag Ramins-dass er, Adolf Hitler, einen Kampf gegen Rom und die ultramontane Idee nicht fuehren koenne; im Gegenteil, er beabsichtige, sich mit der Bayerischen Volkspartei gut zu stellen, denn es sei vor allem sein Bestreben, die Freiheit wiederzuerlangen, selbst um den Preis von Konzessionen.

Anfang 1925 laesst ihn die Eminenz frei. Er ist "gebaendigt". Was er neben seiner inneren Wandlung mitbrachte, war eine namenlose Furcht vor einer Wiederholung der Landsberger Haft. Es war ueberfluessig, dass ~~man~~ man ihm in Preussen das Reden verb t. Er haette bestimmt nichts Staats-widriges mehr aus dem Mund gelassen.

Aber was ihn fuer die Zukunft besonders schwer in Fesseln legte, war die Furcht vor der Ausweisung

Blank, H.* A.H. Wilhelm III. 1931. pp. 29, 54, 61.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets. 1942

1.

Police Commander Heilmannsberg ... told me a peculiar story: "When Hitler held his recent speech in the Sports-Palast, vice police president, Bernhard Weiss, and I had the meeting watched and controlled by a troop of especially reliable and trustworthy policemen. The next day a police officer came to report at my headquarters. A man of whose integrity and Republican Convictions I was almost a hundred percent sure. He had been posted by the entrance gate when Hitler arrived. When Hitler alighted from his car he evidently mistook the Republican giant for one of the bodyguards assigned to his personal protection. He strutted up to him and grabbed his hand. While holding it in his famous, straight-forward, he-man grip, he gazed into the police officer's eye with that fatal hypnotizing and irresistible glare, which swept the poor officer right off his feet. Clicking to attention, he confessed to me this morning: "Since last night I am a National Socialist. Heil Hitler! "

Fromm, 15. 1933

Everyone watched Hitler. The Corporal seemed to be ill at ease, awkward and moody. His coattails embarrassed him. Again and again his hand fumbled for the encouraging support of his sword belt. Each time he missed the familiar cold and bracing support, his uneasiness grew. He crumpled his handkerchief, tugged it, rolled it, just plain stage fright.

The scene was a brilliant one, and in all the large company there were but two Jewish women. Maria Chintchuck and Elisabeth Cernuti, the wives of the Russian and Italian ambassadors. The former was seated next to Francois Poncet, French Ambassador. The other - call it the playful malevolence of fate, if you wish - found herself seated next to the Reichskanzler.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets. pp. 36, 75.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets. 1942.*March 17, 1933*

"I play the piano for Hitler late into the night", he told proudly, "when he has his insomnia spells."

I did not say: "Who cares?"

I was told that Hitler has some sort of emotional fondness for the giant with the oversized hands. Just as he has for his old friend Ernst Roehm. The household staff, and adjutants say: "Putz was with Hitler all night. Piano playing, they say..."

I have never believed the rumours of homosexuality that have been spread about Hitler. I rather believe, and many people have felt the same way, that he is asexual, or perhaps impotent, finding a sexual sublimation through cruelty. They take private films of an especially gruesome nature in concentration camps. Films that only the Fuehrer sees. These are rushed to him and shown, night after night.

Occasionally Hitler's interest in a woman may be aroused; he may feel attracted by her charm - but that is all. His emotions culminate in a kind of jealousy caused by his sense of frustration, in the knowledge that he cannot respond normally.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets. 1942. pp. 90

Each woman crossing his path has been frightened out of her wits by Hitler, whose reaction to the woman of his choice is a morose effort to hurt her feelings. He screams at her, he rages. He provokes scenes about a trifle. He tortures the woman, treating her as if she were his personal prisoner. The case of his niece, Geli Raubal, is the perfect example. Aware that he could not love her as a normal man would love a woman, he kept her locked in a room, treated her as if she were a dangerous criminal, and finally shot her down one night in a fit of mad jealousy against a phantom rival.

Hitler is inordinately fond of motion pictures. He spends many hours every night in his private movie room. It takes two or three full-length pictures a night to satisfy him. Once after seeing a picture in which Felix Bressart appeared, the Fuehrer said: "This fellow is wonderful. A pity he is a Jew."

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, pp. 90. 91.

March 10, 1933.:

Adolf paused. A plain-looking little man. The coat tails well-cut, in fact, better cut than the head, which seems out of drawing, as if it did not belong with the rest of him. The last time I saw him his suit was not so well-fitting. New tailors go along with new jobs. The better the job, the better the tailor.

Behind Adolf loomed a huge, uncouth figure-his Adjutant, Oberleutnant Brueckner. At the Lieutenant's side appeared the elegant figure of Hans Thomsen. His suave elegance threw the clumsiness of the Fuehrer and his Adjutant into rather tawdry relief.

Papen in his flustered state, had been neglecting his duties. He was dashing from group to group to spread the news of the Fuehrer's arrival when he should have been at the door to welcome the illustrious visitor. I saw Adolf throw a glance in "Tommy's" direction for a cue as to just what to do next. Then I saw him try out the slippery floor with a tentative Nazi toe. Gathering his resources, his coat tails flapping and his body moving forward dynamically, he dashed right in the direction our group.

My first impulse was the animal one of self-preservation. I wanted to scramble away. But already the Fuehrer was bent over Martha von Papen's shaking hand. I could see Mammi trembling in anticipation of her turn. My actions spoiled it for her, however. My attempted retreat had attracted Adolf's attention from Mammi. He came to me. I was rooted to the spot.

"May I have the pleasure of bidding you good evening, gnaedige Frau?" he cooed. He seized my hand, pressed it to his lips, and presented me, gratis, with one of his famous hypnotic glances.

It did not seem to work on me. I felt only a slight nausea. The fact is, I could not even feel that he was a member of the other sex.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, pp. 95. 96.

"Are you having a good time?" I was, I told him. "Where did you gain these decorations?"

They were from the World War, for my services with the Red Cross.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, p. 96.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942.

"You enjoy being here?"

I said I did, but that, in addition, it was my job, as I was diplomatic columnist for the Ullstein papers.

I saw Hitler wince. The word "Ullstein" rang an unpleasant bell in in some noisome depth of his mind. Another kiss on my hand. "Hope to see you again soon." He was off.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and banquets, 1942, pp. 6.

I followed Adolf with my eyes everywhere, not wanting to miss any of his debut. There comes a sudden flash into his eyes that leaves one chilled. It reveals the diabolical and sadistic streak in Hitler's twisted make-up. A glimpse of this expression leaves one no doubt as to the hopelessness of expecting any humane understanding or mercy from this bellowing, blustering, dangerous egoist who obviously masks his inferiority complex with his cruel despotism. In talking to people you got the impression that he was addressing an audience. The most casual remark was delivered as though to a mass meeting. His gestures appeared as studied, and as unnatural, as those of a ham actor.

He was no awe-inspiring personality. He gave no impression of dignity. He was indifferent to whom he talked or which group he joined. He was self-conscious and inferior in attitude. He did not know what to do with his hands. He clung to his handkerchief or pushed his geady forelock from his brow. The forelock glistened under the elaborate care of his Major-domo, fat Gustav Kannenberg - formerly owner of a famous Berlin wine tavern.

Hitler's eagerness to obtain the good graces of the princes present was subject to much comment. He bowed and clicked and all but knelt in his zeal to please oversized, ugly Princess Luise von Sachsen-Meiningen her brother, hereditary Prince George, and their sister, Grand Duchess of Sachsen-Weimar.

Beaming in his servile attitude he dashed personally to bring the princesses' refreshments from the buffet. He almost slid off the edge of his chair after they had offered him a seat in their most gracious company. Papen found the most exquisite delicacies to feed his Fuehrer. Hitler nibbled a lettuce leaf. He sipped orange juice. Everything else remained untouched. Of course, Hitler is known to be a vegetarian. But is there another reason for his public abstinence? Kannenberg told me recently: "The Fuehrer does not eat a bite unless my wife has prepared and cooked it. And even then one of us has to taste it first before his eyes."

Upon the arrival of the immensely rich Prince Ratibor-Corvey and his two daughters, Hitler was again overwhelmed. The princesses' mother is a granddaughter of Pauline Metternich. Ratibor is one of the best-paying members of the party. The young princesses reacted with proper show of pleasure to his hand kissing and his piercing glance.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, pp. 96, 97.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

October 8, 1933.

~~anybody~~ thought you could get anything you wanted from Hitler." Leni blushed, which she has learned how to do with good effect. "Oh it isn't what you think. He asks me to dinner a couple of times a week, but always sends me away at a quarter to eleven because he is tired."

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, p. 131.

December 17, 1933.

When, after Gigli's first song, the applause had died down, in expectation of the next aria, applause set in from Box No. 7. Violent applause! Hitler is a good actor. Gigli was forgotten. The entire audience, so well-behaved and composed as a rule, broke into a frenzy of ovation. Little bunches of violets were flung into Box No. 7. People climbed on chairs and bannisters to get a better glimpse of their Fuehrer.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, p. 142.

The adjoining box, very much to his annoyance, was taken by Victoria von Dirksen. Hitler is said to be sick and tired of finding himself so frequently next to "that old hag."

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, p. 143. December 17, 1933.

August 4, 1934.: Rolf is back from the Bayreuth festival. I had dinner with him and he told me the gossip.

"We could always tell when Hitler was coming to a performance because the S.S. and plain-clothesmen would be spread carefully throughout the audience. He arrived, as a rule, when the house lights had gone down. He would be with his staff, and Winifred Wagner. She has a hard time of it with her children, they say. Especially with "Mausi", as Friedelind is called, who refused to join the Hitler Maidens, and who has taken something of a dislike to Hitler. Children see certain things rather clearly.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, p. 177.

April 12, 1935. (Goering): The wedding party at the Kaiserhof comprised 330 persons high in government and army circles, with Hitler, of course, the focal point of most eyes. The dinner was fabulous. Wines at ten dollars a bottle. As the courses followed one another, each more sumptuous than the last, Hitler grew ever more silent and morose. The barbaric splendor seemed to outrage him. After dinner he rose to deliver a little speech. By that time he had worked himself into such a temper that he could hardly conceal his rage. Getting to his feet, his chair slid from under him with such violence that it knocked down a crystal floor lamp,

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942, p. 195.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942.

5.

(April 12, 1935. Goering) which fell with a loud crash. The whole scene operated like clockwork. Crash! Bang! At the same time, four doors, cleverly camouflaged in the wall panels, were flung open, revealing S.S. men, guns drawn, ready to leap. At Himmler's wink the invisible doors closed. The S.S. men vanished. Hitler cleared his throat for the wedding toast.

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942. 15.

July 12, 1937.: Had luncheon with Rolf at the Kaiserhof. In the lobby we met Kannenberg, who is now employed in the Fuehrer's household. We are old patrons of Kannenberg's wine tavern at Dorotheenstrasse. The fat man's face beamed in recognition of old cash customers.

Being the in the Fuehrer's employ has improved your waistline," I remarked.

"He picked the winning side," said Rolf.

Kannenberg glanced around uneasily. "I had to close the joint," he said, "business was so lousy. You think it's easy, what my wife and I have to go through now? Just you try to get up a daily menu under such circumstances! The Fuehrer, as you know, does not eat any meat. Very little fish. And there are many vegetables he does not like. You have to be a magician!"

He looked around quickly again. "But I'm not supposed to talk about it. It's a criminal offense for us to talk about anything that is connected with his private life."

Rolf regarded his girth. "How much of the food do you have to eat before Hitler believes you won't poison him?"

Kannenberg colored. "That's not funny. You have no idea how careful we have to be. When my wife prepares his meals, no one is allowed to approach within ten yards of the pots." Then, sotto voce, "As though anybody would want to eat that insipid stuff."

Fromm, Bella: Blood and Banquets, 1942. 248, 249.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Otto Strasser. Hitler and I, 1940

1923: 'Herr Hitler is a teetotaler', Gregor explained, with a host's smile; 'He is also a vegetarian', he added, with a glance almost of apprehension at his wife.

The roast had just been brought in.

'Herr Hitler will not offend me by refusing my cooking', my little sister in law said calmly, but at the same time challengingly.

An instinctive dislike of the guest who had been thrust on her was perceptible in her eyes and her whole attitude.

Else never approved of her husband's intimacy with Adolf Hitler. She tolerated him during the years that followed without ever daring to express her revulsion aloud. But Her hostility to Herr Hitler never changed.

That day Adolf Hitler ate meat. I do not think he has ever done so since.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. pp. 5,6.

I described the incident to General Ludendorff while Adolf Hitler, suddenly embarrassed at having been no more than a corporal and having no military achievements of his own to boast about, enclosed himself in a hostile silence.

On several occasions when Ludendorff spoke to him he answered with a 'Yes, your Excellency', or 'Exactly, your Excellency.' His manner was both obsequious and sullen.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.6

We went into the sitting room, a dark room with heavy oak furniture.

The General, reclining in a leather armchair, pondered, a cigar between his lips. Hitler could not keep still, but kept pacing up and down with lowered head, no doubt meditating his revenge.

He suddenly turned and made a frontal attack upon me.

'Herr Strasser', he said, 'I do not understand how it is possible for a loyal ex-officer like you to have been a Red leader during the Kapp putsch in March.'

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.7

Ever since I have got to know them, ever since I have come to understand them, I have been unable to meet a man in the street without wondering whether he was a Jew or not.

H.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.10

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

On the fatal day Adolf wore a frock coat, on which he pinned his Iron Cross. He proposed bursting into the hall at the head of his men while paramilitary detachments surrounded the building, whereupon von Kahr, before even beginning his speech, would be forced to surrender to the insistence of the heavily armed putschists.

'He cannot help joining us', Hitler said to Scheubner-Richter, whose mission it was to fetch General Ludendorff to Munich. 'Once Kahr is persuaded, the others will follow'.

Strong in his conviction, Adolf gravely got into the car that took him to the Buergerbrau.

At the entrance the young fanatic with the Iron Cross kept asking to speak to Governor Kahr, but the dense crowd refused to let him pass. He was pale and trembling and looked like a madman. Inside the hall the meeting had already begun and von Kahr had started his speech.

Hitler hesitated, but it was too late to go back. He listened, and could hear the steps of his faithful stock troops.

'Clear the vestibule!' he ordered the policeman on duty at the entrance. Impressed by the Iron Cross, the policeman obeyed. A few minutes later the storm troopers marched in. Adolf waited for them with his eyes closed and his hands in his pockets, where there was a revolver. He felt the eyes of his young men upon him, but he had not yet decided what to do if his coup failed and the triumvirate refused to march with him.

Like a maniac he burst into the hall, where three thousand Bavarians, seated before their beer-mugs, were listening to the unctuous oratory of von Kahr. Adolf jumped onto a chair, fired his revolver at the ceiling, and shouted his hoarse voice half-quenched with excitement:

'The National Revolution has begun!'

Meanwhile the storm-troopers had followed him into the hall, where the beer-drinkers, dumb with astonishment, found themselves face to face with Hitler's revolution.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, pp. 39, 40.

At Landsberg: If he offered his resignation as leader of the Party, it was because he did not wish to be accused of conspiring against the State while still serving his term. He was still haunted by the fear of expulsion. His need for 'legality' increased.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 56

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

Mein Kampf: Only a single chapter, if I am to believe Father Staempfle, who twice revised the entire manuscript, was really original. This was the chapter on propaganda.

Good Father Staempfle, a priest of great learning, editor of a paper at Miesbach, spent months rewriting and editing Mein Kampf. He eliminated the more flagrant inaccuracies and the excessively childish platitudes. Hitler never forgave Father Staempfle for getting to know his weakness so well. He had him murdered by a 'special death squad' on the night of June 30, 1934.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 57

Hitler responds to the vibration of the human heart with the delicacy of a seismograph, or perhaps with a wireless receiving set, enabling him, with a certainty with which no conscious gift could endow him, to act as a loudspeaker proclaiming the most secret desires, the least admissible instincts, the sufferings and personal revolts of a whole nation. But his very principle is negative. He only knows what he wants to destroy; he pulls down the walls without any idea of what he will build in their place. He is anti-Semitic, anti-Bolshevik, anti-capitalist. He denounces enemies, but knows no friends. He is devoid of any creative principle.

I remember one of my first conversations with him. It was nearly our first quarrel.

'Power!' screamed Adolf. 'We must have power!'

'Before we gain it', I replied firmly, 'let us decide what we propose to do with it. Our programme is too vague; we must construct something solid and enduring'.

Hitler, who even then could hardly bear contradiction, tramped the table and barked:

'Power first. Afterwards we can act as circumstances dictate.'

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 62, 63

Hitler has given two descriptions of himself, the accuracy of which has not been impaired by time. In the first he described himself as 'the young drummer of the German people'. Let us take to heart the words he spoke at the Munich Trial, when he pleaded his own cause.

'Then I found myself for the first time before Wagner's grave; he said, 'my heart over flowed with pride to think that there lay a man who had scorned to have inscribed in his tombstone, "Here lives Privy Councillor Musical Director His Excellency Baron Richard von Wagner". I was proud that this man, like so many men in the history of Germany, was content to leave his name to posterity and not his titles. It was not out of modesty

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I, 1940

that I desired them and there to be nothing more than a drummer. That for me is the highest achievement; the rest is vanity.'

O.Strasser:Hitler and I, p.63

The other semi-revelatory phrase was pronounced twelve years later, when the 'drummer' of the Revolution had become Chancellor and President of the Reich. It is even more significant than the other.

'I shall go on my way,' he said, 'with a precision of a sleep-walker'.

O.Strasser:Hitler and I, p.64

Adolf Hitler enters a hall. He snuffs the air. For a minute he gropes, feels his way, senses the atmosphere.....

.....Next day, addressing this time an audience, not of ruined shopkeepers, but of important industrialists, there is the same initial uncertainty. But a flash comes into his eyes, suddenly he has the feel of his audience; he has tuned in.

O.Strasser:Hitler and I, p.65

A clairvoyant, face-to-face with his public, goes into a trance. That is his moment of real greatness, the moment when he is most genuinely his self. He believes what he says; carried away by a mystic force, he cannot doubt the genuineness of his mission.

O.Strasser: Hitler and I, p.66

He began by being the Unknown Soldier who had survived the Great War. A moving and obscure hero, he shed real tears for his country's misfortune. Soon he discovered that his lachrymatory glands were obliging and could be turned at will. After that he wept to the point of excess. Next he was Saint John the Baptist, preparing for the coming of the Messiah then the Messiah himself, pending his appearance in the rôle of Caesar. One day he realized the shattering effect of his rages; henceforward rage and abuse were the favourite weapons in his armoury.

O.Strasser Hitler and I, pp. 66, 67.

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

Argument about Der Nationalsozialist: For half an hour the Führer advanced an untenable argument.

'But you are mistaken, Herr Hitler,' I said to him.

He fixed me with a stare and exclaimed in a fury:

'I cannot be mistaken. What I do and say is historical'.

Then he lapsed into a profound silence, his head sank and his shoulders slumped. He looked old and stricken, exhausted by the part he had been playing.

He left without a word being said.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 57

This man who had plunged Europe into war without blinking an eyelid, hesitates in agony over minor decisions. Once Gregor had to see him in connection with some minor detail concerning the Landsturm storm troopers. For weeks Hitler excused himself on the grounds of urgent pressure of work. Eventually he arranged to meet my brother at a restaurant. The meal began well enough, but as soon as Gregor brought the conversation round to the point at issue, Hitler showed signs of discomfort and made an excuse to get out. He left by the side door which led from the cloakroom to the street, and sent his chauffeur back later in the evening to fetch his hat and coat.

He has fits of courage as well as of rage, but ordinarily he is weak, impatient, irascible, unstable, and terrified at the thought of endangering his health or losing control of his ideas. He is termed an ascetic, but the description fits his way of living far better than his mentality. Your true ascetic sacrifices the pleasures of the flesh for the sake of an ideal, from which he derives his strength. Adolf's renunciations are purely materialistic; he believes that meat is unhealthy, that smoking is poisonous, and that drink dulls one's vigilance.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I. p. 68

'A good German dictator', I suggested one day, 'should teach the German people to appreciate subtlety in cooking and in love.'

Hitler stared at me wide-eyed, for once at a loss for words. I added:

'A university ought to be founded for the purpose. Germans can't be past masters of any art without a diploma.'

For a moment I thought that Adolf was about to break into a torrent of words. But he stopped short. Instead, drily, with the most profound contempt, he hissed through clenched teeth:

'You cynic! You Sybarite!'

Otto Strasser. Hitler and I, 1940

He liked to think of himself as an incarnation of the heroic conception of life, and he called my own attitude *Bacchic*. It was useless to explain to him that the gods of antiquity loved women and wine none the less for being heroes. This kind of reflection appalled Hitler, who always fought shy of the slightest allusion to or hint of suggestiveness.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, p. 62

I have known three women who played a part in the life of this ascetic with the perverse imagination. I was taken into the confidence of one of them, and it was edifying.

The first was the wife of the Berlin piano-maker, the famous Bechstein. Frau Bechstein was twenty years older than Adolf, and lavished on him an ecstatic and faintly maternal devotion. When he went to Berlin he generally stayed with her, and it was at her house that he met the politicians whose acquaintance he desired to make.

When they were alone, or occasionally in front of friends, he would sit at his hostess' feet, lay his head on her opulent bosom and close his eyes, while her beautiful white hand caressed her big baby's hair, disturbing the historic forelock on the future dictator's brow. 'Wölflchen,' she murmured tenderly, 'mein Wölflchen'. (My little wolf, my little wolf)

This purely platonic affair eventually ceased to satisfy Adolf Hitler, who made the acquaintance of a younger and unquestionably more attractive female. This was the daughter of Hofmann, the photographer, an exceedingly attractive young blonde, with frank and boyish ways.

Adolescent girls are rarely discreet. Fräulein Hofmann chattered so freely and to such effect that one day her father went to demand an explanation from the seducer of Munich.

Hitler was not yet Chancellor of the Reich, but his fame was growing, and Europe was beginning to talk about him. The matter was soon settled. Hofmann left holding the exclusive world rights for Adolf Hitler's photographs. The complaisant father has become one of the richest and most respected men in Germany. In 1933, his daughter was married to Baldur von Schirach, a young effeminate whom the Führer loaded with favours and created Reich Youth Leader.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I, pp 70, 71.

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

One day I arranged to take her to one of the famous Munich masked balls. While I was dressing, Gregor burst into my room.

'Adolf doesn't want you to go out with Gely', he said.

Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, the telephone rang. It was Hitler.

'I learn', he roared, 'that you are going out with young Gely this evening. I won't allow her to go out with a married man. I'm not going to have any of your filthy Berlin tricks in Munich.'

I had no choice but to submit.

Next day Gely came to see me. She was red-eyed, her round little face was pale, and she had the terrified look of a hunted beast.

'He looks me up' she sobbed. 'He looks me up every time I say no!'

She did not need much questioning. With anger, horror, and disgust she told me of the strange propositions with which her uncle pestered her.

I knew all about Hitler's abnormality. Like all others in the know, I had heard all about the eccentric practices to which Fraulein Hofmann was alleged to have lent herself, but I had genuinely believed that the photographer's daughter was a little hysteric who told lies for the sheer fun of it. But Gely, who was completely ignorant of this other affair of her uncle's, confirmed point by point a story scarcely credible to a healthy-minded man.

What could I say? What advice could I give Gely?

Her confidences, once set flowing, were inexhaustible. Her uncle kept her literally isolated. She was not allowed to see a man. One evening, driven crazy by this treatment, she had yielded to the importunities of Emil Maurice, Hitler's chauffeur. Hitler had surprised them.

Her ear to the door, she had heard the words that passed between these two men, both of whom she dreaded equally.

'You'll never set foot in this house again!'

'Sack me, and I'll take the whole story to the Frankfurter Zeitung!'

The blackmail succeeded. Emil Maurice, richer by twenty thousand marks, set himself up in a watchmaker's shop in Munich.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I. pp. 71, 72, 73.

The privilege of addressing Hitler in the second person singular is reserved to this small group of intimates. They and a few friends call Hitler 'Adi', slap him on the back, and even dare to tell smutty stories in front of him. Hitler enjoys her company, for they confirm his profound conviction that man is essentially vile.

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

From this conviction he will never depart. It is typical of him that, though reading tires and bores him, he is thoroughly familiar with Machiavelli and with the Anti-Machiavelli of Frederik the Great. He is a fervent admirer of the Florentine, whom he uses to defend and justify his own crimes and treachery.

O. Strasser: Hitler and I. p.75

We have already seen that Hitler is afraid of logic. Like a woman, he evades the issue, and ends by throwing in your face an argument entirely remote from what you were talking about. On the other hand, give him a vague and nebulous generalization and he is in his element. But he is incapable of thinking anything to its logical conclusion.

O. Strasser. Hitler and I. p.76

It was in 1928, at his home, that I made the acquaintance of Gely Raubal, but this young woman played no part in the rooted antagonism between us.

O. Strasser. Hitler and I. p.92

Our propaganda was admirably organized. The speeches of Kaufmann, Koch, Stöhr, Schapke, Franzen, and Groh were warmly applauded throughout northern Germany and vigorously reported in our Press.

O. Strasser. Hitler and I. p.92

During Political Discussion Over Discontinuation Of Strassers Newspaper:

"On this point we disagree" barked Hitler. He sat down and began rubbing his knees with a circular motion that grew quicker and quicker.

O. Strasser. Hitler and I. p.104

He seized my hands, as he had done two years before. His voice was choked with sobs, and tears flowed down his cheeks.

O. Strasser. Hitler and I. p.105

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

Two years passed, however, before my brother Paul and I met in Austria in the spring of 1936, and spent a few days together.

'And to think', Paul murmured one evening, 'that Gregor once stopped Hitler from committing suicide'.

'When was that?' I asked, not very attentively.

Paul hesitated, then continued in a low voice: 'After the murder of his niece Gely'.

At this I started.

'Did Gregor tell you that too?'

Paul nodded.

'I swore to keep it secret. Gregor spent three days, and three nights with Adolf, who was like a madman. Gregor told me he shot her during a quarrel, that perhaps he did not realize what he was doing. As soon as he had done it, he wanted to commit suicide, but Gregor prevented him.'

I wanted further details.

'Do you know who was there at the time of the murder, and how it happened?'

'I know nothing more. Gregor did not tell me any more. He told me this during a fit of profound depression, and I kept the secret as long as he lived.'

'But Paul, in 1931 Hitler was a nobody. How did he escape justice? Didn't Gregor tell you that?'

'An inquest was opened at Munich. The public prosecutor, who has lived abroad since Hitler's accession to power, wished to charge him with murder, but Görtner, the Bavarian Minister of Justice, stopped the case. It was announced that Gely had committed suicide.'

'Görtner again!' I exclaimed. 'Always Görtner. Did no one else know about it?'

Meanwhile Görtner had become Reich Minister of Justice.

'Yes, there was someone else', Paul replied. 'He was murdered on the same day as Gregor. You remember Gehrlich, the editor of the Right Way? He made a private investigation at the same time as the police, and collected overwhelming evidence against Hitler. Voess, Gregor's lawyer, no doubt knew all about it too. He had all our brother's secret papers at his house, but he was killed like Gehrlich.'

Nine years have passed since Gely's death; six years have passed since a madman and brute gave the signal for Germany's Saint Bartholomew.

In November, 1939, I was in Paris, where I wrote several articles for the Journal, mentioning Gely's death and Hitler's guilt.

Three days later, the editor of the Courrier d'Autriche called on me.

'Do you know Father Pant?' he asked.

'No, not personally, but I know that he lived in Munich, and that he was the brother of the prelate and Senator Pant the former leader of the anti-Nazi Germans in Poland.'

Otto Strasser: Hitler and I. 1940

'Yes', he said. 'Father Pant is now in exile, but he asks me to send you the following message, which I repeat verbatim: "It was I who buried Angela Raubal, the little Gely of whom Otto Strasser wrote. They pretended that she committed suicide; I should never have allowed a suicide to be buried in consecrated ground. From the fact that I gave her Christian burial you can draw conclusions which I cannot communicate to you".'

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. pp.201, 202, 203.

'When I used to work with him, Hess used to stop me at the door and say, "For Heaven's sake, don't tell him this", or "For Heaven's sake, don't tell him that". He can't bear disagreeable news.'

O.Strasser: Hitler and I. p.222

Supplement to interview with Dr. Bloch

I saw Dr. Bloch again on April 10th and got to more facts from him which seem of importance:

a) Dr. Bloch is positive that there was a third sister. His daughter confirms that he always used to talk about this third sister, so that seems to exclude the idea that this may have been a mistaken memory of his.

All the more so, since he says that this said third sister always was sort of hidden by the family because she was a mental case. It seems she was debile.

To his best knowledge she was a daughter from the second wife of Alois Schicklgruber. He is, however, not quite certain about this point.

b) An acquaintance of Dr. Bloch's, a Mr. Bleibtreu, member of the family of famous actors, a gentile and of Nazi inclinations, once went to Leoding and looked up the school records. There he found evidence that Adolf had had trouble at this school - which would mean in his 11th or 12th year - on account of some "Sittlichkeitsvergehen". He was, however, not excluded from school, the thing seems to have been hushed up and settled. It probably was nothing too serious.

I asked whether he had done something with boys or with girls. Dr. Bloch thinks it was with girls.

He is quite positive on this point, too. He remembers that said Mr. Bleibtreu reproached the headmaster for not having disposed some way or other of this damaging evidence against the Fuehrer.

6. Januar 1932

Beim Fuehrer. Groener hat ihn telegraphisch nach Berlin gerufen. Irgendwie wird es wohl um den Burgfrieden gehen. Hitler sieht wie immer ganz klar. Man kann ihm kein X. fuer ein U vormachen.

p. 19, Kaiserhof z. Reichskanzlei

7. Januar 1932

Ich bespreche mit dem Fuehrer die Einzelheiten meiner Rede im Sportpalast. Es muss heute ja etwas gesagt werden.....

Der Fuehrer faehrt nach Lemgo, um dort zu reden. Er ist, wie immer bei solchen Aktionen, in einer wunderbaren Stimmung.

p. 21, Goebbels, Kaiserhof z. Reichskanzlei

10. Januar 1932

Am Abend kommt der Fuehrer zu uns zu Besuch. Er hat Sonnabend mit Bruening verhandelt.....

Wir verbringen den Abend mit Musik. Das ist immer nach schweren Tagen die beste Erholung.

pp. 22/23, Goebbels, Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei

11. Januar 1932

Der Fuehrer ist ueberladen mit Verhandlungen. Goering ist ihm dabei eine wertvolle Stuetze.

p. 24, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

19. Januar 1932

Abfahrt Muenchen. Der Fuehrer faehrt mit. Es ist immer am schoensten, wenn man mit ihm allein ist, und er ganz ungezwungen erzaehlen kann. Der Fuehrer ist der beste Erzae hler, den ich kenne. Besonders, wenn er von seiner Jugend redet. Er hat sich niemals geaendert, ist immer derselbe geblieben.

pp. 26/27, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

GOEBBELS, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

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2. Februar 1932

Bis spaet in die Nacht hinein debattieren wir noch ueber Tagesfragen und Probleme der Zukunft. Bewundersnwert am Fuehrer bleibt immer der ungemein feine Instinkt, der niemals in die Irre geht.

p. 37, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

4. Februar 1932

Nachmittags rede ich mit dem Fuehrer noch einmal ueber den endgueltigen Plan fuer die kommenden Propagandakampfe. Man kann wunderbar mit ihm zusammen arbeiten. Er gehoert zu jenen seltenen Menschen, die, wenn sie einem einmal ihr Vertrauen geschenkt haben, einen auch frei und unbehindert arbeiten lassen. So wie er fuer sich Autoritaet beansprucht, so gibt er jedem Autoritaet, der ihrer bedarf. Die gegnerische Presse schildert ihn vollkommen falsch und irrtuemlich. Es gibt keinen Menschen, der weniger das Zeug zum Tyrannen in sich haette.

.....Wir sind in einem Muenchener Atelier und schauen der Arbeit eines bekannten Bildhauers zu. Dann werden bei Professor Troost die Entwuerfe zu dem neuen Bau des Braunen Haus geprueft. Es ist wunderbar zu beobachten, wie sicher und unbeirrt der Fuehrer sich auf die kommende Uebernahme der Macht einstellt. Das wird bei ihm auch nicht mit einem leisen Gedanken in Zweifel gezogen. Er redet, handelt und empfindet so, als wenn wir schon die Macht haetten. Das gibt seiner ganzen Umgebung eine herrliche Selbstsicherheit.

pp. 38/39, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

22. Februar 1932

Spaet abends ruft der Fuehrer noch an. Ich gebe ihm Bericht und er kommt dann noch zu uns nach Hause.....

Der Fuehrer erzaehlt lange aus seine Kriegszeiten. Dann ist er ganz gross und hinreissend. Als er geht, herrscht unter uns wenigen eine fast feierliche Stimmung.

p. 50, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

26. Februar 1932

Beim Fuehrer sind seine Militaerpapiere aus Oesterreich angekommen. Ein drastischer Beweis gegen die frechen Verleumdungen Grzesinskis.

p. 53, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

GOEBBELS, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

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13. Maerz 1932 (Verlorene Wahlschlacht)

....Ich telephoniere in der Nacht mit dem Fuehrer. Er hat absolut die Fassung behalten und steht ueber der Situation.Wenn wir jetzt trotzig wieder an die Arbeit gehen, dann koennen wir die Scharte auswetzen.

Der Fuehrer ist auch sofort dazu entwhhlossen. Er zoe-gert keinen Augenblick, den Dampf aus neue aufzunehmen. Das gibt seiner ganzen Umgebung wieder Mut....In der Beherr-schung von gefaehrlichen Situationen ist er souveraeener Meister. Ich habe ihn niemals schwach gesehen.....

p. 62, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

14. Maerz 1932

Der Fuehrer ist aufrecht und ungebrochen. Er kommt mir vor wie ein Feldherr, der nach einer verlorenen Schlacht seine ~~Kruppen~~ auseinanderfallenden Truppen wieder sammelt.

p. 63, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

16. Maerz 1932

...Alles moegliche wird durchgesprochen. Schliesslich landen wir bei Paragraph 218. Der Fuehrer vertritt hier den-selben harten Standpunkt, wie jeder anstaendige Mensch. Man darf so etwas nicht aufkommen lassen. Sonst wird es eine Volksseuche. *)

*) Abtreibungs-Paragraaph.

p. 66, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

27. Maerz 1932

Oben im Hause des Fuehrers finden wir einen wunder-baren Empfang. Wir sind ganz ausgehungert und fallen ueber ein frugales Abendessen her....

p. 70, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

28. Maerz 1932

Plaene geschmiedet. Pistolenschiessen geuebt. Der Fuehrer ist ein absolut sicherer Schuetze.

p. 71, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

29. Maerz 1932

Abends erzahlt der Fuehrer vom Noevember 1923.
Es hoert sich alles an wie ein spannender geschichtlicher
Roman.....

Der Fuehrer entwickelt ganz neue Gedanken ueber un-
sere Stellung zur Frau....

p. 72, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

10. April 1932 (Zweiter Wahlgang)

Der Fuehrer ist ganz gluecklich. Seine Parole des
Durchhaltens ist auf das glaenzendste gerechtfertigt wor-
den.

p. 78, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

6. Mai 1932

Abends erzahlt der Fuehrer aus seinem Leben. Mit
17 Jahren ging er von Hause weg, um ein grosser Baumei-
ster zu werden. Dann bliebe er 14 Jahre lang fuer alle,
die ihn kannten, verschollen. Den ganzen Krieg hindurch
heerte man von ihm kein Sterbenswort; erst im Jahre 1921
kam er wieder zu seiner Schwester in Wien zurueck. Welch
ein Heroismus, vier Jahre fuer die Verwandten verschollen
zu sein, ohne Heimat und ohne Anhang!

p. 92, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

8. Mai 1932

...der Fuehrer...darf jetzt nicht in Berlin bleiben.
...Abends spaet noch fahren wir nach Mecklenburg....

10. Mai 1932

Ich gebe dem Fuehrer telephonisch Bescheid.
Er haelt es draussen nicht mehr aus. Abends ist er
schon da.

pp . 93, 95. Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

28. Mai 1932 (Nach einem Kampf Raugerei im Landtag)

Nach einer furchtbaren Irrfahrt kommen wir nach
Hornumersiel...Der Fuehrer erwartet uns schon. Ich muss ihm
alles in epitscher Breite erzahlen, und er reibt sich vor
Vergnuegen die Haende....

p. 101, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

2. Juni 1932

Der Fuehrer beurteilt die Gegenspieler mit einer absolut sicheren Klarheit. Er denkt logisch und arbeitet frapierend schnell.

p. 106, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

4. Juni 1932 (Nach einer Unterredung mit Groener)

Als der Fuehrer zurueckkommt, strahlt er vor Zufriedenheit....

p. 106, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

22. Juni 1932

...Mit dem Fuehrer die ganze Propaganda durchgesprochen. Das geht immer sehr schnell, weil der Fuehrer fuer Propaganda einen so feinen Instinkt und ein so absolut sicheres Gefuehl hat.

p. 114, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

27. Juni 1932

Dann kommt der Fuehrer und spricht.... ihm
Ich habe nachher noch eine kurze Unterredung mit ihm.
Aus jeder dieser Unterhaltungen geht man gestaerkt und erfrischt heraus.

p. 120, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei.

8. August 1932

Wir sitzen oben auf dem Berg, ein paar hundert ~~Meter~~ Meter ueber Berchtesgaden, lassen die Sonne auf uns herabscheinen und ruhen aus von den Wahlspapazen. Es ist staunenswert, wie schnell der Fuehrer sich von den Anstrengungen und Plackerein. Er hat eine unbeugsame Lebenskraft, Nerven wie aus Stahl. Er ist jeder grossen Situation gewachsen und laesst sich von keiner Krise zu Boden werfen.

p. 139, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

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11. August 1932

Eine Spekulation darauf, dass der Fuehrer die Nerven verliere, ist angesichts seines kraftstrotzenden Gesundheitszustandes vollkommen unangebracht.

p. 142, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

12. August 1932

Ich fahre gegen Abend nach Caputh heraus und erwarte dort den Fuehrer. In der Dunkelheit um 10 Uhr kommt er an.Ich gebe ihm ausfuhrlichen Bericht ueber die bisher stattgefundenen Unterredungen. Er geht gleich in Kampfstellung. Fuer ihn gibt es jetzt nur noch ein Entweder-Oder.

Mit langen Schritten geht er den ganzen Abend im Zimmer und draussen auf der Terrasse auf und ab. Es arbeitet sichtbar in ihm.....

....Es heisst jetzt in Ruhe abwarten. Es wird Musik gemacht und in Erinnerungen herumgekrant.....

pp. 143/144, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

13. August 1932

Mittags sitzen wir zu Hause am Reichskanzlerplatz und warten der Dinge, die da kommen sollen. Der Fuehrer ist stark und entschliessungskraeftig.....

....Also fehlgeschlagen. (Angebot d. Vizekanzlerschaft)

Der Fuehrer ist bewundernswert in seiner ruhigen Klarheit. Er steht unerschuetterlich ueber allen Schwankungen, Hoffnungen.....Ein ruhender Pol in der Erscheinungen fluchtDer Fuehrer hat seine Ruhe ueberhaupt nicht verloren. Schon abends vorher in Caputh betonte er immer wieder, die Situation sei noch nicht reif.....

pp. 145/146, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

28. August 1943

...Der Fuehrer ist von einer gleichbleibenden, ehernen Ruhe. Er laesst sich durch all die wilden Geruechte und Panikmacherei nicht im mindesten beeinflussen. Auch die Reichstagswahlen schrecken ihn nicht.....

p. 152, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

2. September 1932

Der Fuehrer hat auch jetzt wie immer ein klares, intuitives Urteil. Der Gegensatz gegen ihn wird ausschliesslich von Strasser genaeht. Die Argumente, die dort vorgebraht werden sind aus dem Horizont eines Gewerkschaftlers genommen. Seine Ideen sind ohne jeden Hoehenflug. Sie wirken deshalb auch auf den Fuehrer nicht, der in seinem Wesen ein absolut kuenstlerisch empfindender Mensch ist.

Wer das Glueck hat, oft mit dem Fuehrer zusammen zu sein, gewinnt ihn von Tag zu Tag lieber; nicht nur, dass er in saemtlichen Fragen immer richtig entscheidet, er ist auch persoendlich von einer so unbeschreiblichen Guete und so herzlichen Kameradschaft, dass er jeden Menschen, der in seinen Blickkreis tritt, gefangen nimmt.

pp. 155/156, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

12. September 1932 (Misstrauensvotum gegen Papen)

...Der Fuehrer wartet im gegenueberliegenden Reichstagspraesidentenpalais auf unseren Bericht. Er ist ganz ausser sich vor Freude. Wieder hat er klar und eindeutig entschieden.....

p. 163, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

16. September 1932

Das ist das Grosse am Fuehrer, dass er mit ewig gleichbleibender Zaehigkeit einem einzigen Ziel nachstrebt, und ihm alles zu opfern bereit ist.

p. 166, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

19. September 1932

Abends in der Wiener Oper.....Hier hat der Fuehrer oft als junger Mensch auf der Galerie gestanden und Wagner gehoert. Jedesmal, wenn wir anderswo in der Oper waren, erzaehte er davon....

...Der Fuehrer ist nach Wien gefahren zu einem privaten Besuch. Niemand weiss davon, damit es keine Menschenauflaeufe gibt.

p. 167, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

24. Oktober 1932

Der Fuehrer hat vor seiner Wahlreise einen Abstecher nach Berlin gemacht. Ich treffe ihn zuhause und habe Gelegenheit, die ganze Situation mit ihm durchzusprechen. Auch er ist empoert ueber die unsachlichen Vorstoesse Strassers.

p. 187, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

28. Oktober 1932

Zu Hause treffe ich den Fuehrer an. Wir besprechen uns ueber alles moegliche. Er ist sehr siegesgewiss.

p. 187, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

2. November 1932

Abends nach der Versammlung im Kaiserhof ist der Fuehrer in bester Stimmung. Er ist fest davon ueberzeugt, dass, wenn wir auch Stimmen in grossem Umfang verlieren, diese Wahl trotzdem ein grosser psychologischer Erfolg fuer uns wird.

p. 191, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

8. November 1932

Lange Beratung mit dem Fuehrer. Er ist ganz auf wilden Kampf eingestellt; von Versoehnung will er nichts wissen....

Als ich mit dem Fuehrer allein bin, spricht er seinen ganzen Woll ueber Strasser und seine ewige Minier- und Sabotagearbeit aus.....

pp. 198/199, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

18. November 1932

Der Fuehrer kommt um ein Uhr in Tempelhof an....

Der Fuehrer geht mit uns nach Hause und ich orientiere ihn kurz ueber die Situation.....

Um Mitternacht kommt der Fuehrer noch einmal zurueck. Wir erzaehlen und musizieren. Das ist die einzige Ausspannung nach harten, nervenzerreissenden Kaempfen....

Der Fuehrer ist sehr aufgeraeumt. Sein einziges Misstrauen geht gegen Strasser.....

p. 205, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

GOEBBELS, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

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22. November 1932

Der Fuehrer bleibt in allen diesen Auseinandersetzungen absolut ruhig und stark. Er ist von einer bewundernswerten Nervenkraft.

Zur Entspannung gehen wir abends ins Theater und hoeren eine wunderbare Meistersingerauffuehrung.....

p. 208, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

23. November 1932

Abends sitzen wir alle bei uns zuhause und suchen bei Plauderei und Musik Entspannung von den schweren Anforderungen des Tages.

p. 209, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

1. Dezember 1932 (Weimar)

(Konferenz mit Goering, Frick & Strasser).

Strasser....malt die Situation in der Partei schwarz in schwarz....Der Fuehrer wendet sich sehr scharf gegen diese Miesmacherei. Er bleibt konsequent bis zum letzten....

Jetzt bewahrt der Fuehrer sich wieder als der grosse, uebertragende, politische Stratege.....

Wir sitzen (abends).....lange zusammen und beraten. Der Fuehrer hat einen absolut klaren Blick fuer die ganze Situation....

p. 213, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

2. Dezember 1932

General Schleicher ist zum Kanzler ernannt.....

Abends....erzaehlt der Fuehrer aus den ersten Anfangen der Partei. Wie schwer er sich emporgearbeitet hat! Das mag manchem heute als widersinnig erscheinen, aber es hat doch seine tiefere Bedeutung. Weil er alles durchmachen musste, darum ist ihm nichts Menschliches mehr fremd.

p. 214, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

5. Dezember 1932

Im Kaiserhof halten wir eine ausgiebige Besprechung mit dem Fuehrer ab...ueber unsere Haltung zum Schleicher-Kabinett. Strasser vertritt den Standpunkt, dass Schleicher toleriert werden muesse. Der Fuehrer hat mit ihm die schaefersten Zusammenstoesse.....

p. 216, Goebbesl, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

6. Dezember 1932

Abends ist der Fuehrer bei uns zuhause. Wir besprechen noch einmal in aller Ruhe die ganze Situation. Der Fuehrer ist im Wesen ein kuenstlerisch empfindender Mensch. Mit seinem sicheren Instinkt erfasst er in augenblicklicher Schaerfe jede Situation, und seine Entschluesse sind immer von absoluter Klarheit und eindringlicher Logik. Ihm gegenueber kann man mit taktischen Winkelzuegen nicht durchkommen.

p. 218, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

8. Dezember 1932 (Nach Strassers Demission)

Abends ist der Fuehrer bei uns zuhause. Es will keine rechte Stimmung aufkommen. Wir sind alle sehr deprimiert, vor allem...dass nun die Gefahr besteht, dass die ganze Partei auseinanderfaellt....

Der Fuehrer geht stundenlang mit langen Schritten im Hotelzimmer auf und ab. Man sieht es seinen Gesichtszuegen an, dass es maechtig in ihm arbeitet. Er ist verbittert und durch diese Treulosigkeit aufs Tiefste verwundet. Einmal bleibt er stehen und sagt nur: "Wenn die Partei einmal zerfaellt, dann mache ich in drei Minuten mit der Pistole Schluss.".....

Ich bin von Strassers Schritt nicht ueberrascht worden. Ich habe das so kommen sehen und der Fuehrer auch....

pp. 219/220, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

9. Dezember 1932

Ich fahre zum Fuehrer in den Kaiserhof und gebe ihm Bericht. Er ist guter Dinge und in fester Kampfesstimmung.
.....

Wir sitzen im kleinen Kreis noch lange mit dem Fuehrer zusammen. Er ist jetzt wieder ganz gluecklich und innerlich erhoben. Das Gefuehl, dass die ganze Partei....in nie gesehener Treue zu ihm haelt, hat ihn...aufgerichtet und gestaerkt.

Er hat jetzt Strasser auch persoenlich ueberwunden. Jetzt beim Erzählen erfährt man erst, wie schwer er oft in den vergangenen Jahren darunter gelitten hat.

pp. 221/222, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

16. Dezember 1932

Otto Strasser.....schreibt einen hundsgemeinen Artikel gegen die Reichsleiter und Abgeordneten der Partei.Der Fuehrer ist in heller Empoerung ueber diesen Artikel. Als Oberleutnant Schultz kommt, um fuer Strasser gutes Wetter zu erbitten, wird er abgekanzelt und nach Hause geschickt.

Abends erzaehlt der Fuehrer aus vergangenen Zeiten der Partei. Wie oft hat sich das, was wir nun erleben, schon vorher in der Bewegung abgespielt. Es ist immer dasselbe und ueberall findet sich in der entscheidenden Stunde ein Segestes.

pp. 225/226, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

24. Dezember 1932

(Frau Goebbels schwer krank in der Klinik)

Der Fuehrer hat ein sehr liebes Telegramm in die Klinik geschickt. Auch er wird Weihnachten ganz alleine sein.

p. 230, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

28. Dezember 1932

....Mutschmann....hatte eine Unterredung mit StrasserEr hat die Absicht, in das Schleicherkabinett einzutreten.....

.....Im Schlitten fahren wir den Berg hinauf. Der Fuehrer erwartet uns schon. Mutschmann gibt Bericht, Der Fuehrer ist ganz ruhig und gelassen.....

p. 230, Goebbels, Kaiserhof -Reichskanzlei

1. Januar 1933

...Ich fahre in der Fruehe gleich nach Berchtesgaden herunter und erfahre aus Berlin, dass es in der Klinik sehr schlecht steht....nach Muenchen zurueck...Der Fuehrer kommt im Auto nach.....

Der Fuehrer bemueht sich den ganzen Nachmittag in ruehrender Fuersorge um ein Flugzeug....

p. 232, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

9. Januar 1933

Der Fuehrer ist ein wirklicher Freund. Nicht nur im Politischen, sondern auch im Privaten ist er von einer unaussprechlichen Hochherzigkeit und Guete. Wir koennen ihm alle nur dankbar sein.

p. 238, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei.

12. Januar 1933

Der Fuehrer...war zu Besuch in der Klinik und hat der ganzen Familie wieder gezeigt, ein wie guter Kamerad und Freund er fuer uns alle ist....

...seine Rede (ist) zu Ende...Ich sehe ihn...aus dem ~~maximalen Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei~~ Versammlungslokal herauskommen, ~~hitzig~~ entbloessten Hauptes, bleich und ermuedet von seiner Rede. Er erkennt unter den vielen Autos gleich meinen Wagen, tritt an den Schlag heran und sagt nur: "Ich war in der Klinik, Ihre Frau ist jetzt ueber den Berg, die Lebensgefahr ist vollkommen ueberwunden. Politisch steht alles gut. Wir treffen uns heute abend noch."Den ganzen Abend erzaehlt der Fuehrer mir, was er in Berlin gesehen und erlebt hat und ich hoere nun zu meinem Entsetzen, was mir bisher verschwiegen worden war, dass die Aerzte meine Frau bereits aufgegeben hatten.....

pp. 239/240, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

28. Januar 1933

.....Jetzt bleibt nichts mehr uebrig, als dass der Fuehrer betraut wird.....

Der Fuehrer bleibt ganz ruhig und laesst sich durch nichts ueberrumpeln.....Der Fuehrer ist von einer fabelhaften Sicherheit. Er hat wieder einmal in allem recht behalten....

p. 250, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

29. Januar 1933

Wir sitzen bis 5 Uhr nachts, sind bereit und ueberlegen. Der Fuehrer geht wieder mit langen Schritten durchs Zimmer auf und ab.....

p. 251, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

30. Januar 1933

....Der Fuehrer kommt!

Einige Minuten spaeter ist er bei uns im Zimmer. Er sagt nichts, und wir alle sagen auch nichts. Aber seine Augen stehen voll Wasser. Es ist so weit!

....Wunderbar, wie einfach der Fuehrer in seiner Groesse und wie gross er in seiner Einfachheit ist.....

p. 252, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

31. Januar 1933

Der Fuehrer ist ganz bleich vor Ueberarbeitung und Uebernaechtigung....

p. 255, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

1. Februar 1933

Abends sind wir zum ersten Mal wieder seit langer Zeit bei uns zuhause. Der Fuehrer ist in bester Stimmung.....nach den furchtbaren Zeiten schwerster Depression gibt es zum ersten Mal wieder eitel Glueck und Sonnenschein.

p. 255, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

2. Februar 1933

Spaet um Mitternacht treffen sich beim Landtagspraesidenten Kerrl alle alten Gauleiter der Partei. Der Fuehrer sitzt mitten unter ihnen und erzaehlt ihnen von seiner harten Jugend, und wie er sich durchkaempfen musste, um auf diese Hoehe heraufzugelangen.....

p. 256, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

15. Februar 1933

....im Auto zum Flugplatz und wegen eines dichten Schneegestoebers gleich auf nahezu 6000 Meter emporgestiegen. Wir alle koennen nur noch aus Sauerstoff-Flaschen atmen. Die meisten Mitfahrer sind gruen und gelb vor Atemlosigkeit, nur der Fuehrer bleibt unerschuettert und ist auch nicht einen Augenblick auf irgendein Behelfsmittel angewiesen.

pp. 263/264, Goebbesl, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

16. Februar 1933

Am Abend ist der Fuehrer bei uns zu Hause. Er sucht kurze Entspannung von seinen schweren Aufgaben. Er erzahlt mit Begeisterung von seinem so anderen Aufgabenkreis und hat sich mit einer ueberraschenden ~~Schnell~~ Schnelligkeit in all das Neue, das ihn umgibt, eingelebt. Er wird auch diese Aufgabe meistern, wie er bisher alles gemeistert/ hat.

p. 264, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

19. Februar 1933 (Wahlkampf)

...Der Fuehrer ist wie immer von einer wunderbaren Frische und Lebendigkeit. Der ganze Wahlkampf wird von ihm wie eine Spielerei erledigt.

p. 266, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

21. Februar 1933

Abends gehen wir mit dem Fuehrer zur Entspannung in die Linden-Oper und hoeren zum erstenmal Wagners "Liebesverbot".....

Zu Hause erzahlt der Fuehrer uns vom Kapp-Putsch und all den anderen verfehlten Unternehmungen, an denen er irgendwie immer beteiligt war. Er war stets Aktivist, und wenn er keine eigene Aktion unternehmen konnte, hat er sich grundsatzlich an den Aktionen anderer beteiligt.

Man kann dem Fuehrer dabei stundenlang zu hoeren.

pp. 267/268, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

27. Februar 1933

Abends sitze ich zuhause und arbeite. Um 9 Uhr kommt der Fuehrer zum Abendessen. Wir machen Musik und erzahlen. Ploetzlich ein Anruf von Dr. Hanfstaengl: "Der Reichstag brennt!".....

Ich benachrichtige gleich den Fuehrer und dann rasen wir.....zum Reichstag.....

....Der Fuehrer verliert nicht einen Augenblick seine Ruhe; bewundernswert, ihn hier seine Befehle erteilen zu sehen, denselben Mann, der vor einer halben Stunde noch sorglos plaudernd bei uns beim Abendessen sass.....

pp. 269/270, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

5. Maerz 1933 (Wahltag)

....Der Fuehrer ist ruhig und gelassen wie immer; diesmal kann es kaum schiefgehen....

Dann kommen die ersten Resultate. Sieg ueber Sieg.....

.....Der Fuehrer ist ganz geruehrt vor Freude.

p. 275, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

12. Maerz 1933

....Ich fahre mit dem Fuehrer in die Reichskanzlei zurueck und stehe neben ihm, als er, bebend vor Erregung und feierlicher Ruehrung, ueber den Rundfunk die Proklamation an das deutsche Volk verliest, derzufolge ueber der deutschen Nation die neuen Fahnen aufgehen.....

p. 280, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

20. Maerz 1933

Der Fuehrer ist derselbe geblieben, innerlich und aeusserlich. Er umgibt sich nicht mit Prunk und Aufwand, er erscheint in seinem einfachen Braumhemd, und so wie er sich aeusserlich gibt, so ist er auch im Inneren. Er redet nicht anders als er immer geredet hat, genau so unentwegt und kompromisslos wie frueher, als wir noch nicht die Macht besaessen.

p. 285, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

4. April 1933

Abends sind bei uns die fuehrenden Herren der Reichswehr zu Besuch. Der Fuehrer erzaehlt von den Anfaengen der Partei und von seinen frueheren "Ebensschicksalen", die allen meistens noch unbekannt sind. In diesen Erzaehlungen ist der Fuehrer unuebertrefflich. Sein Leben hoert sich an wie ein spannender Roman. Er hat die phantastischste Laufbahn hinter sich, die man ueberhaupt kennt.

p. 293, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

~~17. April 1933~~

~~...Auch der Fuehrer muss nach Berlin zurueck. Wir fahren zusammen....~~

~~In Traunstein....(kommt) ein S.A. Fuehrer an den Wagen heran und bittet den Fuehrer, eine halbe Stunde Halt zu machen, ein alter~~

17. April 1933

...Auch der Fuehrer muss nach Berlin zurueck. Wir fahren zusammen....

In Traunstein....(kommt) ein S.A. Fuehrer an den Wagen/ und bittet den Fuehrer, eine halbe Stunde Halt zu machen, ein alter Parteigenosse liege sterbend im Krankenhaus und habe nur noch einen Wunsch, den Fuehrer zu sehen.

Der Fuehrer macht sofort Kehrt, faehrt zum Krankenhaus und gibt seinem sterbenden Parteigenossen zum letzten Mal die Hand. Wenige Stunden darauf stirbt er.

p. 300, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

20. April 1933

Der Fuehrer hat Geburtstag. Er selbst weilt irgendwo in Bayern und entzieht sich allen Ovationen in Berlin....

p. 301, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

21. April 1933

Beim Fuehrer, er vormittags nach Berlin zurueckkehrt, liegt das ganze Haus voll Geburtstagsgeschenken....

p. 301, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

22. April 1933

Auch im Braunen Haus sind zwei Zimmer bis zur Decke vollgestopft mit Geburtstagsgeschenken fuer den Fuehrer. Er freut sich sehr darueber.....

p. 302, Goebbels, Kaiserhof-Reichskanzlei

Pierre J. Huss: The Fox we face, 1942

In January of 1935 Adolf Hitler was sitting out the winter in his alpine chalet on the Obersalzberg, above Berchtesgaden, somewhat tensely awaiting the outcome of the plebiscite. He let Goebbels and others loudly beat the drum while he sat up there in the snow and went walking with the huge white Hungarian shepherd dog always at his side.

At such times the German Fuehrer strictly forbade his guards to follow; he relied entirely on the dog at his side, the heavy walking stick of knotted wood, and the rapid-fire luger automatic in his pocket. He wore a gray golf suit with heavy woolen socks stuck into snow boots and an old felt hat drawn over his right eye, and on days when the wind whistled sharply or snow whipped through the air, a gray mackintosh with a muffler around his neck. He'd crunch the snow with a slow step and proceed by a short cut over the hill back of his chalet toward a somewhat forsaken Bavarian-style cafe.

.....I had arranged through Karl Boemer and Alfred Rosenberg for an interview with Hitler on the day of the Saar plebiscite returns, on the assumption that it would be an opportune moment sure to find him in the best of moods, provided everything went in his favor. I arrived there to find him in high glee, with Goering on hand in a huge white sweater to help celebrate the victory of the Saar with its overwhelming majority in favor of immediate return to Germany. Hitler was in his golf suit, studying the latest returns, and his eyes were alight with joy. Without wasting time on ceremonies, he got his hat and stick and insisted that I accompany him on his usual walk before lunch. The big Hungarian dog plowed ahead of us through the snow, cavorting and barking with delight. But he seldom rushed further than ten yards away, turning back to see that his lord and master was following in good order. Later I was told that this dog could be relied upon to ~~rip~~ rip to pieces any stranger approaching Hitler unannounced.

We reached the crest of the hill at the edge of the pine woods and looked back. I was breathing hard, for this was not my customary daily routine. Hitler grinned slyly and said it was good exercise, this walk - ing through the deep snow, the only kind of exercise, he said, he had time or inclination to take. He pointed with his stick to his chalet below and to the sweeping hills around it.

"A good rifle shot, aiming through telescopic sights, could easily pick me off from here while I am sitting on the porch or in that back room there," Hitler said in a matter-of-fact way. "I am buying up all the so hills and making it forbidden property so that Himmler can quit worrying. I have also had the road you came up on commandeered, closing it to public traffic so that in effect this whole section of the mountain will be closed off to any but authorized persons."

His walking stick pointed far across the valley to the distant city of Salzburg we could just make out under the clouds over in Austria. "Himmler and the army people got together sometimes ago and figured out that a few well directed cannon shots from over there some dark night could blow us out of bed," the Nazi Fuehrer said with something of a forced laugh. He resumed the walk and added: "I told Himmler he'd have to worry a while longer over that problem; I cannot just walk over the border and take a piece out of Austria and I will not move this house away or abandon it just to get out from under the range of Austrian cannons. I am a fatalist and all those things take care of themselves."

I thought to myself that Hitler was taking chances walking by himself in these lonely mountains, even if he did buy them by the mile in order to keep strangers at a distance. A legion of people would gladly have knocked him off. With this in mind, I pointed to two woodchoppers making their way some hundreds of yards ahead of us toward the lonely Bavarian cafe and boldly said they could easily overpower him before he'd have a chance to defend himself or call for help. I wanted to hear

Pierre J. Huss: The Foo we face. 1942

what he'd say.

He nodded and whistled for the dog and held him by the collar, while he told me to press a hard snowball together and throw it high and afar. I did this, and the snowball went sailing off into the air.

Hitler whipped an automatic out of his pocket and with deliberate aim fired at my snowball. A split second after his shot rang out the snowball burst apart in midair, obviously torn by the passing bullet. I suppose I looked a bit skeptical, for Hitler asked me to throw a second snowball. He shot leisurely, and, it seemed to me, almost without aiming. The snowball broke violently to pieces in midair.

Hitler replaced the pistol in his pocket and tapped me on the arm. "Sehen Sie, I am not entirely defenseless" he smiled. "It is generally conceded in the S.S. and the army that I am a better pistol shot than most of their best ones. I also make it a point to know more about guns and weapons and bullets of all kinds than those who come to me to explain the intricacies of a new rifle core or a cannon's mechanism. I have read and studied many technical books on those subjects, including one or two by your American experts. I believe I can say with justification that I am one of the few all-around ballistic experts in the world today."

I checked up in German army circles on that claim and found it generally substantiated. He has a standing order out for every book on that subject and frequently reads deep into the night to absorb a new experiment with shells or bullets. He can draw a blueprint on the involved mechanism of German foreign large-and-small-caliber guns and do it from memory. That is one of those things about Hitler one shouldn't forget in sizing him up as the man we now are about to beat.

He is a fanatic, every inch of him, going into a passion or fury when the occasion demands. I touched him off on that walk in the snow with a hint that some of his twenty-five-point program would set the world afire if carried out to the letter. He stopped dead in his tracks and like a flash he changed from the Bavarian alpine Rambler to Adolf Hitler, dictator of flaring temperament and rabble-rousing fanatic. He stamped the snow with his boot and waved his walking stick in fervid agitation.

Pierre J. Huss, pp. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

March 1938:I had been sent to Vienna by Connolly and Faris to cover the story and to get our local correspondent there out of jail.He was a Jew, and it took some days and a lot of stringpulling with key men around Hitler to get him out and across the border to Italy. But it provided me with an opportunity also to keep a finger on Hitler's activity, from talks with several of those always around him I pieced together his first night in Vienna.

He took over the royal suite, a high ceilinged affair of three main rooms done up in much red drapery and furniture of white and gold. The bathroom was modernized, but not much else. The Imperial Hotel definitely had been coasting along on its reputation and made no attempt to rival the up-to-date Bristol and Grand across the way. But Hitler had his reason for coming to the Imperial, and that night he gathered a small circle of intimates around him and talked to them until the small hours of Vienna and his days there. He had Schaub, the personal adjutant, pull the glossy boots off his feet and occasionally bring him a glass of warm milk. Then he reclined in loose comfort on the sofa and delved into reminiscences, waxing excited enough to sit up straight and rumple his hair when telling of some of the hard times he had seen in that city.

P.J.Huss:Th Poe we face p.3.9.

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P.J.Huss:The Poe we face.1942.

He told them: "In the old days the Viennese used to have a sentimental way of saying: "And when I die I want to go to heaven and have a little hole among the stars to see my Vienna, my fair Vienna." I didn't feel very much that way. The Hapsburgs and the spendthrifts may have looked at Vienna as a playground and paradise, but to me it was a city going to decay in its own grandeur. Only the Jews made money, and only those with Jewish friends or those willing to do the work for the Jews made a decent living. I and a lot of others like me, practically starved, and some went begging.

"I used to walk past the Imperial Hotel of nights when there was nothing else to do and I hadn't even enough money to buy a book. I'd watch the automobiles and the coaches drive up to the entrance and be received with a deep bow by the white-mustached porter out in front, who never talked to me if I came near him. I could see the glittering lights and chandeliers in the lobby but I knew it was impossible for me to set foot inside. One night, after a bad blizzard which piled up several feet of snow, I had a chance to make some money for food by shoveling snow. Ironically enough, the five or six of us in my group were sent to clean the street and sidewalk in front of the Imperial Hotel.

"That was the night the Hapsburgs were entertaining-old Josef was still alive but he didn't appear. I saw Karl and Zita step out of their imperial coach and grandly walk into this hotel over the red carpet. We poor devils shoveled the snow away on all sides and took off our hats off every time the aristocrats arrived. They didn't even look at us although I still smell the perfume that came to our noses. We were about as important to them, or for that matter to Vienna, as the snow that kept coming down all night, and this hotel did not even have the decency to send out a cup of hot coffee to us. We were kept there most of the night, and each time the wind blew hard it covered the red carpet with snow. Then I'd take a broom and brush it off, glancing at the same time

into the brilliantly lit interior, which fascinated me. I heard the music and it made me wish to cry. It made me pretty angry, too, and feel the injustice of life. I resolved that night that someday I would come back to the Imperial Hotel and walk over the red carpet into that glittering interior where the Hapsburgs danced. I didn't know how or when, but I have waited for this day and tonight I am here.

"I shall have this hotel listed as our party hotel and I shall come here each time I am in Vienna. I shall have it renovated and modernized, but the name shall remain the same. And a red carpet shall be on the sidewalk every time I come so that I can walk over it into the hotel the same as those aristocrats did back in the days when I shoveled snow. I have never forgotten the resolution I made. Providence fulfilled my wish."

That is Hitler to the core. He can never forget or forgive, and every thing he does has its motive. The conquest of Vienna and the Imperial Hotel in a way were to him the wiping of the slate, a settlement of scores.

He likes to gloat over his triumphs, and particularly to go back to places where he was spurned in the old days. Thus there is a hotel in almost every large city ~~III~~ of Germany where he will stop and strut around because at one time or another he was boycotted and refused quarters in every hotel in that city except perhaps the one he now favors. Or he might have been given shelter and food by the individual who now owns the leading hotel in the city. All because that man did Hitler a favor in the days he became a power in the land.

In Weimar, for example, there is the White Elephant Hotel, rebuilt by the party in lavish style with the reserved Fuehrer suite. In Nuremberg is the Deutscher Hof, an expensively rebuilt edifice. In Godesberg on the Rhine, a little distance above the fabled rock of Lorelei, there is the Dreesen, where he held his famous conference with Neville Chamberlain a few days before the signing of the fatal Munich Pact.....

The owner of the Dreesen snapped his fingers at the anti-Hitlers, and offered him sanctuary free of cost in the Dreesen Hotel in Godesberg. That settled it, and whenever Hitler thereafter toured the Rhineland, he spent days and days in the Dreesen with the man who had done him a favor in the face of public disapproval.

Hitler, after assuming power, did with the Dreesen what he did with hotels he favored all over Germany. He took it under his official wing and partly remodeled it at the expense of the Nazi party for purposes of his own. He installed the usual Fuehrer suite of three rooms. That included a reception room of larger proportions, a sort of combination private office and sitting room, and a comfortable bedroom. I had a chance to go through his suite in the Dreesen a few hours before he arrived for his conference with Chamberlain and thus had a good opportunity to size up the arrangements.

In the Berlin chancellery and at Fuehrer headquarters he makes it a point during the war to sleep on a camp bed, but in the hotels and castles he picks on he has a comfortable, wide bed. In the Dreesen it is low and stands next to a window of bulletproof glass overlooking the Rhine. A blood-red silken bedspread enlivens the pink-colored room. There is an enameled white telephone on the night-table. I was told that the hook on the side closest to the pillow is for a special pistol holster, which reminded me of the proverb that uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. I also remembered at that moment that he had demonstrated himself some years before to me, as quick on the draw and a crack pistol shot.

There were flowers, chiefly chrysanthemums, all over the room in big vases. A freshly pressed uniform was laid out for him, along with a brown shirt fitted with special moisture-absorbing material around the collar. In the summer he changes underwear daily and shirts as often as three times, especially during days of strenuous speaking. He likes long underwear but nothing of silk. He likes to shave himself once in a while and always does so when there is a barber around he doesn't personally know.

I looked into his bathroom and in fact pulled the chain just to have the satisfaction of having done it in his bathroom. The bathtub and walls were done in pink, with shiny nickel fixtures and chairs with rubber cushions. The towels were initialed with a blue A.H. Altogether, he wasn't doing too badly by himself. Schaub, the personal adjutant, acted as his valet and general nursemaid, reportedly even washing his back.... He had a bunch of us foreign correspondents flown to the Warsaw ~~air~~ airfield while ~~the~~ the city was still a mass of smoke and flame in late September of 1939 and a few minutes later landed there himself, appropriately arriving in time to lecture us, against this fiery background, on the evils of mankind and the stupidity of England in encouraging the Poles to oppose him.

"A great crime has been committed," he said dolefully, and he gazed with a well-posed attitude of regret at the holocaust a short distance off. "Ja, the Polish military went mad and look at the crime committed against their own people. They were drunk with power and talked even of marching to Berlin. Then they barricaded themselves in the city and look at Warsaw now. You must tell the world of their callousness."

In Berlin, if he felt like it, he'd delight small circles of friends occasionally with admiring men such as Goering or Himmler. I did not ~~guess~~ have to guess twice on the Warsaw airfield to know he was up to those tricks of his. He came there to be melodramatic and at the same time hide under false colors the awful horror he had visited upon a great European capital.

But his act was soon over, or forgotten. He came around to each of us, as is customary, and shook hands as Press Chief Dietrich called off the names and outfit each one represented. Our little group included Bertil Svahnstroem, able correspondent for the newspaper Politiken in Stockholm.

"Ach, Svahnstroem," Hitler repeated slowly, and shook the correspondent's hand more heartily. "Are you related to the great Swedish actress and singer?"

"Only in a distant way," Svahnstroem replied. "But of course in Sweden she has become a sort of legend."

Oblivious to burning Warsaw, Hitler was off on the subject of Svahnstroem and her qualities, discoursing for at least ten minutes about her and his opinion of her renditions. He cited at length some high lights and criticisms of her career, in the same breath plunging deeper and deeper into an analytical oration on the respective values and merits of the Swedish and German stage and opera. He had decided opinions on the subject, none of which were challenged or questioned by those standing around in the smoke-tainted air. He was, in fact, showing off again, and everybody else had to listen. That is the advantage of being a dictator—especially a talkative one.

He used to tell people in all seriousness that he turned vegetarian because he couldn't bear the thought of animals and fowls being killed for human consumption. At other times he'd claim he had to turn vegetarian because in the old days he couldn't afford the price of meat and fowl. He used to drink beer but gave it up when his figure showed bulges of fat.

Hitler likes to sneer at royalty and its trappings but he is not above a bow at its throne when the occasion calls for it. He went to Rome early in May 1938 on a state visit arranged for him by Mussolini, and he

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was eager as a little boy out to see the king and queen. He was nervous, too, and those around him told he was edgy all through his stay at the Quirinal Palace, worrying about committing a faux pas of etiquette in front of the king and queen. He bawled out his adjutants on the least provocation, lining them up for a personal inspection and telling each one just what he must do. He forbade them as much as touch wine or alcohol, lest their foot slip and give a black mark in royalty's eyes to the Nazi Fuehrer's entourage.

I watched him from the grandstand the Italians had built for the diplomats and foreign correspondents opposite the Colosseum, where the climax of the Roman spectacle came as Emmanuel's coach of six white horses rumbled up the Triumphal Way and passed the ancient ruins of Rome standing like ghosts in the searchlight flood.... Through my glasses I saw Hitler squirm around for a good look, and apparently he was so excited that he began tapping plumed little Emmanuel on the knee. Hitler had never seen anything like this, not even in the bawdiest shows Nazi shows Goebbels staged for him. Now the small boy was coming out in him. He forgot that he was sitting in a royal coach beside a real king, driving in state through imperial Rome. He bounced around and gaped at the show.

Official Reception of Hitler: His eyes moved nervously over the crowd touching his very elbows as he went by with slow step, leading Queen Helene on his arm. She was a little bit taller than he and did not look any happier than Hitler. He was plainly ill at ease, and evidently felt like a fish out of water.... On Capitoline Hill that day I noticed did not notice any very hearty conversation between the royal house and Hitler, or maybe that was only because none could hold conversation with Hitler unless he or she talked German. They had interpreters present but Hitler stood around amid all this imperial splendor and folded and unfolded his arms. I had the impression that he just didn't know what to do with his hands....

...In Florence he changed horses again and eagerly tried to impress on us that in heart he is a born artist. He spent hours in this magnificent city of art, drinking in its soft beauty and gazing at the works of the immortal masters at the Uffizi. He talked to Mussolini and others by the hour of the genius and marvels of the Botticellis, the Titians, the Leonardos. He stood upon the heights of Fiesole, the ancient Etruscan town above Florence, and spread his arms toward heaven to eulogize the magnificence of the view at his feet.

"If I had my way, I'd go incognito to Florence for ten days," He remarked to several of us sometime later. "I'd put on a false beard, dark glasses and an old suit, and comb my hair a different way. Then I'd spend the ten days in those art galleries of Florence worshipping as an artist at the feet of the old masters."

He looked silliest on that night when he left for Germany by train from Rome. He came to the station straight from a farewell banquet, escorted by Emmanuel. I almost fell over, for on his head was a silk hat. It simply didn't go with him, and alongside of little Emmanuel he looked like a clown trying to be serious. The silk hat sat on his head as if he had carefully placed it on with both hands. He walked stiffly, and a glass of water could have stood on top of his lid without spilling a drop. He had pulled it down so hard, to make it stick on the ride to the station, that he had trouble getting it off when he said good-bye to Emmanuel on the platform. As the train moved he stood at the window of the railway coach wearing his silk hat and with his right arm outstretched in the Nazi salute.....

There has been much talk since the latter part of 1941 on the inside of the Nazi party that Hitler has decided to get married right

Pierre J. Huss: The Foe we face. 1942.

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after the war. It is known of course, in those same circles, but never talked about with strangers, that for nearly a dozen years now Hitler has had his clandestine love affair with Fraeulein Theresa von Thorn, one of the five daughters of an aristocratic Bavarian family. She is a petite brunette and likes to wear her hair in bangs. Her Family was one of the first among the aristocrats to go Nazi and soon drew Hitler's attention by their unstinted activity on his behalf. The Von Thorns soon were invited to Berchtesgaden and silent romance bloomed between the Nazi leader and one of the younger girls shortly after. Since then the Von Thorn family have been the most frequent visitors up on the mountain, and the girl is always there when Hitler is in residence. Even the war has not kept him from her, and the girl, more than the Alps, is the reason he rushes off to Berchtesgaden at every opportunity. She hardly ever goes to Berlin, but when she does, she lives at the Kaiserhof Hotel under an assumed name, carefully guarded from intruding eyes. The Fuehrer would never forgive or forget the talkative one who'd spill the secret of the girl he sleeps with and intends to marry after the war. That is, if he is still around after the war.

P. J. Huss: The Foe we face. pp. 1, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

P. J. Huss: The Foe we face. 1942.

"Did I ever show you my favorite trick?" Lutze said suddenly, after draining enough champagne to float a ship. He took his champagne glass and filled it to the brim, saying:

"It scares a lot of women out of their wits, and Hitler gets a good laugh out of it. He has me pull this one at state banquets or when things get boring and he wants to get rid of the old wives who hang around too long. It breaks the ice when there are too many stuffed shirts and their women sitting at the table and some of them faint. Look!"

Laughing and shouting, he reached up to his left eye and neatly removed the eyeball, dropping it into his champagne with a deft twist of the hand. Then he stirred the drink and gulped down the whole works, champagne with glass eye to boot. He opened his mouth to show that he had swallowed the glass eye, but a moment later he made as though to belch hard and out came the glass eye.

He wiped it indifferently amid his own shouted laughter and replaced it in the left eye socket. There was, I must say, scarcely anything to betray that false eye, unless the light happened to reflect too strongly in the glass.

"There you are, perfectly simple," he said with a sweeping gesture. "You should hear them shriek!"

"And what does Hitler do?"

"He laughs to himself and never lets on that he has seen me do it before. He is a better actor than some of our stage and film stars. It's a good way to get rid of some of those ancients."

P. J. Huss: The Foe we face pp. 51, 52.

We walked along to an inconspicuous little cabaret doing pretty good business in nudos and wisecracks next door to the big Metropole Theater. This place specialized in an interior of private booths looking out on the floor show....

....Two men sat alone there, nearly hidden by the semi-darkness. They had on light raincoats, with the collars drawn up to their ears. They both wore large horn-rimmed glasses. The booths on either side were also taken up by men in dark clothes, men with nondescript faces. They were carefully watching the crowd and especially anyone who walked near to the corner booth.....

....It was not the first time Hitler and Goebbels had come here before the war-the place closed a year later-but I never would have looked for them in the cabaret on that night of all nights.....

....The fact is he handed his memorandum over to Henderson at seven-fifteen that evening and his armies had orders to roll into Poland before dawn of September 1, regardless of the outcome of negotiations, for Hitler was convinced that at the worst the British and possibly the French would carry on a shadow war for a few weeks and then make a deal. So he played his cards with cool self-assurance. That night he celebrated war, not peace.

He probably liked that floor show, for he sat there in the dark booth with Goebbels for another half-hour before vanishing as discreetly as he had come.

P.J. Huss: The Foe we face, pp. 21, 22, 23.

P.J. Huss: The Foe we face 1941.

Hitler takes himself seriously and will flare up in a temperamental rage at the least impingement by act or attitude on the dignity and holiness of State and Fuehrer. I incurred his momentary displeasure some years ago when I offered him my pencil instead of a fountain pen to sign his name to a photo held out to him. He threw the pencil down without comment and reached for somebody's else proffered fountain pen. That's Hitler.

P.J. Huss: The Foe we face, p. 104.

P.J. Huss: The Foe we face 1942.

Slowly the Mercedes car with its six uniformed men moved toward the German officer standing at rigid attention in the main yard back of the dome. There was no other living soul in sight.

The first car was followed by three others...similar in appearance. They, too, were filled with square-jawed men from the Rhine...who jumped out before the first car stopped and rushed up to form a sort of half circle around the one up ahead.

Pierre J. Russ: The Face we face. 1942.

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A six-foot adjutant in the first car had sprung to the ground.... and yanked open the door opposite the driver. Adolf Hitler, wearing a white coat of dustproof gabardine, pushed his right leg slowly to the ground, a little stiff from the long drive into Paris and perhaps again bothered a bit by a twinge rheumatism, and stood up to stare at the sun-topped edifice above. He preferred to look up at things, like the stars, rather than down into the depths where men work and struggle below the surface..... Hitler, the mighty Fuehrer of the Third Reich and master of armies sweeping over Europe, had come to visit Napoleon.

To Hitler it was a pilgrimage, a dream come true, and a miraculous milestone in a passion which guided at least part of his life. He came here to look at the Napoleon he had followed over the battlefields of Europe step by step... he came here to look at the hallowed spot where rests the man whose political ideas for Europe gave Hitler a basic pattern to follow. And here..... lay the man by whose military mistakes Hitler swore to profit.

The German officer who greeted Hitler received a perfunctory salute.... he led the way up the.... steps to a nail-studded wooden door and pushed it open. Hitler stepped inside, walked quickly through the... ante chamber into the great rotunda under the dome, as if he knew his way in the dark..... His men.... were scarcely able to follow him..... Hitler stood at the marble balustrade and looked down into the pit at the sarcophagus inside of which Napoleon I sleeps.

He didn't salute; his cap with the golden swastika eagle stayed on his head; he just stood there with hands on the balustrade and mouth slightly open.... His men keenly aware of his mood and temper tiptoed... to the balustrade and also looked down, saying nothing and most of them far from impressed by what they saw below..... To them.... sworn to the daily task of guarding the Nazi Fuehrer with their very lives, this was just another tomb..... Their job at the moment was to keep from sneering, coughing, or breathing too hard..... They made sure the guns were easy to reach..... They never opened their mouths or talked to the Fuehrer, unless perchance he threw a word.... at the nearest one.... A command to bring him a glass of water or perhaps to call this or that adjutant.

I guess it was a full minute before the Fuehrer broke that strange silence which laid a cold hand on your heart there under the Dôme des Invalides that dying day in July..... We had been taken there a little bit earlier on our pledged word of silence on what we would see.... So forestalling a leak to the outside world about an incident... they were not anxious to have published at the time..... Hitler was to make his formal visit to Paris some days later, when the Nazi propaganda machine intended to go to work and make the most of it. On this day the Fuehrer had come in his own right and on a pilgrimage dear to his heart.

We stood opposite the tomb and waited, keenly watching... him. He was lost in thought, with that faraway expression again creeping over his face. He folded his arms and murmured something we could not hear; his lips moved, as if he were talking to himself, and once or twice he shook his head. Then he came out of the trance as suddenly as it had begun, and he leaned forward on the balustrade to stare more fixedly into the pit.

"Napoleon, mein lieber, they have made a bad mistake," the guttural voice of the Fuehrer said suddenly out of the void. It startled me, standing there across from a live war lord and above a dead emperor.... He had sounded a bit cynical and slightly amused.... turning to his Press Chief, Otto Dietrich, to tap him on the arm. But he was talking to all before him.

"Ja, it is a big mistake they have made," Hitler repeated and pointed into the pit. "They have put him down into a hole. People must look down

at a coffin far below them. Their eyes cannot come close and really grasp what they are looking for.

"They should look up at Napoleon, feeling small by the very size of the monument or sarcophagus above their heads. You do not impress people if you walk in a street and they are on top of a building. They must look at something above them; you must be the stage and the center of attraction above the level of all eyes. Then the mind reaches out and fastens itself upon the object or the person. It is all a matter of common psychology. The effect of Napoleon and his hold on the nation would have been much greater if people could come and actually touch the stone he sleeps in by reaching their arms up and perhaps by standing on tiptoe. This way, I must assume that the thousands who have come here before me look into their guidebook and go away without remembering more about it than about the next place. Their minds failed to grasp the greatness of Napoleon, and Napoleon down there in that pit failed to touch their hearts and effect his mission after death of keeping alive the spirit and tradition of a great epoch."

Hitler began to walk slowly around the balustrade, pausing once more at the glass door leading into the church with its tattered flags of Napoleon's wars in Europe, to look almost carelessly into the pit from the opposite side of where he had stood before. I could not help but feel that a sort of disdain had replaced the man's former intentness.

"I shall never make such a mistake," Hitler said suddenly. "I know how to keep my hold on people after I have passed on. I shall be the Fuehrer they look up at and go home to talk of and remember. My life shall not end in the mere form of death. It will, on the contrary, begin then."

Hitler left the Dôme des Invalides, as I later found out, determined to carry out among the first things after the war the great plan for his life after death. I knew that in years gone by he had gone on the assumption that death would find not find him a very old man; he used to work out blueprints for terrific construction projects in Germany by the pile, throwing millions of men into the jobs and billions of marks. He was in a hurry then, racing his monuments against the Reaper and always saying to people that the great things he would leave undone would never be finished by those coming after him. He was firmly convinced that the furious pace and the epochal age in which he lived and moved (he really is convinced he is the motivating force and the molder of that age) would terminate soon after his death; swinging the world by nature and inclination into a long span of digestive process marked by a sort of quiet inactivity. People in his "thousand-year Reich" would build monuments to him and go around to touch and look at the things he had built, he thought. He said as much on that glorified visit of his to Rome in 1938, adding that a thousand years hence the greatness and not the ruins of his own time must intrigue the people of those faraway days. For, believe it or not, that is how the mind of this man Hitler projects itself without a blush over the centuries.

Pierre J. Hüss: The Poe we face .1942.

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So it comes about that Hitler, if His Third Reich should outlast the war, might reach the point where he can prepare on this earth the material means of keeping his grip after death on the hearts and the minds of men. The plans for it are all made, and the blueprint lies in the vault of the Fuehrer House in Munich. In fact, the plans are a change of those from some years back, when they bored and drilled up through the throat of an alpine peak to build the solitary Eagle's Nest for Hitler high above the clouds of his mountain chalet in Berchtesgaden.

I was up there once, in this fantastic engineer's feat of stone, steel, and glass. The idea back of it was to have a mausoleum here for Hitler after death, shrouded in the clouds above, ever beyond the reach of the ordinary man but always there to look at from the valley far below.

They say it was built without Hitler's knowledge by a favorite architect who later died. It was intended as a great surprise to the Fuehrer from those of his close devotees and from that grotesque circle of Nazis clinging around him like blindfolded apostles. They believed and preached his divine inspiration and mission, convinced that his hold on the German people after death would grow to enormous proportions, drawing to him as Mohammed drew the pilgrimages to Mecca. So they built the Eagle's Nest atop the highest peak in Berchtesgaden and presented it to him in the initial form of a tea-house and secluded place to get away from the world for a few hours....

...I happened to know that he was pleased as a child when he first went up to that lair of the gods.

P. J. Hüss: The Poe we face. pp. 115, 116.

P. J. Hüss: The Poe we face .1942.

Perhaps I found out by chance on that day at Napoleon's tomb why Hitler has abandoned the idea of using the Eagle's Nest as his last resting place after death. The Fuehrer felt that up at the Eagle's Nest he was far removed from the personal touch essential to the success of his plan; up at the Eagle's Nest there could be no crowds coming in future pilgrimage from the far corners of the earth to stare at him in silent awe and perhaps touch the crypt before them. His plan needs constant emotion and a play on hysteric mass minds, and the more he can arrange these means and ways of achieving this after he dies, the more surely he is assured of his goal. At least that is how he looks at it, and that is the line he is working on.

People don't know it yet, or at least the secret remains that of a dozen foxes around him. It is this blueprint in the Fuehrer House in Munich, carefully drawn to meet every condition, that this man Hitler believes will fasten that mystic hold of his on the people within Germany after he dies. This blueprint, if ever it materializes, visualizes a great square in Munich on the spot where the city's present central railway station is located. All these tracks, all these rambling low buildings of the station, and scores of big hotels and buildings immediately facing it vanish from sight on that blueprint. From the huge square emerging here would unfold also an avenue of majestic proportions leading straight through the city to the historic street and square down which he and his brown-shirted Nazis walked in 1933, to

Meets a blast of machine-gunfire and therewith the end for another ten years of their beer-hall putsch. In that blue-print it is to be an avenue with an arch such as only the Caesars dreamed of. Hundred of houses which would have to be razed on either side never offered its draughtsman a moment's qualm of conscience. As Hitler designed it with that ever-busy pencil of his, a great squat and square mausoleum is to rise in the exact center of that Munich square, forming the basic mantle of a gigantic square column to rise some seven hundred feet into the air. On top of the column is to stand a great Nazi eagle holding the swastika in its claws. The spread of the wings, according to the specifications on that blue-print, from one tip to the other would measure two hundred and twenty-five feet. Columns and pillars, like the Roman temples of old would provide the chief architectural relief to the eye in the vast structure of the mausoleum. Inside, and thus actually inside the hollow column above, the sarcophagus of Fuehrer I of the Third Reich would stand on a high pedestal. It would be a masterly work of German stone and craftsmanship, simple in its exterior design but impressive to the eye. Here, amid the eagles and flags and wreaths of Nazidom, guarded day and night by steel-helmed men, who marched with him or the sons who come after them, Hitler could lie and keep his hold on the masses. As far as I know, he had not yet definitely decided whether it would serve his purpose best to follow the method of Lenin in Red Square in Moscow and give the pilgrims to the shrine a glimpse of himself through a glass aperture. There are many around him—he consults, or used to, with astrologers and psychologists alike on this point—who are inclined to believe that mystery and the unseen are more powerful than the opposite. One school of thought in the Reich, for example, is convinced that the actual sight of Lenin's body under its glass case in Moscow detracted from the mystic effort desired and secured largely a physical reaction. This school feels strongly, too, that with a glass aperture the crowd filing past naturally would stare only through the glass and fail to get into the spirit of its surroundings. In fact, they say, the average man or woman in his eager and excited state of mind at seeing Fuehrer Hitler through the glass would probably never notice or glance at anything else.

Be that as it may, an important role would naturally play—be played by the spectacular decoration surrounding the tomb. There is an ~~idea~~ idea for the moment of huge torches burning in an eternal flame of red fire, the smoke being drawn off through ~~special~~ special air filters but nevertheless offering just a touch of incense.

The soft blue light always filtering upon the tomb of old Emperor William I in Berlin's famous and effective that tourists from all over the world used to make a beeline for it—also has come into consideration. There would be a specially soundproof floor, carefully designed to deaden the footfalls of the passing crowd and thus to preserve the glorified silence.

Leading into and away from the shrine itself would be the doors into the various antechambers comprising in part the museums and exhibition rooms of the things held most sacred to Nazidom. There could be seen, in one section of the structure, all the uniforms and personal things used by the Fuehrer in life. The boots, the hats, the caps, the shoes. In a special glass case the iron cross he won World War I, and perhaps the Nazi-party button he originally put on as Party Member Number 7, back there in the roaring days of Munich of the Buergerbraeu-keller and street fights with Communists. Another case no doubt would show the Fuehrer's pen-and-ink sketches and the water colors drawn by him in the lean and hungry days before the World War I and later in the trenches, sold for a pittance until he came to power, when the price for each of them went sky high and the Nazis combed out all art shops and attics in the hope of taking up every last one of them. Those and the designs for his highways and Nazi edifices now standing around all over Germany as laid down in paper by him will all be in a glass case in

that exhibition room. The idea would be to let the visitor see for himself the Fuehrer as he was in private life and as the leader, always stressing the simplicity and the miracle of this man. It would be effective preparation on the mental side and indelibly stamp into the mind that here in the shrine next door lay more than just an ordinary mortal. It would be a privilege to the wandering pilgrim to come near him, even as it was in life-XXXX. All this and much more was contained in that locked-up blue-print in Munich, where Hitler always had felt more at home than in Berlin.

P. J. Huss: The Foe we face pp. 21, 220, 221, 222.

Pierre J. Huss: The Foe we face. 1942.

Hitler is afraid.

But he does not say so.

I saw him scarcely a month before he declared war on the United States, and talked to him at length. It was not until the interview had long proceeded past the stage of bombast and boasting that I was able to sense the fear that is nibbling upon his strange mystic soul, keeping him awake at night.

But as a shield to these innermost feelings he shouted:

"I will outlast your President Roosevelt; I will also outlast this crazy man Churchill; I can afford to wait and take the my time to win this war my own way."

Beneath that ~~these~~ close-clipped little mustache the pursed lips of this man Hitler parted for just the fraction of a second, reflecting a pin point of Russian sun in that upper gold tooth of his. His eyes of watery blue looked at me with a vacant expression, lost in thoughts far away from that spot known to the world as the Fuehrer headquarters. He stood there amid the parklike scene, hands folded behind his back and the great coat of rubberized field gray nearly touching his boots.

I stood on the beaten path of hard sand already slightly edged with snow and waited. The Fuehrer was doing the talking; I knew from previous experience that this was no time to interrupt him.

"I am Fuehrer of a Reich that will last for a thousand years to come," he said suddenly, as if coming out of a distant mental space. His hands sprang into gesticulation action and his gray suede glove slapped the empty palm of his ungloved hand.

"No power on earth can shake the German Reich now, Divine Providence has willed it that I carry through the fulfillment of a Germanic task."

Hitler stamped nervously with the polished right boot, a familiar habit of his and hard on the carpets.

We walked with a loose stride toward the little lake amid the pines and pine woods, scarcely aware of the birds still chirping in the wintry sun. It isn't always easy to walk with Hitler; it is an unwritten rule that you keep step no matter what the pace. Hitler is an erratic walker falling at one moment into a slow slope caused probably by the twinge of rheumatism periodically bothering his right leg; the next moment, on the urge of a sudden torrent of speech, he changes to a light and

almost dainty quickstep, turning slightly sidewise to talk with-- while slapping the palm of the left hand with his glove. Curiously enough, he never looks back over his shoulder.

I stopped along with him, keeping just a fraction of a pace behind. Some years before, when I had first met and interviewed the Nazi Fuehrer high up in his Bavarian alpine chalet in Berchtesgaden, I had learned from brief instructions preceding the interview to keep my hands in plain sight. Even here in the open woods it would be a faux pas to put your hands in your pocket in company of the Fuehrer. He might get nervous, and if not his lynx-eyed bodyguard and uniformed shadows would definitely dislike your attitude. Even his fieldmarshals and generals scarcely do otherwise, and by common consent they leave their service sidearms behind when around the Fuehrer.

He came to a path turn in the path leading back to Fuehrer headquarters. On the sun bench alongside the lake's edge a squirrel was busy gathering supplies for winter. Hitler slowed up and motioned to me to look. He reached into the pocket of his coat and brought forth a paper bag of hazelnuts. Quietly, and with a half-smile on his pinkish face, he walked forward toward the squirrel, holding some nuts in the open palm of his right hand. The bushy-tailed little fellow looked with bright eyes at the man and his nuts, and waited to be coaxed. Then, with a quick jump, it ran up his coat and climbed into his hand, calmly to gather the nuts in its paws and sit there chattering. The Fuehrer and master of nearly all of Europe was pleased as Punch. He chuckled and talked to the little animal, forgetful of the world around him and the thousands fighting and dying at his command far out there on the Russian steppes.

"Ja, if the world would only mind its own business like this little squirrel," he said suddenly and brushed bushy-tail aside. We resumed a slow walk, and the half-dozen S.S. guards and yes men always around him moved forward at appropriate distance behind us.

"It gathers in food to live and keeps itself busy in the business of getting it all its life. That was all I wanted to do before the madmen made me change my plans and fight for the existence of Germany. I had plans and work for my people for fifty years to come, and didn't need a war to stay in office like the Daladiers and Chamberlains. And, for that matter, Herr Roosevelt of America."

My ears picked up a slight edge of annoyance in the voice of the Fuehrer when he mentioned Roosevelt. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye and saw his brow pucker beneath the visored cap with just a slight frown. Instinctively I felt that we had touched a sore spot, easy to guess and easy to irritate into a mental outburst. He was inwardly bitter and vindictive against the man he obviously considered his greatest political and personal foe, a man at the head of a state more powerful and more resourceful in a different way than his own, and therefore to him a direct menace and danger. I felt intuitively that just for that second and icy chill had crept between us. It struck me suddenly, with unmistakable clarity, that I had stumbled on a secret locked within the Fuehrer's breast, a secret he would never let out and which he may never admit having.

Pierre J. Russ: The Foe we face. 1942.

13.

"Ja, Herr Roosevelt-and his Jews!"

The now-scowling Hitler added this as an afterthought. He seemed to be talking to himself, forgetful of the American at his side, and brooding over the man he hated.

A cold rain mixed with a bit of sleet had begun despite the patches of sunlight peering out of fast driving clouds. We reached the glass door leading into the central house of Fuehrer headquarters that looked not unlike a comfortable hunting lodge. Inside the small hall with its mounted deer heads, flunkies with booted black pants and white coats without ornament took our things and deferentially stepped aside. So did everybody else around that house, giving you the uncomfortable feeling that none but the Fuehrer should be heard or seen, lest perhaps a blitz of unrestrained temper and authority hit the man nearest the volcano. That has happened time and again, coming and going with the destructive and startling force of a whirlwind.

Hitler walked into the plainly furnished reception room with its little round table surrounded by easy chairs and a sofa. The whole was the familiar reproduction of miniature of Hitler's personal style in reception rooms and chancelleries at Munich and Berlin and Berchtesgaden, all slightly on the stiff side with a restrained reach for the dignified.

A fire of split logs blazed cheerily on the hearth. A shepherd dog with a swastika collar strolled lazily up to Hitler and nuzzled his hand. He stroked the head, motioning me to sit down opposite. Other like his unimaginative Press Chief Otto Dietrich and Chief Interpreter Schmidt also came around to sit there and listen in silent obedience.

By no stretch of the imagination could one call a party like this a gay or inspiring occasion. A taste of the formidable, mixed with suspense and the uneasy feeling of something unreal, pervaded the room. It seemed very warm around there suddenly, and on the back of my neck I felt the slight moisture of perspiration. Yet I do not perspire easily.

The Fuehrer looked at a message held before him on a tablet by one of his military adjutants. Without glancing at the man who had brought the message, he scribbled on the pad and pushed it away. He sat forward again and held his hands between his knees.

There was a moment of hesitation as his eyes came to rest straight upon me, striving, no doubt for a split second to identify again this mortal before him.

"I know how to wait," the nervous mouth said suddenly with a quick draw of breath. "Ja, and I can wait. I waited three years for Austria, and at the end of that time, despite all the mischief and opposition against me by paid political criminals and elements in and outside of Europe, I got back Austria without fighting firing a shot.

He began rubbing his knees in growing agitation.

The right foot dug into the carpet again, this time almost viciously.

Hitler talked on, scarcely pausing for breath. Inside his peculiar mind he was then and there already at grips with Roosevelt, mentally grasping for the throat of his deadly foe and tearing him to bits in an inborn rage over wrongs and grievances he believes he has suffered at the hands of the man with the smile in Washington.

I sat there listening to his tirade of bitterness rooted in fear; he gave the impression of a man who had had a victory in his grasp only

Pierre J. Huss: The Foo we face. 1942.

14.

to have it torn out of his hands again by the elusive foo who haunted his dreams.

P.J. Huss: The Foo we face .1942. pp. 285.286.287.288.289.290.

Lewis Wyndham: The Hitler Cult. 1939.

1.

"Therefore he (Hitler) will perform the great final deed" (it was Rudolf Hess speaking) "instead of drinking his power to the dregs, he will lay down and stand aside." In "this last sentence is the whole of Hitler," his historian affirms, "with his uncomprehended and unfilled longing for a carefree private life."

If this is true (and it has a sentimental smell to me) it accounts for Hitler calling himself a "sleep-walker," and feeling like one.

Lewis Wyndham: The Hitler Cult. 1939. pp. 80. 81.

Herr Hitler is an excellent clown, it appears. I mean, he has a "sense of humour." That is really a little compromising.

A story is told how a rather humourless man, Sir Eric Phipps, was sent as ambassador to Berlin, because it was thought by His Majesty's Government, seeing how little appreciation the Germans have of fun, this would be a tactful choice. In fact what happened—it is credibly reported—was this. No sooner had our ambassador left the room after presenting his credentials, than Herr Hitler, who is a superb mimic, began impersonating his late visitor, to such effect that his entourage were convulsed with mirth. Afterwards, it was as much as they could do, in the presence of the dignified, eye-glassed, British minister, to "keep a straight face."

Lewis Wyndham: The Hitler Cult, 1939. p. 11

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Nearly all biographers of Hitler have made the mistake of trying to connect Hitler with the spiritual History of his times and explain him in terms of it.

Haffner, Sebastian: Jekyll and Hyde. p. 11.

.. Hitler then is not popular. He is God or Satan. A human attachment to his person or even to the legend of his person does not exist. There are no good-natured witticisms about him, no human anecdotes. There is no war personal love and devotion inspired in his followers to weigh against the immense unsleeping disgust and loathing felt by his enemies. For the former, his image floats on a dizzily high pedestal of power and success, among the clouds. (Some intellectual Nazis actually play with the idea of deifying Hitler after his death and preparations to this end are already being made.) He is nowhere loved as a man is loved. If the pillar of power and success crumbles under him nothing will prevent his disillusioned worshippers from quartering and roasting him as all primitive people do with their fallen idols. Certainly a close scrutiny of his person will not help to prevent this fate.

But all this is not particularly important, because Hitler's power over the German people rests on quite other foundations than popularity.

Haffner, Sebastian: Jekyll and Hyde. pp. 31. 32

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Louis P. Lochner: What about Germany, 1942.

Contents of Speech to the Supreme Commanders and Commanding Generals, Obersalzberg, August 22, 1939.:

"In the last analysis, there are only three great statesmen in the world, Stalin, I, and Mussolini. Mussolini is the weakest, for he has been unable to break the power of either the crown or the church. Stalin and I are the only ones, who envisage the future and nothing but the future. Accordingly I shall, in a few weeks, stretch out my hand to Stalin at the common German-Russian frontier, and undertake the redistribution of the world with him.

"Our strength consists in our speed and in our brutality. Germans have led millions of women and children to slaughter with premeditation and a happy heart. History sees in him solely the founder of a state. It's a matter of indifference to me what a weak western European civilization will say about me.

"I have issued the command-and I'll have anybody who utters but one word of criticism executed by a firing squad-that our war aim does not consist in reaching certain lines, but in the physical destruction of the enemy. Accordingly I have placed my death-head formations (meaning the special SS military formations) in readiness-for the present only in the East-with orders to them to send to death mercilessly and without compassion, men, women, and children of Polish derivation and language. Only thus shall we gain the living space (Lebensraum) which we need. Who, after all, speaks today of the annihilation of the Armenians?

L. P. Lochner: What about Germany, no. 1.2.

"The opportunity is favorable as never before. My only apprehension is that Chamberlain or some other such dirty cuss (Saukerl) may come at the last moment with proposals and appeasements. I'll throw such a fellow down the stairs, even if I have to kick him in the belly before all photographers.

"No, it's too late for that. (evidently meaning compromise) The attack upon and the annihilation of Poland begins early on Saturday. I'll let a couple of companies, dressed in Polish uniforms, make an assault in Upper Silesia or in the Protectorate. It's a matter of utter indifference to me whether or not the world believes me. The world believed in success alone.

"For you, gentlemen, glory and honor are in the offing, such as have not beckoned for centuries. Be tough! Be without compassion! Act more quickly and more brutally than the others! The citizens of western Europe must shudder in horror. That's the most humane method of conducting war, for that scares them off.

L. P. Lochner: What about Germany, no. 3.4.

Louis P. Lochner: What about Germany 1942.

2.

Hitler and Victor Emmanuel: Those of us who went to Italy in May, 1938, to report Adolf Hitler's official visit saw that the Italian monarch and the Teutonic dictator instinctively disliked each other.

There was a beautiful scene in the Teatro San Carlo of Naples during the performance of an opera in honor of the German chief of state. The scene of the first act, before any word had been said, audience in hand, the customary applause, all eyes turned in the direction of the royal box where Der Kaiser sat beside his Italian Majesty. An act of politeness to their distinguished guest, added to give him an opportunity to start the applause.

All at once, Hitler turned to the king for his cue. The monarch, with a disdainful sneer, pretended not to notice his guest's discomfort. I have witnessed many an official visit of one chief of state to another. It is rarely the host would, in a friendly unobtrusive way, guide his guest in matters of local etiquette. But Victor Emmanuel made no effort to help out Germany's Führer. Another well-placed glance at the King, and Hitler started first and last without as much as clapping his hand or giving the Nazi salute.

L.P. Lochner: What about Germany 1942, p. 111.

L.P. Lochner: What about Germany 1942.

Sleep, dictation of speeches: Many nervous, high-strung people, Hitler does not go to bed until the early morning hours. Earlier of his favorite entourage, with whom I have spoken, say he generally writes his speeches long after midnight. He walks up and down in his vast study, dictating torrents of words which his secretaries have difficulty in taking down. Often, they say, he seems to be in a trance. It is the masser he sees and to whom he is speaking.

I tried to get at the truth of this matter in one of my interviews. "We are all aware," I said, "that you owe a great deal part of your success to your ability to win over the masses of the people by your personal appeal in extemporaneous speeches. Now that you are head of the government, you must write out most of your pronouncements since they are state papers. Doesn't it cramp your style?"

"Not at all," was Herr Hitler's unhesitating reply. "When I compose a speech, I visualize the people. I can see them just as though they were standing before me. I sense now they will react to this or that statement, to this or that formulation (Formulierung). I naturally prefer off-hand speaking, because then you can adapt every phrase and every gesture to your particular audience, but I don't feel hampered by set addresses."

L.P. Lochner: What about Germany, pp. 111, 112.

Louis P. Lochner: What about Germany 1942.

3.

Keensharp of speech: he keeps reshaping, editing, augmenting his oratorical efforts until the last moment. Thus he is the despair of the newspapermen, who must rely upon their ears to get a prompt transcript of what the modern "German Napoleon" says. For even as he speaks, he sometimes nudges his press chief, Frattio Dietrich, who usually sits next to him, to indicate that he is a little change. Hours must then elapse before the official version of the address is made available to the press.

L.P. Lochner: What about Germany. p. 113.

Responsible of speech: He started from the chief's secretary's room. "I'm a long face," he said, "but Herr Fuehrer said he intended to change all a manuscript in a few places while speaking. So he left word that no copy may be released now." p. 114.

IN WADEN, GERMANY:

Looking back on my relations with Hitler over a period of years, I see that most of them were on air of pageantry. I recall, for instance, watching this valise procession and it struck me as nothing sort of grotesque. Adolf Hitler was leaving with Goering to go from the so-called "old Chancellory" to his new study in the grand "new Chancellory", designed by himself, with a display of pomp that was a full epitome of the procedure of the Nazi Third Reich. It was all in the same building and under the same roof, but the Fuehrer did not merely stroll from one wing to another.

This was the order of the march: First a top sergeant with steel helmet; then two privates with rifles cocked and bayonets ready for action; and, finally, the great dictator himself, mustered, unsmiling, with knitted brows, looking neither right or left; and at a respectful distance behind him, rotund, bearded, Herman Goering, slightly out of breath because of the pace at which the miniature parade was proceeding.

L.P. Lochner: What about Germany. p. 114.

Louis P. Johnson: That About War Any, 1942

PALM SPRINGS, CALIF., Dec. 14, 1942.

September 1, 1939, when the beginning of World War II was announced. Adolf Hitler and his immediate entourage - Goebbels, Hess, Himmler, Bruening and Schaub - had blossomed out in new, manly, well-fitting, excellently tailored uniforms of field gray. The uniforms were not military, although Hitler gave the impression in his hour as, by saying that he had adopted "the field gray uniform" which he would not exchange for the brown party suit until victory was achieved. In talking with the rank and file of Germans later on, I learned that ~~ave~~ everybody assumed he had put on a soldier's uniform. But he had merely ordered new Nazi party uniforms in army gray instead of regulation brown. Even in that detail Adolf Hitler had prepared for his war!

L. P. Johnson: That About Germany, p. 113

ART.

There is another phase of Hitler's character which is less known in America. That is his penchant for art. Get him started on art and he forgets government crises, party worries, and international complications.

... Welcoming us in the Great Hall of the Nuernberg castle, Herr Fuhrer chose for his theme his hobby, art. He spoke feelingly of the superb architecture of medieval Nuernberg, and then broke into a paean of praise for Italy's priceless art galleries, some of which he had been able to see hurriedly during his visit in early May.

"The greatest wish I have," he said, "is that I might go incognito to Florence and, at leisure, study the unparalleled masterpieces of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries. But unfortunately that cannot be done. Suppose I were to wear a false beard. In some accidental way this fact might be revealed, and of course all Europe would say I came to Italy with some deep-laid, sinister plot. And if I were to go as I am, too many people, having seen pictures of me, would recognize me and I couldn't wander through the galleries all by myself."

Of the various arts, architecture is closest to his heart. Albert Heilmann, a Munich architect who fought shoulder to shoulder with Hitler in the trenches of the world war, told me the interesting tale of how Hitler answered the questionnaire when signing up for the army. Opposite the words, "State your profession", he wrote, "I wanted to be an architect".

I WAS not surprised, therefore, when I found on being invited to inspect the completed huge "New Chancellery", that several halls in the upper story had been set aside for architectural models of stadiums, city hall, administration buildings and even whole municipal layouts. Here, in normal

Louis P. Lochner: What about Germany, 1942

times, Der Fuehrer spends many hours designing so-called Prachtbauten, literally, structures of splendor, or buildings calculated to bear testimony to Nazi Germany's greatness.

Nazis adoringly rate Hitler as the greatest architect of all times. True, some building, taken by itself, is more or less impressive. But in the aggregate there is sameness which becomes provokingly dull. The pattern always seems to be the same: four-square columns for the facade or portico, behind which come severe walls with windows so small one thinks constantly of army barracks. Architects who fail to follow this general pattern haven't much chance of obtaining contracts in Nazi Germany.

Hitler, the man without any personal wants, the man of the inexpensive tastes, has a passion for collecting paintings. Karl Haberstock, one of the best-known Berlin art dealers, once told me, "When Adolf Fuehrer has taken it into his head that he wants a part in picture for his private collection, the sky's the limit."

Haberstock's present to Hitler on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday was an illustrated catalog of all the paintings owned by Der Fuehrer. It was an elegant, thick volume, but Haberstock so feared displeasing his Fuehrer with unapproved publicity, that he declined to let me examine it, even cursorily.

"Mein Fuehrer is a thing," he often says when he turns to art," Haberstock said to me on one occasion. "I was visiting up on the Berghof near Berchtesgaden a few days ago and chatting with him about art, when he brought in some papers which, he indicated, the eyes of our nation must examine immediately."

"Adolf Hitler looked at the documents. Then his face, which had been placid and relaxed only a few moments before, became clouded by a dark scowl. It was a lightning change from sunshine to thunderstorm. It took me quite a while to bring him back into happy mood. But when we got fairly started on pictures again, his frown disappeared, and he even rubbed his hands in glee. 'What would I be if I didn't have art to turn to for relaxation?' he said, once more affable and carefree."

MUSIC

Music too rates high with Hitler. But it is not the pure music of Bach and the classical strains of Mozart and Beethoven which awaken his response. It is the romantic, mystical music of Richard Wagner.

.... Wagner is Hitler's great musical saint. I remember on March 13, 1933, Hitler wore a top hat, a cutaway and striped trousers on honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Wagner's death. The national ceremony was held at Leipzig, and I was surprised to see the new Chancellor, who almost always wore the party uniform, appear in such attire. Apparently his reverence for Wagner was so great he even donned formal dress to do honor to his memory.

Of all the operas, Die Meistersinger is Hitler's favorite.

Louis P. Lochner: "That about Germany. 1942"

One can hardly imagine a ceremony at which Der Fuehrer appears without hearing the orchestra play the overture to Die Meistersinger. It is claimed that Hitler has seen more than two hundred performances of it.

This love for the Meister singer is a self-revelation which is not without piquancy. It is in keeping with Hitler's aspiration to be the prophet of a new Weltanschauung, to think of himself as the Walter Stolzing who rebels against the -to his-stony backsmen of his time, the Churchills, the Dalouys, the Haskens, even the "capitalistic" Roosevelts of his day.

L.P. Lochner: That about Germany. p.p.116,117,118,119.

THEATER COMPLEX.

Hitler's theater complex even played a part in the funeral rites for Hindenburg. As the Fuehrer rose in the vast square of the Tannenberg Monument, in one tower of which the mortal remains of the old Fieldmarshal were to be laid to rest, he discovered that his attendant had laid before him the wrong speech. Radio listeners tuning in all over Europe could not understand the sudden pause in the ceremony.

Hitler quickly pulled himself together, and extemporized one of the briefest addresses I have ever heard him deliver. To the amazement of everybody -as Hindenburg had been an orthodox fundamentalist Lutheran all his life- he ended with the words: "And now, enter thou upon Valhalla!"

L.P. Lochner: That about Germany. p. 120

THEATRE PEOPLE.

Perhaps because of his own innate flair for showmanship, Hitler has always enjoyed and sought the society of the theatrical people.

L.P. Lochner: That about Germany. p.120

THEATRE PEOPLE.

In a few moments it was filled with his personal guests. There wasn't a diplomat among them; not a Captain of industry, nor a savant, nor a representative of the press. Only men and women from the theatrical world were seated about the Teuton autocrat - Emil Jannings, Loretta Wieck and Lil Dagover of the screen; Hans Brausewetter of the stage; Victoria Ursuleac of the opera; Clemens Krauss, orchestra and opera conductor; and others whose names I do not recall.

They formed a jolly, hilarious group. I have never seen Hitler so carefree. He laughed, told stories, slapped his thigh. He seemed more at home with the theatrical people than with anyone else. He appeared to enjoy having them tell him

Louis P. Lochner: What about Germany. 1942

jokes and stories. As a rule, Hitler monopolizes the conversation. In fact, when H.V. Kaltenborn of the National Broadcasting System and I visited him six months before he became chancellor, we were able to obtain answers to the questions we had agreed on only by alternately interrupting his flow of words rather rudely. We know from other interviews that an appointment was usually up before he had finished replying to the first question. Hence our tactics!

L.P.L. Lochner: What about Germany. p.121

HYPOCRISY

"She shook her head. "I looked for that hypnotic gaze so many women rave about, but he didn't impress me. Did you notice, though, the usually fine quality of his uniform. And yet they say he is such a simple man!"

L.P.L. Lochner: What about Germany. p.p.121,122.

SPEECH OF HITLER, 1941

a) The last time I saw Adolf Hitler face to face was on the annual German Memorial Day, in March 1941. He seemed like a different man as we stood in the court of the Berlin war museum, among captured tanks and anti-aircraft guns and trench mortars to listen to his speech.

His face was drawn and haggard, his skin was ashy gray, his eyes devoid of their usual luster. Care and worry were stamped on him.

But that was not the most striking thing. What amazed me was the matter of fact, uninterested, detached way in which he rattled off the usual platitudes appropriate on such an occasion. The personal note was lacking. He made no effort to convince or to arouse the millions who were listening in to their leader's words on a nation-wide radio hook-up. He read his brief manuscript as though it bored him.

b) Was he already living in a world of his own, detached from the masses on whose backs he had climbed to power, seeing visions and hearing voices? I have wondered ever since watching that strange performance. Perhaps time will tell me.

L.P.L. Lochner: What about Germany. p.122

Pariser Tages-Zeitung No.1114. 29.9.39

In ernster Zeit dürfe auch der Humor nicht zu kurz kommen, - so etwa, erinnere ich mich, schrieben die Zeitungen im letzten Krieg.

Damit das noch einmal wahrwerde, taucht die Frage des Hitlerschen Eisernen Kreuzes wieder auf.

Damit ist nicht das Eiserne Kreuz gemeint, das er verleihlt. Ich hörte am deutschen Rundfunk den gefühlvollen Bericht eines Reporters, der die ersten vierzigtausend Eisernen Kreuze besichtigt hat, Jahrgang 1939, die an die Ostfront geschickt wurden. Sie sind in hervorragender "Werkarbeit" ausgeführt und werden, das ist neu, am schwarzweisseroten Bande getragen. Vierzigtausend, übrigens, ist nicht wenig für den kurzen Feldzug. Die Inflation beginnt auch auf diesem Gebiet früher als damals.

Hitlers Recht, Eisernen Kreuze zu verleihen, wird zur Zeit von niemandem bestritten werden. Aber wie steht es mit seinem Recht, es zu tragen? Wobei natürlich das Kreuz Erster Klasse gemeint ist. Niemand wird bezweifeln, dass eine Regimentsordonnanz das Kreuz Zweiter bekommen hat. Das war bei Köchen, Burschen und Ordonnanzen selbstverständlich, wenn sie lange genug auf ihren schönen Posten ausharrten. Aber wie steht es mit dem Ersten? Ein Mann in Kanada hat das interessante Problem wieder aufs Tapet gebracht. Der Mann heisst Paul Gürtler, wohnt in Coulee, Alberta, öffnete die Tür zu einer Werbestelle und sagte: "Ich habe im selben Regiment gedient wie Hitler. Er war Gefreiter, und ich war Sergeant. Diesmal möchte ich lieber gegen ihn fechten."

Als es sich herumgesprochen hatte, was für einen Zuwachs die britische Armee erhalten hatte, kamen Journalisten, die den Mann über seinen berühmten Regimentskameraden befragten. Denen hat er geantwortet: "Alles, was ich über ihn sagen kann, ist, dass er ein ganz gewöhnlicher Mensch ist und noch ein viel gewöhnlicherer Soldat. Hätte er sich als Soldat irgendwie hervorgetan, so würde ich es sagen. Aber weder damals noch jetzt könnte ich seine Befähigung als Gefreiter besonders empfehlen". Und der Sergeant a.D. zog daraus die Schlussfolgerung: Hitler hat nicht eine Ahnung von einer Chance, den Krieg zu gewinnen." Soweit Gürtlers taktisches und strategisches Urteil. Er sagte aber noch etwas, was uns besonders interessiert, nämlich: "Es ist ein Rätsel für mich, wie für Millionen andere, wie er das Eiserne Kreuz gewonnen haben soll, das er jetzt auf der Brust trägt".

Somit wäre die Debatte wieder eröffnet.

Ich habe seinerzeit in meinem Buch über Hitler verschiedene Versionen darüber, wie er die Auszeichnung verdiente, und über die Verleihung wiedergegeben, alle aus nazi-offiziöser Quelle, die meisten veröffentlicht, als schon

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das Dritte Reich über Deutschland hereingebrochen war. Jede differierte von der anderen. Woraus ich den Schluss gezogen habe, dass der Gefreite höchstwahrscheinlich nie diese hohe Dekoration erhalten, sondern sie sich später zum Zweck erhöhter Wirkung auf seine Parteigenossen selber zugelegt hat.

Konrad Heiden hat in seiner Hitler-Biographie mitgeteilt, dass die Geschichte des 16. Bayrischen Reserve-Infanterieregiments, dem Hitler angehört hat, nichts von der Verleihung zu melden weiss, und das, obwohl die geschrieben ist, als der Gefreite schon ein grosser Politiker war, und obwohl sie ihn deshalb nachdrücklich und ausführlich beschreibt.

Das scheint mir ein besonders starkes Indiz für die unberechtigte Anmassung.

Nun aber ist neuerdings noch ein neues Beweismittel hinzugekommen. Zum 25jährigen Jubiläum von Hitlers Eintritt ins Heer, in der Nummer vom 10. August 1939, hat die "Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung" einige Erinnerungszeichen an jenes folgenreiche Ereignis abgedruckt, unter anderen auch, faksimiliert, die Seite aus Hitlers Militärpass auf der die ihm verliehenen Auszeichnungen vermerkt sind. Das ist nicht das erste Mal, dass so ein Faksimile in der deutschen Presse erscheint. Der "Völkische Beobachter" vom 14. August 1934 hat schon eines gebracht, und damals war der Verleihungstag der 4. Oktober 1918. Diesmal, in der "Berliner Illustrierten", ist es der 4. August. Aber das nur nebenbei, an solche Unstimmigkeiten ist die Hitler-Philologie schon gewöhnt. Etwas an der neuen Publikation ist aber bemerkenswert. Es sind dort nämlich an Ehrenzeichen aufgezählt das Militärverdienstkreuz 3. Klasse, (eine bayrische Spezialität) dann ein "Regiments-Diplom für hervorragende Tapferkeit", offenbar eine Spezialität des Regiments "List", und dann kommt das umstrittene Eiserne Kreuz I. Klasse.

Das aber kann und kann nicht stimmen. Es wurde nämlich nie das Kreuz erster Klasse verliehen, wenn dem nicht die Verleihung des Kreuzes zweiter Klasse vorausgegangen war. Das war die Vorschrift, und es gab keine Ausnahme. Als sich ganz im Anfang des Kriegs Generäle ausserordentlich auszeichneten, wurden ihnen beide Kreuze zugleich verliehen, d.h. "das Eiserne Kreuz Zweiter und Erster Klasse", wörtlich in dieser Reihenfolge, damit der Vorschrift genüge getan war.

Der Auszug aus dem Militärpass Hitlers, faksimiliert in einer Zeitung des Dritten Reichs, kann also nicht stimmen. Er ist Schwindel, und zwar - darauf kommt es an, - offenkundiger Schwindel. Offenkundig vielleicht nicht für die junge Generation, aber für jeden deutschen Soldaten des Grossen Krieges.

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Das stimmt mich sehr bedenklich. Wie ist es möglich, dass im Dritten Reich, in einer Sache, die den Führer betrifft, ein Schwindel publiziert wird in einer Weise, die den Führer bloßstellen muss? Es ist so, nicht anders, als ob dort in der "Berliner Illustrierten Zeitung" geschrieben worden wäre: "Das E.K.I., das er trägt, hat er nicht bekommen, der Hitler". Manchmal fällt einem das auf: der Führer ist nicht immer gut bedient, seine Knechte schaden ihm, statt ihm zu nützen.

Es wäre vielleicht zuviel gesagt: er kann einem leid tun. Aber jedenfalls sagt man sich: kann das gut ausgehen? Wenn ihm solches geschieht, solange er noch im Glanz schwebt, -was wird passieren, wenn er einmal sonstwie in ernstliche Verlegenheit kommt? Und das ist doch offenbar nicht ausgeschlossen.

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Pariser-Tages-Zeitung No.1212, 23.1.1940

VOM WAHN BESESSEN. - Eine psychopathologische Studie über den Diktator des Dritten Reiches.

Von Dr. A. Tanágras.

Präsident der hellenischen Gesellschaft für psychologische Forschung.

Der nachstehende Aufsatz eines griechischen Psychiaters den wir dem "Journal" entnehmen, scheint uns schon deswegen Beachtung zu verdienen, weil er kennzeichnend ist für die Auffassung, die man in unbeteiligten wissenschaftlichen Kreisen von der seelischen Konstruktion des Nazidiktators hat:

Obwohl Hitler kaum 50 Jahre alt ist und nach der Gründung des Dritten Reiches auf dem Gipfel seiner Laufbahn steht, glaubt er sein Ende nahe. Er gibt sich noch sechs Monate, ein Jahr, höchstens zwei Jahre. Der ehemalige französische Botschafter in Berlin, Francois-Poncet, erzählt, dass er seinen Vertrauten oft erklärt: "Meine Zeit ist nur kurz, ich weiss, dass ich nicht alt werde". Dabei glaubt er mit unerschütterlichem Fanatismus an seine Mission, an seine Bestimmung, an die ihn leitenden mysteriösen Kräfte. Das hindert ihn jedoch nicht, zu argwöhnen, diese geheimnistollen Kräfte könnten vorübergehend abgelenkt sein. Das ist auch der Grund, weshalb er, der früher so oft ins Flugzeug stieg, jetzt nicht mehr den Boden verlässt.

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Im ganzen jedoch hält er sich für einen von der Vorsehung bestimmten Menschen. "Ich bringe die Befehle nach aussen, die die Vorsehung mir erteilt hat. Ich bewege mich mit der Sicherheit und Genauigkeit eines Schlafwandlers", so hat er eines Tages zu dem amerikanischen Journalisten Karl von Wiegand gesagt, dem wir das folgende Portrait des Diktators verdanken.

Als ich 1921/22 Hitler in München kennen lernte, gehörte er zu einem Kreise, der fest an Prophezeiungen glaubte. Damals schon sagte man die Heraufkunft eines neuen Reiches und eines neuen Karls des Grossen voraus. Als ich in Hitlers Nähe war, hatte ich das unerklärliche Empfinden, dass er den Befehlen irgendeiner geheimnisvollen Macht folge. Er gestand mir, dass ihm Ende 1918 als er, infolge eines Gasangriffes erblindet, im Paserwaller Lazarett lag, diese Enthüllung zuteil wurde: "Als ich im Bett lag", so erzählte er mir, "kam mir der Gedanke, dass ich Deutschland befreien würde, dass ich es gross machen würde, und ich habe sofort gewusst, dass das verwirklicht werden würde."

Hitler verbringt in gedanklicher Anspannung und in hinströmenden Träumen Stunden in seinem neuen Adlerhorst, wo der Diktator 6000 Fuss über dem Meer in vollster Einsamkeit Inspiration sucht und von seinen grossen Projekten träumt. Unter den wenigen Personen, die eingeladen wurden, ihn in diesem Wolkenschloss zu besuchen, figurieren auch Fachleute, die beauftragt sind, die spätere Umwandlung des Bauwerkes in ein Mausoleum zu studieren....

Hitler vergisst nie, Hitler vergibt nie. Seiner geistigen, gefühlsmässigen, seelischen Anspannung gönnt er keine Ablenkung. Er treibt keinen Sport, nicht einmal den des Wanderns. So ist seine Beileibtheit seine ständige Sorge und er versucht, sie zu bekämpfen, dass er kaum isst. Auf einem Bankett des Nürnberger Parteitages sagte er, Nüsse knabbernd: "Ich leide Hungerqualen, aber ich darf nicht fett werden, ich würde dann nicht arbeiten können, wie ich es will". Als er mit seiner Armee in die Sudeten einzog, hatte er nichts als eine Handvoll Nüsse in der Tasche.

Er trinkt Milch mit Kakao, mit Pfefferminz aromatisierten Tee, ein in München eigens für ihn gebrautes Leichtbier von ein Prozent Alkohol. Er geht manchmal um 11 Uhr, manchmal um Mitternacht, manchmal um 4 Uhr früh schlafen. So lange er wach ist, muss das ganze Personal mit ihm wach sein.

Frauen spielen keinerlei Rolle in seinem Leben. Man hat darüber viel gesagt und geschrieben, aber die

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Wahrheit ist, dass er nicht nur sexuell völlig indifferent zu sein scheint, sondern dass er eine tiefe Verachtung empfindet für die Schwäche der Männer hinsichtlich des schönen Geschlechts, dass sie, so sagt er, zu Dummköpfen macht. "Die Geschichte wird mir nicht verzeihen", so sagt er weiter; wenn ich bei der Verwirklichung eines grossen Zieles scheitere, indem ich einem kleineren Ziel nachlaufe.

Indessen ist er gern in der Gesellschaft hübscher Frauen. Wenn er gut gelaunt ist, so amüsiert er sich damit, die Personen seiner Umgebung nachzuahmen, wie Goebbels und Goering.

Hitler ist ein Mystiker mit starken medialen Eigenschaften, besonders während seiner Einsamkeitsperioden im Gebirge. Er wird dann hellsehtig und hat Visionen. Spiritist ist er nicht, obwohl man es annehmen sollte. Er spricht nicht mit Geistern. Er hält mit sich selbst Zwiegespräche, und in diesen Augenblicken kommen ihm die Inspirationen.

Nach dem Porträt, das der amerikanische Journalist von Hitler entwirft, können wir den Naziführer in die Reihe derjenigen Personen einreihen, deren Organismus unter dem Einfluss fixer Ideen wie Hass, Abscheu, Ehrgeiz, Halluzinationen haben kann.

Man weiss, dass die Egozentrik der Halluzinationen nicht genügt, den Erfolg zu sichern. Der Betreffende muss gleichzeitig auch gewisse besondere Eigenschaften besitzen, kraft deren er anderen sein Uebergewicht aufzwingen kann.

Bei solchen medialen Wesen fehlen im allgemeinen die Gefühle, die unseren Moralbegriffen zu Grunde liegen, wie Ehre, Mitleid, Dankbarkeit, völlig oder sind jedenfalls nur im Rudimentärzustand vorhanden. Fast immer sind diese Wesen beherrscht vom Nützlichkeitsstreben, das bei ihnen jedes soziale und menschliche Gefühl ertötet. Meist sind sie nur auf sich selbst eingestellt, voll Abschliessung und Träumerei, entweder hypersexuell wie Mohammed und Julius Cäsar, oder hyposexuell wie Christus oder Alexander der Grosse. Mitunter mangelt es ihnen völlig an Geschlecht ampfinden oder sie verabscheuen sogar die Frauen. Der Bruch des psychophysischen Gleichgewichts ist, wie wir heute wissen, eine der Hauptursachen dieser psychischen Radioaktivität, die diese genialen Inspirationen mit sich bringt, die an Wahnsinn grenzen. Der deutsche Diktator ist den Hellsehern zuzurechnen, bei denen sich die fixe Idee in unerschütterlichen Glauben umbildet. Bei ihm kann der Glaube, indem er den Stoff unterjocht und verborgene Kräfte des Unterbewussten an die Aussenwelt treten lässt, Erfolge hervorbringen, die den gewöhnlichen Sterblichen unzugänglich sind. Aber indem dieser selbe Glaube sich an gefährliche Ideen heftet, kann er ihn leicht zu verhängnisvollen Ergebnissen führen.

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Im volkstümlichen Denken wird diese Erscheinung erklärt durch einen Wechsel des individuellen Glückes, ein Erlöschen seines Sternes. So wird Julius Cäsar genau an dem Tage getötet, an dem die Weissagungen ihn zweifeln machen, ob er in den Senat gehen soll. Hitlers Stärke bestand darin, dass er an sein Glück glaubte. Er ist überzeugt, dass seine Sendung dem Ende zuneigt. "Meine Zeit ist nur kurz". Wahrscheinlich wird diese hartnäckige Autosuggestion bald ihre schicksalhafte Verwirklichung heraufbeschwören!

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Pariser Tages-Zeitung No.905, 28.1.1939

DER PROZESS DER BRIGITTE HITLER. Von ... (London)

Vor einigen Tagen wurde von einem Prozess der Schwägerin Hitlers, Mrs. Brigitte Hitler, berichtet, die sich vor dem Gericht in Highgate (London) wegen einer Steuerschuld zu verantworten hatte. Die Londoner Berichte, die auch an dieser Stelle wiedergegeben waren, hatten den Tatbestand nur ungenau dargestellt. Er ist viel interessanter als es ursprünglich schien, und bringt eine bemerkenswerte Ergänzung der Fakten, die über die Familie Hitler bisher bekannt waren.

Von einer besonderen, bestinformierten Seite in London wird der "Pariser Tageszeitung" folgende Darstellung übergeben:

Die Mitteilungen über den Prozess der Mrs. Hitler vor dem Gericht in Highgate sind nicht vollkommen korrekt. Es ist nicht richtig, dass Willy Hitler, der Neffe des Diktators, keine Arbeit finden konnte, weil er Hitler heisst, und dass er deshalb nach Deutschland gegangen ist.

Willy Hitlers Illusion Und Enttäuschung.

Richtig ist vielmehr, dass Willy Hitler in London eine Stellung im Autogewerbe hatte, als sein Onkel zur Macht in Deutschland kam, und dass er unmittelbar nach diesem bedeutsamen Familienereignis ein Bekenntnis zum Nationalsozialismus ablegte: wie man vermuten darf, unter dem Eindruck der glücklichen Karriere eines so nahen Verwandten. Er verliess London bald danach und begab sich nach Berlin. Offenbar schwebten ihm Erinnerungen aus der Geschichtsstunde vor. Was war nicht alles aus den Angehörigen der Familie Buonaparte geworden, nachdem einer aus ihr sich den Weg in den Vordergrund zeitgenössischer Geschichte gebahnt hatte! Darum pflegte Willy auch damals in Gesprächen zu betonen, dass er der nächste männliche Träger des berühmten Namens sei. Uebrigens besitzt er grosse äussere Ähnlichkeit mit dem Begründer der Berühmtheit.

Berlin aber enttäuschte ihn. Man weiss ja, dass der Wiederhersteller des deutschen Familienlebens persönlich nur wenig Familiensinn besitzt. In den langen Jahren, die der junge Spross aus dem Blut des Zolleinnehmers in Braunau in Deutschland verlebte, hat er den Beherrscher Deutschlands nicht ein einziges Mal von Angesicht zu Angesicht gesehen, es sei denn bei öffentlichen Anlässen, wo diese Gunst auch der grossen Masse zuteil ward. Wenn Willy in der Reichskanzlei vorsprach, so wurde er dort von Brückner oder Schaup empfangen und nicht einmal immer freundlich empfangen. Man verschaffte ihm eine Stelle, nicht in einer Brauerei, was vielleicht später der Fall

Pariser Tages-Zeitung No.905,28.1.1939

war, sondern in einem grossen Automobilgeschäft am Kurfürstendamm. Dort verdiente er 500 Mark im Monat, nicht so schlecht, aber doch von kaiserlichem Glanz weit entfernt.

Bigamie In Der Familie Hitler.

Viel Freude war auch seiner Mutter nicht durch die Verbindung mit den Hitlers beschieden. Als sie Aloys Hitler ehelichte, war sie jung und ausgesprochen hübsch. Der Oesterreicher gefiel ihr, weil er von so weit her kam, und wegen seiner Unternehmungslust. Aber nach einer unheimlich stürmischen Ehe von fünf Jahren verliess er sie, und seitdem hatte sie von ihm erst spärliche und dann gar keine Nachrichten mehr. Der Krieg war zwischen sie getreten, was dem unsteten Aloys Gelegenheit gab, seine Verpflichtungen im fernen England zu vergessen. So sehr vergass er sie, dass er zu einer zweiten Ehe schritt, ohne die erste auch nur zu erwähnen. Und so geschah es, dass Mrs. Hitler zum ersten Male wieder von ihrem Gemahl erfuhr dadurch, dass er wegen Bigamie verfolgt wurde. Nun bestürmte Aloys sie in Briefen, sie solle irgendwie dabei behilflich sein, es so darzustellen, als ob ihre Ehe nur eine Schein-Ehe und rechtlich ungültig sei. Das war ihr, auch bei bestem Willen, nicht möglich, und so kam es, dass er vom Gericht in Hamburg wegen Bigamie verurteilt wurde. Aber das war nicht sein erster gerichtlicher Unfall, und dann war auch die Strafe milde genug; eine Geldbusse, "an Stelle einer an sich verwirkten Gefängnisstrafe" hiess es im Urteil.

Die Schicksale Aloys Hitlers.

Auch nachdem die Verbindung zwischen den Gatten so wieder hergestellt worden war, hörte die Verlassene nicht viel von ihrem Manne, der sie dazu noch um die britische Staatsangehörigkeit gebracht hatte, und hatte sich und ihren Sohn allein durchzubringen. Aloys hatte inzwischen wechselnde wirtschaftliche Schicksale gehabt, einmal ging es ihm gut, dann verlor er alles. Unternehmend war er noch immer. Stief

Als sein jüngerer Bruder Reichskanzler wurde, hatte er eine Kneipe in einer Vorstadt in Berlin. Auch er erhoffte sich viel von dem brüderlichen Aufstieg, bekam aber ebenfalls den Eroberer nicht zu sehen. Immerhin konnte er nach einiger Zeit ein grosses "restaurant und Kaffeehaus in der Tauentzienstrasse eröffnen. In allen Räumen prangt das Bild des grossen Bruders. Und sein Sohn, d.h. aus zweiter "Ehe", den eigentlich illegitimen, bestimmte er zur Offizierslaufbahn.

Pariser Tages-Zeitung No.905, 28.1.1939

Die lebensfrohe Irin war inzwischen einmal in Deutschland gewesen. Ihr Sohn fuhr sie in seinem Wagen durch viele schöne Landschaften. Auch in Berchtesgaden waren sie und sahen den Bergpalast, von dem aus ein gutes Stück Welt regiert wird. Aber sie sahen nicht das Antlitz des Schwagers und Onkels.

Mrs.Hitler Stellt Ansprüche.

Für eine energische Frau begann die Situation langsam ein bisschen ärgerlich zu werden. Schliesslich hatte sie einen höchst legitimen Anspruch gegen einen Angehörigen jenes berühmten Clans: Unterhalt, und dazu so viele Jahre nicht gezahlten Unterhalts, stehen ihr zu. Aber sie bekam die stereotype Antwort: die Devisengesetze liessen es nicht zu, an sie zu zahlen. Sie begann zu überlegen, ob sie nicht auf eine andere Art die nahe Verbindung mit einer Weltberühmtheit ausnützen und sich auf solche Art für ihren Verlust schadlos halten könne. Ein nahe- liegender Gedanke kam ihr: ein Buch über Hitler zu schreiben. Am besten würde es sein, wenn ihr Sohn Willy als Autor zeichnete. Ein Buch von Hitler über Hitler, - müsste das nicht ein "Bestseller" sein? Es war ein angenehmes Spiel, daran zu denken, auch davon zu sprechen oder sonstwie die Absicht anzukündigen.

Dort aber, wo man gewisse Konsequenzen aus dem literarischen Vorhaben erwarten durfte, war die Wirkung nur gering, so sehr auch die publizistischen Möglichkeiten betont wurden. Einmal kamen zwanzig Pfund von der Botschaft. Das war wahrhaft keine kaiserliche Gabe. Es ist immer wieder interessant zu beobachten, wie gering in der Wilhelmstrasse die Bedenken vor Publikationen über das Leben des Führers sind. Mrs.Hitler holte den Rat Putzi Hanfstaengl ein, der sich damals gerade nach London zurückgezogen und gleichfalls ein Buch angekündigt hatte. Er musste doch Erfahrung in solchen Geschäften haben. Aber, ob er nicht wollte oder nicht konnte, jedenfalls begnügte er sich, vor jüdischen Verlegern zu warnen, und war weiter nicht "helpful".

Schliesslich liess man Mrs.Hitler von der Botschaft wissen, dass ein Heim und eine Rente für sie in Deutschland bereit seien, wenn sie dorthin übersiedeln wolle. Wie man aus der Nachricht über die schuldig gebliebene Steuer erfuhr, hat sie es vorgezogen, in ihrem Häuschen in Highgate zu bleiben.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herald (April 1939)

"Asketentum vs. Genussucht".

"Angesichts der wachsenden Schwierigkeiten der deutschen Finanzsituation, der mannigfachen Warenknappheit und des Mangels an hochwertigen Nahrungsmitteln lässt Hitler mit seinem scharfen Instinkt für die Gefühlslage der Massen immer mehr eine gewisse Verachtung für extravagante Lebensführung und geistesverderblichen Aufwand sichtbar werden. In demselben Masse gewinnen die Vertreter der gewissermassen asketischen Machtausübung an Einfluss und verlieren umgekehrt die bis zu auffällig welt- und lebensmännischen Machthaber an Geltung. Darauf wird vor allem der Rückgang des Einflusses Dr. Goebbels' zurückgeführt. Auch die Machtstellung Goerlgs soll ziemlich geschwächt sein, wie man aus der Kaltstellung eines seiner Vertrauensmänner, des Fliegergenerals von Stülpnagel folgert. Dr. Ley sei sehr bemüht, seine Lebenshaltung dem neuen bedürfnislosen Kurs anzupassen, um seinen Einfluss zu wahren.

Eine Reinigung der oberen und mittleren Machtstellen mit dem Ziel der Ausmerzung von Aufwandsündern wird erwartet. Wahrscheinlich auf dem Wege zu auffälliger Kaltstellung. Die Ereignisse werden jedenfalls eine Verhärtung des Selbsterhaltungswillens herbeiführen", schliesst diese Betrachtung, um dann auf die Aussenpolitik zu kommen.

"Aussenpolitische Differenzen".

Es heisst da: "Auch bezüglich des künftigen Kurses der deutschen Aussenpolitik bestehen Gegensätze, nicht etwa innerhalb der Regierung, die von den letzten Entscheidungen völlig ausgeschaltet und ein schwaches Ausführungsorgan der Parteinstanzen geworden ist, sondern zwischen den verschiedenen Richtungen innerhalb der Heeresführung und des nächsten Vertrauenskreises von Hitler.

"Die Ostfrontgeneräle" haben sich im Gegensatz zu den Westfrontgenerälen das besondere Vertrauen Hitlers erwerben können. Ihr Rat und ihre Stimme war bei der Durchführung der Aktion in der Tschecho-Slowakei bei Hitler massgebend und sie haben seinen Beifall gefunden. Diese - zu ihnen gehören List, Blaskowitz und Reichenau - sollen für einen sofortigen weiteren Vorstoss gegen Ungarn und Rumänien gewesen sein. Demgegenüber steht eine sogenannte gemässigte Richtung, die für eine Pause bis zum Herbst eintritt.

Reinigungsaktion erwartet.

Hitler soll sich unter dem Einfluss Ribbentrops

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herald. (April 1939)

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. (April 1939)

und vielleicht auch unter dem Eindruck der unerwarteten Haltung Englands nach dem Sprung nach Prag vorläufig für die gemässigte Richtung entschieden haben. Danach würde zunächst eine straffe Durchorganisation der wichtigsten Parteidienste, verbunden mit einer Reinigungsaktion, in Aussicht stehen. Mit ihr könnten unter Umständen Persönlichkeiten, die im Ausland besonderen Unwillen hervorgerufen haben, wie Julius Streicher, in den Hintergrund geschoben werden. Gleichzeitig aber würde die Fertigstellung der Befestigungswerke im Westen, der sogenannten Siegfriedlinie, die sich teilweise wegen Mangels an Material und an qualifizierten Arbeitskräften bisher verzögert hat, gesichert werden", schliesst das Blatt seinen bemerkenswerten Artikel.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. (April 1939)

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold (Dezember 1940)

ADOLF HITLER FÜHRT EIN EINFACHES PRIVATLEBEN
Reichsführer kommt mit wenigen Stunden Schlaf aus;
seine Privaträume in der Reichskanzlei sind ein
Muster der Einfachheit.

Von Preston Grover ("Associated Press")

Berlin, 31. Dezember 1940. Adolf Hitler lebt persönlich in spartanischer Einfachheit.

Sein Tageslauf umfasst viel harte Arbeit, ist aber keineswegs nach der traditionellen "preussischen Disziplin" arrangiert, denn Hitler kommt nun einmal aus dem weniger für diese Disziplin eingenommenen Süden des Reiches.

Die neue Reichskanzlei, die sein offizieller Wohnsitz ist, kann es an Innendekorationen wohl mit früher kaiserlichen Palästen aufnehmen und ist eines der prunkvollsten Gebäude Berlins.

Aber die Privaträume Hitlers inmitten der Reichskanzlei stechen krass von den anderen ab, denn sie sind äusserst einfach eingerichtet.

Hitler schläft ziemlich wenig und kommt oft tagelang hintereinander mit je vier bis sechs Stunden Ruhe pro Tag aus. Er schläft in einem einfachen Feldbett und steht pünktlich morgens um 8, spätestens um 9 Uhr auf. Er hat drei Diener - namens Junge, Krause und Linge - aber er rasiert sich selbst. Diese drei Diener,

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. (Dezember 1940)

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold (Dezember 1940)

die sämtlich verheiratet sind und Kinder haben, arbeiten in drei Achtstunden-Schichten und begleiten Hitler auch nach München oder Berchtesgaden.

Kein wälderischer Esser.

Hitler beginnt morgens sofort mit der dringendsten Arbeit und frühstückt erst um 11 Uhr. Er isst zu dieser Zeit gewöhnlich Obst und überlässt es seinem Koch, Kamenberg, die beiden anderen vegetarischen Mahlzeiten des Tages zuzubereiten.

Der Reichsführer ist, abgesehen davon, dass er kein Fleisch isst, kein besonderer wälderischer Esser, und selbst seine engsten Freunde sind sich darüber im Unklaren, ob er Mass-Vegetarier ist - weil er im Weltkrieg eine Gasvergiftung erlitt - oder Überzeugungs-Vegetarier.

Es ist aber bekannt, dass er kleine Tiere liebt, und dass er die Tötung von Tieren hasst, ja dass er sie nicht einmal in der Gefangenschaft sehen will und einmal einen Adler freisetzte, der ihm von seinen Anhängern geschenkt worden war.

Hitler trinkt gelegentlich Tee oder dünnen Kaffee, aber keine stärkeren alkoholischen Getränke als anderthalbprozentiges Bier. Er begibt sich nach seinem Frühstück nach seinem Arbeitszimmer in der Reichskanzlei, wo er drei Privatsekretärinnen hat - Fräulein Darranowski, Fräulein Schroeder und Fräulein Wolf.

Ständiger Nachrichtendienst.

Sein Schreibtisch ist erst einmal mit den wichtigsten deutschen Zeitungen bedeckt, die er schnell, aber sorgfältig liest - ohne den Sport und die Theater-Nachrichten zu vergessen.

Er erhält ferner Funkmeldungen aus aller Welt und stündlich die neuesten Presseberichte. Er ist auch auf Reisen stets in Verbindung mit Berlin und mit der Welt, ob er nun das Flugzeug, seinen Sonderzug oder das Auto benutzt - das Flugzeug hat sowieso eine Funkanlage, der Zug führt einen als Empfangs- und Sendestation eingerichteten Wagen mit, und die Autokarawane ist entsprechend ausgerüstet.

In seinem Büro diktiert Hitler seine Briefe und Reden meistens in einen Diktographen, oftmals aber auch einer Sekretärin direkt in die Schreibmaschine. Und dabei diktet er keine Unterbrechungen. Übrigens redigiert er später selber seine Reden auf den Stil hin.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold (Dezember 1940)

Kein Tyrann bei Beratungen.

Oftholt Hitler seine Berater zu Konferenzen am Runden Tisch zusammen. Und im Gegensatz zu der im Aus und verbreiteten Ansicht, dass er ihnen seinen Willen aufoktroyiert, heisst es hier, dass er die Ideen und vor gern annimmt, wenn er einmal überzeugt ist, dass sie besser sind als seine eigenen.

In diesen Zusammenhängen wird von seinen engsten Mitarbeitern gesagt, dass man ohne Weiteres auch über die schwierigsten Probleme mit ihm sprechen kann, dass er ein ausserordentlich guter Zuhörer ist, und dass er ein geradezu phänomenales Gedächtnis hat, das er nur von Zeit zu Zeit mit Aufzei in einem Notizbuche unterstützt.

Seine Hauptberater auf militärischem Gebiet sind General ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Alfred Jodl, Marschall und Generalfeldmarschall Wilhelm Keitel, der Chef des Oberkommandos der Wehrmacht.

Marschall ist verhältnismässigerweise ein Neuling mit vielen neuen Ideen, die Hitler ansprechen. Keitel ist ihm im Laufe des Krieges immer näher gekommen, weil er die Fähigkeit besitzt, verzwickte militärische Situationen mit einfachen Zeichen klarzumachen.

Militärische Studien.

Hitler arbeitet aber nicht nur bei Tage, sondern auch bei Nacht - die er besonders in letzter Zeit zum Studium militärischer Probleme benutzt.

Im letzten Winter, ehe der Feldzug im Westen begann, war sein Arbeitsplatz allabendlich mit militärwissenschaftlichen Werken und militärischen Landkarten übersät, in denen er Schlachtpläne studierte - die Schlachtpläne der letzten tausend Jahre.

Hitler hat eine Schwäche für die Oper, das Variété und den Film. Sein Lieblings-komponist ist Richard Wagner, aber er hat keine Liebhaberereien im Sinne der Zerstreuung, und er treibt keinen Sport. Er hasst die Limusinen und bevorzugt offene Autos, sitzt dann meistens neben dem Chauffeur.

Aber er geht hin und wieder im Garten der Reichskanzlei oder auf der Strasse spazieren und er verbraucht ohnehin eine gewaltige Menge Energie bei seiner Tagesarbeit.

Er zieht es vor, seine Spaziergänge allein zu machen, aber er wird im Garten der Reichskanzlei oft von Diplomaten und anderen begleitet. Er verweigert indessen auf seinen anderen Spaziergängen den Schutz selbst der eigens zur Sicherung seiner Person gegründeten SS, er lässt sich aber auf dem Obersalzberg von einem Schäferhunde begleiten.

Hitlers Mitarbeiter sagen, dass er eine Vorliebe für Kinder hat, obwohl er selbst unverheiratet ist - aber seine Bilder zusammen mit Kindern zeigen eine gewisse Steifheit und ein Sich-nicht-zu-Hause-fühlen. (Ein zweiter Artikel morgen).

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. (Dezember 1940).

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. 2.1.1941

ALLERHAND MERKWÜRDIGES AUS HITLERS PRIVATLEBEN.

In München hat der Kanzler noch seine alte Wohnung und seinen Stammtisch.- Lebenbei macht er auch Entwürfe für Silbersachen.

Von Preston Grover (Associated Press")

II.

Berlin, 1. Jan.- Dass Adolf Hitler künstlerische Neigungen hat und malt, ist nichts Neues. Aber es hat sich noch nicht allgemein herumgesprochen, dass von seiner Hand auch die Entwürfe für manche der künstlerisch ausgeführten Silbersachen stammen, die in seinem Hause in Portesgaden und bei geselligen Anlässen in der Reichskanzlei in Berlin auf den Tisch kommen und dass er es sich auch angelegen sein lässt, Messer, Gabel und Löffel, die er gern als Hochzeitsgeschenke weggibt, persönlich auf Form, Gewicht usw. zu prüfen.

In der Umgebung des Führers wird vielfach von ihm gesagt, er lege auf Aeusserlichkeiten und alltägliche Dinge wenig Wert. Hitler macht seinerseits kein Hehl aus seiner Abneigung gegen "preussische Püktlichkeit, Steifheit und Pedanterie". Vielleicht ist es kein Zufall, dass er München, Bayreuth und Godesberg als seine Lieblingsstädte bezeichnet und "Preussisch-Berlin" nie, nie, nie in diese Kategorie einreicht.

In München unterhält Hitler noch heute dieselbe Wohnung (Prinzregentenplatz No. 16) für die er schon vor zwanzig Jahren anfäng, regelmässig seine Miete zu entrichten. An der Tür dieser Wohnung findet man noch das alte Schild mit der Aufschrift: A. Hitler, Schriftsteller". Er ist, wie kaum noch ausdrücklich gesagt zu werden braucht, Verfasser eines der Bücher, die sich des grössten Absatzes rühmen können - "Mein Kampf". Es ist soviel Autographie wie politische Programmschrift. Bisher sind von dem Buche rund 6 Millionen Exemplare abgesetzt worden.

Der bayerische Staat hat dem Führer und Reichskanzler kürzlich in München ein pelastartiges Wohnhaus gebaut, das aber keine sonderliche Anziehungskraft auf ihn ausübt. Am liebsten veroringt er die Zeit, in denen politische Sorgen ihn nicht an Berlin fesseln oder seine Anwesenheit an irgendeinem anderen Punkte Gross-Deutschlands oder eines der angegliederten oder besetzten Nachbarländer erforderlich machen, auf dem "Berghof" in Obersalzberg (nahe Berchtesgaden).

Alle seine Häuser haben Luftschutzkeller. Der geräumige Keller der Reichskanzlei ist mehr als einmal von journalistischen Gästen, denen es vergönnt war, dort eine Nacht in Hitlers Gesellschaft zu verbringen, eingehend

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. 2.1.1941.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. 2.1.1941

beschrieben worden. Man weiss, dass der Junggeselle Hitler es liebt, dort Kinder um sich zu haben. In grosser Zahl werden allabendlich Insassen und Insassinnen reichshauptstädtischer Waisenhäuser in mächtigen staatlichen Autobussen nach dem Luftschutzkeller der Reichskanzlei gebracht, wo sie sicher sein können, "ungekränkten Schlummer" zu finden.

Hitler-Suiten und "Hitler-Stammtische".

Nicht allgemein bekannt ist es ausserhalb des Reiches, dass eine gute Anzahl von Hotels in deutschen Städten besondere Suiten haben, die ausschliesslich dem Führer zur Verfügung stehen und niemals von einem anderen bewohnt werden. Es handelt sich hierbei nicht durchgängig um Palasthotels. Eins dieser Hotels ist das "Haus Elephant" in Weimar, ein keineswegs grosses Stablisement, übrigens schon eine "Altertümlichkeit", aber mit Zuhilfenahme von Parteigeldern in prächtiger Weise renoviert. Eine Luxus-Suite für Hitler birgt auch das "Rheinhotel Dresden" in Godesberg, das im Jahre 1938 Schauplatz einer geschichtlich denkwürdigen Hitler-Chamberlain-Begegnungen war (In München empfing Hitler den Besuch des damaligen Britenpremiers und Mussolinis in seiner schon erwähnten bescheidenen Wohnung am Prinzregentenplatz). Von den Fenstern des Dresdenschen Hotels aus schweift der Blick über die schönsten Partien des malerischen und romantischen Rheintales. August Dresden, der Hotelier, ist ein alter Kiegskamerad und Intimus Hitlers.

In München gibt es mehr als ein Lokal mit einem "Stammtisch für den Mann, der jetzt seit nahezu acht Jahren an der Spitze des Reiches steht und nun Jahr um Jahr die europäische Landkarte revidiert. Da ist zum Beispiel das elegante "Carlton-Teehaus", zu dem nur wenige Fremde den Weg finden, und das Restaurant im neuen "Hause der deutschen Kunst". Es sind dies nicht die einzigen Münchener Gaststätten, die sich des Vorzugs eines Stammtisches erfreuen, dem der Schriftsteller A. Hitler angehört.

Privat-Chauffeur Hitlers ist nun der SS-Brigadeführer Kemka. Er lenkt den Wagen des Staatslenkers, seit Julius Schreck im Jahre 1936 starb.

Auch in der Reichskanzlei - die natürlich gelegentlich grosse Staatsbankette sieht - speist Hitler oft im Kreise weniger alter Mitkämpfer und Freunde. Häufig ist dort auch Winifred Wagner, die Witwe Siegfried Wagners - in deren Hände nun die künstlerische Oberleitung der Bayreuther Festspiele ruht - zu Gast.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. 2.1.1941.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. (Apr. 1 1939)

HITLER PROTEGIERT EINE AMERIKANISCHE TÄNZERIN.

Gewinnt Miriam Verne aus Pittsburgh, Pa., für
Münchner "Lustige Witwe".

(Meldung der Associated Press).

Berlin, 27. April 1939. Miriam Verne, die brunette Tänzerin aus Pittsburgh, Pa., die Reichsführer Adolf Hitler bereits mehrfach mit ihren Tänzen erfreut hat, wird in Kürze in der "Lustigen Witwe" in München auftreten, da Hitler diesen Vorschlag gemacht hat.

Hitler suchte nämlich gestern Abend nach der Fertigstellung seiner Antwort an Präsident Roosevelt Zerstreuung und ging daher ins Metropol-Theater zur 250. Aufführung der Operette "Melodie der Nacht" in der Fräulein Verne auftritt.

Und die Tante der Tänzerin, Fräulein Anne Wilmot, erklärte heute, Hitler, der nun schon zum vierten oder fünften Male ihre Nichte hätte tanzen sehen, habe sich nach der Vorstellung an den Theaterdirektor gewandt, gefragt ob Fräulein Verne nach dem 1. Mai -nächsten Montag - frei sein werde, und dann vorgeschlagen, sie solle doch in der "Lustigen Witwe" in München auftreten.

Fräulein Wilmot fügte hinzu, ihre Tänzerin habe zwar nächsten Monat eigentlich Ferien nehmen wollen, werde aber das Engagement in München annehmen.

Hitler ging übrigens gestern Abend vom Metropol-Theater noch weiter zum Künstlerklub und wohnte dort der Aufführung eines Films "Berlin vor 100 Jahren" bei.

Hitler und seine Begleiter trugen nicht Uniform, sondern Smoking. Ihr Erscheinen im Theater führte zu einer Demonstration des Publikums, die sich bei ihrer Abfahrt wiederholte.

New Yorker Staats-Zeitung und Herold. (April 1939)

Weltbild. (Erklärung zu einem Bild)

VOR ZEHN JAHREN.

Vor zehn Jahren, zum erstenmal nach der Neugründung der Partei, marschierten die alten Vorkämpfer der nationalsozialistischen Idee zum Reichsparteitag Weimar 1926 auf. - Unser Bild aus den historischen Weimarer Tagen zeigt den Führer an der Spitze des Aufmarsches. Ganz rechts erkennt man Rudolf Hess.

Weltbild.

Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung. Nr. 32. 10. August 1939

Der Militärpass des Kriegsfreiwilligen.

Adolf Hitler wollte nicht für den Habsburgischen Staat kämpfen. Darum bat er in einem Immediatgesuch an König Ludwig ~~III~~ von Bayern, in ein bayerisches Regiment eintreten zu dürfen. Am 10. Oktober 1914 rückte der Kriegsfreiwillige Adolf Hitler mit dem Regiment ins Feld.

10671.

1.

Nationale des Buchinhabers.

1. Vor- und Familiennamen:
Adolf Hitler
2. Geboren am 20. April 1889
zu Braunau a. Inn
Verwaltungsbezirk Braunau
Bundesstaat: Oberösterreich
2. Stand oder Gewerbe: Kunstmaler
3. Religion: kath.
4. Ob verheiratet: ledig
Kinder:
5. Datum und Art des Dienst Eintritts:
16.8.14. s. Kriegs-Freiwilliger
6. Bei welchem Truppenteil (unter Angabe der Kompanie, Eskadron, Batterie) :

Eine Seite aus dem Militärpass des unbekannten Gefreiten.
Sie gibt die Ord n und Ehrenzeichen an, die sich
Adolf Hitler in 40 Schlachten an der Westfront verdiente.

Wa dem v. 3.17 bis 15.10.18 bei
der 3. Komp. bayer. Res. Inf. Regt.
N. 16

Am 15.10.18 bei Montagnogast.....

Augsbg. 17.9.17 M.V.Kr. 3. Klasse
mSchw.

9.5.18 Regt. Diplom

hervorragende Tapfer-

keit während des Einsatzes bei Fontenoy.

4.8.18 Eis. Kreuz I. Klasse

18.5.18 Land Abtg schwarz

25.8.18 D. da 3. Klasse

Führung. Strafen: Keine

Offiz. Stellv. & Komp. Führ.

Steyrer Zeitung. 17. April 1938.**ADOLF HITLER ALS SCHÜLER IN STEYR!**

In einer Zeit der Begeisterung für den Schöpfer Grossdeutschlands sind alle Städte und Orte, welche Erinnerungen an seine Jugendzeit bergen, bestrebt, davon zu sprechen und ihrer Freude darüber lauten Ausdruck zu geben. So ist es denn auch für unsere alte Stadt von grösstem Werte, ein für allemal mit Stolz und Freude festzustellen, dass unser Führer, wie schon längst aus den Akten der hiesigen Realschule zu ersehen war (diese Akten hat der frühere oberösterreichische Landesschulrat entgegen allen Vorschriften im Jahre 1937 nach Linz verschleppt und es muss eilends getrachtet werden, sie wieder zurückzuverlangen!), im Schuljahre 1904/05 als Schüler der vierten Klasse vom September 1904 bis Mitte ~~190~~ Juli 1905 in Steyr weilte. Er wohnte in dieser Zeit bei der Familie Konrad von Cichini im rückwärtigen Teile des Kaufmannshauses Ignaz Kammerhofer am Grünmarkt Nr. 19, dessen hübsche Rokokofassade und dessen malerischen Hof zwischen den Häusern Nr. 19 und 21, den der kleine Hitler wohl oft durchschritten hatte, die beigegebenen Lebeda-Bilder sehr ansprechend zeigen. Von den seinerzeitigen Lehrern Adolf Hitlers in Steyr leben nur noch drei: Der Schreiber dieser Zeilen, dann der seinerzeitige Klassenvorstand Studienrat Professor Dr. Alfred Hackel (lebt im Ruhestand in Wien) und der damalige Turnlehrer Direktor i. R. Alois Lebeda, der Zeichner dieser Bilder. Ich sehe den kleinen Adolf noch recht gut vor mir, ein stiller, etwas verträumter Junge, der wenig aus sich machte und dessen Gedanken ersichtlich oft auf andere, kommende Dinge gerichtet waren. Er hat nach mit Erfolg beendigem Schuljahr 1904/05, wahrscheinlich wegen der schweren finanziellen Lage seiner Mutter (gestorben 1907) das Studium nicht mehr fortgesetzt und dann sehr bald den bitteren Ernst des Lebens kennen lernen müssen. In seinem Buche "Mein Kampf" schildert er eindringlich sein wechselvolles Schicksal, das ihn schliesslich einen in der Weltgeschichte einzigartigen Aufstieg erleben liess. Von den seinerzeitigen Klassenkameraden des Führers leben in Steyr die Herren: Ehler Karl, Landsiedl Hermann, Schnurpfeil Engelbert, Steidl Josef, Ing. Tremel Heinrich und Höflinger Ferdinand in Behamberg. Die schöne Sitte, einigen Mittelschulen Namen der hervorragenden ihrer Schüler zu verleihen, um so die geistige Verbindung und Verehrung für alle Zeiten festzuhalten, wäre wohl auch für Steyr zu begrüssen, da unsere alte Realschule der grösste Deutsche besuchte. Dass im übrigen ganz Steyr den Tag herbeisehnt, nach mehr als drei Jahrzehnten den Führer in seinen Mauern begrüßen zu können, ist wohl vorläufig ein Wunsch, dessen Erfüllung aber den schönsten Tage in der reichen Geschichte der Eisenstadt bedeuten würde.

Prof. G. Goldbacher.

Steyrer Zeitung. 17. April 1938.

Sondern Jr. Frederick: Schuschnigg's Terrible two hours"
 Sat. Eve. Post 211, August 13, 1938, p. 72.

Schuschnigg left Vienna for Berchtesgaden, spent the night on his special train at Salzburg, and motored early the next day to Hitler's palatial "simple Berghof". With him were his "good friend" Schmidt, Ambassador von Papen, and an obscure young secretary from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Doctor Peter. Hitler received him on the steps with a curt nod and led him immediately into the studio which is dominated, characteristically enough, by a huge portrait of the Fuehrer himself.

Without a word of greeting, Hitler began a tirade of the usual violence. "You Jesuit... You assassin of Planetta (Planetta was the murderer of Dollfuss)... You are playing your last card," were the phrases most frequently repeated. Schuschnigg stared at the ceiling. Only once during these "terrible two hours", as Schuschnigg said afterward, did Hitler interrupt himself. The Austrian Chancellor, an inveterate chain smoker, reached for his cigarette case.

"Smoking here is forbidden", ordered the Fuehrer. "I have no objection to anyone drinking, because drinking does not disturb the person who doesn't drink. But smoking does. And so it's forbidden. It's forbidden, do you hear? That applies to everyone."

Abruptly Hitler stood up, walked to his desk and pressed a button. General von Reichau, General Keitel and Press Chief Doctor Dietrich came in.

"Tell the Chancellor," sneered Hitler, "what preparations we have made in case he refuses to concede our demands."

The Generals were very explicit. An army of 200,000 men and 100 planes, also large detachments of S.S. and police were ready to cross the border at a moment's notice.

"That's enough," suddenly said Hitler; "time for lunch!"

It was the strangest meal, Schuschnigg told afterward, that he had ever sat through. The Fuehrer greeted the first few hopeful remarks with stony stares; after that there was silence. After lunch, Hitler seemed to soften somewhat. He graciously conceded Schuschnigg a smoke and led his "guests" out onto the terrace, from which he had gazed so often with infinite longing at the country of his birth. He produced the draft of an agreement containing eleven paragraphs practically placing Austria under Nazi regime, demanded that Schuschnigg read and sign it at once. Then again an outburst with stamping and shrieking. "Good friend" Guido Schmidt interceded, tried to persuade Schuschnigg to accept most of the conditions. The Chancellor remained adamant. Finally he said that he would accept three: Appointment of the Nazi, Seyss-Inquart, as Minister of the Interior, a general political amnesty, and the admission of Nazis into the Fatherland Front. Further than that he could not go without consulting President Miklas. After another hour of Hitlerian tirade, the Fuehrer suddenly broke off, growled brusquely that he would accept Schuschnigg's concessions, "temporarily", and still uttering threats of invasion, violence and bloodshed, stamped off without a word of leave-taking. The interview was over.

Sondern Jr. Frederick: Schuschnigg's "Terrible Two hours."
 Sat. Eve. Post 211, August 13, 1938, p. 72.

Aggrandizer's Anniversary.
Time " 33, May 1, 1939, pp. 23, 24.

In six years of power Herr Hitler has probably changed less physically than do most men from 44 to 50. The lines in his face are only slightly deeper. He has added some 25 pounds to his weight and four inches to his girth, but that is much less than some of his lieutenants have gained. The early Hitler accent was typical of the Austrian civil service class into which he was born. Educated Austrians declare it had a Czech flavor. Now he has a more cultivated speech. The voice is noticeably coarser and Herr Hitler, despite the assurances of six attending physicians, still worried about cancer of the throat.

Fuehrer Hitler has never been much of a reader, but he has a passion for the cinema. He sometimes has three or four full-length pictures run off for him at one sitting, knows the cast of every movie German movie comedy. (Another of his feats: ability to give by heart names and descriptions of all U.S., British warships.) Favorite cinema repeaters now are the U.S. films *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *Viva Villa!* He likes variety shows and his old preference for Wagnerian operas seems to have given way to light operas such as *The Merry Widow*.

Messiah. Fundamental Hitler nature is Austrian-mild, appreciative of beauty and art, sentimental, loving display. But long ago his chief underlings went vigorously to work to build a higher and higher pedestal under him. His contacts with common life around him have become more and more remote so that he has come to accept himself as a Messiah. So surrounded is he by adoring millions that his occasional megalomaniac outbursts have become more frequent. He is more autocratic and noncommittal than ever even to his old party leaders. He will tolerate disagreement only on the tiniest of details. His deep guffaws are more frightening than ever to adults, although children still respond to them.

Leantime his decisions are based on the opinions of an ever-narrowing group of advisers. The adoring Nazi Deputy Leader Rudolf Hess, who follows his leader even in his moods, is still constantly at his side. But the Fuehrer has become so inaccessible to most of his Cabinet that only Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop and Dr. Goebbels are now able to ask for and get private interviews. Five-sevenths as long his Biblically allotted span of life, this strange man has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he has become the most formidable tactician of this century. Where that will finally get him, neither he nor anyone else knows.

Aggrandizer's Anniversary
Time " 33, May 1, 1939 p. 23, 24.

Misfire of the German Mussolini
The Literary Digest, March 17, 1923; p. 23

Mussolini is a reformed Socialist, primed with the doctrines of his former party, whereas Hitler, the excited and muddlebrained Bohemian, is devoid of solid convictions and incapable of a definite line of action. A certain similarity between Mussolini and Hitler, however, cannot be denied. Both are addicted to opera effects attuned to the mentality of their different countries. Mussolini, black-shirted and toying with a red carnation (an attitude carefully copied by his A.D.C.'s) would appear disarmingly comic under a canopy less bright than the Italian sky and amongst a people less emotional than the Italians. Hitler's effects are obtained by different means. A decorative painter by trade, he has retained his talent for decorative display. The placards he has drawn are very effective, the staging always well chosen, and there is yet another advantage his early life has given him. Viennese by birth, surrounded by Bavarians, heavy of speech and movement, his vivacious personality and ready dialectic, the fruit of many a Vienna coffee-house discussion, carry double weight.

From an article in the "Guardian" (Manchester?)

Kaus Otto
Hitler und die Japaner
Weltbuehne; XXII. Jahrg, # 17, 27. April 1926, p. 73

In dieselbe....Stimmung geraet man, wenn man sich mit der letzten politischen Arbeit Adolf Hitlers "Die Suedtiroler Frage und das deutsche Buendnisproblem" ~~auseinandersetzt~~ (im Verlag Franz Eher Nachfolger zu Muenchen) auseinandersetzt. Hitler beginnt mit einer Beschimpfung der deutschen Politiker, die er als die Sklaven einer gross angelegten juedischen Verschwörung mit bolschewistischen Endzielen hinsetzt, wenn sie sich der Deutschen Sued-Tirols annehmen, und schliesst mit einer Verherrlichung - Japans! Was hat Japan mit Suedtirol zu tun? Furchtbar einfach: "Der Jude....scheut in seinem tausendjaehrigen Judenreich einen japanischen Nationalstaat und wuenscht deshalb/ seine Vernichtung noch vor Begrueendung seiner eigenen Diktatur. So hetzt er heute die Voelker gegen Japan wie gegen Deutschland." und Deutschland gegen das faschistische Italien, das "der ueberstaatlichen Macht des Judentums die Giftzaehne ausgebrochen hat."

Elliot, John: Hansome Adolf, the Man without a Country,
Dispatch to the "N.Y. Herald Tribune"
Literary Digest 107, October 18, 1930. p. 40.

Hitler, late C., is keenly aware of his educational shortcoming.
He suffers from an inferiority complex, it accounts in part for his
jealousy of Dr. Goebbels.

When, in 1919, Hitler was hesitating whether to take over lead-
ership of the German Workers' party, his indecision was primarily due
to neither his poverty nor his obscurity, but to his lack of a
Doctor's degree.

Elliot, John: Hansome Adolf, the Man without a Country.
Dispatch to the "N.Y. Herald Tribune"
Literary Digest 107, October 18, 1930. p. 40.

Hitler "Enthroned"
Newsweek " 13, May 1, 1939 p. 21.

And the public ceremonies for his arrival at the half-century mark on Apr. 30 equaled the pomp with which Kaiser Wilhelm had celebrated his corresponding birthday in 1909.

By the Fuehrer's will, every German received a holiday with pay.

At 11 the Fuehrer drove to the Lustgarten, Berlin's central park, and from there in his six-wheeled Mercedes rolled down the Via Triumphalis to the reviewing stand. The great upholstered chair in red in which he sat was at least first cousin to a throne. Above it stretched a canopy decorated with eagles and the Iron Cross. And for the first time Hitler wore this military cap an eagle spread above a Swastika encased in gold leaves-the insignia of the Supreme War Lord of the Reich.

Thousands of Germans in the Reich and hundreds abroad sent gifts. The ones that seemed to delight him especially were 50 letters of Frederick the Great, given by the Nazi party, several original Wagner scores, from the Ministry of Economics, and Titian's "Venus With a Mirror," from the Reichsbank.

That night Hitler took all the guests to the opera. Ordinarily on state occasions he specifies an uncut version of "Die Meistersinger". But this time the guests were treated to "The Merry Widow."

Hitler "Enthroned"
Newsweek " 13, May 1, 1939, p. 21.

Hitler v. Hitler
Time 33, April 10, 1939, p. 20.

With some angry talk, Adolf Hitler last week launched a boat at Wilhelmsheaven.... On the previous day, another Hitler got off another boat in Manhattan, and also delivered some angry talk-against his uncle Adolf, William Patrick Hitler, 23, arriving in the U.S. for an anti-Hitler lecture tour, explained that he hates his uncle because of 1) his policies, 2) his attitude toward his own family.

In 1909, Adolf Hitler's half-brother Alois went to Dublin, got a job as a waiter, married an Irish girl, named Bridget Elizabeth Dowling, had a son, two years later deserted wife and child to go back to Germany. Willie grew up to be a good-looking lad with a slight brogue and not much luck. His worst luck, he said last week, was his name.

Because of his name, no one would give him a job in Britain. In 1917, he went to Berlin and applied for work there. Because of his name, the application was forwarded to Uncle Adolf, who received him coldly and told him that an adjutant would find him a job. The adjutant found him a poor one, which he declined. During the 1934 blood purge, he was arrested but soon released. This year he received hints that he had better leave Germany. The Fuehrer, says Willi Hitler, is singularly vulnerable on the question of his family relations.

Besides Half-Brother Alois, who now runs a prosperous Berlin Café (secretly under his first name), Adolf Hitler has a full sister and a half sister, Annela. For a time his half-sister, Annela, served as his housekeeper at Berchtesgaden. His father, also named Alois, was a source of great shame to the Fuehrer: he had three wives... and died a drunkard. Furthermore, Father Alois was the illegitimate son of an Austrian peasant girl, Maria Schicklgruber and a miller named Johann Hiedler, who refused to recognize the child. The boy therefore grew up under his mother's name, and not until he was 40 years old did he get permission from the authorities to use his patronymic (which he transmuted to Hitler). Had that permission not been granted, Nazis would last week have raised their arms to the speaker at Wilhelmsheaven and cried not "Heil Hitler!" but "Heil Schicklgruber!"

Footnote... of whom the third was Adolf's mother....

Hitler v. Hitler
Time 33, April 10, 1939, p. 20.

To the Fuehrer, Hitler is terrific.
Newsweek 19. June 22, 1942, p. 42.

"The hand is the mirror of the human character," barks Hitler, stating critically at the hands of those around him. Asked to name an outstanding good example, he puts forth his own right with its broad, muscular palm and long, prehensile, square-tipped fingers. On being photographed, he asks to be posed with hands extended conspicuously or resting on his hips. Reichsmarshal Goering's hands are disliked by Hitler, who calls them "too fat and round". The long, competent fingers of Ribbentrop are more to his fancy, as were the powerful, viselike hands of Rudolf Hess.

The nose in Hitler's official photographs is not the one he had before he fought his way to the chancellorship. Once fatty at the bridge and bulbous at the end, the offending organ was changed to one of more heroic mold by a plastic surgeon in Munich, who removed the superfluous flesh. Hitler still feels that his nose is too prominent, but remembering that most famous men of history had large noses, he contents himself with striking poses that reveal the best angle.

Fifty-three years old and myopic, Hitler is too vain to wear glasses in public. To his fury, photographers present at the signing of the Munich pact managed, for the first time, to get a shot of a bespectacled Fuehrer.

To the Fuehrer, Hitler is terrific.
Newsweek 19. June 22, 1942, pp. 42.

Hitler's Throat

Time Magazine November 18, 1938

Several years ago Adolf Hitler asked the world's greatest otolaryngologist, Professor Heinrich von Neumann of Vienna, to examine his larynx. Dr. von Neumann...is an orthodox Jew and he turned Hitler down....Last week to the Philadelphia meeting of the Inter-State Postgraduate Medical Association went Hitler's second choice: curly, brown-eyed Dr. Carl von Wicken, head of Berlin University's otolaryngology department.

When he diagnosed Hitler's ailment as a "simple polyp" (small benign growth round and stunted like a pea), on his larynx, Hitler refused at first to believe him. The Chancellor had been convinced that he had cancer. Removal of the polyp from the larynx, a simple throat-cutting operation... was very easy.

But when Dr. von Wicken gave Hitler a small amount of morphine as a sedative the Chancellor slept for 12 hours. "I was quite concerned"... said the physician. After the operation, he continued, "I warned him to speak softly for a few days, and against letting his emotions lead him to shout and scream loudly... He admitted he had been told that before, but forgot himself during a speech."

Time, November 18, 1938.

Stanley High
Hitler and the New Germany
The Literary Digest, October 7, 1933

IMAGE

In Berlin one of the large art-shops/along/
Unter den Linden has a portrait of Hitler in the center of its display window. Hitler's portrait is entirely surrounded, as though by a halo, with various copies of a painting of Christ. And Germany's Nazis - as well as a good many who are not Nazi - take the implication of that association seriously. In fact, a non-Nazi friend first pointed outto methat the particular painting of Christ in this display was very popular in Germany at present.

"We seem to see", he said, "a rather striking likeness in the faces of the two men."

A large part of Germany believes that it has discovered a likeness of that sort.....

Hitler, so far as I could find out, does not invite this religious adoration. But he certainly knows how to capitalize it. If his followers insist upon giving him a halo, he, at least, will wear it as it should be worn. And.....he undoubtedly agrees with his most mystical Nazi supporter in ascribing to it a God-directed mission.

He would do that, I believe, if for no other/for than for political reasons.....

Stanley High, H. & the New Germany, p. 43

Stanley High
The Man who leads Germany
The Literary Digest, Oct. 21, 1933, p. 42

....Hitler is able to hypnotize people en masse. His manner of speaking is not ranting. His gestures are not violent. He speaks with great emphasis, but he seldom shouts. And yet he casts a spell. Audiences follow more than his words. They follow his gestures. When he is at climax and sways to one side or the other, his listeners sway with him; when he leans forward, they also lean forward and when he concludes they either are awed and silent or on their feet in a frenzy.

....Everyone testifies as to his great personal charm. He is exceptionally thoughtful for those around him.....It is said that when a Jewish soprano sang the lead in Parsifal at the Bayreuth music festival this summer Hitler, after the performance, invited her to sit at his table in the great open-air restaurant near the theatre -.....

....On the subject of his mustache, in fact, his Nazi followers are exceedingly sensitive. I was told by an official of the German Foreign Office in Berlin that the Literary Digest had been banned from Germany because it ran a cartoon caricaturing this particular item in Hitler's make-up.At the ...festival at Bayreuth he forbade.... demonstrations for himselfWagner should be made to share the honors of the occasion with no man.....

A Dictator's hour
Time 37. April 14, 1941 p. 6.

His three confidential secretaries-Frau Wolf, Frau Schroeder or Frau Darnowski.

Though not noisily sturdy like Mussolini, Hitler is a ~~healthy~~ healthy man, who in the years has changed physically less than most men between 40 and 52, and who has suffered no greater hurts than a finger broken in an automobile accident and a polyp removed from his larynx. The wiglike wad of hair which hangs across his forehead has no grey in it; nor has his curt mustache.

no more evenings lying on his army cot at home as is Siemens record-changer riffles through the ponderous Germanisms of his other favorite, Anton Bruckner.

No more tenderness to animals now. He must forget now how he once made pets of mice, how he wept when his canaries sickened and died, how he gave nuts to the squirrels around the Berghof, how, when a huge crowd was gathered for the ceremonies in Viny last summer a cur dog appeared from the forest and came through these hundreds of people straight to him.

A Dictator's hour
Time 37. April 14, 1941 p. 26, 27.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Story of two mustaches

Ladies' Home Journal 57, July 18, 1940, pp18.

Story about Chaplin's "Dictator", relates story of film writer, former correspondent in Berlin, trying to get interviews with Hitler. Mentioning the impending Chaplin picture.

"If you can really give Der Fuehrer information about the Chaplin picture, I am confident that he will see you. He is much interested and greatly disturbed."

Writer was called back by the U.S. before the interview.

"It may be stated as a fact that Hitler if he can devise some way to do so, will have a print of Chaplin's forthcoming film, now called the Dictator, smuggled to his mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden."

Story of two mustaches

Ladies' Home Journal 57, July 18, 1940, p. 18.

Fried Hans Ernest: The Guilt of the German Army 1942.

German Labor Party Meeting Nov. 13, 1919:

...and it is certainly true that upon Adolf Hitler, who was used to the discipline and power of the Army, the meeting made absolutely no impression."

Since that meeting made no impression on Adolf Hitler, why did he join the little group as "executive member"? There is no direct evidence available for the assumption that he did ~~not~~ so in order to receive more information for the Army, or in order to influence the group in a sense agreeable to the Army, rather than from genuine interest. But such an explanation of Hitler's step cannot be excluded.

As of January 1st, 1920, the party decided to draw up new membership lists; and in order to give the illusion of greater strength the lists "began with # 00". Thus, in the ~~now~~ alphabetical list, Hitler received membership card # 555, as an ordinary member between 554, Georg Meuring,, electrician, and 555 556, Joseph Hoetzel, soldier. Indeed, so little was Hitler known at that time, that in this membership list his name was spelled "Hittler" and as his profession the compiler of the list first noted "painter". Only later (as a photograph of the page shows), was the second "t" omitted and "painter" changed to "writer". As late as January, 1921, the Voelkische Beobachter called a Viennese lawyer, Walter Riehl, the "Fuehrer" of the National Socialist movement of Greater Germany.

In the early stages, the Army oficers gave Hitler an opportunity to exercise his genius for propaganda and oratory such as his party could never have provided. There is, for instance, the officially reported story of Colonel Hans G. Hofmann who returned in September, 1919, with his volunteer troops from a military action against Hamburg, and who, after his volunteer corps had been taken into the regular Reichswehr, went with them to the German fortress of Passau.

"At this time Hitler was education officer in the first Bavarian Rifle ~~Regiment~~ ~~men's~~ Regiment. For that reason, Hofmann let him come to Passau, because Hofmann's battalion had been thrown together with a troop that left a great deal to be desired. Hitler addressed the officers and non-coms of the battalion with so much success that Hofmann, the same evening... summoned the citizens' guard so that they might hear Hitler (too). Possibly this was Hitler's first appearance in public." Thus it was an active Army officer who arranged for Hitler's debut outside the military lecture rooms to which he had hitherto been limited. The next day, Colonel Hofmann arranged for Hitler to address an audience of high school students. No less important than these connections is the fact that they were by no means concealed by either side. These passages are contained in a eulogizing biography of Colonel Hofmann by the future National Youth Leader, Baldur von Schirach, published before Hitler rose to Chancellershipp. Schirach also points out that another active officer ordered the crack troops of an infantry company to protect the first public meetings at which Hitler spoke in Munich. "The first company of the Reichswehr Infantry Regiment 3 that was led by (the officer Adolf) Huehnlein is a strong, proud and nationalistic-minded troop. Hence it was its shock troopers who in 1919 protected the first meetings held by Adolf Hitler."

Denny, Ludwell: France and the German Counter Revolution
The Nation 116, March 14, 1923. p. 295.

(Munich, February 3, 1923.)

Hitler going from meeting to meeting, is received with enthusiasm. He is an extraordinary person. An artist turned popular prophet or savior, is the way members of the audience described him to me as we waited for him to appear. A young man stepped on the platform and acknowledged the long applause. His speech was intense and brief; he constantly clenched and unclenched his hands. When I was alone with him for a few moments, he seemed hardly normal; queer eyes, nervous hands, and a strange movement of the head. He would not give an interview - said he had no use for Americans. Later I learned something of this story. He is not an artist but a locksmith, not a Bavarian but an Austrian. During the war he was wounded, or through fright or shock became blind. In the hospital he was subject to ecstatic visions of Victorious Germany, and in one of these seizures his eyesight was restored.

Denny, Ludwell: France and the German Counter Revolution
The Nation 116, March 14, 1923. p. 295.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Newsweek, 11, May 16, 1938, p. 15.
Adolf Hitler's Roman Holiday..

Hitler's followers said they had never seen him so subdued and observant. They admitted the Italian show was a big surprise. At the opera in Naples, Hitler was so preoccupied that he failed to salute the Nazi "Horst Wessel Song" or come forward when the cast of "Aida" applauded him. Not until the military parade, halfway through his visit did he respond to Mussolini's joviality.

Adolf Hitler's Roman holiday. Newsweek, 11, May 16, 1938, p. 15.

Medicus

A Psychiatrist looks at Hitler

The New Republic, April 26, 1939; pp. 326/27

Relationship between loneliness and aggressiveness. Analysis based on Hanisch reports. Infantile animosity against every person who causes a momentary frustration. (Transposed later by identification upon the entire German people).

Early disappointment in mother. Traits of voyeur. Inability to love - instinctual inhibitions, narcissistic. Tendency to schizophrenia.

According to Medicus Hitler may be beginning to show precursory signs of psychological breakdown.

Hitler and Mussolini put their heads together
Newsweek, October 4, 1937, pp. 11-13

(About Mussolini's visit to Munich in Sept. 37)

For nine hours the brown-clad Fuehrer showed off his guest in the carnical-decked streets and palaces of the Bavarian capital.....

Yet even amid this lavishness of good fellowship, the personal strain between the two Dictators was discernible. As they inspected a line of picked troops, Hitler betrayed his satisfaction at being several inches taller than his guest.....

Both stars lost some of their glitter in the climaxing event, an afternoon reception at which Fraeulien Leni Riefenstahl marshaled 100 or more of Germany's prettiest women. Here the two dictators outdid each other kissing hands; but female glances dwelt less longingly on them than on a third conqueror, Max Schmeling.....

Let's be friends
Time, March 9, 1936, p. 21

To Berlin last week, hastily summoned from ~~Paris~~
Paris, hurried Paris-Midi's correspondent de luxe, M.
Bertrand de Jouvenel.....

As recorded by M. de Jouvenel and syndicated in
the U. S. by Universal Service the interview opened thus:
"I know what you are thinking," Chancellor Adolf Hitler
said, advancing, with a fresh smile on his face, across
his huge office in the Wilhelmstrasse. "You're saying to
yourself: 'Hitler is going to make pacific declarations
to me. But are they in good faith? Is he sincere?'".....

I told the Chancellor we French had his own words
of hostility toward France in his book, "Mein Kampf"....
Hitler pondered a moment, then placed his hand on my arm:
.....

Morrell, Sydney: Among the Nazis. Hitler's hiding place.
 Living Age # 352, August 3, 1937, pp. 6-33.

1.

Actually, the Berghof, as Hitler has named his mountain home, has undergone a remarkable transformation in the last year. Today the Berghof is no longer a mountain hut. It has become a palatial mansion, able to accommodate not merely a couple of guests but forty or more, in large bedrooms, sumptuously furnished as in a luxury hotel.

Outside, the appearance has changed to that of an ultra-modern mansion, white-washed all over, with clean-cut lines and spacious modern windows.

The little mountain road has disappeared. In its place has been built a broad, busy highway connecting the Berghof with Munich, 120 miles away. Just off this highway, close to the Berghof, is a new airfield. A special building has been erected to house a branch of the Reichs Chancellery. New homes have been built for the staff of officials. Barracks have just been finished for Hitler's private bodyguard of black-shirted Schutzstaffel men. And wings have been added to the Berghof for Hitler's personal secretarial staff.

The whole building consists of two stories, with a wooden balcony, with flower boxes all along the railings running around the place outside the bedrooms. There is an internal telephone system with a telephone in every room. One button is labeled simply Der Fuehrer. In theory, any guest can speak to Hitler at any moment. In fact, of course, it is not quite so simple. Hitler's rooms are strictly separate in a wing of their own, so that in his mountain home he can remain completely aloof if he wishes to do so. And usually he does.

At first, when the Berghof was still a simple mountain chalet, Hitler had as housekeeper his widowed sister, Frau Angela Raubal. Some time ago, however, Frau Raubal married a Dresden professor Dr. Martin Hammitzsch, and she is gone. The service of the Berghof is now completely in the hands of white-clad stewards-efficient, self-effacing and ubiquitous.

Apart from the luxury inside, the Berghof has become, without most people knowing it, an impenetrable fortress. At one time it lay directly on the road. The road has been diverted 200 yards away and made to dip and bend in such a manner that only a small corner of the mansion is ever visible from it. The entire mountainside for about eight square miles has been fenced in with electrified wire eight feet high, with five strands of barbed wire on top.

Inside this estate are other chalets of Nazi leaders, including that of General Goering, which is higher up the mountain. Everything else that used to be on this mountainside—scores of peasants' homes and a children's sanatorium—has been removed. Dotted here and there in the wooded landscape are little turrets, which look quaint, romantic and very Bavarian. Actually they are "pill-boxes"—defense posts for the bodyguards, and are fortified by machine-guns.

On the roadside also built in the Bavarian style, is a log cabin. This guards the heavy gates leading to the estate, and from there the sentries have a commanding view of all the curves of the road. On the sides of all the mountains for miles around the Berghof have been stationed anti-aircraft guns, which would be able to put up such a concentrated barrage that any enemy airplane would be brought down. To make doubly certain of the Fuehrer's safety, bomb and gas proof cellars have been built deep under the Berghof on the mountain side.

Korrell, Sydney: Among the Nazis. Hitler's hiding place.
Living Age 352 August 8, 1937.

2.

No one may walk or drive along the road towards the Berghof without a special permit, and no motor-cars are allowed to stop on the road. And the road is always cleared when one of the fast four-wheel-drive cars from the Berghof brings some special guest from Munich. Three hours is the average time for this journey; the train takes at least three and a half hours.

These special cars, which have been built for safe and speedy travel in all kinds of weather, are housed in special garages which have been built into the mountainside below the Berghof. Above this basement, level with the rising ground at the back of the mansion are the central hall and other social rooms. It was in these luxuriously furnished apartments that Hitler received Lloyd George and Italy's Foreign Minister, Count Ciano. On this floor also is the lofty dining room, which opens on to a spacious balcony.

The second floor is entirely taken up by the bedrooms. Vases of flowers are in every room, contrasting strikingly with the woodwork, stained dark brown in the Bavarian style.

In the hanging pine forests of his great estate Hitler has come more and more to formulate his policy in informal walks and talks. His days are as simple as his diet—he is a vegetarian and does not drink or smoke—a walk in the morning, the official business, an afternoon, devoted to his favorite hobby, architecture, and an evening around the fire ~~XXXX~~ side with his guests, when he feels inclined that way.

In architecture Hitler seeks ambitiously to perpetuate himself and his epoch in the great modern buildings of Germany. In the music and singing of the evenings he personally finds his greatest satisfaction.

Children from Berchtesgaden are frequently brought up for tea and cakes, to be photographed with the Leader petting their heads. But the belief that Hitler goes to Berchtesgaden to mix with his own kind of people ~~of the little town~~ once more no longer has any basis in fact. The people of the little town rarely see their Leader.

Korrell, Sydney: Among the Nazis. Hitler's hiding place.
Living Age 352 August 8, 1937. p. 422

Snyder, Louis, Leo: Hitlerism... by Nordicus, 1932.

1.

:Dates on youth vague and incorrect, very good description of Hitler's rise and conditions in Germany in 1932.:

Hitler is a born orator. His friends speak of him as a shy nervous type, who suddenly loses these characteristics when facing a large audience. Here he is in his element, where he can appeal to the emotions of his hearers. Here logic can be thrown to the winds. The goal is enthusiasm among blind followers for his cause. On the platform he is the go-getter, the impulsive, confident man of will, who can easily sacrifice facts for idealistic illusions. Thoughtless answers to questions by journalists testify to his inability to understand what he really wants. In one sentence he describes the Jews as cheats and rogues, none of whom can be trusted: in another he says: "I have nothing against decent Jews." The French—the eternal enemy of the Germanic race—are a pestilence; but he has nothing against a *Verständigungspolitik*. (rapprochement)!

At times Hitler is the proverbial "good fellow". Those who know the Austrian type, the soft, good-natured, person who takes things easy, will be surprised to find these same characteristics in the nature of the fiery leader. But that remains but one side of his character. The other side is overshadowed by a fanatical ambition, an urge to power sweeping in its intensity, brutal, regardless of opposition. Hitler is unable to see anything from the viewpoint of another person—a quality that causes a continual strain between him and other party leaders. The loss of such men as Kapitän von Kuecke, Otto Strasser, and Hauptmann Stennes, all of whom resigned after tilts with Hitler, gives an eloquent example of the latter's inability to handle men. In his party headquarters he is uncertain, choleric, tempestuous—the prima donna off-stage, exciting followers by temperamental outbursts, fits of weeping, and periods of gloomy silence. But always the rôle of dictator. When he enters the "Brown House" things start humming, clerks scatter to and fro, guards snap to attention. His whole manner betrays the effect of the sudden soaring flight to power, which has left him a little dizzy and amazed, but determined to carry on the beautiful dream. He forces himself to play the part of an autocrat—a rôle out of keeping with his real nature—but necessary if the show is to be kept going.

The qualities necessary in playing the dictator are lacking here. Like Caesar, Hitler begins an important demand of his followers with "Ich verführe!" (I order!) But he lacks the resolution and clear thinking which must be possessed by a dictator. In critical moments he cannot make up his mind. There are many National Socialists who claim that their leader exhibited a striking weakness when he refused to engineer a putsch after the extraordinarily successful Reichstag elections in September 1930. Other criticize him for his ill-timed putsch in 1923. When the Berlin "S.A." revolted in the summer of 1930, Hitler flew to Berlin and patiently visited the various city districts, arguing with the leaders, making promises and begging for cooperation. A real dictator would have dismissed the rebels without much further ado; instead Hitler granted financial privileges which indicated that his Berlin followers were more interested in jiggling marks than in the remarkable "Weltanschauung" he had arranged for them.

Snyder, Louis, Leo: Hitlerism... by Nordicus, 1932, pp. 24, 25, 26.

Unlike Mussolini, Hitler is unable to act deliberately. The cacophony of the multitude displeasing music to the Italian dictator, but he does not need it nor does he care for it. With Hitler it is a matter of life. Applause from the masses means everything to the Nazi chief.

Hitler is unquestionably one of the greatest of German orators. He understands mass psychology and possesses the ability to hammer his ideas into the heads of rabid supporters. This unusual ability has given him a tremendous confidence in his own ability as a leader and at the same time makes him disdainful of the written word. His book, "Mein Kampf," is a classic example of the fact that great speakers seldom are able to write convincingly. In this same book he goes to great pains to prove to his readers that revolutions are made by orators and not by journalists. He points out that the Russian Revolution was achieved with the following of millions of illiterate peasants by direct appeal to their emotions through the spoken word. "The power brought about by the great historical and political movements was achieved for centuries through the magic of the spoken word." He forgets the important place occupied by printed propaganda in the Reformation, in the period of Humanism, in the Renaissance and in the French Revolutions of 1789, 1830 and 1848. The coming German revolution will be achieved through oratory, mainly of the Hitler variety, according to his modest reasoning.

Hitler understands how to attract attention to himself. During the years of the inflation, when he protested vigorously against the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles, he was among the Germans who dared to lift their voices against the might of the victors. That made an impression. It steeled his own self-confidence.

Snyder, Louis, Leo: Hitlerism... by Nordicus. 1932. ppp 26. 27.

An obvious handicap in the character of the future dictator is his intellectual education. Hitler is sensitive upon this point perhaps more than any other. He knows little or nothing of the real intellectual Germany, the Germany of Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Beethoven, Frederick the Great. He is the popular agitator, the adventurer smiled upon by fame and fortune, the contrivance of post-war Germany to the hero-albums. A Germanic General Boulanger. As a child of the masses Hitler despised the cultured classes which have long been the bearers of the German "Kultur", especially the university professors. Yet we find the paradox of a prominent university and winner of a Nobel Prize, Dr. Johannes Stark, falling in line with the ever-mounting mass of Hitler-admirers and singing the praises of the new political saviour.

Snyder, Louis, Leo: Hitlerism... by Nordicus. 1932. ppp 29. 30.

Snyder, Louis, Leo: Hitlerism... by Nordicus. 1932.

3.

A close comparison in the characters of (Hitler and Mussolini)...
...Hitler has always remained the political ~~III~~ demagogue, more intent upon impressing his followers and keeping them in a state of blind devotion than upon keeping them enlightened politically. Both men are extreme egoists, able and anxious to place their own welfare before any other thing of importance...

... Hitler is slow and blundering, depending upon political good-luck rather than upon any exceptional political genius...

... to Hitler's loud insistence that the Nazi program will never be changed; it is made to be carried out even at the risk of death....

.... Hitler, absolutist among the masses and his stormtroops, does not possess personality sufficient to control a small group of political leaders, whose obvious ~~IX~~ aim is-like his own-personal power.

Here lies probably the most essential difference in the two men. In his chess play for personal power, Mussolini relied on a carefully trained organization and on trusted followers, whereas Hitler in his play for power depends upon him self alone. So fascinated is he by the force of his own personality, that he ~~Wies~~ believes he can be swept into the dictatorship without outside aid by presenting himself and a program.

Snyder, Louis, Leo: Hitlerism... by Nordicus. 1932. pp. 216, 217.

I was at a loss. Watching Adolf Hitler, a smallish man, five feet, five inches tall, I felt rather irritated, almost repelled. I resented his acting, his pose as the simple man of the people. His face seemed vulgar to me, and the thin-lipped mouth gave it an expression of malignity. The mustache reminded me of a village Don Juan. He seemed always at odds with his hands, seeking escape in wide, absurd gestures. The hoarse voice, always near cracking, got on my nerves. A ham, I thought, who wants to play the leading part. But would he? I must confess that I concluded he never would.

p. 36, Simone, Men of Europe

The Viennese police files of 1912 recorded a charge of theft made against Hitler. It is said that he moved to Munich to avoid arrest. (It seems, by the way, that the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss guarded Hitler's police record like a treasure. It is quite possible that this cost him his life. For in May 1934 I saw a report of the French Minister to Vienna on a conversation with Dollfuss. The Chancellor complained bitterly that Hitler's henchmen were after him because he refused to hand Hitler's police record to them. A few weeks after I was shown this report by a high official of the Quai d'Orsay, Dollfuss was murdered by Viennese S.S. men on the express order of ~~Rudolf Hess~~ Hitler's deputy leader Rudolf Hess.

p. 46, Simone, Men of Europe

Andre Simone
Men of Europe

-2-

In the middle of 1933 it became known that Marshal Pilsudski had twice proposed to France an attack on Germany before it should again grow strong. The Nazis were profoundly worried over such a prospect, and Goebbels believed the best way to prevent this attack would be to separate the Poles from the French by securing an agreement with Poland. The problem was to make Hitler, who was furiously fulminating against the "lousy Poles" accept the idea.

One evening Hitler, then a frequent guest in Dr. Goebbels' house, where Frau Magda Goebbels poured tea for him and played for hours at the piano, was listening to the music that always lulled him into a mellow, accessible mood. When the playing was over, the Propaganda Minister told the Fuehrer that he often recalled a remark Hitler had made a few months before he became Chacellor. It dealt, Goebbels said, with the surprises Hitler ~~would~~ had up his sleeve and which he would spring when he took over the Government. One of these surprises would be an agreement with Poland, and Goebbels described at length the Fuehrer's anticipation of the mystification and dismay such a move would cause the enemies of the Reich.

According to Francois-Poncet's story, Hitler, who of course never had made any such remark, immediately accepted it and spent hours that night discussing with Goebbels the possibilities and provisions of an agreement with Poland. The next day he asked foreign Minister Baron von Neurath to look into the chances for such a pact. Six months later it was concluded. It did indeed have the effect of a bombshell.

p. 97, Simone, Men of Europe

Vor einigen Jahren liess Rudolf Hess sich in Harlaching bei Wien eine Villa bauen. Hitler kam und besichtigte. Hess begann zu schwärmen: es sei immer sein Traum gewesen, in solchem Hause zwischen Wald und Feld das Alter zu verbringen; hier mit dem Blick auf die Alpen, seine Tage zu beschliessen.

Darauf Hitler, strafenden Tones und in seinen Worten war vielleicht nicht alles ganz ehrlich, sondern ein Stueck nur nationaler Kommentar, sog nannter guter Ton unter Maennern, jedenfalls aber das, was unter Freunden als wahre Gesinnung zu gelten ohne Trug zu gelten hat:

"Aber nein, Hess, sterben wollen wir doch ganz so anders!"

Hess riss sich zusammen und erwiderte: "Jawohl, mein Fuehrer."

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. p. 188.

Eine sehr bekannte deutsche Schauspielerin sollte vor einiger Zeit von einer grossen Filmgesellschaft engagiert werden. Man legte ihr nahe: wenn sie den Kontrakt haben wolle, moege sie einwilligen, zwei-bis dreimal in der Woche dem Fuehrer und Reichskanzler bis gegen drei Uhr nachts Gesellschaft zu leisten.

Es war ein durchaus ehrbares Angebot; die Dame sollte an einer der menschenreichen Gesellschaften teilnehmen, die dem Kanzler in bunten Haufen seine schlaflosen Naechte durchwachen helfen. In der Tat kann Hitler nicht schlafen, und zwar seit zwei Jahren nicht. Schon den Kameraden der fruehen Zeit fiel das auf; wenn er sie durch klare und ausfuhrliche Analyse einer politischen Lage, durch eine schneller Entscheidung verbluefft hatte, gestand er zuweilen: er habe die ganze Nacht wach gelegen und nachgedacht. Der Staatssekretaer Funk hat geschildert, wie er die Naechte durchlese, angeblich historische Schriften, tatsaechliche Kriminalromane. Goebbels hat in einer Rede berichtet: er kommt selbst nach zwei schweren Arbeitstagen mit dem Flugzeug abends in Berlin an, will nachts um eine Uhr uobermuedet zu Bett gehen und wird ploetzlich telephonisch in die Reichskanzlei zu Hitler gerufen: "Um zwei Uhr nachts sass er noch frisch mitten in der Arbeit allein in seiner Wohnung und liess sich nahezu zwei Stunden Vortrag ueber den Bau der Reichsautobahn halten." Was bestimmt noch bis zum naechsten Tag und dann noch viele Tage Zeit gehabt haette; Hitler konnte eben nicht schlafen, und sein todmueder Minister musste ihn bis vier Uhr morgens von einer seiner Liebhabereien unterhalten. Derselbe Goebbels schildert einen Besuch auf dem Obersalzberg: "Jede Nacht bis morgens sechs bis sieben Uhr sah man den Lichtschein aus seinem Fenster fallen. Der Fuehrer diktierte die grossen Reden, die er einige Tage spaeter auf dem Kongress (1934) hielt."

Hitlers naechtlliche Gesellschaften in seiner Berliner Privatwohnung in der Reichskanzlei sind fuer einen nicht einmal allzu beschraenkten Kreis fast ein oeffentlicher Treffpunkt. Zuerst wird ausserordentlich lange getafelt, oft mehrere Stunden; dann wird musiziert. Der Freund Hanfstaengl produziert sich auf dem Fluegel, das Lied an den Abendstern aus Wagners "Tannhaeuser" gehoert zu Hitlers Lieblingsmelodien.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa 1937. pp. 190. 191.

Seine persoenliche Liebenswuerdigkeit im privaten Verkehr wird geruehmt, doch ebenso seine unbeschraenkte Aufnahmefaeheigkeit fuer Schmeichelei; dass er groesser sei als Napoleon oder Friedrich der Grosse, darf man ihm mit ruhiger Sachlichkeit ins Gesicht sagen; sofern es nur mit Ernst und dem Hinzufuegen, man wolle nicht schmeicheln, geschieht. Schon Rochus hat in seiner Lebensbeschreibung auf die Schmeichlergesellschaft um Hitler gewettet. Einer der ruecksichtsloesten Ausnutzer dieser Schwaeche, Goebbels, hat seine Briefe an den Fuehrer drucken lassen, in denen er ihm schlicht bezeugt: "Vor dem Muenchener Gerichtshof wuchsen Sie fuer uns in die letzte menschliche Grosse. So Grosses ist in Deutschland seit Bismarck nicht mehr gesagt worden." Die noch dickeren Schmeicheleien des sogenannten Tagebuches wurden fruher erwaehnt. Wie alle innerlich Unsicheren ist Hitler ein Spieglenschmuck, der sich gern vor den Spiegel beobachtet und auch vor ihm seine Reden einstudiert, bis auf die Handbewegungen.

Der engeren Personenkreis um ihn hat sich zusammengezogen und ihn noch naeher gelassen. Die Schwester Angela, Mutter der toten Nichte Geli, seit jenen truerben Fall in der Naechte des Bruders bedrueckt, hat ihn nunmehr verlassen und im Februar 1936 den Professor Martin Hausitzsch in Dresden geheiratet. Eine Freundin in Muenchen, Fraeulein B., von Beruf Photographin, luxurioses erst in einer Wohnung an der Widemannstrasse, spaeter in eigne Haus in Vorort Bogenhausen untergebracht, ist keine Gefaehrtin. In seiner Vereinsamung sind ihm Kinder fast die liebste Gesellschaft, und wieder weiss Goebbels mit seinen kleinen Toechtern diesen Heng zu nuetzen; wie denn ueberhaupt die Familie des Propagandaministers dem Fuehrer und Reichskanzler, solange er in Berlin ist, eine Art privater Hauslichkeit bietet. Schon ist es auch bei andern zur Regel politischer Klugheit geworden, seine Kinder dem Kanzler ins Haus zu senden; Neurath, der Ausserminister, und Eltz-Ruebenach, der fruhere Verkehrsminister, wissen es.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. pp. 191, 192.

Sieben Freunde, sieben Stuetzen, Ergaenzungen und Ausfuellungen einer sehr lueckenhaften Persoenlichkeit.

Rudolf Hess ist gewissermassen der einzige Mensch in all diesem Menschenstoff, mit dem dieser Tyrann wider Willen hantieren muss. Der einsame Weg des Fuehrers durch jubelnde Menschenmauern hinauf zur Macht hat den Menschen Hitler in immer tiefere Verduesterung gefuehrt; einer der wenigen Menschen, unter den Kameraden vorderer Reihe wohl der einzige, der ihm ueberhaupt zuteil wurde, ist Hess. Er ist Hitler weder als Geist, noch als Naturell gewachsen, und hat sich in der Partei nicht so weit freigeschwommen, dass er den Halt am Fuehrer entbehren koennte; seine Staerke liegt nicht in seiner Tauglichkeit, sondern in seiner Zuverlaessigkeit.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. p. 198.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937.

3

Schwarz, der sachliche Kasenhuetter, ist in dieser Partei der Aufregten oder Verkommenen der Normale an hervorragender Stelle. Er repraesentiert in der Reichsleitung der Partei ein Stueck jenes deutschen Volkes, das der Gegenstand aller politischen Arbeit ist. Die Partei sagt ihren Fuehrer moechte maechtig, gefaehrlich und zu allem faehig sein; dieser Kassierer moechte sie serioes.

In Max Amann scheinen sich alle Instinkte auszutoben, zu denen Hitler sich nicht bekennen will. Er hat den Mut, offen etwas fuer sich zu wollen; er kann es auch leisten, weil er zugleich etwas fuer Hitler will. Wenn der Fuehrer den Wunsch nach Geldverdienen nicht aeussern darf, so darf Amann sich eine Ehre daraus machen, dass er fuer Hitler Geld verdient. Amann, sagt seinem Stil und seinen Methoden, stellt dar: Adolf Hitler, wenn er Kaufmann waere.

Roehm war die ruhige und gleichmaessige Kraft, die Hitler nie besass und deren er stets bedurfte. Ihre gemeinsame Laufbahn ist ein staendiges An- und Wippendeln gewesen; um nicht Roehm war es, der schwankte. Auch war nicht er es, der den letzten heftigen Zusammenprall wollte; vielleicht kann man sagen, dass seine gleichmaessige Kraft, des Begleiter seit Jahren immer mehr irritierend wie ein Magnet den Schlag auf sich gezogen hat.

Der Brief an Hitler ist an einen Mann gerichtet, der aus durchschnittlicher Begabung eine Hoechstleistung herausgeholt hat. In keiner Weise genial oder originell, hat er, nachahmend und aufgreifend, gute Anregungen und vorzueglichen Material tadelloes verarbeitet, alles richtig gemacht und nichts verseumt; in der Leistung, die in jeder Beziehung das Gegenteil einer Hitlerischen Leistung ist. SS und Gestapo scheinen die Ochtrana, den Intelligence Service oder die GPU an Ideenreichtum und Verschlagenheit nicht zu erreichen; da fuer sind sie das Hoechste und Korrekteste Organisation, was gedacht werden kann.

Goebbels ist von allen sieben der einzige, der ueber die gesellschaftliche Sphaere Hitlers hinausragt und diesen mit einer Welt verbindet, in der man nicht nichtlangweilt. Er hat Geschmack an Schoenheiten des Lebens, zu denen Hitler heimlich Lust hat; zugleich verzehrt ihn der Ehrgeiz nach Erfolgen, fuer die er selbst zwar Talent genug, aber nur Hitler die Kraft hat besitzt. In merkwuerdiger Wechselbeziehung ergaenzen sie einander, waehrend Hitler auf dem Gipfel der Macht durch menschliche Armut ungluecklich ist, sieht Goebbels auf dem hohen Kamme persoennlicher Erfolge sich durch Langen an wirklicher Macht gedemuetigt.

In Rosenberg schliesslich trifft Hitler auf einen Kameraden, der bei groeesserer intellektueller Schaeffe noch grausamer in der Seele verduester ist. Sind es bei Hitler Haemmungen aus der Jugendzeit, so scheint bei Rosenberg der Widerspruch zwischen politischen Bekenntnissen und persoennlicher Waehrheit noch tiefer zu liegen. Gegen ihn sind vor einiger Zeit praezisierte Beschuldigungen erhoben worden, die sich zum Teil auf seine Abstammung, zum Teil auf sein Vorleben beziehen. Sie sind dem Inhalt nach nicht neu und innerhalb der Partei schon frueher von Goering und Hanfstaengl ausgesprochen worden. Danach hat Rosenberg einen, wenn auch schmalen Tropfen juedischen Blutes in der Adern; ausserdem lettisches, mongolisches und franzoesisches. Von seinen Gegnern in der Partei ist Rosenberg der Spionage fuer Frankreich bezichtigt worden; dies wird dahin berichtet, dass der Vorwurf einen inzwischen verstorbenen Bruder betrafte, der mit Alfred Rosenberg in Verbindung gestanden habe. Dass die Familie in verschiedener Hinsicht erblich belastet ist, wird, auch wenn die da fuer angefuhrten Einzelheiten nicht beruecksichtigt, durch Aussehen und Ver-

Heiden Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. pp. 199. 200.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937.

h.

halten Rosenbergs glaubhaft gemacht. Ein Mischling und erblich Belasteter als Verteidiger von reiner Rasse und Erbgesundheit ist kein schlechter Gefährte fuer den Fuehrer, der sich aus dem Obdachlosenasyll den Weg bis an die Spitze der Elite der Nation erkampft hat.

Unter den sieben Freunden fehlt Goering.....So sehr Goering in den Kreis der Exaltierten um Hitler passt, so schwierig ist das menschliche Verhaeltnis zwischen ihnen. Goering, ein Lebensbejaher und Lebensgeniesser, durchschaut nicht nur, wie die andern die Kuensterei in Hitlers scheinbarer Selichtheit; er laesst es auch merken, dass er den wahren Grund, naemlich Langel an Fortschritt, erkennt. In keineswegs engeren Kreis hat er seinen Fuehrer einen Hampelmann genannt, und das vor den Ohren des Auslaendes, naemlich im Fruhjahr 1933 in Rom; Hitler wiederum hat seinen in Seide und Sternen laenzenden Ministerpraesidenten mehrmals oeffentlich yurechtweisen lassen, meist durch den Mund des gekraenkten und beiseitegedraengten Goebbels.

An Rastlosigkeit und Unzufriedenheit Hitler vergleichbar, jagt er nicht wie dieser nach den Ehren, sondern nach den Genuesen des Lebens; er will nicht gelten, sondern haben. Hitler ist durch seine politischen Erfolge in die Goering in der Gesellschaft aufgestiegen; jener wollte hinein, um seine Bestaetigung zu haben, dieser wollte hinauf, weil es angenehm war und er ein Recht dazu fuehlte. In alle andern seiner Stufe. An Lebensgier und Energie sind beide gleich; aber der Fuehrer hat seine Kraft benutzt, die Lust am Leben in sich zu verkrueppeln, der Paladin, sie zu befriedigen.

So besteht eine Fremdheit zwischen beiden, die von Zeit zu Zeit immer wieder wie eine Feindseligkeit ausbricht.

Aus seiner Abneigung fuer die Persoenlichkeit des Mannes, in dem er doch seinen wichtigsten Mitarbeiter sieht, macht Hitler kaum einen Hehl; in wenigstens andeutender Art selbst vor Fremden nicht. Einer Tischnachbarin schwaermte er vom Vegetarismus und sagte, er hoffe zuversichtlich, dass alle Voelker noch so weit kommen wuerden, sich nicht von toten Tieren zu naehren. Unbegreiflich, fuhr er fort, sei ihm Goering und seine Leidenschaft fuer das Tooten von Tieren. In seinem Hause hielt Goering lange Zeit einen zahen Loewen; dieser Loewe habe ihm, Hitler, einmal die Tatzen auf die Schultern gelegt, was ihm einen ziemlichen Schrecken eingejagt habe. Goering habe ihn dann beruhigt; aber- und nun geraet er noch nachtraeglich in Empoerung-wohin koenne dieser Unfug noch fuehren, wenn etwa der Loewe sich einmal auf eins der kleinen Kinder von Goebbels stuerzen wuerde. Vergebens hat Goering versucht, seinen Fuehrer mit dem Jagdwesen auszusuchen. Im staetlichen Jagdrevier der Schorfheide, das er zu seiner Privatjagd gemacht hat, liess er Ende 1933 ein Holzhaus bauen und hielt dieses in seiner Einfachheit fuer Hitler angemessen; er schenkte es ihm also. Aber Hitler hat das Haus nie betreten, und darauf geschah etwas Lerkwuerdiges: das verschmaechte Haus brannte im Februar 1934 ab.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. pp. 200, 201, 202, 203.

Ein ohnmächtiges, aus eigener Kraft und auf natuerliche Art nicht befriedigtes Verlangen nach Menschen trieb ihn zu den Massen, und von den Massen findet er den Weg zu den Menschen nicht zurueck...
...Alle Zeugnisse, auch die spaeterer Bewunderer, berichten von der voelligen Isolierung des jungen Menschen; und sie war nicht nur voellig, sondern auch gewollt. Er hat sich vor der eigenen Familie verkrochen und galt ihr als verschollen; in Obdachlosen-Asyl, im Laennerheim entstand um ihn aus dem Bericht des Gefaehrten Hanisch geht es hervor - eine leere Zone, durch die er zu den Leidensgefaehrten nicht durchdrang. In Felde galt er als Sonderling, und in der jungen "Deutschen Arbeiterpartei" wusste man nichts von dem Privatleben des Fuehrers; fragte man ihn, wurde er zornig. Ein wirklicher Freund, Joseph Berchtold, hat aus jener Zeit erzaehlt, wie wenig die Parteigenossen mit H. Hitler ausserhalb der politischen Arbeit zusammenkamen.

Doch nicht wie andere Sonderlingen gelint es ihm, sich eine private geistige Welt aufzubauen; etwa die notwendigen Verstandesgaben waeren reichlich an-einander setzten Bildungsvorrat anzulegen und zu neuen Erkenntnissen vorzuschreiten. Dabei hat er eine starke Besitzfreude hervorderungsweise gerade an Buechern. "Sie wuerden sich wundern" sagte einmal die Frau seines naechsten Umgangs, "wenn Sie die herrliche Bibliothek Hitlers sehen ~~SAHNEN~~"; ganze Waende voll der schoensten Buecher, und alle nicht gelesen."

Eine Art Angst vor Erkenntnis und vor geistiger Auseinandersetzung selbst mit dem bedruckten Papier hemmt ihn. Ein polnischer Journalist, Kazimierz Smogorzewski, wagte ihn zu fragen: "Welche von den grossen Geistern der Vergangenheit haben einen ausschlaggebenden Einfluss in der intellektuellen Hinsicht auf Br. Exzellenz ausgeuebt?" Darauf die klassische und fuer Hitler wahrhaft bezeichnende Antwort:

"Es ist schwer, die Zahl jener Geister aufzuzahlen, die zu jeder grossen Idee schon in der Vergangenheit befruchtende Beitrage geliefert haben. Unser ganzes Anschauungsbild entsteht zu ueberwaeltigenden Teil aus den Resultaten geistiger Arbeit der Vergangenheit und nur zu einem kleineren Teil auf Grundlage eigener Erkenntnisse. Das Entscheidende ist nur, das einem von den grossen Geistern fruherer Zeiten ueberliefertes Gedankengut vernuenftig und zweckmaessig zu ordnen und die sich daraus ergebenden logischen Konsequenzen zu ziehen. Denn was nuerzten alle Erkenntnisse, wenn man nicht den Mut besitzt, sich ihrer zu bedienen? Indem wir aus einer Unsaeme geistiger und wissenschaftlicher Ideen und Erkenntnisse die praktischen und politischen Folgen ziehen, haben wir die vollkommen steril gewordene Trägheit ueberwunden und unsern nationalen Leben damit einen neuen und, wie ich ueberzeugt bin, entscheidenden Aufschwung gegeben."

In seinen Reden aus fuenfzehn Jahren findet sich kein klassisches Zitat; in "Mein Kampf" auch nicht.

Jedoch der Mut, sich offen zu Barbarei und Unbildung zu bekennen, fehlt ihm trotzdem; er wird immer Dank dafuer verlangen, dass er die europaeische Kultur verteidige.

Zwei miteinander uraechlich verbundene Zuege kennzeichnen den geistigen Menschen Hitler: Besessenheit vom Zweck und Angst vor dem Geist. Geist ist jenes Reich des Gedanken, in dem der Mensch die Ideen nicht verwendet, sondern sich vor ihnen verantwortet.

Dies ist Hitlers unheimliche und nicht nachahmenswuerdige Staerke: sein aus dem Kern kommender Mangel an Liebe und Bindung, in der oberen Schicht verdeckt, doch nicht ausgewogen durch einen dicken Schaum von Ruehseligkeit, Mitleid mit sich selbst und unbefriedigtem, weil nicht zum Zurueckspenden faehigen Verlangen nach dem Mitmenschen. Die Natur hat ihn nach Faehigkeit und Tlieb als einen der staerksten Woisten und Menschen benuetzt: er konstruiert, aber seiner Substanz nicht die Harte gegeben mitgegeben, eine solche Berufung ohne Schmerz zu ertragen. So ist seine Existenz ausgespannt zwischen Handlungen von philosophisch reiner Bestialitaet und Gefuehlen von ruehrender, ja bejaehnenswuerdiger Menschlichkeit.

Er benuetzt zum Beispiel Menschen, um Baecher zu ersetzen; sind seine Antworten im Gespraech nicht befriedigend, so ist er da fuer ein Kunstler der Frage. Er liebt Gespraech, aus denen er lernen kann, und versteht es meisterhaft, aus andern alles fuer ihn wesentliche Wissen herauszuholen. Ein Schweizer Gelehrter besucht ihn und muss in stundenlanges Verhoer ueber das Funktionieren der Demokratie in seinem Lande ueber sich ergehen lassen; er geht weg mit dem Gefuehl, ausserordentlich scharfsinnig und zielbewusst ausgeschoept worden zu sein. Mit vieler deutscher Botschaften im Ausland werden nach Einzelheiten in England und Frankreich gefragt, an die sie nie gedacht haben; wie gross die Zahl gewisser Laeden in bestimmten Strassen ist, was und nach welchen Grundsuetzen dort verkauft wird, zu welcher sozialen Schicht die Kunden gehoeren; und wenn der arme Attaché nicht antworten kann, erhaelt er den freundschaftlichen Rat, die Bedeutung solcher Dinge in Zukunft besser zu wuerdigen. Belehren oder sich belehren lassen ist die Art seines Gespraechs; klaerende Rede und Gegenrede verwirrt ihn. Er will sich geistig bereichern oder sich durchsetzen und hat keinen Sinn fuer Eroerterung einer Sache um ihrer selbst willen.

Die andere Form seiner Unterhaltung ist der Monolog, der haemmernde Vortrag; wuerbend, bisweilen flehend und dadurch wenig ueberzeugend, wo er die Zustimmung des andern Teils nicht sicher ist; voll strahlender und hinreissender Gewissheit, wenn er an seiner Autoritaet ueber den Partner nicht zu zweifeln braucht. In vielen Gespraechen mit Hugenberg, Schleicher, Papen und Hindenburg hat er schlecht abgeschnitten; sei es, dass er in der Diskussion nicht standhielt, sei es, dass er endlos und langweilig redete. Und dennoch bekunden Personen gleicher Art, ja zum Teil ebendieselben Personen, dass spaeter der zum Reichskanzler gewordene unter vier Augen eine fast raetselhafte Ueberzeugungskraft auf sie ausuebte; dass sie bisweilen zu ihm gingen mit dem Entschluss zu onergischem Widerspruch und ihn verliessen mit dem stillschweigenden Gestaendnis, er habe eben doch recht.

Am 9. November 1936 sagte er in einer geschlossenen Versammlung alter Kameraden zu Luenchen: er habe frueher auch die Schlaueheit und Verschlagenheit der Juden geglaubt; das sei ein Irrtum gewesen. Die Juden seien das duemste Volk der Welt. Der Redenassus wurde im Druck gestrichen. Fuerchtete er die Juden einst, weil sie das raffinierteste spaeter aber, obwohl sie das duemste Volk der Welt sind, so laesst ein solcher Widerspruch von dem ganzen Zentralgedanken seiner Politik wenig mehr uebrig als ein starkes Schlagwort und vielleicht ein triebhaftes Gefuehl, das seine Kraft aus tieferen, aber auch trueberren Quellen schoepft als aus reiner Ueberzeugung.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. p. 212.

Der Fuehrer ist der demagogische Mechaniker, hoch auf der Suggestionsmaschine ueber der Gefolgsmaschine. Der Mensch Adolf Hitler ist arm. Naechtlliche Besuche - wahrscheinlich illegal und mit falschen Papieren - bei den Graebnern der Eltern in Loonding oder dem der toten Nichte und Freundin Geli Raubal in Wien; menschengescheues, einsames Umherirren in der Weihnachtsnacht; tage- und manchmal wochenlang bruetende Versunkenheit auf dem Obersalzberg; Stocken aller Geschaeft und Entschluesse; das ganze friedlose Hin und Her zwischen Toben und Weinen, Hocken und Flichen, Erreicheln und Wuergen lassen deutlich erkennen, was private Beobachtung zur Gewissheit macht; dass der Menschenbezwinger Adolf Hitler privat einer der ungluecklichsten Menschen ist.

Im Februar 1937 besuchten ihn ehemalige Kriegsteilnehmer verschiedener Laender in seinem Haus Berghof auf dem Obersalzberg. Der franzoesischen Delegation machte er Komplimente wegen der Pariser Weltausstellung. Das Unternehmen interessierte ihn sehr, als ehemaliger Architekt erfolge er seinen Fortgang, und er bedauerte nur, dass er es nicht selbst sehen koennte. Einer der Franzosen meinte: warum eigentlich nicht? man werde sich sehr freuen, den Herrn Fuehrer in Paris zu empfangen. Hitler laechelte trueselig und sagte: "Erst nach meinem Ruecktritt."

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa, 1937. pp. 213, 214.

Hier liegt das Geheimnis der Erscheinung Hitlers zutage. Wir konnten sein Handeln durch siebzehn Jahre verfolgen, die Konsequenz in der Unzuverlaessigkeit fast bewundern. Die aktenkundigen und historisch denkwaerdigen Faelle wurden in erheblicher Zahl aneinander gereiht; die interne, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Personen, -Partei-, und Kabinetts-geschichte koennte sie verzehn- und verhuundertfachen. Die Starrheit des Fuehrers in den Methoden und seine Unzuverlaessigkeit in den Sachen erbittern die Gemueter der Gehilfen zu jahrelangem stillen Grimm und zeichnen die Geschichte der Bewegung mit einer kaum jemals abreisenden Kette von grossen und kleinen Explosionen.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. p. 233.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa, 1937.

Wer hat sich nicht schon alles beschwert, dass auf Hitler kein Verlass ist sei.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa, 1937, p. 233.

Ueber dem Haustor dieses Mannes auf dem Obersalzberg steht der Spruch:

"eine Ehre heisst Treue."

Dieser Widerspruch zwischen Wort und Tat ist das tiefste und doch so offenkundige Geheimnis seiner Faszination.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa, 1937, p. 234.

Er selbst kennt sich wohl. Dem General Grafen v.d. Goltz sagte er: "Ich bin der grosse Idealist, Demagoge und Agitator." Der General steckte dies Geständnis in das Schlusskapitel eines 1936 veröffentlichten Buches, beachtet haben es wohl wenige.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa, 1937, p. 235.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937.

9.

Ein oesterreichischer Politiker sah ihn zufaellig vor dem Braunen Hause in Muenchen in den Wagen steigen; dabei wandte er sich um und gab einen Begleiter mit tiefer, kraeftiger Stimme einen kurzen, inhaltlich uebrigens belanglosen Befehl. Die wenigen bedeutungslosen Worte machten auf den Oestreicher einen tiefen Eindruck; er brachte sie nicht mehr aus dem Gedaechnis und stand, wie er bekannte, infolge dieses unwesentlichen Satzes monatelang unter dem Banne der Persoenlichkeit Hitlers.

Heiden, Konrad: Ein Mann gegen Europa. 1937. p. 210.

Luchini, Pierre
Deux jours chez Ludendorff 1924

..J'ai aujourd'hui pour interlocuteur le professeur Schimmer, de l'Université de Bonn, qui fait actuellement l'intérim du 2^e bureau, mais qui joue d'habitude le rôle d'agent de liaison entre Ludendorff et Hitler, quand il n'est pas chargé de mission. Des jeunes gens l'entourent.

- Nous ne verrons plus le chef Hitler de sitôt, me dit-il. C'est un grand malheur qu'il soit en prison. Les républicains l'ont, comme vous savez, condamné à cinq ans de détention, mais conditionnellement, de telle sorte qu'il y a une possibilité juridique qu'il soit libéré au bout de quelques mois. Ils l'ont enfermé dans la forteresse de Landsberg. Vous l'y trouverez dans une chambre correctement meublée. Il a l'autorisation de recevoir des visites. Mais il ne parle point politique pour ne pas gêner l'action de ses amis. Car, comment saurait-il, de là, diriger le parti? C'est pourquoi d'ailleurs il a déposé momentanément le pouvoir.

Je me rappelle avoir vu Hitler blond, dolichocephale, avec d'assez beaux traits, les yeux bleus, la bouche petite et le menton précis. Un visage énergique, bizarrement desservi par une brève moustache de deux doigts de large, qui cache mal des dents irrégulières. Il se tenait très droits, haussant à l'extrême sa taille moyenne. Et son regard était singulièrement vif. Je ne puis m'empêcher de souligner ici, devant ces tenants du facteur "race" les caractéristiques qui font de leur chef un métis, car, en somme, Hitler n'a pas le type nordique pur. Je fais l'objection:

- N'est-ce pas l'homme de l'Est qu'il faudrait voir en lui, le Saxon, dépourvu d'inquiétude morale, sans grands besoins, sans ambition, économe et obéissant, l'homme-esclave par excellence?

On m'a compris, on se précipite dans la réfutation avant que soit achevée ma phrase:

- La tête! Regardez la tête! C'est la taille, n'est-ce pas, qui vous fait dire cela, mais la tête, l'avez-vous bien admirée? La tête nordique, et puis l'âme...

- Oui, l'âme, dit un autre... Il m'a guéri, monsieur...

- De quoi?

- De la débauche. De l'alcool. A quoi était-je bon avant de le connaître?

Un autre:

- Il m'a donné ce que j'attendais...

Un troisième:

- Devant Ludendorff, je suis moi-même. Devant le chef Hitler je suis soumis.

- Un prophète? Voilà ce que je demande à ces jeunes Germains.

- ~~Un prophète~~ Un prophète. Un surhomme. "Uebermensch."

Et puis les mots reprennent:

- Il a guéri mon âme. Il m'a guéri. Il m'a donné une raison de vivre.

Tous Allemands jeunes, ardents, anciens soldats, appartenant aux milieux les plus divers. Celui-ci qui parle le plus, avec abondance, et se croit dans une chaire, est un bourgeois. Voici deux étudiants. Plusieurs ont le type de l'Allemand très moderne, au vêtement de coupe anglo-saxonne. Presque tous parlent anglais ou français. Bière. Fumées. Des multitudes de journaux à l'encadrement noir, blanc et rouge, orné d'emblèmes, sont épars sur le sol.

Dans les meetings, on a parfois la sensation d'être au milieu d'un camp que lèvent des soldats. Ils chantent et prennent soudain un air de lansquenets luthériens allant au sac de Rome.

Au creux de cette chambre, il y eut tout à l'heure un semblant de revival anglo-saxon.

Discrete assemblée de régénérés.

Adolf Hitler n'a pas, évidemment, été prouvé, il se rattient à un milieu ouvrier. - Un enfant très tôt, et est tout juste si, à l'école populaire, on lui a fait à lire et à écrire, et si, dès qu'il le put il lut lui-même étonnamment tout ce qui lui tomba sous la main, histoire, géographie et principalement les livres qui traitaient des questions politiques et sociales. Cela, tout en exerçant son métier de tapissier, à Vienne, où, dit-on, il connaît la misère et souffrit la faim. Il fréquenta un peu tous les partis sans se faire inscrire sur les rôles d'aucun, se bornant à étudier leurs programmes tout en poursuivant ses études pour l'obtention de diplôme. Il rencontra à la Volkshochschule. Il vint à Munich quelques années avant la guerre. Un catholique autrichien était parti pour l'Allemagne où il alla et Hitler sur sa foi, il vint s'installer avec la religion protestante de l'Allemagne et se rallier à Hitler, ainsi à la famille de Hitler.

Pour la guerre de 14-18, il fut enrégimenté dans les chasseurs, s'enrôla dans l'armée allemande et fut nommé soldat, et fut à l'école de la guerre. Il savait en, savait-il, devenir officier, on le lui proposa: il refusa. Pourquoi? Mais, pourquoi? Quel plus avenir solitaire de son humilité et d'être le seul à qui faciliter? Sa œuvre était légitime, mais pourquoi on ont été ces traits. Mais il nous a été caractéristique sur le fait: il était soldat. Comprenez-vous? Ludendorff, ancien quartier-maître, général, s'inclinant devant Hitler, son chef de file, et certains catholiques et protestants, un de ces catholiques catholiques de la grande majorité constituaient jadis son fondamental.

- En vérité, dit son interlocuteur, il faut que Hitler ait eu lui-même l'honneur de lire avant de faire baisser les yeux à notre Ludendorff?

- Non, en fait sur lui!

- À bien, quelques fois avant la fin de la guerre, il fut enterré par l'obsolescence d'un gros obus. Il eut beaucoup la vue et l'ouïe. Et pendant quelques temps, il ne voyait plus, n'entendait plus et avec difficulté. C'est alors qu'il fut fait pour de voir intérieurement.

(Je songe à Paul sur le chemin de Damas.)

- C'était aux temps perdus où planait le juif Masner, Hitler, plus ou moins guéri, vint à Munich, parlant avec peine, vite enroué, la poitrine échauffée par les gaz. Il entra dans la Reichswehr et commença de faire de la propagande dans les casernes. Mais il n'avait pas encore formulé sa doctrine. Un jour, dans un meeting, il entendit le grand poète Dietrich Eckart.

(Je songe à Jean-Baptiste au bord du Jourdain.)

- Un génie très pur, notre Eckart, et que vous ignorez encore. Sa très subtile intelligence se sent à l'aise dans le cadre harmonieux d'une philosophie antisémite. Peut-être avez-vous lu l'Aufgang des Deutschen. Non?... Tant pis. Hitler devint son fils spirituel, et résolut de mettre en action tout ce qu'il apprit chez lui.

"Je n'ignore pas ce que les adversaires de Eckart disent de lui, que c'est un ivrogne. Vrai ou faux. Si c'est faux, que l'insulte leur retombe sur le visage, car elle est basse. Si c'est vrai, la chose vous paraîtra de peu d'importance. Beethoven est un bien grand musicien, n'est-ce pas? et le vieil Hoendel donc! et Hoffmann fut un bien grand conteur! Pour ne parler que des Allemands Bibebat. Soit! Sed vivebat. Et comment? Avec quelle douleur! Laissons cela. Le 5 janvier 1919, six hommes s'étaient rencontrés à Munich, et ils avaient fondé le National-Sozial Deutsch Arbeiter Partei. Quelques semaines après, Hitler, lui, septième, les rejoignait. Alors, commença une campagne de meetings marquée par l'insuccès le plus complet. Au bout d'un an en 1920, le parti comptait 65 membres. En 1921, nous étions quelques milliers.

Luchini- Deux jours chez Ludendorff- pg 31-34.

Deux Jours chez Ludendorff
Lucchini- 1922;

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a German professor sneaks:

"...Pourtant, jusqu'à la fin de 1922, Hitler se considéra comme l'instrument de quelqu'un qui devait venir". se présenta en simple précurseur. Ce n'est que lorsqu'il vit que ceux en qui il avait eu confiance n'agissaient pas, et que, selon son expression, " ils ne faisaient pas le lit pour la justice et pour la vérité, mais pour eux-mêmes", qu'ils étaient simples et d'vots partisans d'une monarchie semblable à celle d'avant la guerre, qu'il résolut de se mettre en route tout seul, avec sa foi.

pg. 25- Deux Jours chez Ludendorff- Lucchini

(Hitler)

"- Vous avez vu l'homme vif, rapide, agité, exalté qu'il est. et vous-même avez noté son étonnante autorité. Cette force morale. Cette impression de maîtrise qu'il donne à ceux qui l'aperçoivent. Vous avez vu que lorsqu'il parle les gens deviennent, comment dites-vous? frénétiques, fous. C'est qu'il a l'art de transformer les points de vue les plus difficiles à comprendre en formules d'une absolue simplicité. Non seulement il est clair, mais il a le sens plastique. Il transforme les idées en images visibles. Aussi voyez-vous qu'il est compris par le premier venu. "...

p 26, Lucchini- Deux Jours chez Ludendorff

"- Dites-vous bien aussi que Hitler est habité par une force que nul n'a mesurée. ...

p. 27- Deux Jours chez Ludendorff- Lucchini

..Un des jeunes gens qui entourent le professeur, Otto von S..., prend la parole:

- Hitler nous a donné un but, dit-il. Il a exprimé, cristallisé, réalisé. Et tous les jours, identifié comme il est au mouvement national-socialiste, il prend plus de puissance, toujours égal à l'âme qu'il incarne. Comme Schiller l'annonce: 'L'homme véritable grandit avec sa tâche'. C'est pourquoi il nous faut le suivre, jusqu'où il voudra.. et sauter avec lui dans le feu!

Lui, ..Il est pauvre. Il habitait déjà une cellule avant que le gouvernement lui ait donné celle de Landsberg. Il vivait modestement. Il n'avait qu'un habit et qu'une paire de souliers. Pas d'argent. Pas de femme. Eckart, puis le parti, l'ont toujours entretenu. Lui? mais il est tout nu à la surface de la Terre. Pourquoi voulez-vous que nous fassions autrement que lui?...

p 28, Lucchini, Deux Jours chez Ludendorff.

Pierre
Lucchini-
Deux jours chez Ludendorff- 1924

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(asking professor Schimmer:)

- Ira-t-il jusqu'au bout?

Le poing s'abat sur la table.

... Il brisera Hammon. Il est l'Anti-Hammon. Et c'est lui qui a prononcé le "non" devant l'idole.

L'Anti-Hammon? C'est ce bonhomme étrange aux oreilles françaises. Je donne l'honneur pour ce qu'il veut. Un Français fera front contre lui, sourira de son scepticisme et traitera de rêveries ses idées nordiques. Nous, considérons comme une force inquiétante ce tapissier devenu chef de parti, qui vâse Munich et Berlin et se rêva dictateur. Il est le corbeau d'une masse petite, mais dure et mobile, qui peut tout bouter, tout briser dans les plus belles sœurs, et s'il organisera sans doute sur un plan tel, éloigné à ce point du plan sur lequel nous vivons, que nous tomberons de notre haut. Mais c'est assez notre habitude.

p. 31-30- Lucchini- Deux jours chez Ludendorff.

...(Otto von S...): Un jour, j'entendais parler le chef Hitler. Ce qu'il disait ce jour-là, monsieur, je ne le sais plus, mais je sais que j'eus le sentiment, la sensation physique d'un poids qui tombait de mes épaules. Allégé, voilà! Je me sentais allégé! Jamais, auparavant, je vous le jure, je n'avais eu le sentiment de la présence de l'Allemagne. Ce soir-là, elle se trouva tout à coup en moi, gonflant mon cœur et ma tête. Illumination intérieure, oui, si vous voulez. Jamais, tout ce qu'il y a de grave beauté dans nos montagnes, dans nos savins, dans le cours puissant de nos fleuves, dans l'ampleur belle et le visage bar de notre ciel, je ne l'avais éprouvé de la sorte. J'étais tout à coup le maître d'une nouvelle langue riche de sonorités nouvelles et pleine de nuances héritées de deux cents pères. La vie avait un but. J'avais une foi. J'étais fixé. Et j'éprouvais le sentiment très net que mon âme n'était pas froissée, que j'étais purifié, que c'était Hitler qui m'avait purifié et qu'on ne peut pas mentir à côté de lui.

"Combien de temps dura le meeting? Et! que sais-je! J'avais perdu la conscience du monde extérieur. Tout à coup j'entendais ces paroles prononcées par lui-même traitres de novembre 1918 ont volé votre liberté, votre honneur et vos biens. On vous a même volé l'espoir en un avenir meilleur. Eh! bien, moi je vous apporte la conviction que cet avenir est là, tout proche..."

Tumulte des applaudissements, puis ils déclinèrent. Hitler parlait toujours, mais je ne l'entendais plus. Il s'était fait en moi un grand silence. Ce que disait Hitler je le percevais pourtant très intimement, et en outre, beaucoup de choses que, certainement, il ne disait pas, et je ne pouvais échapper à cette voix intérieure. Je n'entendais point point par l'oreille la parole pourtant retentissante à la tribune, mais je la sentais monter de moi infiniment plus riche de mots et d'idées. Et même, soudain, bien que mes sens ne criaient qu'elle n'était plus, car on battait des mains à mes côtés, tandis que les bouches s'ouvraient, que les crânes ruisselaient de sueur et s'empourpraient, moi, sous les ampoules électriques, dans le nuage de fumée, les yeux mi-clos, je l'entendis après qu'elle se fut tue, vive, nette, qui découpait comme un couteau, la vérité.

p 45-46-Lucchini- Deux jours chez Ludendorff.

Pierre Lucchini
Deux Jours chez Ludendorff- 1924

cont;

"Je vous dirai comme les autres: il m'a guéri, il m'a donné une raison de vivre, mais je n'avais pas encore atteint la paix, touché de mes mains le vrai. Il a fallu qu'un soir de décembre 1923, les maîtres de la Bavière me mirent la main au collet. Ils m'~~enfermèrent~~ enfermèrent dans une forteresse avec une Bible. Cheritables bourreaux! Je lus le livre noir, je ne lus que lui, je vous le jure, tout le temps de ma détention. Et le grand livre arroyé que les Sémites ont volé, semé d'incompréhensibles erreurs quand ils ne falsifiaient pas son texte béni, releva ce que le chef Hitler avait commencé.

Pg. 6- Lucchini- Deux Jours chez Ludendorff.

... quelque-uns, frappés de ce fait que 1.600.000 Juifs habitent New-York, identifient le Juif et la Banque internationale qui a son centre à Wall-Street/ Mais si on les presse quelque peu, ils font du "Diable juif" soit le Héros des Soviets, leur ennemi social, soit plus simplement un de leurs voisins, par exemple la France. Une bonne preuve de ce curieux état d'esprit nous était fourni récemment par un de nos interlocuteurs, Otto von S. justement.

- J'allai trouver Hitler, me dit-il, dans sa prison et lui représentai qu'il lui fallait réagir vivement contre le langage de beaucoup de journaux du parti qui prêchaient la revanche contre la France, identifiée au Juif.- "Laissons cela, cria Hitler, je ne veux pas que tu m'en parles. La France et le Juif ne font qu'un." J'insistai pourtant.. Je lui montrai que d'abord ce n'était pas exact, et qu'ensuite, en admettant que cela le fut, il suffirait de fort peu de chose pour que le Juif, se sentant menacé, identifât justement son action politique à celle de la France et recommencât contre nous une guerre mondiale. A la fin, il admit mon point point de vue."

pg 60- Lucchini- Deux Jours chez Ludendorff

Der Rassenhygieniker Geheimrat Dr. v. Gruber, Mitglied der Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, schrieb ein vernichtendes Rasseurteil ueber Hitler. Es lautet nach der "Essener Volkswacht" vom 9. November 1929.:

Zum ersten Male sah ich Hitler in der Nahe. Gesicht und Kopf schlechte Rasse, Viechling. Niedrige, fliehende Stirn, unschoene Nase, breite Backenknochen, kleine Augen, dunnes Haar. Eine kurze Puerte von Schnurrbart, nur so breit wie die Nase. Gibt dem Gesicht etwas Herausforderndes. Gelächersausdruck ist nicht der eines in voller Selbsterfarrschung Gebietenden, sondern der eines wankwitzig Erregten. Wiederholtes Zucken der Gesichtsmuskeln. Am Schluss Ausdruck eines beglueckten Selbstbefehls.

Trossmann, K. Hitler und Rom, 1931. p. 52

Viele der heutigen Nationalsozialisten waren fruher Marxisten und Kommunisten. Wie steht es z.B. mit dem Herrn Esser, der sich im Krieg und nach dem Krieg kommunistisch und marxistisch betatigt hat? Dass Hitler sich ebenfalls sozialistisch betatigte, will die "Muenchener Post" durch Zeugen beweisen koennen. Eine volle Klarstellung erfolgte hier noch nicht. x)

x) Die sozialdemokratische "Muenchener Post" hatte behauptet, Hitler habe sich am 3. Mai 1919, also ein halbes Jahr nach der Revolution, bei Angehoerigen des 2. Infanterieregimentes in der Mannschaftskantine Oberwiesenfeld zur Mehrheitssozialdemokratie bekannt. Der "Voelkische Beobachter" antwortete, das sei "natuerlich" eine Luege.

Die "Muenchener Post" gab aber nicht nach und machte folgen de naehere A. gaben. "Vergebens warteten wir die folgenden Tage auf eine der pressgesetzlichen Berichtigungen, mit denen der grosse Adolf und sein Rechtsberater Frank II. sonst so rasch bei der Hand sind. Sie wissen, warum sie schweigen. Denn Luege ist ihr Versuch, unsere Feststellung abzuweifen zu wollen. Fuer jene Szene des 3. Mai 1919 finden sich heute noch lebende Zeugen, von denen, die 11 Mann stark, zusammen mit Adolf Hitler um den runden Tisch der Mannschaftskantine des 2. Regiments politisierend sass. Als dahei Hitler gegen den Regimentsfuhrer Klump auftrat und sich fuer Major Lochner einsetzte, wurde er aufgefordert, Farbe zu bekennen, zu welcher Partei er gehoere. Und das erklaerte er, er bekenne sich zur Mehrheitssozialdemokratie."

Trossmann, K. Hitler und Rom. 1931. p. 158.

Trossmann, K. (arl) .Hitler und Rom 1931.

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Im Organ des "Jungdeutschen Ordens" (Nr. 155 vom 6. Juli 1930) findet sich folgende Charakteristik Hitlers und seiner Bewegung:

"Das Geheimnis der Hitlerischen Erfolges besteht darin, dass er ohne jede Logik, all guten Eigenschaften für sich und seine Anhänger in Anspruch nahm und in brutalster Weise jede politischen Gegner oder Konkurrenten die schlechtesten Eigenschaften, sowie alle möglichen Charakter-~~MM~~ oder Gesinnungsfehler vorwarf. Er erzog seine Anhänger zur völligen Hemmungslosigkeit. Er nahm den Rasseeschutzgedanken in Beschlag, ab aber selbst seiner Bewegung in ihrer beispiellosen Unduldsamkeit, ihrer hemmungslosen Demagogie und ihrem Fanatismus einen völlig undeutschen Charakter."

Trossmann, K. Hitler und Rom. 1931. pp. 159. 160.

A high point of barbarism was reached when he a childless man, propose the killing of all weak and sickly children. "If Germany would have a million children a year and do away with seven to eight hundred thousand of the weakest of them, it might even result in an increase in strength. The dangerous thing is that we ourselves cut short the natural process of selection and gradually deprive ourselves of the possibility of increasing the population." Perhaps in this statement we find the key to Hitler's personality. He is waging war on a global scale in order to insure complete power to a "ruling race." As much as he may be said to believe in anything at all, he believes in a superior race, though he has scarcely one of the attributes which his experts ascribe to the Nordic race. "What is not race, is chaff," Hitler says. The leader of the "ruling race" has suffered all his life from a contradiction within himself, for he does not correspond to his own racial ideas. On the basis of stature and constitution, he could never become a member of his own Elite Guard.

This fact affects his whole life. Hitler preaches increase in population as the first duty of the nation. Mussolini has supported his exhortations in this field with "the propaganda of the deed," but Hitler has remained childless. "One who is not healthy in body or mind dare not perpetuate his infirmity in the body of a child.... There is only one crime - to bring children into the world in spite of one's own weakness and defects. These statements are from Mein Kampf.

The man in the lonesome rock fortress, the leader of the strongest military machine in the history of the world, knows that he is a weakling and, in accordance with his own political conceptions, should have been destroyed immediately after birth in the asylum for the homeless in Vienna. Hitler has praised the aristocracy as the noble result of the process of natural selection. As a good-for-nothing, he looked up to the "fine people." But behind his hysterical subservience there glowed a dangerous hate. Woe to the generals, the captains of industry, the aristocrats, who looked on Alois Hitler's son as their "tool"! Sooner or later Hitler avenged himself for these humiliating moments. This was the reason for General Schleicher's fall and Thyssen's collapse.

Hitler's life is filled with glaring contradictions. He forces every human soul that crosses his path into a kind of industrial slavery but as the head of a completely disciplined and regulated state, he is a bohemian who loves to stay up all night and lie in bed till two o'clock in the afternoon. He preaches that men are to be treated as masses. But he wants, at any price, to be considered as an individual. He worships the Prussian cult, the highest ideal of which is "order." But he combines with a private philosophy which might easily be identified with individualistic anarchy. He is the only person who may with impunity break all the decrees of the Third Reich.

That is his private revenge against the "others" who embody Nazi racial laws better than he. His personal relationships to Goering and Goebbels are significant. Goering, an unscrupulous man of force, impresses him, but he does not like him. On the other hand, his affection for Goebbels is not decreased by occasional self-indulgences of his minister of propaganda. For Goebbels is, in a certain sense, a caricature of Hitler and therefore a source of consolation to him. It is comforting to have the propaganda of the new Nordic ruling race directed by a cripple.

Many things have been imagined and written about Hitler's relations to women. Hitler is unmarried, and the rumour that he was planning to marry Eva Braun was probably inspired by Nazi propaganda just before the outbreak of the German-Polish war to show that the Germans did not desire a second World War.

Adolf Hitler has no gift for happiness. When Vienna, the city of his personal and political failures, lay at his feet, he thought of himself as experiencing the greatest hour of his life. He was ecstatic when France fell collapsed under the deadly thrusts of his Wehrmacht. The passion for such "gratification" drove him further along the road of world conquest. He forced the Germans to spend their scanty leisure time in his program of "Strength through Joy". He exists on joy in strength and is constantly stimulated by the power of suggestion.

The tendency to compensate for lack of confidence in one's power by symbols of power is well known.

Hitler loves the super-dimensional; he revels in magnification. His inability to grasp religious values was perhaps never more clearly expressed than in his proposal that the German Protestant Church, instead of brooding over the Bible, should build a cathedral to seat twenty or thirty thousand worshippers. The fact that there is no church in Germany which can match the proportions of his Nuremberg stadium seems to him a glaring defect of Christianity in the Third Reich. "Great ideas," he ~~XXXXXX~~ believes, "can only be conceived in great spaces; the spirit is confined by walls and ceilings."

In his passion for magnification, psychologists find the motive both for Hitler's unlimited war of conquest and for his mammoth architecture. The great destroyer and the great architect are inspired by the same neurotic impulse. Hitler razes the cities of Europe one after the other, so that he can build them up again after his own fashion.

He decorates the walls of his home in Berchtesgaden with tapestries of ~~XXXXXX~~ nudes and stallions. The high point of his Nuremberg parade was always the procession of workers, bare to the waist, with spades over their shoulders, marching past the reviewing stand. These things, and many others like them, revealed his own unsatisfied imagination, his longing for power.

He is considered a friend of animals, but loves only strong, masculine animals. Mussolini has occasionally showed himself in Rome with a tamed tiger. Hitler has himself photographed whenever possible with his great shepherd dogs; he sketches only super-animals and super-buildings.

This urge to power is nowhere revealed more openly than in Hitler's relation to the masses who fill his meetings. There is the actual psychological foundations of the Nazi dictatorship become visible. The relationship of leader and masses is described by him in words which cannot be misunderstood. "The psyche of the broad masses does not respond to anything weak or half-way. Like a woman, whose spiritual sensitivity is determined less by abstract reason than by an indefinable emotional longing for fulfilling power and who, for that reason, prefers to submit to the strong rather than to the weakling-the mass, too, prefers a ruler to a pleader...."

On the speaker's platform, Hitler's self conceit finds complete gratification. There the mass takes the place of the woman. But even there he is by no means an all-conquering Don Juan, but more a lover lacking in confidence who seeks a partner where he will not have to fear rejection. A gathering of scholars, unless it is completely filled with party members, fills him with terror. In the years before his rise to power, he would not speak to meetings of unionized workers, for he thought he could not rule them. The masses which he loved and before which he played the strong man were the lower middle classes. Their social uncertainty fitted his psychic discord. When he spoke in Munich before this forum of little people who, like him, wanted to appear to belong to a different economic class from that to which they actually belonged, he really felt that he was the scheme Adolf. He never tired of thinking up tricks to surprise and conquer his masses. If there is such a thing as "scientific demagoguery" Hitler has certainly perfected it. He knew that meetings must begin late in the evening, when the audience's power of resistance was weakened by natural causes. He constantly created new symbols and surrounded his political demonstrations with theatrical glitter. Only when the Gestapo had silenced all political opposition could he feel that he was the leader of the entire nation.

Even then, this psychological relationship remained as the basis of his dictatorship. While the army educated the German in the most aggressive methods of waging war, the NSDAP trained them to be perfect subjects, finding their pleasure in unconditional submission to Hitler's regime. At home, the "ruling race" is a slave gang. Adolf wants them, like their leader, to compensate by foreign conquest for their lack of self-government.

Like a sponge, he has sucked up a great deal of useful technical and military knowledge, and he has surrounded himself with a group of unscrupulous experts. He has studied Haushofer and Ludendorff. In his library he has collected seven thousand military books. But these acquisitions do not weigh heavily upon him. Hitler will never be an expert; he reads a great deal and acquires knowledge in conversation with others. But, as a man of action, he has developed a talent for separating the important from the unessential even while he is reading.

He lies one strength, as well as a dangerous weakness, of the Führer. He never learns what he does not want to know. He might have hesitated to attack Russia, if his information about the Soviet Union had not been colored to so great an extent by preconceived opinion. He might have avoided war with England, if he had not fallen prey to his own propaganda slogans about "degenerate democracies." Hitler is not bound by the restraints of the expert; on the contrary, he has to support the delusions of the demagogue. He is completely ignorant of America.

The idea that the generals can be separated from Hitler is utterly ridiculous. But it is still believed by certain conservatives, who cannot imagine that the aristocratic generals are actually of one heart and soul with the "paper hanger." Actually, General Stulpnagel and Himmler of the Elite Guard are of the same caliber. In 1914, Hitler put on the steel helmet, and found it to be a sort of Tarnkappe, a magic hood which made him, the unsuccessful artist, invisible. War gave a new meaning to his life. Therefore it is not Eva Braun, but the German army who is his true love. He has sacrificed to it the entire well-being of Germany. Hitler loves war, and behind him stands a brain trust which has mobilized all the resources of German science for the ends of the war.

Ever since Dietrich von Eckert discovered him in Munich, Adolf has never lacked people who encouraged his belief in his mission. But in spite of that, it is easy to shake his self-confidence. Hitler is easily offended and never forgives. In Germany, of course, there are many stories and pictures featuring him, as an affable "lord of the manor" helping an unknown painter get a commission, or providing furniture for a bridal pair. But behind this mask of charity is a suspicious man, continually worried about his prestige. He has forbidden anyone around him to wear a mustache. He ordered an investigation when an artist made his mustache too large on a bust. In the government offices in Berlin, he has collected a hundred suits of clothing, both civilian and military; sixty pairs of boots and shoes, thirty-five hats and caps. In public, every gesture is studied. During recent years he has been forced to wear glasses for reading and writing; but during the Munich conference, several German photographers lost their licenses because they took pictures of him with his glasses on. Their films

Wagner, Ludwig: Hitler, man of strife. 1942. pp. 318. 319. 320. 321

were destroyed. In his desk drawer there are already sketches of the great Hitler Mausoleum, which is to be the Mecca of Germany after his death. He has ordered German specialists to examine his brain after death and to issue a treatise revealing the secrets of his thought processes. One can well imagine that like Charles V he plans to hold a grand rehearsal of his funeral.

Since the outbreak of the war Hitler has been increasingly obsessed with thoughts of death. In September, 1939, he vowed not to take off his sacred field-gray uniform till victory or death. Before he departed for the front, he named his successors. He was painfully oppressed at the deaths of Todt, Goebbels, and Reichenau. After Heydrich's assassination by Czech patriots, he locked himself in his room for two days. As his collaborators passed from the scene, Hitler was inescapably faced with his own mortality. He could trick masses, bribe or liquidate men, betray or seduce nations, but death was inexorable.

"I am the state," declared Louis XIV. Adolf Hitler might well say, "I am war." The will to war runs like a scarlet thread through out the story of his adventurous life.

In Hafeld and Linz, his tyrannical father furnished the first model for Adolf's brutal philosophy of life. As a schoolboy, he was in a continual state of war with his environment. Nazi reporters have been able to gather amazingly few facts which point to any happiness during his childhood days. He was not a comrade on friendly terms with his playmates. He was expelled from the monastery school in Lambach. In Linz and Steyr he terrorized his teachers. There was only one man whom he actually loved—Professor Pötsch, his Pan-German history professor.

The high points of his rhetoric are ironic attacks and frenzied accusations. His scorn has many nuances, but his smile is barren.

Hitler's belligerent spirit found escape for the first time in a cataclysm which meant for others the end of all peace—in the World War. He was a soldier, body and soul. Yet he lacked the old military virtues of loyalty to comrades and chivalry toward the enemy. He refused to accept the Armistice as the end of war. From 1919 to 1933 he granted neither himself nor his supporters one day of peace. In his imagination he created one deadly enemy after another against whom to mobilize the German people.

Wagner, Ludwig: Hitler, man of strife, 1942. pp. 322 323. 324.

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end.
Cosmopolitan April 1939, pp. 28, 29.

Der Fuehrer's high degree of mediumistic sensitivity, intensified by diet and meditation in the mountains, and his extraordinary psychic intuition—the qualities that guided him boldly and unerringly in those bloodless battles in which he confounded the most astute, experienced and skilled statesmen in Europe—now bring to him the forebodings for the future.

From Der Fuehrer's official family trickler reports that he is now consumed by a fever of haste and hurry, veritable brainstorms and hysterical outbursts of irritation, impatience and anger at delay of anything he orders done. Nothing can move fast enough for him. This is believed to have its roots chiefly in the psychosis of his premonitions that he will not have the necessary time to consummate his grandiose political plans and truly monumental city-building projects, and reach the goals he set for himself.

"I know that I shall not live to be old," he said to me years ago. Now he speaks of it openly in private conversations. "My time is now short and I still have so much to do," is a plaint that has become familiar to his entourage. It is becoming an obsession with Der Fuehrer.

"Nothing can go fast enough any more," confirmed a high member of Hitler's personal staff.

Hitler is telling everyone around him the "meine Zeit ist nun kurz" and the end of his mission in the world is nearing," reported Monsieur André Francois-Poncet, until recently French Ambassador to Berlin—the one diplomat with whom Der Fuehrer got on best.

What the dictator of Gross-Deutschland understands by "short" and "nearing" he has not revealed to anyone. With unshakable inner conviction, with fanatical faith, Hitler believes in his mission, in his destiny and in the forces, inner or external, that guide him.

"I carry out the commands that Providence has laid upon me," he has said to me in conversations and declared publicly. "I go my way with the certainty and security of a commandant."

Hitler, the most air-minded head of state in the world, who traveled almost everywhere in Germany in his own special plane, today no longer flies. Also he has given orders that neither Field Marschal Hermann Goering, Minister of Air, nor any other important member of his cabinet shall fly. "An accident shall not come to the aid of the enemies of Germany," was his laconic comment.

Whether the portents of the stars as calculated by astrologers, to the effect that Der Fuehrer will reach the pinnacle of achievement and fame this year and that thereafter his star will decline, have anything to do with his forebodings, I do not know. Astrological forecasts of this nature, whatever importance may or may not be attached to them, are banned in Germany.

When I first knew Adolf Hitler, in Munich in 1921 and 1922, he was in touch with a circle that believed firmly in the portents of the stars. There was much whispering of the coming of "another Charlemagne and a new Reich."

How far Hitler himself believed in these astrological forecasts and prophecies in those days I never could get out of Der Fuehrer. He neither denied nor affirmed belief. He was not averse, however, to making use of the forecasts to advance popular faith in himself and in his then young and struggling movement.

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end.
Cosmopolitan April 1939, pp. 28, 29.

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end.
Cosmopolitan April 1939. pp. 152.

On occasions when I have been with Hitler, I have had the inexplicable feeling that he stood under some mysterious command; that long and intense concentration on the idea and thought of the attainment of power now achieved, has exposed him to a "might complex" with all its mental, emotional and psychic dangers.

In simple words he once related to me how this divine mandate came to him. It was just at the close of the war in November 1918, as he lay in the Pasewalk hospital, blinded from a gas attack on the front.

"And as I lay there, it came over me that I would liberate the German people and make Germany great.

That was all. The desire, inspiration or whatever you wish to call it. I did say he "should" or "must"; it said he "would". That word, to him, contained in it the promise, the assurance that he would succeed in the mission.

"He was: 'He' spoke Hitler. It is it and brutal, ('My policy is cold as ice and brutal.')

To a member of his cabinet Hitler is credited with having said: "If I wrote my book 'Mein Kampf' today I would write every word as it is, only one chapter I would alter - the chapter on England. That I would write just the contrary of the views expressed therein."

Among the few who so far have been invited to ~~him~~ or permitted to visit this little palace in the clouds, there are some who think Hitler, when he designed it, had in mind its eventual transformation into his mausoleum. Others associate it with cryptic remarks he has made about his earnest wish that he could withdraw completely from the world and devote the remainder of his days to thinking out and writing a great new philosophy for the German people.

The snow-crowned peaks of the Alps - listening in the moonlight remind Adolf Hitler of the glittering but cold, lonely heights of fame and achievement to which he has climbed. "I am the loneliest man on earth," he said recently to a former employee of his household.

The last time he discussed the Jews was one day when he called on me unexpectedly in my room in the Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel in Munich.

"You have no right," I said, "to bring the world down on the neck of the German people not yet recovered from the strain of the World War. And that you will arouse the world against Germany is certain if you attempt to execute so ruthless a plan.

Hitler said I did not "understand" the great racial principle behind the anti-Jewish movement. He shouted ~~at~~ at the top of his voice waved his arms and ran around ~~the~~

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end.
Cosmopolitan April 1939. pp. 152. 153. 154. 155.

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end.
Cosmopolitan April 1939. p. 155.

in the room, as he sometimes does when excited, I would not argue with him. I never argue, and anyhow, a debate with Hitler is hopelessly one-sided. He is adamant where once he has made up his mind.

During the early years of his career Der Fuehrer had the patience of a Red Indian. "I have learned the art of waiting," he would say to me.

His premonitions and forebodings that the end of the road is coming in sight now have brought a fever of impatience, haste, hurry, drive.

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end.
Cosmopolitan April 1939 p. 155.

I was told recently by parties in high responsible positions in Berlin that by his dismissal of Schacht, high-ranking generals and Der Fuehrer has created such an atmosphere of fear around himself that none will risk telling him things which he ought to know but which will be disagreeable to him.

In the circle immediately around Hitler today there is a nervous feeling, a dread of his anger, that expresses itself in the words: "Um Gottes Willen, den Fuehrer nicht aufregen." "Literally, "Don't excite Der Fuehrer!" Not to excite him means not to tell him bad news, not to mention things are not as he conceives them to be.

Der Fuehrer is very thin-skinned. He is particularly sensitive to ridicule. During the early stages of his career he was called "insignificant", "faceless", the prototype of the Little Man."

Has Hitler remembered that characterization? He has. He never forgets an injury. He never forgives.

Little the world knows of the wave of exaltation that swept Adolf Hitler as the Great British Empire, in the personification of Premier Chamberlain, came to him at Berchtesgaden, bowed before him and pleaded for peace. Stage management could not ~~have~~ refrain from the little trick of photographing Hitler standing on a higher base and looking down upon the British Premier.

When journalists wrote their disappointment in the man Adolf Hitler, before his accession to the unrestricted power of dictator of Germany, I had already known him ten years. Had I not been a student of mysticism, experimental psychology and Eastern philosophy for seven years, their impressions of the externally colorless Fuehrer at that time would have been my own. As it was, I sensed under that indifferent exterior an intense flame.

The day after Hitler's accession to power, he sent for me. With both hands outstretched, he greeted me, thanked me, saying I was the only foreigner, who had taken him seriously and treated him with dignity throughout the years of his bitter struggle. He would always remember it.

Wiegand, Kar. H. von: Hitler foresees his end. C osmopolitan Apr. 1939.

Wiegand, Kar. H. von: Hitler foresees his end. Cosmopolitan May 1939. 1.

He has forgotten. No dictator can have friends. It is dangerous for him; it is dangerous for his friends. Hitler is the vortex of a whirlpool of intrigue. He keeps them fighting each other around himself. No one sees him alone any more, not even the Chief of the General Staff of the army, I am told.

In that first interview after he took over, Hitler immediately asked: "What is the reaction in America?"

"Waiting," I replied.

Immediately his anger flared. "Waiting! Why waiting?" he demanded. "To see what you, Mr. Chancellor, will do."

On a later occasion, when I called in answer to a telephone message that the Reichskanzler would like to see me, he was irritable over some of my criticisms of his policy. I told him that if he attempted to restrict my independence as a foreign journalist, we could never meet again.

He calmed down and became friendly again. Suddenly he remarked: "You ought to congratulate yourself."

"Why?" I asked.

"You are the only man who had the right tip on me and what I would achieve."

Adolf Hitler lives a life of constant mental, emotional and psychic strain. No golf, no tennis, not even walks. No personal interest in athletics or sports. In place of exercise he has daily massage. He has been worrying lately about his figure. He has been putting on weight—apparently not healthy weight, at that. He is rather puffy. He tried a diet of nuts and raw fruit. I am suffering the tortures of hunger," he remarked once during the Nazi Party Congress in Nuremberg, early in September, as he sat at the table, nibbling at nuts. "I don't want to get fat. It would interfere with my working capacity."

He entered Sudetenland with his army carrying a pocketful of nuts. An official of his personal staff remarked to me the other day, "Der Fuehrer can stow away an incredible quantity of that 'fodder' he eats."

Adolf Hitler's habits are as erratic and irregular as his temper and restless moods. He may go to bed at eleven or at midnight; more often not till four in the morning. Usually, though not always, everybody in his official family has to be up with him. There may be guests. His entourage are put to their wits' end to entertain him, or rather, to relax him, divert his mind.

There is music, dancing and cinema films, of which he is very fond. He sips a thin mixture of milk and cocoa, calls for peppermint tea or drinks a mug of near beer with one percent alcohol. It is a brew specially made for him by one of the Munich breweries. That is as near as he ever comes to alcohol. When I first knew him in 1921 and 1922 he would lunch or dine with me at the Odeon Café or elsewhere in Munich, and then he occasionally drank a stein of beer real beer, even a tiny glass of schnapps.

Hitler is neither prompt nor punctual in his appointments made for him. Ceremonial, etiquette and tradition in diplomacy don't mean much to him. They are mere forms, in themselves unimportant in his eyes. Even the Duke of Windsor, formerly King-Emperor of Great Britain and the Dominions Over the Sea, was kept waiting about an hour by Hitler.

In vital matters Hitler is far from unmindful of the name and record of success or failure he will leave to posterity.

Wiegand, Karl H. von: Hitler foresees his end. Cosmopolitan 1939

"History will not excuse me if I fail in reaching a major objective because I have permitted myself to be diverted by a minor matter", he has said to me.

There is no Cleopatra, no Josephine, no Pompadour, not even a Lola Montez (Bavarian King Ludwig's dancer friend) in Adolf Hitler's life. Much nonsense has been written and gossiped about him. In respect to sex he seems immune from human weakness.

Adolf Hitler has a profound contempt for the weakness in men for sex and the fool that it makes of them. This indifference or even aversion to sex is not as exceptional as many people believe. Hitler likes the presence of pretty women around him in those hours when he tries to relax his tense mind. There are five who are called "Hitler's Five Tiller Girls". He likes a lively chatter. Occasionally he will sit by the side of one and, as if unconscious of it, lightly pat or gently stroke her hand. It ends there.

Der Führer cannot long stand intellectual women. They bore him.

Hitler is quite a mimic and sometimes finds real fun and relaxation in mimicking members of his cabinet. He does it well. He likes to mimic Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, his Minister of Propaganda and Popular Enlightenment, whom the people call "der kleine Satan" (the little Satan). Goebbels on occasions brings a flock of dancers from the Berlin Opera ballet to dance before Der Führer. It tends to make you think of the temptation of Persifal. Above all others Hitler likes to mimic Field Marshall Hermann Goering. He does it so well that shouts of laughter sometimes make the face of the Minister of Air turn red.

Adolf Hitler is that rare phenomenon in high politics and among statesmen - a mystic with strong psychic perceptions and mediumistic sensitiveness. There are times, especially in moments of solitude in the mountains, when he has prevision, is momentarily clairvoyant. Not only things he foretold to me years ago, but also his "Mein Kampf" written in 1923 are evidence of that faculty. He is not a spiritualist medium, as some would have it. He does not talk to spirits. He communes with himself. It is then that his inspirations, if such you want to call them, come to him. From the beginning he has been convinced that he was given a definite "mission" by Providence.

Wiegand, Karl, H. von: Hitler foresees his end. Cosmopolitan, May 1939. pp.158,159.

Grzesinski

Report on Interview with Mr. Albert ~~Grzesinski~~
(Former police president of Berlin; author of the
book: "Inside Germany")
Interview took place on May 8th, 1943

/surprising/

With regard to his former important position it seemed rather ~~surprising~~ how little information Mr. G. had to give. He gave, however, the impression that he told less than he knew.

Asked by Mr. L. whether he had no police file on Hitler, whether, for instance, he never tried to get some information of this kind from the Vienna police, he denied ever having had any file and explained that a) Hitler was no Prussian, and b) that he seemed so unimportant, anyhow.... "there were so many nationalistic parties like his..!"

He confirmed that Hitler, in order to be made a German citizen was made "Gendarme" of "Hildburghausen."

Asked by Miss Lehmann whether his men who were obliged to attend Hitler meetings were influenced, he denied rather emphatically. It did not impress them at all, he asserted.

He had heard rumors to the effect that parties had been given at the Chancellery - after the rise to power - with young men and boys as "objects". Rumors unconfirmed.

To his opinion Hitler is actively bisexual.

Grzesinski's most important statement seems to be the following: According to him Hitler's sloppy attire which he used to don for meetings was conscious propaganda, carefully planned to impress the masses.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Bei den Kameraden ist er unbeliebt wegen seiner, wie es ihnen scheint, streberhaften Willigkeit gegen die Vorgesetzten. Wenn er vor den Kommandeur springt und ihn bittet, sein Leben zu schonen, "das Regiment davor zu bewahren, in so kurzer Zeit ein zweites Mal seinen Kommandeur zu verlieren" so hat das einen leichten Hauch von vaterländischem Schullesebuch; ist im Stil übrigens bereits echter, suggestiver Hitler; ein folgerichtiger, überzeugender Gedanke auf einfachste ausgedrückt. Es wird berichtet, er habe sich in serviler Weise um die Kleider, die Stiefel, dasessen seiner Vorgesetzten gekümmert. Sicher hielt er das für die Pflicht eines guten Soldaten; wie er überhaupt wirklich ehrlich mit dem Herzen bei diesem Kriege ist, bewusster als die anderen. Einen Telefonisten, dem es "wurst" ist, ob Deutschland gewinne oder verliere, schlägt er beinahe blutig. Nach guter Soldatenart zu schimpfen ist ihm fremd. Er gibt in seinem Buch zu, dass, während die Front hungerte, es "an anderer Stelle" Ueberfluss und Frasserei gab; selbst an der Front sei nicht alles in Ordnung gewesen. Aber vor den Kameraden verschweigt er seine Meinung, und sie nehmen es ihm abel: "Ich habe", berichtet ein späterer Nationalsozialist, "aus Hitlers Munde nie ein Murren oder Klagen gehört über den sogenannten Schwindel. Wir alle schimpften auf ihn und fanden es unerträglich, dass wir einen weissen Raben unter uns hatten, der nicht auch mit einstimmte in die Schimpfkanonade."

Er war ihnen unerträglich.

Auf den Photos in Gesellschaft der Kameraden sieht man ihn mit starrer Blick abseits stehen oder sitzen. "Bescheiden und schon deshalb nicht auffallend", sagt ein Vorgesetzter. "Was er tun musste, vollführte er, ohne viele Worte zu machen". Die Sache reisst ihn hin. Der Luftdruck beim Abschuss eines schweren Geschützes wirft ihn und einen Kameraden, den Meldewächter Brandmayer, zu Boden; sie können kaum atmen, da brüllt er dem Kameraden jubelnd ins Ohr: "Brandmoiri, lazt kriagn's a Tracht Prügel, dass eahna's Hörn and 's Sehn vergeht!"

Sicher ein guter Soldat, vielleicht mehr ein korrekter als ein ausserordentlicher; nach mehrfachen Zeugnissen auch ein hilfsbereiter Kamerad und doch kein beliebter. Wenn an seiner Auszeichnung, seiner Hingabe und Dienstwilligkeit nicht zu zweifeln ist, so erhebt sich die wichtige Frage: Warum ist dieser "Führer" viereinhalb Kriegsjahre lang ewig nur Gefreiter geblieben? Es war Mangel an Unteroffizieren; trotzdem sagte sein Kompagnieführer:

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

"Diesen Hysteriker mache ich niemals zum Unteroffizier!"

Die Subordination nimmt er bis in die Kleinigkeiten ernst: "Den Vorgesetzten achten, niemandem widersprechen, blindlings sich fügen" ist sein Ideal, wie er 1924 in seinem Lebensbericht vor dem Richter sagt. "Ich bitte gehorsamst", schreibt der aus dem Lazarett entlassene Kriegsfreiwillige 1917 aus Regiment, "mich sofort anzufordern, ich möchte wieder zum Regiment." Eilichtefier, der volle Anerkennung verdient. Aber ein bisschen schielt er auch nach der Anerkennung: das Schreiben beginnt: "Ich bin vom Lazarett seit zwei Tagen entlassen und beim Ersatzbataillon eingereiht. Ich bitte gehorsamst....." Der Regimentsadjutant soll wissen, dass es den Gefreiten Hitler schon nach zwei Tagen wieder an die Front zieht. Der Schlusssatz ist rührend: "Ich will nicht in München sein, wenn meine Kameraden am Feinde liegen."

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 33, 34, 35.

Wenn die Kameraden ihre Briefe und Feldpostpakete öffnen, steht er wehmütig daneben. "Brandmoiri", sagt er mit trübseligem Scherz, "i moin, iatz hat dir dei Trutschnelda wiedermal geschriebe."

Konrad Heiden: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 35.

Im Oktober 1918 schiessen die Feinde mit Gelbkreuzgas, mehrere der Kameraden sterben, einige werden blind. Auch Hitler verliert zunächst das Augenlicht. Er kommt ins Lazarett nach dem Städtchen Pasewalk in Pommern. Nach einigen Tagen kann er wieder sehen.

In der Nacht vom 5. zum 6. November kommen ein paar Matrosen ins Lazarett und machen Flüsterpropaganda.

Auch zu Hitler kommen die Matrosen. Was müsste er jetzt tun? Er müsste seinem Vorgesetzten Meldung machen; dafür sorgen, dass sie an die Wand gestellt werden. Aber er tut es nicht: "Ich habe sie nicht angegeben, denn ich fühlte damals schon, dass der Zusammenbruch kommt." In sein Buch schreibt er dies merkwürdige Geständnis nicht; es findet sich in seiner Verteidigungsrede von 1924.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 38, 39

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Das war Adolf Hitlers Geschäft. Jetzt wissen wir also, was er während der Münchener Rätezeit war : Spitzel und Henker seiner Kameraden.

Grauen vor diesem Geschäft scheint er nicht zu kennen: "Ehe nicht die Laternenpfähle voll hängen, eher gibt es keine Ruhe im Land", sagt er öfters.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p.65.

Und nun steht er oben auf dem Podium. Zuweilen benimmt er sich meisterhaft. Die Versammlung ruft und winkt andauernd; ein Begleiter reicht ihm einen Steinkrug mit Bier. Hitler behauptet, er sei kein Alkoholiker, aber den Krug hebt er wie ein alter Bräuhäusstammgast gegen das Publikum, ruft grinsend "Prost!" und trinkt einen mächtigen Respektschluck. Wenn die Münchener einen Bier trinken sehen, sind sie vor Jubel fassungslos. Das Heilrufen hört jetzt überhaupt nicht mehr auf. Indessen, Hitler hat heute wenig Zeit. Er hebt beide Hände wie ein Dirigent und winkt scherzhaft ab; mit gespitztem Munde ruft er: "Pst, pst, pst...." immer leiser, mit den Händen langsam nach abwärts, bis im Saale völlige Stille ist. Da n beginnt er:

"Meine lieben Volksgenossen, es sind vielleicht viele unter euch, die nennen sich internationale Sozialisten. Was heisst eigentlich international? Ja, ich weiss natürlich, der deutsche Arbeiter, das ist der internationale Bruder des chinesischen Kulis, des malaisischen Schiffsheizers, des analphabetischen russischen Holzflössers; alle diese Leute stehen ihm natürlich näher als sein Arbeitgeber, der ja auch bloss ein Deutscher ist. Mein lieber Freund, widersprich mir nicht, denn das hat man euch tatsächlich jahrzehntelang vorgegaukelt, und ihr habt es geglaubt. In Wirklichkeit aber gibt es nur eine einzige Internationale, und die kann deshalb existieren, weil sie in Wahrheit auf nationaler Grundlage beruht: das ist Internationale der jüdischen Börsendiktatur. Die ist die Angelegenheit eines einzigen Volkes; das hat eine gemeinsame Abstammung, eine gemeinsame Religion und eine gemeinsame Sprache - nämlich mit der Hand ... "

Alles lacht, Hitler am meisten. Er kann heiter sein, tänzelt auf der Bühne herum, winkt und leuchtet nach allen Seiten. Ein andermal hat er eine grosse, schwere Rede mit

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 99, 100.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936.

politischem Inhalt vor; da steht er ernst in seinem schwarzen Gehrock, den Blick fest auf den Boden geheftet; wie träumend geht er auf den Tisch zu, auf den er seine Manuskriptblätter legt, fasst zögernd den Tisch an den Kanten, hebt ihn ein wenig vom Boden ab, schiebt ihn nach vorn, dann wieder zurück - wahrhaftig, vor achttausend Menschen, die staunend dem grössten Redner Deutschlands zusehen, trägt er spielerisch den Tisch über die Bühne. Er findet den Anfang nicht, er findet die Haltung nicht, er kann sich nicht zum Reden entschliessen. Bis er mit einem Ruck die Nervosität abwirft, grade steht und mit fester, tiefer Stimme beginnt: "Deutsche Volksgenossen! Eine grosse Trostlosigkeit und Erbitterung hat unser deutsches Volk erfasst "

Ueber seine Stimme gibt es die verschiedensten Urteile. Die einen finden sie faszinierend, die anderen abscheulich. Sicher ist, dass die ausserordentliche Kraft dieses Organs, die auch in der heulenden Höhenlage wenig abnimmt und nur in erregten Augenblicken in ein fanatisches Krähen übergeht, auf viele suggestiv wirkt. Ton und Haltung des Redners bei Beginn machen den Eindruck von starkem Ernst und Verantwortungsgefühl, umso erregender wirkt später das hemmungslose Schreien; wenn dieser Kraftvolle, so empfindet der Hörer unbewusst, wie ein wahnsinniges Weib kreischt, dann müssen wirklich furchterliche Dinge passiert sein. Der sogenannte Zauber seiner Persönlichkeit ist im letzten nicht zu enträtseln, aber der Mechanismus ist in diesem Falle ganz primitiv und deutlich: das jähe wechseln zwischen ausdruckstarkem Ernst und ausdruckstarker Hysterie. Oft ist die Frage nach seiner Ehrlichkeit gestellt worden, von der später noch zu reden sein wird. Sicher ist: der Redner Hitler lebt sich selbst einen ehrlichen Mann vor. Er ist auf den Höhepunkten seiner Rede ein von sich selbst Verführter, und mag er lautere Wahrheit oder die dickste Lüge sagen, so ist jedenfalls das, was er gerade sagt, in dem betreffenden Augenblick so vollständig der Ausdruck seines Wesens, seiner Stimmung und seiner Ueberzeugung von der tiefen Notwendigkeit seines ganzen Tuns, dass selbst von der Lüge noch ein Fluidum von Echtheit auf den Besucher überströmt. Die Einheit von Mann und Wort ist das zweite Geheimnis seines Erfolges.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 100, 101.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Den Parteigenossen ist sein bürgerliches Dasein ein Rätsel. Niemand weiss, wovon er lebt. Sie wagen schon gar nicht zu fragen. Was sie als Menschen vor sich sehen, ist ein Bohemien der ungezügeltsten Sorte. Er hat kein Geld, aber er gibt es aus, und die Widersprüche sind peinlich. Hier der mündliche Bericht eines seiner Geschäftsfreunde aus dem Jahre 1923: "Glauben Sie mir, Hitler ist persönlich der bescheidenste Mensch auf der Welt und für die kleinste Wohltat dankbar. Ich habe ihm einmal einen alten blauen Rock von mir geschenkt, da hat er meine Hand mit beiden Händen ergriffen und Tränen sind ihm aus den Augen gestürzt. Der arme Mensch hat es gewiss schwer im Leben gehabt, und die Menschen müssen gar nicht gut zu ihm gewesen sein." Ueberzeugt fügte der Sprecher hinzu: "Den Hitler hätten Sie am 9. November 1923 an der Feldherrnhalle auf den Kopf stellen können, da wäre ihm noch kein Zehnerl aus der Tasche gefallen."

Aber kurz zuvor hat sein Mitkämpfer Heinrich Dolle, Apostel einer strengen Lebensführung mit seiner Vorliebe für altertümliches Deutsch, einen später veröffentlichten Brief an ihn geschrieben, in dem es heisst: "Ihr sitzt zuviel mit Dietrich Eckart in der Fledermaus-Bar, das ist nicht gut für Euch".

Unzufriedene Parteimitglieder verbreiten im Juli 1921 ein Flugblatt gegen ihn, in dem es heisst: "Auf Fragen seitens einzelner Mitglieder, von was er denn eigentlich lebe und welchen Beruf er früher gehabt habe, geriet er jedesmal in Zorn und Erregung. Eine Beantwortung dieser Fragen ist bis heute noch nicht erfolgt. Sein Gewissen kann also nicht rein sein, zumal sein übermässiger Damenverkehr, bei denen er sich des öfteren schon als "König von München" bezeichnete, sehr viel Geld kostet". Die tatsächlichen Angaben des Flugblattes gehen auf Anton Drexler zurück.

Wegen dieses Flugblattes kommt es zu einem Beleidigungsprozess. Hitler wird vor Gericht aufgefordert, nun doch einmal frei herauszusagen, wovon er eigentlich lebe. Bekomme er für seine Versamlungsreden Geld? Das sei doch nichts Unehrenhaftes. Antwort: "Wenn ich für die nationalsozialistische Partei spreche, dann nehme ich kein Geld für mich. Aber ich spreche auch als Redner in anderen Organisationen, zum Beispiel im Deutsch-völkischen Schutz- und Trutzbund. Dann nehme ich natürlich Honorar." - "Und reicht das aus?" - "Ich esse auch abwechselnd bei einzelnen Parteigenossen zu Mittag. Ausserdem werde ich von einigen Parteigenossen in bescheidener Weise unterstützt."

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Damals richtete Rudolf Hees, der persönliche Freund, später Privatsekretär und Stellvertreter, einen offenen Brief an den "Völkischen Beobachter" in dem er versicherte, er sei mit Hitler seit anderthalb Jahren fast täglich zusammen und könne sagen: "Tief zu beauern ist, dass die Bewegung nicht in der Lage ist, für den Unterhalt des Führers zu sorgen - nach Verdienst kann sie ihn nie lohnen. Es ist begreiflich, dass er nicht geneigt ist, jedermann Auskunft über seine eigensten Verhältnisse zu geben. Ich weiss aber gewiss: auch diese Seite ist rein."

Das strenge Prinzip, für Reden in Parteiversammlungen nichts zu nehmen, hat Hitler jedenfalls nicht immer beibehalten. Darüber hat der frühere Propagandaleiter des "Völkischen Beobachter", May, einiges in einem Brief an Hitler ausgeplaudert, den er später veröffentlichte. Er schildert da, wie 1926 nach einer Rede Hitlers in Nürnberg Julius Streicher seinem Fahrer ein Kuvert in die Hand drückt und, o Schnecken, es waren nur 500 Mark darin. Dafür versprach Streicher, es würden das nächste Mal 1000 sein. Entrüstet sagt May (und glaubt damit offe bar auch die Meinung Hitlers zu treffen), das Ganze sei doch ein des Führers recht unwürdiges Verfahren; Streicher spiele sich auf, als ob er Hitler ein ausserordentlich vornehmes Geschenk mache, dabei seien die 1000 Mark noch nicht einmal ein Viertel dessen, was Streicher bei dem Geschäft einnehme.

Sicherlich haben alle diejenigen geirrt, die den Hitler der ersten Jahre wegen seines chronischen Geldmangels für einen armen Teufel hielten. Sein Bedürfnis nach sprunghaftem Wechsel zwischen tiefer Einsamkeit und wimmelnder Gesellschaft führt bei nicht eben unbeschränkten Mitteln zu bescheidener Wohnung und grossem Wirtshausgelage. Dabei hält er sich wahrscheinlich ganz ehrlich für ein "armes Luder", das kaum ein anständiges Dach über dem Kopf hat, denn so haben die Menschen noch immer ihre Genies behandelt. In Wirklichkeit kann Hitler ganz einfach nicht mit Geld umgehen; so wenig wie er mit seiner Zeit umgehen, mit seiner Kraft haushalten, sein Personal ökonomisch verwenden oder Schrift und Rede architektonisch gliedern kann. Er ist ein Zügelloser Mensch, gegen Mühen und Schmerzen bisweilen wie in einem Rauschzustand unempfindlich und dadurch zu bewundernswerten Krafteleistungen fähig; auf lange Dauer jedoch zur Selbstdisziplin nicht imstande.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936.

Im Sommer 1923 entdeckten die Freunde Dietrich Eckart und Hermann Esser ein ländliches Asyl bei Berchtesgaden, den Flatterhof. Ein reicher junger Verehrer Hitlers, Ernst Hanfstaengl, ist eine willkommene Ergänzung der Gesellschaft, zu der auch Max Amann, der damalige Geschäftsführer der Partei, gehört. In dieser fidelen Bande wusste Hitler die Grenzen nicht zu finden. Unzufriedene Parteigenossen wollten durch einen feierlichen Schritt dem Treiben ein Ende machen. Sie hatten ihren Sammelpunkt in der Dienstwohnung eines hohen Eisenbahnbeamten, des Oberregierungsrats Lauboeck, der im Gebäude des Münchener Ostbahnhofes wohnte. Dort versammelten sich Gottfried Feder, ferner der damalige zweite Parteivorsitzende Jacob, der Parteigründer Oskar Körner und andere. Besonderen Anstoß bei diesen Gutgesinnten erregte es, dass Frau Hermann Esser während einer Festlichkeit in seidenen Breeches-Hosen herumgelaufen sei. Gottfried Feder las einen Brief vor, den er an Hitler gerichtet hatte und in dem es hieß:

"Es muss dem Führer, der als künstlerischer Mensch nicht mit kleinlichem Maßstab gemessen werden darf, vergönnt sein, im Kreise schöner Frauen Erholung zu finden. Aber der Führer muss sich bewusst sein, dass er mit seinem ganzen Tun und Lassen im öffentlichen Leben steht und dass man nach seinem Verhalten den idealen und sozialen Wert der Partei beurteilt."

Als Hitler den Brief erhält, ruft er wütend, in die Bude am Ostbahnhof werde er einmal ganz energisch hineinfahren; während Hermann Esser beleidigt erklärt, er sei nur zwei Tage als Gast auf seiner Hochzeitsreise bei Hitler in Berchtesgaden gewesen.

Wie sehr Ausschweifung und Disziplinlosigkeit bei Hitler zusammenhängen, zeigt gerade diese kleine Palastrevolution zur Rettung von Hitlers Seele.

Feder sagte nämlich auch, man müsse Hitler zu einer geordneten Arbeitsweise erziehen. Er hatte zu diesem Zweck einen Offizier ausgesucht, der Hitler als Sekretär beigegeben werde, die Tagesarbeit nach der Uhr festlegen und überhaupt in die Tätigkeit des Führers Ordnung und Programm hineinbringen sollte. Als Hitler das hörte, schlug er mit der Faust auf den Tisch und schrie: "Was bilden sich die Kerle ein? Ich gehe meinen Weg, wie ich ihn für richtig halte". Den Sekretär nahm er aber doch.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 111, 112

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936.

Man muss nicht glauben, dass dieser unbeherrschte Mensch mit den schlechten Manieren ein beliebter Tafelaufsatz der Münchner Gesellschaft gewesen sei. Er wurde wenig eingeladen, die Salons hielten bis 1923 einen fast nirgendes durchbrochenen Boykott gegen ihn durch. Ein schüchterner und linkischer Mensch, auffallend durch seine hastige Gier beim Essen und seine übertriebenen Verbeugungen, wurde er aus der Nähe schnell uninteressant. Nicht ärmlich, aber ohne jenes Zeichen persönlichen Geschmacks gekleidet, den Scheitel fast in der Mitte des geölten Haars, die Schnurrbartborste als unverständlicher Akzent im sonst weichen Antlitz - so wirkte der ganze Mann wie die schlechte Nachahmung eines nur in der Phantasie existierenden Idealtypus. Wenn das allgemeine Urteil ihn mit einem Kellner oder Friseur verglich, so war das nicht als Kränkung dieser Stände gemeint, denn kein Kellner oder Friseur hat je so ausgesehen, wie der Adolf Hitler von 1923; man dachte nur an die fade Idealschönheit, der Hitler damals zustrebte.

Eine Art Heim fand Hitler damals bei einer einfachen Dame, Frau Carola Hofmann, der Witwe eines Gymnasialdirektors. Sie wohnte in dem Villenvorort Solln bei München. 1920 hört sie Hitler zum ersten Male sprechen und schliesst ihn sofort tief ins Herz. Die Einundsechzigjährige wird dem dreissigjährigen Bohemien die Mutter, die er in seinem ganzen Leben entbehrt und selbst in der leiblichen Mutter nicht gefunden hat. Das Landhaus Carola wird zeitweise ein inoffizielles Zentrum der Partei; die alte Frau hat die Saalschlachten der Bewegung mitgemacht und in ihrem Ort selbst eine Ortsgruppe gegründet. Immer muss Hitler ihr sein neuestes Bild schicken; dann schreibt er zum Beispiel darauf: "Meinem lieben, treuen Mütterchen, Weihnachten 1925, in Verehrung Adolf Hitler."

Die Sprödigkeit der sogenannten guten Gesellschaft verletzt Hitler tief. "Was habe sie gegen mich?" ruft er. "Dass ich keinen Titel habe, dass ich nicht Doktor oder Oberleutnant bin! Das verzeihen sie mir nie." Ein andermal behauptet er, man nähme ihm seine ganze Politik nicht halb so übel wie die Tatsache, dass er ein armer Teufel sei und sich doch erlaube, den Mund aufzumachen. Auf dem ersten grossen Höhepunkt seiner Laufbahn im Jahre 1923 glaubt er noch redlich an die Komödie vom armen Führer, die er sich selbst vorspielt und seufzt: "Ich möchte ja nur, dass die Bewegung steht und dass ich mein Auskommen als Chef des 'Völkischen Beobachters' habe."

Das ganze Leben ist eine einzige unglückliche Liebe zur guten bürgerlichen Gesellschaft.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Das erste Haus grösseren Stils, das sich Hitler zu freundschaftlichem Verkehr aufsucht, befindet sich nicht in München, sondern in Berlin. Es ist das des Klavierfabrikanten Bechstein. Die Bechsteins sind alte Freunde von Dietrich Eckart; der führt seinen Schützling dort ein. Frau Helene Bechstein fasst eine warme Zuneigung zu Adolf Hitler. "Ich wollte, er wäre mein Sohn" sagt sie. Um ihn später in der Festungshaft besuchen zu können, gibt sie sich als seine Adoptivmutter aus. Hitler benutzt die Freundschaft der Bechsteins ohne zarte Bedenken; er bittet immer wieder um Geld. Wenn Frau Bechstein kein bares Geld flüssig hat, schenkt sie ihm eins ihrer wertvollen Bilder - von seiner Wiener Zeit her weiss Hitler ja, wie man Bilder verwertet.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p.113

Dabei verfügte er selbst über eine gewisse rohe Kunst, sich in Szene zu setzen. Von einer Gesellschaft, an der er im Jahre 1923 teilnahm, berichtet eine Teilnehmerin:

"Wir waren alle sehr gespannt, weil wir wussten, dass Herr Hitler kommen würde. Die wenigsten von uns hatten ihn in einer Versammlung sprechen hören oder ihn gar aus der Nähe gesehen, aber desto mehr hatten alle von ihm gehört und gelesen. Für die einfachen Leute in München war er ein Abgott, und es gab auch kritische Menschen, die ihn interessant fanden. Er hatte der Hausfrau sagen lassen, dass er wegen einer wichtigen Besprechung erst spät kommen könne; ich glaube, es wurde ungefähr 11 Uhr. Er kam trotzdem in einem ganz anständigen blauen Anzug und mit einem ganz unmöglichen riesigen Rosenstrauß, den er der Hausfrau mit einem Handkuss überreichte. Während der Vorstellung machte er ein Gesicht wie ein Staatsanwalt bei einer Hinrichtung. Ich erinnere mich, dass seine Stimme mir auffiel, wenn er der Dame des Hauses für Tee und Keks dankte, von denen er übrigens eine erstaunliche Menge ass; es war eine ausgesprochen warme Stimme, und doch hatte sie gar nichts Herzliches und Vertrauenerweckendes, sondern kam mir hart vor. Im übrigen sagte er fast nichts, sondern sass wohl eine Stunde schweigend da; anscheinend war er erschöpft.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p.115

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Erst als die Hausfrau so unvorsichtig war, zu ihm eine Bemerkung über die Juden zu machen, die sie in scherzhaftem Ton in Schutz nahm, begann er zu sprechen, und nun sprach er, ohne aufzuhören. Nach einer Weile schob er seinen Stuhl zurück und stand auf, immer sprechend oder vielmehr schreiend; mit einer so starken, tragenden, durchdringenden Stimme, wie ich sie bei keinem anderen Menschen gehört habe. Im Wohnzimmer wachte ein kleines Kind auf und fing an zu weinen. Nachdem er mehr als eine Viertelstunde einen übrigen ganz witzigen, aber doch sehr einseitigen Vortrag über die Juden gehalten hatte, brach er plötzlich ab, ging auf die Hausfrau zu, bat sie um Entschuldigung und verabschiedete sich abermals mit einem Handkuss. Die übrige Gesellschaft, die ihm anscheinend nicht behagt hatte, bekam nur eine knappe Verbeugung unter der Tür."

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 115, 116 .

"Alles, was ich sage oder tue, gehört der Geschichte an", sagte er einmal zu Gregor Strasser. Die Münchener Polizei fand 1923 unter den beschlagnahmten Akten der Partei ein sogenanntes Protokollbuch der Vaterländischen Verbände. Das war eine Gruppe bewaffneter Organisationen, zu denen auch die NSDAP gehörte; als deren Vertreter kam Hitler oft zu den gemeinsamen Sitzungen. Die Anwesenheitsliste lautet gewöhnlich: Röhm, Kriebel, Zeller, Heiss (alles Freicorpsführer jener Zeit)... später Hitler. Oder im Sitzungsbericht steht plötzlich: dann erscheint Hitler. Oder: gegen Schluss der Sitzung Hitler. Jedesmal kommt er als letzter; in all dem liegt System.

Ein norddeutscher Beobachter ist Gast bei Ludendorff, als Hitler erwartet wird. Der Tribun lässt auf sich warten. Endlich kommt er mit finsterner Miene, spricht fast nichts. Verschiedene Anwesende reden, darunter auch Ludendorff; der "junge Siegfried", wie ihn der Norddeutsche nennt, sitzt stumm. Endlich springt er auf, klappt die Hacken zusammen und wendet sich an Ludendorff mit einer knappen Bitte um Entschuldigung, er werde noch anderswo zu einer dringenden Besprechung erwartet. Ein erstaunliches Verhalten gegen den Feldherrn des Weltkrieges, aber die Anwesenden sind an derartige Launen Hitlers anscheinend schon gewöhnt. Offenbar hat ihn irgend etwas an der Zusammensetzung des Personenkreises verstört.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 116.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Immer handelt er so, dass, wenn er eine Gesellschaft verlässt, er auf sie einen stärkeren Eindruck gemacht hat als sie auf ihn.

Das ständig wiederholte Verlassen verrät einen Mangel an Zutrauen zu den eigenen natürlichen Mitteln; die Regie wird zur Hauptsache. Ein verhältnismässig junger Mensch, auf normalem Wege nicht in die Gesellschaft hineingekommen, zwingt sich ihr durch eine abenteuerliche politische Leistung auf. Sie verlässt ihn, der als fünfzehnjähriger scheiterte, das Gefühl, er werde nicht für ganz voll genommen in der Kreise, den er erst als Dreissigjähriger betritt. Er ist ein Arrivist, der nicht den Wunsch hat, angenehm zu sein, sondern den Mut, aufzufallen.

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 116, 117.

Adolf Hitler hatte verboten, dass man ihn fotografierte. In seinen Versammlungen verstand er es, durch raffinierte Beleuchtungstricks halb unsichtbar zu bleiben. Wenn er den Saal betrat, ging er rasch durch eine von SA gebildete Gasse und blieb für die meisten Besucher ein hastig vorüberwehender, sofort verwischter Eindruck. Stand er erst einmal oben, dann gewährte man durch das rauchige fahle Licht eine hagere, oft nach vornüber schnellende Gestalt im schwarzen Gehrock gestikulieren; Das Gesicht war durch einen dunkelblonden Bart halb verhüllt. Er wollte draussen nicht erkannt werden.

Nur die wenigsten wussten, dass man die schwarze Gestalt häufig in einer kleinen Weinkneipe antreffen konnte, in der "Osteria Bavaria" im Malerviertel Schwabing, oder auch im Café Heck am Hofgarten. Dort spreizte er den kleinen Finger weg, wenn er die Gabel oder das Glas anfasste, und beim Reden fielen seine vielen Verbeugungen und sein etwas unnatürliches höfliches Lächeln auf. Auch wer ihn hier sah, hatte es nicht leicht, einen Eindruck von ihm festzuhalten, so sehr sah er nach nichts aus mit seinem glatten, brillantinierten Haar, den Scheitel fast in der Mitte, dem korrekten Nase, dem korrekten Schnurrbart, dem korrekten Schlips - ein Mann, wie von der Stange gekauft. Als ein fremder Journalist einmal etwas phantasievoll schilderte, wie er Adolf Hitler in einer abenteuerlichen Uniform inmitten seiner Unterführer erwischte habe, schrieb der "Völkische Beobachter" voll mitleidiger Verachtung: "Dabei ist es bekannt, dass Adolf Hitler stets lange Hosen trägt."

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 118

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Im März 1920 erheben sich Teile der Reichswehr in offenem Aufstand gegen die Republik und wollen die Regierung samt dem Reichspräsidenten Ebert stürzen. Die Führer des Unternehmens sind der General von Lüttwitz und der Kapitän Ehrhardt in Berlin; sie stellen einen bisher wenig hervorgetretenen Politiker, den österreichischen Generallandschaftsdirektor Kapp, als Reichskanzler auf, und das Abenteuer erhält nach ihm den Namen Kapp-Putsch In Bayern werden Verbindungsleute nach Berlin gesandt Hitler meldet sich für die Aufgabe. Zusammen mit Dietrich ~~von~~ Eckart fliegt er in einem Flugzeug nach Norden. In Jüterbog müssen sie eine Notlandung machen. Der Flugplatz ist von streikenden Arbeitern besetzt; wenn die drei erkannt werden, sind sie verloren. Da zieht Dietrich Eckart die breite Reisemütze in die Stirn, und die Hände in den Manteltaschen, fragt er nach dem schnellsten Weg zu einer grossen Druckereifirma, mit der er ein Papiergeschäft abschliessen wolle; er sei nämlich Papierhändler. Bescheiden steht Hitler mit seinem Spitzbart als Buchhalter daneben. Sie kommen durch und heil nach Berlin.

An der Tür der Reichskanzlei begegnet ihnen ein kleiner, dunkeläugiger Mann: "Was suchen Sie hier? Wollen Sie verhaftet werden? Fliehen Sie schnell nach München zurück. Kapp ist geflohen...." Der Dunkeläugige ist der Abenteurer Trebitsch-Lincoln, von Geburt ungarischer Jude, dann englischer Keverand, sogar Unterausabgeordneter, später Spion, augenblicklich gewesener Pressereferent Kapps, morgen Berater Ludendorfs in München, einige Jahre darauf buddhistischer Mönch... Von dem ungarischen Juden gewarnt, bringen Hitler und Eckart sich in Sicherheit.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 122, 123.

Ladurch unterscheidet er sich von allen Gegnern und Rivalen. Wo andere nach einer Niederlage entmutigt nach Hause gegangen wären, mit dem philosophischen Trost, dass gegen schlechte Konjunktur eben nichts zu machen sei, da greift Hitler in verbissenem Trotz zum zweiten und zum dritten Mal an. Wo andere nach einem Erfolg vorsichtig geworden wären, weil sie das Glück nicht zu oft auf die Probe stellen und auch nicht abnützen dürfen, da bleibt Hitler beharrlich und fordert vom Schicksal mit jedem Wurf noch Grösseres.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 127

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Hitler hält hochmütigen Abstand von dem Kreis der Gräner, die samt und sonders proletarisierte Existenzen sind, aber Bürger sein wollen und die Kameradschaft mit den feinen Leuten um Hitler sehr ernst nehmen. Sie haben einen Stammtisch in einem Bierrestaurant am Isartor, dem sogenannten Torbräu. Einmal in der Woche tut Hitler ihnen den Gefallen, dort mitzuessen; er wählt dann ein billiges Gericht und behauptet, seine Mittel erlaubten es ihm nicht, regelmässig im Wirtshaus zu speisen. Aber das glauben sie ihm nicht. Erlauben seine Mittel ihm denn nicht, immer wieder nach Berlin zu reisen? Erlauben sie ihm nicht, bei einem Berliner Schauspieler Sprachunterricht zu nehmen? Ist die Gesellschaft mit Dietrich Eckart, dem Liebhaber von Burgumier, mit Alfred Rosenberg oder das tägliche Zusammensein mit Rudolf Hess etwa billiger?

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 128

"Als ein Tage darauf" sagt dieser Beobachter, der Historiker Karl Alexander von Müller, "die irrtümliche Nachricht kam, er sei getötet worden, sagte ich, genau so hat er gestern ausgesehen." Kurz Hitler war fröhlich, vergnügt wie ein Kind - "leuchtend vor Freude, selig, dass es ihm gelungen war; es war ein kindlicher, offener Ausdruck von Freude, dem ich nie vergessen werde." Er war der einzig Vergnügte von allen und heute mit wenigen Grifffen eine grosse historische Szene auf. Alle mussten reden, alle mussten sich die Hände schütteln. Er selbst sagte:

"Ich will jetzt erfüllen, was ich mir heute vor fünf Jahren im Lazarett gelobte; nicht zu ruhen und zu rasten, bis die Novemberverbrecher zu Boden geworfen sind, bis auf den Trümmern des heutigen jammervollen Deutschland wieder auferstanden sein wird ein Deutschland der Macht und Grösse, der Freiheit und der Herrlichkeit. Amen! "

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 163, 164.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Der praktische Arzt Dr. Walter Schulz, Nationalsozialist, Teilnehmer am Zuge, der mit anderen auf der Erde lag, sagte in der Voruntersuchung aus:

"Ich nahm wahr, dass Hitler der erste war, der aufstand und sich, scheinbar am Arm verwundet, nach rückwärts begab. Ich eilte sofort Hitler nach und holte eines unserer am Zuge nachfahrenden Autos auf dem Max-Joseph-Platz. In dieses Auto wurde Hitler gebracht."

Auch der zweite Zeuge ist Arzt, Dr. Karl Gebhard. Er berichtet:

"Beim Schiessen fuhr plötzlich in die Menge hinein ein gelbes Automobil, auf dem ein Nationalsozialist stand und rief: Wo ist Hitler? Dr. Schulz, der direkt in dem Haufen lag, anscheinend neben Hitler, rief: Hier ist er! und schon war Hitler in dem Automobil, das mit ihm und Dr. Schulz davon fuhr."

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 176, 177.

Wenn er gelegentlich nach München ins Parteibüro hinausstellt, flüchtet jeder, wer es irgendwie kann. Stundenlang ist dann ein geregelter Arbeit nicht zu denken; der Chef nimmt jeden für jede Laune in Anspruch und unaufschiebbare Aufgaben sind keine Entschuldigung. "Was geht mich ihr Mist an?" schreit er. "Tun Sie, was ich Ihnen sage!" Ein besonders Geduldiger findet sich schliesslich, der es fertig bringt, durch Schweigen und Nachgiebigkeit den Führer einzwickeln und abzulenken: der junge Geschäftsführer der Reichsparteileitung, Philipp Bouhler. Die Angestellten der Druckerei Müller & Sohn im Hintergebäude haben ihren lustigen Tag, wenn Hitler im vorderen Flügel tätig ist. Einen ganzen Nachmittag lang hört man ununterbrochen seine Stimme über den Hof schallen; jetzt hält er wieder einmal Keden, heisst es. Man darf ihn wegen nichts ansprechen, will man nicht Gefahr laufen, eine halbe Stunde lang einen Vortrag über das Hitler gerade beschäftigende Problem zu hören: "Warum kommen Sie damit zu mir? Sie haben sich damit an Herrn Gengler zu wenden. In meinem Betrieb muss jeder wissen, wem er unmittelbar verantwortlich ist. Glauben Sie, ein Fridericus wäre jemals der Held von Leuthen geworden wenn er sich um jeden Gamaschenknopf gekümmert hätte? Ich lasse mir nicht mit jedem Mist kommen. Wir müssen

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 225

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936

vom Vorbild des preussischen Generalstabs lernen, wo jeder genau seine Funktionen zu kennen hatte...." -so geht das eine gute Weile fort, der unglückliche Fragesteller wunscht sich weit weg. Im Betriebe wird es allmählich zu einer vielgeliebten Kunst, den Führer auf möglichst gute Art von den Arbeiterräumen fernzuhalten. Der Verlag fühlt sich etwas entlastet, als das Parteibüro vom "Beobachter" getrennt wird und sich schräg gegenüber, Schellingstrasse 50, in den Ateliers Heinrich Hoffmanns ansiedelt.

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936. p.225

Abends sass er gern in der "Osteria Bavaria", einem kleinen Weinkel, Ecke Scheeling- und Schreudolph-Strasse nahe dem Parteibüro. Auch hier ist oft ein grosser Kreis beisammen, der viel Alkohol konsumiert und tüchtig lärmt. Bisweilen aber sitzt er auch ganz allein mit Geli Raubal, der Nichte, zusammen. Er ist im allgemeinen ein friedlicher und beim Personal wohlgelittener Gast; die Kellnerin vertraut einem Stammgast an, dass sie nationalsozialistisch gewählt habe, weil Herr Hitler ein so anständiger Mensch sei und sie ihm gern die Freude mache. Ein jüdischer Student wagt es, dem Führer der deutschen Antisemiten zuzuprosten; freundlich hebt Hitler sein Glas mit Fruchtsaft und tut Bescheid.

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936. p.228

Wenn eine Verständigung ganz unmöglich ist, hilft man sich, so gut es geht. Einmal sind die beiden zu einer Besprechung über eine kitzlige Sache in Leipzig verabredet. Hitler weiss, dass Strasser einen ganzen Sack voll Beschwerden mitoringt. Sie treffen einander im Restaurant. Hitler entschuldigt sich, er müsse noch einmal auf die Toilette, geht - und kommt nicht wieder. Nach einer Weile schöpft Strasser Verdacht, geht hinaus, findet seinen Führer nicht und erfährt schliesslich, dass Herr Hitler durch den Seitenausgang das Lokal verlassen hat und im Wagen davongefahren ist. Auf so genial einfache Weise löst der Führer politische Fragen.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p.230

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Einen Tag vor der Harzburger Kundgebung treten Hitler und Göring vor Hindenburg an. Die nationalsozialistischen Vorstellungen sind sehr schweigsam über diese Begegnung, die ein schwerer Misserfolg von Hitlers Verhandlungskunst ist. Offenbar hat er vergessen, dass ein alter Soldat nur auf die Fragen seines Feldmarschalls antwortet; er kommt nach seiner Gewohnheit ins unendliche reden und wird dem alten Herrn lästig. Nach der Begegnung sagt der Präsident zu Schleicher, er habe ihm da einen sonderbaren Kerl geschickt; dieser böhmische Gefreite wolle Reichskanzler werden? Niemals! "Höchstens Postminister".

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 278.

Schleicher erzählt von seinen Unterredungen mit Hitler: "Der Mann ist einfach verrückt, man kann kein Wort mit ihm reden. Er nimmt Ihnen den Satz aus dem Munde und redet dann wie ein Giesbach. Sie fragen mich nach meinen Unterhaltungen mit ihm? Was heisst hier Unterhaltung, das wären Monologe."

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936, p. 281

Schweren Herzens führt Hitler jetzt doch zum alten Herrn. Röhm und Frick sind bei ihm.

Der alte Herr verabscheut Röhm, den Skandalhauptmann der Homosexuellen; ist beleidigt, bietet den dreien keinen Stuhl an. Der Sohn Oskar und der Staatssekretär Meißner, ferner Papen und Schleicher sind zugegen. Stehend muss Hitler eine Ansprache des Alten über sich ergehen lassen. Hindenburg, ebenfalls stehend, auf den Krückstock gestützt, liest ihm seine Pläne für ein Kabinettpapen vor. Das ist der Genickstoss; es kann einem schwarz vor den Augen werden. Hindenburg fragt den nationalsozialistischen Parteiführer streng, ob er mitarbeiten wolle? Zwischen seinen Paladinen stehend, murmelt der erschöpft, er habe seine Bedingungen den Herren von Papen und von Schleicher bereits mitgeteilt. Hindenburg, fast erfreut, dass alles so ist, wie er sich's dachte: "Sie wollen also die ganze Nacht?"

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 299

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Hitler möchte erläutern: er wolle Kanzler werden, aber nur wie Mussolini... Hindenburg, triumphierend: Aber das sei doch die ganze Regierungsgewalt! Das könne er vor seinem Gewissen und dem Vaterlande gegenüber nicht verantworten, denn Hitler werde diese Macht nicht einseitig anwenden. Wenn der Kampf also weitergehen müsse, was er persönlich bedaure, so möge Herr Hitler ihn wenigstens in Zukunft ritterlich führen. Er bedaure übrigens auch, dass Herr Hitler sich anscheinend nicht in der Lage sehe, ein von seinem, Hindenburgs, Vertrauen getragenes Kabinett zu unterstützen, wie er ihm das vor den Wahlen persönlich versprochen habe. Will sagen: du Wortbrüchiger!

Der ganze Hof stoben, und Linien gedauert, im stehen. Schon furchtbarer Hinauswurf!

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 291, 300

Der Höhepunkt dieser Reichstagskampagne war eine Versammlung der nationalsozialistischen Führer im Palais Görings. Hitler sprach herzbewegend: wie er Strasser immer die Treue gehalten, wie Strasser sie ihm gebrochen habe; wie die Partei jetzt in einer schwierigeren Lage, aber nahe vor dem Siege sei und welches Verbrechen Strasser mit seinem Abfall gerade in diesem Augenblick begehe. "Wie hätte ich Strasser denn zugetraut" rief er und legte schluchzend den Kopf auf die Tischplatte. Vielen Anwesenden stiegen die Tränen in die Augen, als sie den Führer sich vorweinen sehen.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 308.

Ein paar Tage nach der Reichstagskampagne liess die Umgebung Adolf Hitlers verlauten, der "Volkekanzler" habe auf sein Gehalt verzichtet. Ein grosser Teil des deutschen Volkes war verblüfft. Er raucht nicht, hiess es, er trinkt keinen Tropfen Alkohol, er isst kein Fleisch und lebt in einem bescheidenen Häuschen in den Bergen; trägt fast immer das schlichte braune Hemd, sitzt nicht bei Festmählern und ist zeitlebens der schlichte Mann aus dem Arbeiterstande geblieben. Hitler wird dem deutschen Volke und vielleicht auch sich selbst zur Legende.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 323

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936.

1923 sagte er zu einem Freunde: "Es ist doch ein erhabenes Gefühl, wenn man durch ~~seiner~~ jubelnde Volksmenge geht. Man wird ein anderer Mensch dabei."

.... Er wurde im steilen Aufstieg nur, was er wirklich war und wozu die Natur ihn getrieben hat: ein Herrscher mit Bettlerinstinkten. Er konnte von Mann aus nur absolut sein, sei es Fürst oder Vagabund. Er kann nicht leben, ohne tun zu dürfen, was er will; aber er muß das Gefühl haben, daß alle es ihm erlauben. In seinem tiefsten Empfinden kein Herr, sondern eben "ein Führer"; geht nur voran, wenn er weiß, daß andere folgen. In der Einsamkeit ein Hocker und Träumer, vor der Masse ein gewaltiger Streber. Kein Alleinlinger, sondern ein Alleinsitzer.

..... Aus der Einsamkeit seiner Nachner Jahre trieb es den jungen Adolf Hitler in den Weltkrieg; selbst bei den Kameraden heimatlos, floh er auf die Tribüne. Bedrückt von der eigenen Unfähigkeit, mit Menschen umzugehen, sieht er es wie eine Erlösung, daß die Masse auf ihn horcht. Hierher ungewöhnliche hat den Menschen nicht als Menschen erlebt, sondern als Masse.

"Gleich dem Weibe liebt die Masse mehr den Herrscher als den Bittenden", sagt er. Ein äußerlich gescheitertes Wort, dessen tiefe Unwahrhaftigkeit gerade in seinem Mund und in den nächsten Kapiteln noch klar werden soll. Der kalte Hitler ist kein Massenbeherrscher, sondern ein Massenumschmeichler und Massenergötzer.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 323, 324.

Unser durchgefallener Heilschüler aus Linz ist auf einer nie endenden Jagd nach Anerkennung. Das ist keine kalte Herrschgier, nicht das Kraftgefühl des Reitens und Zähmens. Das ist die ewige Streberei nach der guten Note, die beständige Wiederholung des einmal verbunkelten Examsens. Als 1931 die SA-Führer unter Stennes gegen den böhmischen Gefreiten meutern, schreibt er an die Partei einen weinerlichen offenen Brief, in dem er sich als Opfer des Klassenhochmuts seiner Widersacher hinstellt:

"Ich war ja nicht das Kind vermöglicher Eltern, nicht auf Universitäten vorgebildet, sondern durch die härteste Schule des Lebens erzogen worden, durch Not und Elend. Die oberflächliche Welt fragt ja nie nach dem, was einer gelernt hat, und am wenigsten nach dem, was er durch Zeugnis zu belegen vermag. Daß ich mehr gelernt hatte, als Zehntausende unserer Intellektuellen, wurde nie gedacht, sondern nur darauf gesehen, daß meine Zeugnisse fehlten."

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. p. 324

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936

Das ist die Gemütskurve, die das Leben täglich aufreißt. Ja, was wäre wohl aus ihm geworden, hätte er nicht den Beruf ergreifen, so kein Zeugnis und Examen gilt: die Politik!

Hitler, der Privatmann, ist der recht alltägliche Taugenichts mit den ewigen hochfliegenden Plänen, der wie fährig eifrig in der Sache steht, weil er grundsätzlich nur national-geschäftlich denkt. Hitler, der Politiker, ist ein unwahrscheinlicher Romanheld: der Taugenichts, der die Willkürgeschäfte tatsächlich macht.

...bei Hitler ist der Ehrgeiz kein Luxusgefühl, sondern Lebenskern und Lebensnotwendigkeit. Wenn dieser durch die Irrungen seiner Jugend gestörte Charakter im Gleichgewicht bleiben soll, muss an die Schale seiner zentnerschweren Minderwertigkeitsgefühle eine ebenso schwere Schale voll Anerkennung und Bestätigung angehängt sein, deren flüchtiger Inhalt dröhnender Bechfüllung bedarf. ...

.....Er kämpft für seinen Ehrgeiz um sein Volk. Er forciert es mit gewaltiger Suggestionskraft nach dem Vorbilde der eigenen verletzten Eitelkeit, füllt es mit hysterisch übersteigerten Vorstellungen von Ehre, Macht und Ueberlegenheit, füllt es mit allen Irrtümern und Vorurteilen eines Zukurzgekommenen. Die nicht bestandene Prüfung auf der Realschule und die nicht bestandene Prüfung des Weltkrieges; die Wiener Elendsjahre und das nationale Elend der Nachkriegszeit; der vergebliche Kampf um die Anerkennung der Kameraden und das unverstandene Bemühen um eine Anerkennung durch die europäischen Völker - das sind starke Parallelen.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 324, 325.

Max von Gruber, Ordinarius an der Universität in München, führender Bakteriologe Deutschlands, hat Hitler allerdings nur einige Stunden lang im engeren Kreise beobachtet. In einem Privatbrief schreibt er (1923): "Zum ersten Male sah ich Hitler in der Nähe. Gesicht und Kopf schlechte Rasse, Mischling. Niedere, fliehende Stirn, unschöne Nase, breite Backenknochen, kleine Augen, dunkles Haar; Gesichtsausdruck nicht eines in voller Selbstbeherrschung & Gebietenden, sondern eines wahnwitzig Erregten."

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 327, 328.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936.

Der von zahlreichen anderen Beobachtungen her Hitler für einen Hysteriker gilt, wird gerade in dieser zielbewussten, geübten Führung eine Bestätigung sehen. Die feineren Merkmale der Gesteeglichkeit sind noch allen kritischen Beobachtern aufgefallen: der ununterbrochene Wechsel zwischen fest steinerner Selbstbeherrschung und flatternder Ausdrucksweise; die einstudierte Imperatorenhaltung vor der Front und das verübte Wackeln bei grosser Feiern; der kramelige Schritt bei der Parade und das auselige, krumme Hinschlendern im Ausgarten, bei dem nur noch der Regenschirm unter dem Arm fehlt. Und zwischen diesen unvereinbaren Posen immer wieder der jähe, zuckende Uebergang, der verwirrte Sprung von der wahren zur künstlichen Natur. Er kann weinen, wann er will, und lachen, wann er will, kann Angrifflichkeit spielen und outersordliche fabrizieren: kann sich künstlich heizen und künstlich starr werden. Sowohl er selbst bei jeder Gelegenheit hervorbringt, als auch er sich mit reinen Worten, er habe jahrelang nicht geweint. Bei starrer ausserer Laune lässt er im Innern einen Versuchtsanfall wohlberechnet hochsteilen, bis er gewissermassen aus der Hölle schiesst.

In einem Selbstbildungsprozess zu München plädiert der Gegner: "Herr Hitler wird ja nicht bestreiten, dass er grosse Geldsummen von ausländischen Kapitalisten erhalten hat, z.B. aus der Tschechoslowakei ... " Mit kurzes, bellendes Auflachen des Angegriffenen, dann ein höflicher Schräglick zum Richter. "... es sind Zeugen dafür vorhanden, so hat ein gewisser Lüddecke ..." wieder das gleiche Lachen, und abermals der Blick zum Richter, etwa besagend: da sehen Herr Vorsitzender selbst. Mit solchem Geschwätz muss ein ernsthafter Mann seine Zeit verbringen! ... Ich richtete an Herrn Hitler die Frage, ob ihm ein Major X bekannt ist..." Jetzt springt er auf, schreit: "Der Herr Rechtsanwalt wagt es, Bestechung durch das Ausland einer Partei vorzuwerfen, die vom ersten Tage ihres Bestehens an kein anderes Ziel gekannt hat, als mit glühendem Eifer für Deutschland zu kämpfen. Der Herr Rechtsanwalt vertritt eine Partei, sich deren Geldgebern mit nicht zu fragen braucht, denn sie sind bekannt. Es sind die edlen Volksgenossen Bernat, Kuticker und Rosenfeld, und sie sind es mit vollem Recht, denn diese Partei vertritt tatsächlich die Interessen ihres Volkes, nämlich des jüdischen. Wenn aber eine solche Partei nun ausserdem noch die Unverschämtheit besitzt ..." so tobt er minutenlang fort. "Aber Herr Hitler!" ruft der Vorsitzende mehrmals mahnend dazwischen; vergeblich. Danach erhebt sich sein Anwalt Dr. Frank und bittet um eine kurze Verhandlungspause. Nach der Pause ist Hitler verschwunden.

Heiden, Konrad. Adolf Hitler. 1936. pp. 328, 329.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler. 1936.

Das ist der Mann mit Ordnung, Disziplin und ohne jede Ausfälligkeit, den der Direktor Leybold bewunderte. Das sind mehr als starke Gegensätze; das sind Verwandlungen der Persönlichkeit.

Heiden, Konrad: Adolf Hitler 1936. p.329

Der Mensch Adolf Hitler hat, vergleichbar einem Medium, das "Phänomene" auch sich hervortreten lässt, einen zweiten, durch gewaltige Willensanstrengung geschaffenen Hitler hervorgebracht. Im Ruhezustande liegt dieser gewissermassen in dem normalen Hitler verkrochen, in den Momenten der Steigerung tritt er hervor und bedeckt ihn mit seiner überlebensgrossen Pupenmaske. Diese Spaltung der Persönlichkeit macht das Urteil über Hitler so schwer, sowohl in bezug auf das Aeusserere wie den Charakter. Man könnte unterscheiden zwischen den beiden Persönlichkeiten Hitler und Führer.

Hitler ist der Realschüler aus Linz, das "Mutter-söhnchen", der herumlungende Ansichtskartenzeichner; aber auch der Versammlungsredner, der den Masekrug hebt oder einen Tisch über die Tribüne trägt und grinsend spricht: "No, meine lieben Volksgenossen, und wenn es so weit ist, wer kommt dann? Gott der Gerechte, es ist der Herr Silberstein persönlich und sagt, der Schlag soll mich treffen...." Aber auch der Mann, der in der Carlton-Teestube am Maximiliansplatz ein halbes Dutzend Mohrenköpfe verschlingt, der im Deutschen Theater selig dem Jongleur Kastelli zuguckt, der an einem Tag zweimal im Kino sitzt, den Arm um die begleitende Dame gelegt - das ist Hitler. Während einer entscheidenden Führerkonferenz, die über den Präsidentschaftskampf gegen Hindenburg Entschlüsse fassen soll, verbringt er die Abende (nach Goebbels "Tagebuch") so: "2. Februar. Abends sehen wir in einem Kino den Film "EMdchen in Uniform". Ein fabelhaft gedrehtes Kunstwerk. Bis spät in die Nacht hinein debattieren wir noch. - 3. Februar. Es ist gut, wenn man nach schweren, arbeitsvollen Tagen abends in einem Theater oder einem Kino Auespannung sucht. Wir sehen einen Greta Garbo-Film und sind ergriffen.... Der Führer beschäftigt sich in seinen Muusstunden mit Bauplänen für ein neues Parteihaus sowohl als auch für

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einen grandiosen Umbau der Reichshauptstadt. Er hat das im Projekt fix und fertig. - 4. Februar. Wir sind in einem Münchner Atelier und schauen der Arbeit eines bekannten Bildhauers zu. Dann werden bei Professor Troost die Entwürfe für den neuen Bau des "Braunen Hauses" geprüft. Es ist wunderbar zu beobachten, wie sicher und unbeirrt der Führer sich auf die kommende Uebernahme der Macht einstellt... Abends schauen wir im National-Theater noch die "Fledermaus" an. "

Auch dieser Filmfreund, dieser in Operettenmusik und Bauplänen schwelgende ist Hitler.

Aber der junge Mensch, der mit brennenden Augen der Arbeiterdemonstration in Wien nachschaut; der roten Kopfes von der Tribüne die Prügelei im Parlament ansieht; der Tribun, der im Bürgerbräukeller den Schuss in die Decke feuert; der vor dem Reichsgericht spricht: "Es werden Köpfe rollen;" der formulieren kann: "Die Erde ist nicht da für feige Völker"; der Kanzler, der vier Stunden lang mit erhobenem Arm vor vorbeimarschierenden der SA steht; der 1933 der Sozialdemokratie im Reichstag zurauft: "Ich will Ihre Zustimmung nicht, Deutschland soll frei werden, aber nicht durch Sie!" - das ist der Führer.

... Hier haben wir nur eine besonders schroffe und reine Spaltung der Persönlichkeit, eine Psychiatern wohlbekannte Erscheinung. Eigentümlich ist die starke Mitwirkung des Willens, der wie ein Keil in diesen Schlitz führt, der die beiden Persönlichkeiten geradezu planmäßig auseinanderreißt und miteinander vertauscht. Diese Spaltung der Persönlichkeit hat den Charakter des Gewollten, sie trägt hysterische Züge.

Hitler ist der sensible Mensch, die "Künstler-Natur", das unvergleichliche Stimmungsbarometer der Masse, der Witterer der politischen Atmosphäre. Hitler ist der passive "Kork der Revolution", wie ihn Otto Strasser genannt hat, der immer die Höhe der Strömung anzeigt, der die Umstände nicht meistert, aber von innen getragen wird; der fast nie Entschlüsse fasst und jede Entscheidung bis zur Katastrophe verzögert. Dieser Hitler ruft Otto Strasser zu: "Autarkie ist Unsinn, wir müssen eine neue Weltwirtschaft auf zweitausend Jahre hinaus aufbauen"; aber schon im nächsten Augenblick, als der Bruder Gregor Strasser widerspricht, lenkt er ein: "Schön, Autarkie, vielleicht in hundert Jahren, aber vorläufig brauchen wir noch die Weltwirtschaft!"

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Der Mann, der die sturme Masse, ihr selber unbewusst, mit geistigen Ohr reden hört und dieser Seelensprache Stimme gibt; aber auch der Schrecken der Büros, der seinen Redakteur ohrfeigt; der Reichskanzler schliesslich, der aus einer Mappe voller unterschriftreifer Gesetzentwürfe den obersten herauszieht und ~~über~~ ^{über} ~~so~~ ^{so} lange redet, bis der Adjutant meldet, der Wagen sei vorgefahren, und die Mappe ohne Unterschriften wieder beiseite gelegt werden muss - das ist Hitler.

Aber der Mann, der nachts um 2 Uhr in Hangelar am Rhein plötzlich ein Flugzeug besteigt und dann im Laufe der nächsten zwölf Stunden Hunderte von Menschen darunter seinen besten Freund, erschossen lässt; ebenso der Mann, der auf dem Nürnberger Parteitag zu einem jungen Mädchen sagt: "Du wirst diesen Tag nie vergessen" und sie dann so lange anstarrt, bis sie zu weinen anfängt - das ist der Führer.

Der Führer war er auch, als er an der Feldherrnhalle der Landespolizei "Ergebt Euch!" zurief. Aber als er nach den ersten Schüssen aufs Auto sprang - da war er Hitler.

Diese Persönlichkeitsspaltung beginnt früh. Sie ist schon beim jungen Hitler zu finden.

Der "Führer" besitzt alle Eigenschaften, die durch Willensanstrengung sich verstärken lassen. Seine Tatkraft ist gross, seine Entschlüsse sind schnell, gegen eigenen und fremden Schmerz ist er hart, in Anstrengungen ausdauernd, im Genuss mässig, und eine Kabinettstimmung kann, wenn es wirklich sein muss, zwölf Stunden dauern. Aber dieser Führer lebt immer nur kurze Zeit; dann sinkt er wieder zurück, und das natürlichere Menschenbild Adolf Hitler steht da. Der Führer ist ein vollendetes Geschöpf der Volkphantasie, in der Adolf Hitler lebt und für die er sein Überlebensgrosses Bild geschaffen hat. Man kann nicht einmal sagen, dass die Propaganda dieses Bild verschönt; er ist für wenige Stunden wirklich ein ungewöhnlicher Lebensbuch-Held: zynisch wie Friedrich der Grosse, brutal wie Napoleon und gütig wie der Kaiser Franz Joseph.

Die Eigenschaften des Führers würden wegen ihrer Kurzlebigkeit an sich kaum für einen grossen Erfolg ausreichen. Dazu bedarf es eben doch der Eigenschaften Hitlers. Er hat dank seiner Sensibilität ein grosses Stück Welt in sich: er weiss von menschlichen Zusammenhängen, die die Politik nahe berühren,

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weit mehr als scharfere Geister - aber freilich auch nur von dem, was seinem Wesen geläufig ist. Wir hörten ihn seine Methode des Lesens schildern: er nimmt nur auf, was ihm in den Kram passt; anderes, vielleicht sachlich Wichtigeres, dessen Brauchbarkeit er im Augenblick nicht einsieht, wird nicht zur Kenntnis genommen. Er bemüht sich nicht um Wissen, sondern ergötzt sich an ihm; er weiss das Angenehme, nicht das Notwendige. So entsteht in diesem gar nicht beschränkten Kopf doch das Weltbild eines Stammtischphilisters, mit einer kindlich personalistischen Erklärung der Geschichtskräfte. Hitler kennt seine Welt, die des politischen Menschen, in allen Einkeln und Brechungen; aber er kennt die Welt der Sachen nicht. Bisweilen gelangen ihm erstaunliche Würfe; als seine Diplomaten ihn im Frühjahr 1935 beschworen, doch nun endlich England nicht weiter herauszufordern, da setzte er gerade auf die bisherigen Braskierungen auch noch neue Flottenforderungen - und behielt recht. Die Engländer liessen sich täuschen und bewilligten.

Zu seiner intuitiven Weiterführung - die etwas anderes ist als Instinkt (Intuition ist Erfassung einer Ganzheit, Instinkt die einer Besonderheit) - kommt eine eigentümliche logische Fähigkeit hinzu. Er kann mit bezwingender Folgerichtigkeit von einer gegebenen Prämisse her entwickeln; er gelangt so, wenn die Voraussetzungen richtig sind, zu verblüffenden Voraussichten. Aber erstens sind die Prämissen bei ihm nur in einer bestimmten Sphäre, nämlich in der des politisch reagierenden Menschen richtig. Sodann reht ihm der Blick, Begriffe und Urteile gegeneinander abzumessen; er kann Entwicklungsreihen ableiten, aber keine Widersprüche feststellen. Wenn er es doch tut, sind es meist Trugschlüsse.

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Lügt er eigentlich bewusst?
Auf diese Frage gab einer seiner engsten Mitarbeiter, ein heute an hoher Stelle stehender Mann, vor Jahren die merkwürdige Antwort:

"Ich kann es bei Adolf am Satzbau merken, ob er es ehrlich meint oder ob er bewusst schwindelt".

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Wenn Hitler, so meint sein Gefährte, das Objekt auf ungewöhnliche Art ans Ende des Satzes hinter das Verbum stelle, dann glaube er nicht, was er sage; lasse er es aber an seinen gewöhnlichen Platz, dann sei er subjektiv ehrlich. Etwa so: "Aufrichten wollen wir ein Deutsches Reich der Kraft und Herrlichkeit..." das sei Lüge, verdecke nur die wahren Gedanken. Aber: "Wir wollen ein Deutsches Reich der Kraft und Herrlichkeit aufrichten..." - das sei echt.

... Tatsächlich sind hier zwei Personen vorhanden, von denen man keine für die andere verantwortlich machen darf. Bürgerlich gesprochen, bedeutet das Herrn Hitlers Unzurechnungsfähigkeit. Aber Hitler ist ja kein Mensch, mit dem ein vernünftiger Vertrag schliesst; sondern ein Phänomen, das man erschlägt oder von dem man erschlagen wird.

Was alles ist nichts Gespenstisches, sondern ein krasser Fall des oft geschilderten "Über sich selbst Hinauswachsens": eine ruckhafte Zertrennung des Selbst-Bewusstseins, bei dem geistige und sittliche Bänder reissen, Pflichten, Versprechungen und selbst Freundschaften vergessen werden. Dann macht man einen Putsch, den man durch Ehrenworte abgeschworen, bricht ein Regierungsbandnis, das man in die Hand seines Feldmarschalls gelobt hat, und erschiesst den nächsten Freund.

Dieses Auseinandertreten der Persönlichkeit gibt der Gestalt die magnetische Spannung, die beim blossen Anblick Hitlers mit Licht so unbegreiflich erscheint. Man erlebt die Verwandlung eines unbedeutenden Menschen in einen bedeutenden. ...

.... Der Hörer einer guten Rede Hitlers erlebt die Entstehung des Führers aus dem Rohstoff; der Redestrom trifft ihn wie ein Wasserstrahl einen Schlauch, der Hitler füllt ab, der Führer steht da. ... Ein Herr mit einem komischen Schnurbart wird ein Erzengel und die Banalität zum Donnerwort. Eine Erhebung, die jeden mitreißt. Aber doch nur die Fata Morgana eines grossen Mannes; der Erzengel tritt ab, und Hitler sitzt schweissgebadet, mit verglastem Blick auf dem Stuhl. Man wirft ihm seine gebrochenen Versprechen vor. Aber der ganze Führer ist ein trügerisches Versprechen, denn nur Hitler ist die Erfüllung. ...

.... Hitler ist ein Kind der Einsamkeit, der Führer ist ein Kind der Masse .

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Es gibt keine Bilder von Hitler. Keine Photographie erfasst dieses Doppelwesen, das ewig zwischen seinen beiden Polen hin- und herzuckt. Was es gibt, sind Zustandsaufnahmen des Rohstoffes Hitler. Er ist nie er selbst; er ist in jedem Augenblick eine Lüge von sich selbst; darum ist jedes Bild falsch. Die Platte hält nur die äussere Erscheinung fest, und diese Erscheinung ist nun einmal eine minderwertige Hülle. Das Gesicht ein ausdrucksloser Untergrund, auf den mit spärlichen Mitteln eine runde Maske aufgetragen ist. Es lässt sich nicht bestreiten, dass in dieser Maske Haarsträhne und Schnurrbartstrühe das Ausdruckvollste sind; die von Bewunderern gerühmte Kraft des Auges wirkt auf nüchterne Beobachter wie ein gieriges Leuchten ohne jeden Schimmer von Anmut, der den Blick erst zwingend macht; ein Blick, der mehr verjagt als fesselt. Die Lippen sind schmal; die hässlichen Züge, namentlich die fliehende Stirn und die unpassende Nase hat der Professor Gruber richtig gesehen. In seiner neutralen Nonchalance ist dies Gesicht ein idealer Tummelplatz für die wechselnden Ausdrücke, die darüber hinwegziehen. Die haarbedeckten Teile stecken für die Ausdrucksmöglichkeiten einen beständigen Raum ab und legen über den ewigen unruhigen Wechsel von Schimmer einer gewissen Härte. Man kann das Meisnische wegen: der Schnurrbart ist der Führer.

.... Aus was für einem Gesicht hat nun Adolf Hitler was für ein Gesicht gemacht? Eine kaltdickische Anlage mit hochstehenden Backenknochen und geschützten Augen, etwas grausam und leicht schreckhaft aussehend, ist durch Haar und Bart zum Modell "schöner Mann" gewaltsam vermanscht worden - ob das Ziel erreicht wurde, ist Geschmackssache. Anfangs wurde das Haar zu diesem Zweck fast in der Mitte gescheitelt und nach hinten gekämmt; später verfiel er auf die affektierte, an der Stirn klebende Haarsträhne. Ein pedantisches Streben nach dem bürgerlichen Normalgesicht, möglichst weit weg von Bohämien und "Schlawiner"; möglichst nahe am Durchschnitt, möglichst fern vom Individuellen. Ein Mensch, der keine Freude an seinem natürlichen Aussehen hat, sondern es versteckt. Hitler ist als Normalmensch maskiert.

Nach dem nur Nachmitt strebt er auch in der Kleidung. Seit Beginn seiner Laufbahn ist er angezogen wie ein Herr aus dem Modealbum; zunächst mit bescheidenen Mitteln, später elegant aber sehr normal. Es ist kein günstiges Zeichen für einen Menschen, wenn im Gesamteindruck die Kleidung sich hervordrängt und über Figur und Gesicht

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an Hitler, namentlich in den früheren Jahren, fallen der korrekte weiche Kragen und der korrekte Schlips, das korrekte zweireihige Sakko, auch der korrekte braune Mantel und die korrekten langen Hosen dermassen auf, dass der erste Eindruck nur der eines korrekten unbedeutenden Herrn ist. Die einzige "Note" ist ein Stock, später eine Hundepelzschle aus Milpfurth, welche gegen etwaige Ueberfälle. Eine Zeitlang war die Umgebung empört, weil er keinen Anstoss daran nahm, zum Cutaway braune Halbschuhe zu tragen. Später schlüpft er immer häufiger in die Uniform der Bewegung; auch hier trägt er stets das Kleid des unbekannten SA-Manns, wie sonst das des unbekannten Durchschnittsbürgers. Die Propaganda nennt das Schlichtheit; es ist tatsächlich nur die Furcht, mit einer Besonderheit etwas falsch zu machen.

Den Mangel an Originalität offenbart auch sein Verhältnis zur Kunst. Es gibt hier einige Erzeugnisse von ihm, die sehr bekannt sind. Zwar die Zeichnungen und Aquarelle aus der Wiener Zeit und aus dem Kriege verdienen nichts als Vergessenheit. Eine der verbreitetsten Kunstschöpfungen der ganzen Welt dagegen ist das von Hitler entworfene Parteiaabzeichen. Dies Abzeichen, das das Hakenkreuz sichtbar machen soll, schlägt es geradezu tot. ...

...Warum diese SA-standarte jedoch von einer ringförmigen goldenen Mauer gekrönt ist, die ein zweites Hakenkreuz umschließt und oben einen flatternden Vogel trägt, ist das Geheimnis des Künstlers Hitler, dem offenbar nur die verbrauchtesten Ornamente in der verbrauchtesten Zusammenstellung, und zwar gerade leider am falschen Platz, einfallen. Offenbar hat er an römische und napoleonische Feldzeichen gedacht. Ueberhaupt liebt er die Latinität; siehe den Kopf des "Völkischen Beobachters"!

Eine Zug zum Grössenwahn haben seine bis jetzt bekannt gewordenen Bauprojekte und Bausausführungen. Die Anlage des Parteitagsgeländes in Nürnberg, gleichfalls von ihm stark beeinflusst, ist eine politische Offenbarung: rückhaltloser Aufbau der Volksmesse als Staffage, ausschliessliche Gestaltung des Raumes als Feld und Bühne für den Führer. In der dominierenden Architektur scheint überhaupt seine Stärke zu liegen.

Am ungeheuerlichsten und traurigsten sucht er die Monumentalität und trifft den Durchschnitt in seinem Stil. Dieses nach dem Lineal geschnittene Pappdeckel-

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Deutsch ist nicht einfach schlecht, sondern verräterisch schlecht. Man soll nicht schreiben, wie man spricht, denn das gäbe auf dem Papier einen fasslichen Wortschwall; aber man soll so schreiben, wie man mit Konzentration sprechen würde. So aber, wie Adolf Hitler schreibt, hat noch nie ein Mensch gesprochen, er selbst schon gar nicht. ...

In seinem Stil stösst eine grosse natürliche Sprechnust dauernd an die Angst, etwas Unpassendes zu sagen. Die "parlamentarischen Gänseriche", die "Tintenritter" und "enthörnten Siegfriede" klingen unbefangen und kräftig; wenn er dazwischen ruft "wehrhafter Gott!" oder mit "am Ende vielleicht doch auch" herumtestet, dann hört man einen, der schlicht und vielleicht etwas unsicher seine Meinung sagt. Aber dann flüchtet er plötzlich wieder unter die schützende Autorität der Substantive, die oft genug aus vergewaltigten Verben und Adjektiven unnötig zusammengeknüttelt sind.

Er hat geringes Vertrauen zum normalen sprachlichen Ausdruck; liebt es nicht, eine Sache einfach zu benennen. So es geht, verdoppelt er. Zu Beginn von "Mein Kampf" soll ein Satz mit "nein" anfangen, aber er schreibt, obwohl niemand widerspricht, aufgeregt: "nein, nein!" Die Worte sind bei ihm billig, er gibt sie in Masse; fühlt offenbar, dass er für einen Gedanken nicht den Präzisen Ausdruck trifft und stellt darum mehrere Ausdrücke zur Auswahl. Im tiefsten Grunde glaubt er den eigenen Worten nicht.

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1. Wer wieder muss man bedenken, dass seine Würde etwas Angenommenes, und Zügellosigkeit seine Natur ist. Der Tag wird ohne Hemmung verbracht; er findet sich morgens nicht aus dem Bett und abends nicht hinein.

Sein Staatssekretär Funk hat der Öffentlichkeit in einem Interview mitteilen wollen, dass Adolf Hitler "Tag für Tag, ja fast Stunde um Stunde mit letzter Anstrengung das Höchstmass seiner seelischen und geistigen Kräfte für die deutsche Revolution ausnutze". Aber er liess doch einfließen, dieser "genialste unserer Zeitgenossen" beginne erst um 10 Uhr mit der Arbeit, nämlich dem ersten Referentenvortrag. Diesen Vortrag halten die Staatssekretäre Lammers und Funk; sie melden Besuche an, lesen wichtige Post vor und berichten über den Inhalt

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er will kein Spenglerscher Caesar sein. Spengler verachtet die Masse; auch Hitler verhöhnt die "Majorität von Dummheit, Feigheit und Benachteiligten". Aber mag Hitler mit einem gelehrten Mann wie Spengler diskutieren, der Führer, selbst ein Kind der Masse, wird Massenverachtung keinen gestatten, der sich nicht auf Massenbeherrschung versteht. Im Sommer 1933, nachdem der Sieg errungen war, hatte Spengler in Bayreuth eine zweistündige Aussprache unter vier Augen mit Hitler. Seine Enttäuschung war ungeheuer.

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Das Verhältnis Adolf Hitlers zum Geist ist nun einmal nicht befriedigend. Er hat in "Mein Kampf" den kulturellen Fragen im engeren Sinne mehr als hundert Seiten gewidmet; sie sind das weitaus schwächste des verworrenen, in einzelnen Teilen doch interessanten Buches. Bei aller Bereitwilligkeit, Hitler auch hinter seinen ungeheuren Ausdrücken zu verstehen, schilt man als die praktischste seiner Forderungen die nach Kürzung des wissenschaftlichen Unterrichts in der Schule heraus, damit mehr Zeit für Boxen bleibe - den Sport, den er vor allen hochschätzt. Trotzdem plädiert er mehr für humanistischen Unterricht, anscheinend ohne sich klar zu sein, dass weder die römische Geschichte, die "beste Lehrmeisterin für alle Zeiten", noch "das hellenische Kulturideal in seiner vorbildlichen Schönheit" sich geistig so mit der linken Hand "allgemein, in grossen Zügen" erarbeiten lassen. Sein Hauptziel in der Erziehung ist die Erzeugung "fanatischer, ja hysterischer Leidenschaft" für die eigene Nation.

Es ist schwerlich ein Zufall, dass die Begegnungen Hitlers mit den Vertretern des deutschen Geistes meist nicht sehr eindrucksvoll verlaufen. Bei der Eröffnung der Reichskulturkammer in der Berliner Philharmonie im Jahre 1934 wird ein Zusammentreffen mit dem Dichter Gerhart Hauptmann arrangiert. Der Schauspieler Carl Zander übernimmt die Vorstellung. Wenn Gerhart Hauptmann Huld und Leutseligkeit erwartet hat, wird er enttäuscht. Hitler ergreift Hauptmanns Hand, sieht ihm starr ins Auge, nicht unfreundlich, auch nicht lebenswürdig, etwa, als wolle er sagen: Aha, Gerhart Hauptmann - du hast zu unseren Gegnern gehört; nun kommst du zu uns; gut, weil du immerhin Gerhart Hauptmann bist, akzeptiere ich das, aber mehr ist nicht zu sagen.... die Umstehenden wollen gezählt haben, dass Händedruck und Blick genau siebzehn Sekunden gedauert haben, dann geht Hitler weiter. Kein Wort zu Deutschlands immerhin grösstem lebenden Dramatiker.

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Spengler hat Hitler den Gefallen getan, ihm einen "Hundeinden" zu leihen, aber er spürt wohl, dass er mehr ein Gräbelnder und Getriebener, bisweilen dann sich Uebersturzender ist. Ein Mann, der seine Entschlüsse nicht im hellen Tageslicht fasst, sondern in einsamer Nachtstunde, wo er bis in den grauen Morgen hinein nach Goebbels Zeugnis seine Denkschriften diktiert und am beginnenden Morgen nach Funkbericht das Lager aufsucht. Dann kaut er wochen- und monatelang an Plänen herum, spricht von ihnen zu keinen Menschen; eines Tages wird die Welt mit einem "blitzschnellen Entschluss" überrascht. Einer seiner hemmungslosesten Bewunderer, Dr. Robert Ley, erzählte einmal:

"Die überragende Genialität unseres Führers erkennen Sie an folgendem Beispiel: Wir hatten - es war im Mai 1933 - den ganzen Tag mit den Leitern der deutschen Arbeitsfront zusammengesessen und über den geplanten ständischen Aufbau beraten. Gegen Abend kam der Führer und fragte, wie weit wir seien. Ich antwortete: Mein Führer, ich muss bekennen, dass die Frage sehr schwierig ist. Da lächelte der Führer und sagte: Das habe ich mir gedacht; nun, ich will euch jetzt sagen, wie ich mir die Sache denke. Und dann hielt der Führer uns einen einstündigen meisterhaften Vortrag, in dem alle Probleme geradezu genial gelöst waren. Als er fertig war, sagte ich: Mein Führer, hier sitzen doch viele Männer, die sich mit diesen Fragen jahrelang beschäftigt haben; es ist erstaunlich, wie Sie als Nichtfachmann ein Problem lösen können, mit dem wir alle nicht fertig werden. Da ging wieder ein Lächeln über das Gesicht des Führers, und er antwortete: "Das will ich euch erklären. In den Kampfsjahren der Bewegung habe ich viele Nächte lang wachgelegen und über diese Frage nachgedacht, weil ich wusste, wir werden sie sofort in Angriff nehmen müssen". Das Resultat dieses Nachdenkens war der sofortige Abbruch des ständischen Aufbaus, die Zerstörung der Gewerkschaften und die Einsetzung von staatlichen "Treuhändern der Arbeit".

Dieser Gräbler und Zauderer ist aber keine Schlafmütze. Im Gegenteil, er ist voll scharfen Welthungers; sehen, immer wieder sehen und abgelekt werden, ist ihm Bedürfnis. Seine beiden größten Leidenschaften sind Auto und Kino; das Auge verlangt Nahrung. Sport trieb er überhaupt nicht. Die Mässigkeit in gewissen Genüssen ist körperlich bedingt. Die ihm findlichkeit der Atemwege

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-das Lunge leiden der Jugend, die spätere Gasvergiftung-
verbietet das Rauchen. Die Wiener Hungerjahre und an-
scheinend ebenfalls die Gasvergiftung haben den Magen
angegriffen; er klagt 1928 über ein Magenleiden und
vermeidet schwere Fleischspeisen, ist aber kein abso-
luter Vegetarier; liebt Süßigkeiten in grossen Mengen,
die Wiener Mehlspeisen der Stiefschwester Angela
werden hochgeschätzt. Alkohol trank er bis 1923, seitdem
meidet er ihn. Ein Gesetz gegen Alkoholmissbrauch hat
er 1928 trotzdem scharf bekämpft, weil "nur der Jude
den Vorteil davon hätte"; in Wahrheit, weil es unpopulär
war. Die Versammlungserfolge in München wären ohne
Dien unmöglich gewesen.

Der Augen Hunger und das Amüsierbedürfnis sind
fast krankhaft. Zwei- bis dreimaliger Kinobesuch täg-
lich waren vor der Machtergreifung nicht selten;
seitdem lässt er sich die Filme in der Reichskanzlei
vorführen. Dass es pornographische Filmereien, wird
von Ruidigen bestritten und ist auch unwahrscheinlich.
Eine Zeitlang schätzte er den Komiker Felix Bressart;
er sagte: "Schad, dass der Bressart ein Jude ist!"

Eine Zeit lang konnte man an Hand der deutschen
Presse verfolgen, wie erfolgreich der Kanzler Hitler
der Arbeit aus dem Wege ging. Da wurde Tag für Tag
diese Baustelle der Reichsautobahn besichtigt, jene
Führerschule eingeweiht, unvermutet ein Lager der
Hitler-Jugend aufgesucht, und das Ende war der Flug nach
Berchtesgaden. Schliesslich verbot der Stellvertreter
Rudolf Hess die Veröffentlichung von Berichten über
den Aufenthalt des Führers, die nicht von der Reichs-
kanzlei autorisiert seien. Aber für diese Reichskanzlei
wurde in Bad Reichenhall ein eigenes Gebäude errichtet
und im nahen Ainring ein Privatflugplatz für Hitler
angelegt; er zwingt sich nicht nach Berlin, wo die
Fäden der Geschäfte zusammenlaufen; nein, er zwingt die
Reichsregierung an den Fuss des Obersalzberges.

Seine Disziplinlosigkeit steigert sich zuwei-
len zu Anfällen von Gestörtheit. Schon als junger
Mensch hatte er in Beratung bei Ludendorff mit den
Fingern auf den Tisch getrommelt und war dann fast ohne
Entschuldigung davongestürzt. Jetzt ist es noch viel
schlimmer. Im Frühjahr 1932, ein Jahr vor der Mach-
tergreifung, hält er vor dem Verband bayrischer Industrieller

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einen Vortrag. Die Atmosphäre ist hier noch ungünstig, er als beiden Rheinländern in Düsseldorf; die Bayern kennen Hitler schon von 1923 her und schätzen ihn nicht; ihr Führer Dr. Kuhnle, einst Hitlers Geldgeber, hasst ihn geradezu. Hitler spürt die Feindseligkeit, vergebens lässt er hier seinen Sitz vom "größten Wirtschaftsführer" los; er stockt, stent auf den Tisch, Schweigen alles sieht sich verläuft an. Peinliche Minute. Plötzlich dreht sich Hitler auf dem Absatz um und geht ohne ein Wort an die Tür. da kommt Rudolf Hess, der seine Führer hinausbegleitet hat, verlegen zurück: die Herren möchten entschuldigen, Herr Hitler könne seinen Vortrag nicht fortsetzen, er werde zu einer dringenden Besprechung erwartet.

Unglaubliche Szene. Aber sie hat sich buchstäblich ein Jahr später wiederholt. Diesmal sollte Hitler, bereits Reichskanzler, vor dem Reichsverband der Deutschen Presse sprechen. Wieder sind, wie bei den Industriellen, Gegner da; das scheint ihn zu stören. Wieder setzt er an, verliert plötzlich den Faden, schweigt einige Zeit und verlässt dann wortlos den Saal. Bestürzt bittet Walther Funk die Kollegen um Entschuldigung, der Herr Reichskanzler habe sich leider entfernen müssen.

Seine ganze Lebens- und Arbeitsweise widerlegt die kitschige Legende von der Schlichtheit und Anspruchslosigkeit des Führers. Er nimmt nicht an Festbanketten teil? Er entbindet sich von dieser lästigen Verpflichtung, über die Stresemann stöhnte und der er schliesslich erlag. Er verzichtet auf sein Kanzlergehalt? Er war bis zur Kackergreifung finanziell beteiligt an allen nationalsozialistischen Zeitungen; seitdem ist das Buch "Mein Kampf", Preis sieben Mark zwanzig für die einbändige Ausgabe, in zwei Millionen Exemplaren ins deutsche Volk hineingepresst worden; Gliederungen der Deutschen Arbeitsfront haben es an ihre Mitglieder verschenkt. Er bewohnt kein Schloss, weil der Aufenthalt in einem mässig grossen Landhause viel behaglicher ist; er verzichtet auf Alkohol, schweres Fleisch und Tabak, weil er sie nicht verträgt. An seinem fünfundvierzigsten Geburtstag entzog er sich allen lärmenden Ehrungen durch einen Ausflug mit nicht weniger als sechs Automobilen; der "Illustrierte Beobachter" brachte zwei Seiten Photographien.

solche Leute pflegen selten drei Schnitzel auf einmal zu essen. Man kann den nicht bedauerndlos nennen, der jeden Augenblick seinen Gelüste nachgibt; die Gelüste Adolf Hitlers sind Reisen Kino und Theater und Spazieren gehen auf der Obersalzberg. Die deutsche Öffentlichkeit ist fortgesetzt Zeuge. Man braucht ihm noch keinen Vorwurf daraus zu machen, dass er sich den Kleinkram vom Leibe und den Kopf klar holt. Aber so, wie er bestimmtes notwendiges Wissen, z.B. in wirtschaftlichen Fragen aus Bequemlichkeit nie erworben hat, so verzichtet er auch aus Bequemlichkeit auf jene Genuesse, die in Wahrheit nur laetige gesellschaftliche Verpflichtungen sind und den meisten Maennern irgend wie von ihren Frauen aufgenoe-tigt werden. Er bricht ploetzlich eine Sitzung ab, um sich von einer versteckten Loge aus, bequem hingeraekelt, die "Fledermaus" anzuhoeeren; das ist eine vernuenftige Entspannung, aber man soll darueber auch nicht behaupten, dass er aus Bescheidenheit das gepanzerte Frackhemd und das Anwest rrtwerden in der Trunkloge vermeidet.

Der kleine Junge, der "gaennend uebel" wurde bei den Gedanken, als "unfreier Mann" im Buero zu sitzen, hat sein Ziel erreicht, wie noch selten einer. Wenn ich erst gross bin, mache ich den ganzen Tag, was ich will - diesen Knabenwunsch hat Adolf Hitler sich wie wenige Menschen erfuehlt.

Diese tief zerriesene, gegen sich selbst schwache und misstrauische Natur hat trotzdem eine ungeheure Leistung vollbracht. Adolf Hitler hat das deutsche Volk unterworfen und jene Macht erworben, die das beruhigendste und niederschlagendste Mittel fuer alle Zweifel ist.... Hitler's letztes Ziel ist die persoenliche Erhoehung. Wann ist er sich dieses Zieles zuerst bewusst geworden? Schon in Schuetzengruben wurde ihm klar, dass er etwas koenne, was andere nicht koennen. Damals stellte er sich dann aber wohl noch ungefaehr so vor, dass ein Mann, wie er k rufen sei, dem deutschen Kaiser das deutsche Volk zu bringen; damit wird praktisch schon das Hoechste erstrebt. 1921 lernt er Ludendorff kennen...

Hitler erklart Ludendorff bescheiden, er wolle ja nicht regieren, sondern nur der "Trommler" sein; im stillen weisse er wohl schon, wieviel staerker ein Trommler sein kann, als ein General. Dann sagt er, weil man ihn wegen einer Pruegellei zu Gefaengnis verurteilt hat, bitter, so wie ihn habe auch vor zweitausend Jahren der Poebel Jerusalems einen zur Richtstatte geschleift. Aber gleich wird er wieder bescheiden; seinem Biographen Schott erklart er: "Wir sind ja alle ganz kleine Johannes-Naturen. Ich warte auf den Christus".

Noch ist Hitler gegen Ludendorff wenigstens aeusserlich fuegsam. Aber schon ist sein Spiel mit dem General klarer Betrug an diesem. Schon geht er bewusst den steilen Fuerstenhoeen entgegen. Ein Jahr spaeter ruft er, neben Ludendorff stehend, seinen Richtern zu:

Nehmen Sie die Ueberzeugung an, dass ich die Erringung eines Ministerpostens nicht als erstrebenswert ansehe. Ich halte es eine grosse Menne nicht fuer wuerdig, seinen Namen der Geschichte nur dadurch ueberliefern zu wollen, dass er Minister wird. Was mir vor Augen stand, das war vom ersten Tage tausendmal mehr: ich wollte der Vertreter der Marxismus werden. Ich werde die Ausrufe losen, und wenn ich sie loese, dann waere der Titel eines Ministers fuer mich eine Laecherlichkeit. Als ich zum ersten-Mal vor Richard Wagners Grab stand, da quoll mir das Herz ueber vor Stolz, dass hier ein Mann ruht, der es sich verdient hat, hinaufzuschreiben: Hier ruht Geheimrat Musikdirektor Excellenz Baron Richard von Wagner. Ich war stolz darauf, dass dieser Mann und so viele Maenner der deutschen Geschichte sich damit begnuegen, ihren Namen der Nachwelt zu ueberliefern, nicht ihren Titel. Nicht aus Bescheidenheit wollte ich "Trommler" sein. Das ist das Hoechste, was andere ist eine Kleinigkeit."

Hier hat er es laut und deutlich gesagt, dass er selbst sich fuer einen Grossen haelt; fuer eine "Marathonlaeufer der Geschichte", wie er einmal in truer Stunde es ausdrueckt; denn je groesser die Werke eines Menschen fuer die Zukunft sind, umso schwerer ist auch der Kampf und um so selbener der Erfolg... der Lorbeerkrantz der Gegenwart beruehrt nur die Schloffen der sterbenden Helden. "An die Spitze dieser tragisch Grossen stellt er merkwuerdigweise Friedrich den Grossen, Martin Luther und Richard Wagner, drei Maenner also, die sich ueber Mangel an ueusserem Erfolg wirklich nicht beklagen konnten. Bismarck steht ein wenig abseits: er ist mit seiner nuechternen Definition der Politik als "Kunst des Moeglichen" nach Hitlers Meinung "etwas bescheiden".

Koennte ein Beichtvater diesen Adolf Hitler einmal an innersten Gewissen packen und ihn fragen, was ihn, dieses schwache Gefaess, diesen stellen Weg nehmen gehen lassen, so wuerde er ohne Zaudern antworten: der Allmaechtige. Er glaubt an das Goettliche, doch sicher nicht an den Gott der Kirche. Gottesdiensten bleibt er fern. Die Beguenaetigung des Neuheidentums durch die staatlichen Gewalten in Deutschland, der kulturelle Einfluss Rosenbergs, die Bedruekung der Kirche gehen auf ihn zurueck. Zwar hat er vernuenftige Worte gegen die Maenner gefunden, die die Partei mit religiösen Streitigkeiten behelligen; er hat deutlich genug erklart, dass er sich nicht zum religiösen Reformator berufen fuehle. Aber er selbst findet nun einmal keine Befriedigung im Glauben seiner katholischen Kirche. Als Soldat hat er noch die Kommunion empfangen, als Reichskanzler den Festgottesdienst zur Reichstagseroeffnung

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brück geschnitten. Es entspricht die neuheidnische Bewegung vielleicht nicht ganz seinen politischen Grundsätzen, aber sicherlich seinem persönlichen Gefühl. Er hat ein sehr persönliches Verhältis zu den Jenseitigen und glaubt an eine besondere Leitung durch das Schicksal. Von guten Freunden hat er sich das Horoskop stellen lassen, und als er öffentlich im September 1932 gegen Hindenburg polemisierte, lautete das so: Kein grosser Gegenspieler Reichspräsident von Hindenburg ist heute 85 Jahre alt. Ich bin 43 und fühle mich ganz gesund. Mir wird auch nichts passieren, denn ich fühle deutlich für welche grosse Aufgaben mich die Vorsehung ausersehen hat. Bis ich einmal 85 Jahre alt bin, lebt Herr von Hindenburg schon lange nicht mehr."

Im engeren Kreis hat er einmal zwei Geschichten erzählt die ihm das Anzeichen eines persönlichen höheren Schutzes sind:

In einer mitteldeutschen Stadt, in der ersprechen sollte, wollten politische Gegner ihn überfallen. Er kam mit dem Wagen; durch ein Missverständnis wurde er nicht auf dem abgesperrten Wege zum Versammlungslokal geleitet, sondern geradewegs in einen Stadtteil, der von gegnerischen Massen besetzt war. Der Wagen fuhr auf eine Brücke zu, vor der die Gegner sich in dichten Haufen drängten. Umkehren vor den Augen des Feindes war nicht mehr möglich, das Aeusserste schien zu drohen. In diesem Augenblick sieht Hitler, wie die Menge sich auf ein Individuum stürzt, das mit ihm selbst eine gewisse Ähnlichkeit hat. Man hält diesen Menschen offenbar für Hitler, schleppt ihn zum Brückengeländer und wirft ihn ins Wasser. Hitler selbst entkommt in der allgemeinen Verwirrung.

Die Geschichte ist hier so berichtet, wie ein ernster und glaubwürdiger Zeuge sie von Hitler persönlich gehört hat. Demselben Gewährmann berichtete er: "Ich sass im Felde mit mehreren Kameraden beim Essen. Plötzlich befahl mir die innere Stimme: Stehe auf und setze Dich auf den Platz dort! Ich gehorchte, der Platz war ungefähr zwanzig Meter entfernt. Kaum war ich da, schlug die Granate unter meine Kameraden, keiner entkam."

Ein ganz triebhafter Mensch glaubt an Berufung und Stimmen. Ein inkonsequenter zielt sich mit formaler Logik. Ein tief Unzuverlässiger spielt sich und der Welt übermenschliche Treue vor.

Hitler gleicht dem Negerkönig, der sich von einem Europäer porträtieren liess und gern als Weissger gemalt sein wollte.

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Leute, denen man gute Information zutrauen dürfte, wussten von sehr freundschaftlichen Beziehungen zu einem jungen Menschen namens Schiller in Berlin zu berichten; dieser Schiller habe Briefe Hitlers in der Schweiz an sicherer Stelle untergebracht. Ohne dass nach der Person dieses Schiller hier weiter geforscht sei, kann gesagt werden, dass die Behauptungen von einer Homosexualität Hitlers reine, durch die handgreiflichsten Tatsachen widerlegte Kombinationen sind. Bis vor wenigen Jahren wäre es niemandem eingefallen, ihn nach dieser Richtung hin zu verdächtigen; erst der Röhm-Kandal legte die Vermutung der Gesinnungsverwandtschaft mit dem Duzfreund nahe. Aber die Duzbruderschaft erklärt sich viel einfacher: die beiden kennen sich seit den kleinen Anfängen der Bewegung, als Adolf Hitler sich mit mehr oder minder allen seinen Kumpanen duzte.

Wir erinnern uns, wie seine intimen Parteiliebe aus der Anfangszeit ihm "übermässigen Damenverkehr" vorwerfen und ihn der Grosssprecheri gegenüber seinen Freundinnen beschuldigten. Wir erinnern uns an den KdGBrief Gottfried Feders, der ihm doch ausdrücklich das Recht der Erholung "im Kreise schöner Frauen" zugestand.

Aber dann gibt es auch wieder gegenteilige Beobachtungen. Der Gefängnisdirektor Leybold in Landsberg schreibt in einem seiner Berichte: "Er hat keinen Zug zur Weiblichkeit". Aus seiner Jugend wird berichtet, er sei einmal in die grösste Kaserne geraten, als bei einer Wecherei ein Kamerad die Kellnerin in die Wade kniff.

Etwas ist nicht in Ordnung.

In "Mein Kampf" gibt es ein wenig beachtetes erotisches Kapitel. Es beginnt merkwürdigerweise mit einer Betrachtung über die Syphilis, beklagt dann die "Verprostituierung der Volkseele" und fordert die Sterilisation unheilbar Kranker. Das Kapitel enthält eine Reihe vernünftiger Gedanken; auffallend ist aber die Ueberreiztheit und Einseitigkeit mit der hier Sünden betastet und Laster gegeistelt werden.

Der wütende Ton, in dem er die Bekämpfung der gewiss gefährlichen Syphilis für die Aufgabe der Nation erklärt, muss stutzig machen.

Die ganze Nation als geistiges Syphilislazarett - die Phantasie eines offenkundig Ueberreizten.

Ein weiterer Absatz freilich klingt nicht so ganz nach Phantasie. Da schildert er mitleidig den Mann, der "leider nur zu häufig gerade nach reichlichem Alkoholgenuss dieser Pest in den Weg läuft, da er in diesem Zustande am wenigsten

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in der Lage ist, die "Qualitäten" seiner Schönen zu beurteilen, was der ohnehin kranken Prostituierten auch nur zu geringem Nutzen der später ansonsten überraschte auch bei eifrigem Nachdenken sich seiner barmherzigen Be-
glueckerin nicht mehr zu erinnern vermag, was einem in einer Stadt wie Berlin oder selbst München nicht wundernehmen darf. Dazu kommt noch, dass es sich oft um Besucher aus der Provinz handelt.

Alle seine Beziehungen zu Frauen haben einen merkwürdigen Verlauf.

1923 galt bei den Parteigenossen Jenny Haug als seine Braut. Ihr Bruder war Hitlers Chauffeur. Jenny fühlte sich vernachlässigt, als Hitler in der Gesellschaft Hermann Essers und Ernst Hanfstaengl's Ablenkung fand; sie war eifersüchtig auf die junge Frau Esser. Hitler nannte das Einbildung und sprach kühnlich von einer "spinnenden Bruchse". Auch Haug, der Bruder, scheint gekränkt gewesen zu sein; nach dem Putsch von 1923 richtete Roehm aus der Gefängnis eine Mahnung an ihn, Hitler auf jeden Fall treu zu bleiben. Es Roehm in jener Zeit seine Gefühle gern in Versen ausdrückte schrieb er an Haug: "Bleibe immer nur treu dem Führer und Freund Adolf Hitler! Keiner kennen Gewalt schafft uns nur schöneren Sieg."

Wie der auch sei, Haug ist nach der Neugründung der Partei nicht mehr Hitlers Chauffeur geworden und aus seiner Umgebung ebenso verschwunden wie die Schwester Jenny.

Damals keimt eine andere Beziehung, von der bereits in Andeutung die Rede war Hitlers Nähegang zu Erna Hanfstaengl, der Schwester Ernst Hanfstaengl's. Erna Hanfstaengl ist eine große, eindrucksvolle, viel begehrte Dame der Münchener Gesellschaft, stolz und kühn. Hitlers Neigung ist heftig, aber anscheinend ziemlich einseitig; Erna Hanfstaengl zieht ihm den Chirurgen Sauerbruch vor. Hitler fühlt einen Stich im Herzen. Es wird geflüstert der Führer der Nationalsozialisten sei mit einer jungen Dame jüdischer Abstammung verlobt; der Name wurde nicht genannt, aber darauf angespielt, dass Erna Hanfstaengl amerikanische Grossmutter Helene geheissen hatte. Darauf eine fest gedruckte Bekanntmachung im "Völkischen Beobachter": "Es liefen Gerüchte über eine Verlobung Adolf Hitler mit einer jüdischen Dame um. Diese Gerüchte seien erlogen; Adolf Hitler sei nicht verlobt. Ausserdem - nun woertlich und mit voller Namensnennung - ist das betreffende Fräulein Hanfstaengl gar nicht jüdischer Abstammung." Nach dieser taktvollen Erklärung konnte die ganze Stadt denken, was sie wollte; die Wahrheit war aber, dass Hitler kein Glück gehabt hatte. Erna Hanfstaengl heiratete bald darauf den Professor Sauerbruch; dieser wiederum vertauschte München mit Berlin, nicht zuletzt, um den abgewiesenen Liebhaber etwas aus dem Gesichtsfeld zu bekommen.

Im Jahre 1931/32 fallen die haeufigen Besuche Hitlers im Hause Wahnfried in Bayreuth auf. Dort lebt Frau Minnifred Wagner, die Witwe des verstorbenen Stefried Wagner und Schwiegertochter Richards. Wieder schwirren Geruechte von einer bevorstehenden Verlobung. Da brechen diese Beziehungen im Herbst 1932 ploetzlich ab. Tatsache ist, dass Hitler, bis dahin hat im Hause Wahnfried, ploetzlich mit allen Gefolge und vielen Automobilen Bayreuth verlaesst und sich im benachbarten Staedchen Bernau einquartiert. Wieder ist offenbar er der unglueckliche Partner einer Beziehung, die vielleicht erst angebahnt werden sollte. Das Interesse fuer Bayreuth hoert nicht auf; die haeufigen Privatbesuche unterbleiben.

Im Fruerjahr 1933 beschaeftigt ihn ein junges Maedchen, Tochter eines Berliner Gelehrten, in dessen Salon Hitler und Goebbels schon vor der Machtergreifung verkehrten. Hitler wird von der Hausfrau mit "Herr Adolf" angesprochen. Herr Adolf muss sich von ihr beiseitensweise Voruerfe wegen der Judenboykotts gefallen lassen, der in dieser kultivierten Hause nicht verstanden wird; dann mischt sich Goebbels ein und sagt gemuetlicher Stimme: "Gnaedige Frau, ich war das schwarze Schaefelchen, eine Tochter des Hauses, ein lebenslustiges junges Maedchen, findet Gefallen daran, den kennehtesten Deutschen der Gegenwart ein wenig an der Nase herumzufuehren. Mit hiesiglicher Geduld begleitet er sie auf ihren Autofahrten, aber dabei bleibt es auch.

Viel Anlass zum Gespraech hat die Filmchauspielerin Leni Riefenstahl gegeben. Hartnackig hat Hitler der Dame drei Jahre naechstender den Auftrag gegeben, den Nuernberger Parteitag zu filmen; zweimal sind nach allgemeiner Urteil schlechte Filme daraus geworden. Trotzdem bleibt Leni Riefenstahl vorlaeufig die Herstellerin des offiziellen Films vom Parteitag. Sie schwaaert fuer Hitler, erklaert "Mein Kampf" fuer eine Offenbarung; auf einer Filmexpedition nach Groenland hat sie Hitlers Bild in ihrem Zeit raengen. Sie gehoert zu den Intimen des Kreises, duzt Hitler, wie Goering, erkluert aber im uebrigen, Hitler stehe hoch ueber jeder personlichen Beziehung.

Eine Zeit lang schwaaerte Hitler fuer die Saengerin Margarete Slezak, die, wie bei anderen Beziehungen ist zu bemerken, dass der nationalsozialistische Fuehrer keinen Anstoss an der "Verjudung" des Milieus nimmt, in dem die von ihr verehrte Frau lebt. Auch seine haeufigen Besuche in einer Muenchener Gaststaeute wurden bemerkt, deren Inhaberin ihm stark fesselte.

Auffallend ist bei diesen Beziehungen Hitlers Unbestaendigkeit, um nicht zu sagen Untreue. Es scheint, dass er in die achtungsvolle Verehrung kultivierter Weltlichkeit gern das dorbere Verhaeltnis zu groeberen Typen hineinmengt. An spruchsvolle Freunde klagen ueber die "unmoeglichen Flirtscherle", die er in jede Gesellschaft und zu den unpassendsten Gelegenheiten mitbringe. Die Carlton-Teestube an der

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Briener Strasse war lange Zeit ein beliebter Treffpunkt fuer derartige Zusammenkunfte.

Vor einigen Jahren genoeste Hitlers starke Neigung der jungen Henry Hoffmann, der Tochter des Freundes und Leibphotographen Heinrich Hoffmann. Freunde beobachteten, wie Hitler in der Gegenwart des jungen Maedchens unruhig wird und die Selbstbeherrschung verliert. Henry Hoffmann heiratet spaeter Baldur von Schirach.

Tiefer und tragischer als alle diese Beziehungen verlaeuft ein Verhaeltnis, das von Adolf Hitlers erste Liebe nennen koennte; der Roman mit seiner Nichte Grete Raubal, der Tochter der Stiefschwester Angela.

Grete Raubal war ein junges, krautblaues, weppiges Maedchen aus Oberoesterreich - so etwa ist der Typ am besten beschrieben. Sie wohnt mit der Mutter im Hause des Onkels; nimmt in Muenchen Gesangsunterricht, will zur Fuehrer. Hitler faest eine starke Neigung zu der jungen Maedchen, das ihn lange nur als den beruehmten Onkel anschauert, ja vergoetert. Ihm selbst dem im Leben nicht viel aufrichtige Liebe kennen-geleert-hat erkannt hatte, auf die bedingungslose, vorerst haltkindliche Zuneigung des jungen Mannes wohlgetan haben. Sie nennt ihn Onkel Alf, er nennt sie sie.

Die Freundschaft zwischen Alf und Geli geht fruehzeitig zu Klatscherei in der Partei Anlass. Sie sind mit dem Grund fuer den Sturz des aertterbergischen Gauleiters Munder im Jahre 1928. Hitler schreift die aertterbergischen Amtswalter an, er sei der Gruender und Fuehrer der Partei und lasse sich keine Vorschriften machen, ob und wohin er mit seiner Nichte im Auto fahre. Das haeufige Erscheinen Gelis neben Alf war bei Versammlungen und Tagungen aufgefallen.

Im Herbst 1930 erfahrt die breitere Oeffentlichkeit zum erstenmal von der Verhaeltnis durch seinen schrecklichen Abschluss. Grete Raubal hat zur Pistole gegriffen, sie hat sich in ihrem Schlafzimmer in der Muenchener Wohnung, die sie gemeinsam mit der Mutter und dem Onkel wohn bewohnt, erschossen. Hitler ist zerbrochen. Grete Raubal wird in Wien beerdigt; der Onkel, der aus Oesterreich ausgewiesene, ersueht von der oesterreichischen Regierung die Erlaubnis, ins Grab zu kommen, unter der Bedingung, dass er sich jeder politischen Taetigkeit enthalte. Die oesterreichischen Genossen werden aufgefordert, den Besuch des Fuehrers ueberhaupt nicht zu beachten.

Warum hatte Grete Raubal sich getoetet?

Es gibt einen dokumentarischen Vorgang, der ein ueber- raschendes Licht auf Adolf Hitlers Beziehungen zu Frauen wirft. Dieser Vorgang setzt es ausser Zweifel, dass Adolf Hitler gegenueber geliebten Frauen in einer besonderen Art hoerig ist.

Kuecksichten jeder Art verlieten es, sowohl diese Veranlagung wie der erwähnten dokumentarischen Vorgang näher zu beschreiben. Merkt sei nur, dass mit dem Fall der Reichsschatzmeister der Partei, Franz Schwarz, in Verbindung steht, der geholfen hat, Adolf Hitler aus Erpresserhänden zu befreien.

Die Tatsache der Heerlichkeit liefert die bis jetzt noch fehlende, ins Gesamtbild hineinpassende Komponente zum Charakterbild Adolf Hitlers. Sie ist der geheime Kontrast zu seiner überströmten, affektierten Brutalität in Politik und Geschäften, gegenüber Frauen und Mitarbeitern. Eine Kontrast, der den Sexualwissenschaftlern wohl bekannt ist.

Ob die Entdeckung dieser Eigenschaft an dem verehrten Onkel Alf Grete Rautal die Lebensfreude genommen hat, sei hier nicht untersucht. Die leider notwendige Beschränkung mit den unbekannten Eigenschaften des Phänomens Adolf Hitler hat da zu enden, wo eine unbedingte Notwendigkeit nicht mehr vorliegt. Die Tatsache, dass Grete Rautal jedenfalls bekannt ist.

Nach ihrem Tode fertigte der Maler Ziegler ein Portrait von ihr an, vor der Hitler in Tränen ausbrach. Ziegler wurde später durch handschriftliches Dekret Hitlers Professor an der bayrischen Akademie der Bildenden Künste mit ausschließlichen Vollmachten.

Und nun ist der eigentümliche Charakter von mittleren Frauenbeziehungen zu verstehen. Sie sind alle undurchsichtig und geheimnisvoll, er gibt sich, wahrheitswidrig das Air des Königs ohne Privatleben. Diese Beziehungen reisen, fast ohne Ausnahme, an irgend einer Stelle plötzlich ab, und in vielen Fällen kann man feststellen, dass Hitler nicht der Verlassende, sondern der Verlassene ist. Eine der hier genannten Frauen hat, nach ihrer Beziehungen zu Hitler befragt, zu verstehen gegeben, dass sie eine Enttäuschung erlebt habe, die ihr den Mann nicht gerade respektabel mache.

Die oft ausgesprochene Vermutung, dass Hitlers Trieben nicht normal sei, ist richtig. Nur wurde meist in der falschen Richtung geraten: er ist nicht homo- oder bisexuell sondern heorig. Manche Psychologen schreiben Menschen mit solcher Veranlagung eine besondere Suggestivität zu; eine ungewöhnliche Art des Blicks und der Gebärde, die faszinieren soll. Die hier aufgeworfenen Fragen mag der Fachmann beantworten.

HEIDEN Konrad

Hiler klagt

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(Im).....Muenchener Amtsgericht Au.....finden jene Beleidigungsprozesse statt, in die ein gut Teil der politischen Haendel Bayerns zu muenden pflegt.....

Die eine Prozesspartei ist ziemlich regelmaessig Adolf Hitler. Er fuellt mit seinen Mannen und zumal Frauen den Saal,Adolf ist sehr leicht beleidigt, er regt sich furchtbar auf, wenn man ihm widerspricht. Im Gerichtssaal scheint es ihn dauernd zu kraenken, dass er zuweilen den Mund halten soll. Er tut's auch nicht. Manchmal bruetet er vor sich hin, dann faehrt er ploetzlich exaltiert in die Hoehe und schreit dem Gegner, der gerade mit dem Richter oder einem Zeugen verhandelt, irgend etwas zu, was nicht unbedingt mit dem Prozess etwas zu tun haben muss. Aber ihn freut's, dass er es losgeworden ist. Der Amtsgerichtsdirektor Frank, der sein Wohlwollen fuer ihn schwer verbergen kann, mahnt ihn aeusserst behutsam.

Prozessgegenstand? Suedtirol. Dem ~~nationalsozialistischen~~ nationalen Adolf liegt merkwuerdig wenig an den deutschen Suedtirolern.....

.....Hitler ist durch den Vorwurf, er habe Geld von Mussolini bekommen, tief beleidigt.....Vor seinen eigenen Leuten hat er mit angeblichen Einladungen Mussolinis renommiert, die er bloss deshalb nicht annehmen koenne, weil er nicht mit genuegend Autos ~~hinfaehren~~ nach Rom fahren koenne.

Da sitzt er, ein suesses Laecheln auf dem faltigen, schweiss-glaenzenden Gesicht. Ironisch wiegt er das Koepfchen, waehrend der Gegner spricht, und macht sich eifrig Notizen. Meint man. In Wirklichkeit malt er, er strichelt ein Portrait von dem eindrucksvollen Kopf des Rechtsanwalts Hirschberg aufs Blatt. Es ist bekannt, dass Herr Hitler in seiner Zeitung, dem "Voelkischen Beobachter", nicht mehr viel zu sagen hat, wenn er auch noch so selbstbewusst mit der Hundenpeitsche in der Hand als Gottesgeissel seines Volkes durch die Strassen Muenchens stolziert. Seine Mitarbeit beschraenkt sich auf sein illustriertes Wochenblatt.

.....

.....Darum verzichtet Hitler auch gern auf Suedtirol.....Herr Hitler, der als Agitator nur immer lautsprecherisch forderte, findet auf einmal, primitiv, wie er im politischen Denken ist, dass den Realpolitiker Erfuellen und Verzichten am sichersten kennzeichne.....

RAUSCHNING
Men of Chaos

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....But Forster was a sort of feeble edition of Hitler's sentimentalism; he copied, uncritically and rather innocently, Hitler's secret fears and his emotional outbreaks. Hitler's forebodings that he would not live to complete his "life's work", his certainty that there would come a vast treasonable volte-face on the part of his own collaborators and the destruction of everything that had been achieved, must constantly have oppressed the Fuehrer. The way Forster reproduced Hitler's forebodings revealed, for all its rhetoric, a deep sense of a coming and inevitable catastrophe. The eternal doom of the German people lay in wait, Hitler felt, for him, too.

p. 104, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

This sentimental, tasteless rhetoric cannot disguise the fact that Hitler's foreboding of an inevitable catastrophe is something real, perhaps something of great importance. His own friends would one day stab him mortally in the back - that was a complaint that frequently recurred. And it would be just before the last and greatest victory, at the moment of supreme tension. Once more Hagen would slay Siegfried. Once more Hermann the Liberator would be murdered by his own kinsmen. The eternal destiny of the German nation must be fulfilled yet again, for the last time. The German nation would destroy itself. It would throw away this victory like the others. "Red Front and Reaction" are, after all, not merely memories of the vain putsch of 1923; they are the threatening signs of the future.

p. 105. Rauschning, Men of Chaos

Strange how Hitler gave himself away to his intimates in other ways too. Now he would blab his secret weakness and forebodings, perhaps not even unintentionally. Once more it was Forster who drew my attention to Sulla..... Hitler secretly compared himself with this wild destroyer who imagined that he had ~~yet~~ once more set up a permanent order. Hitler found this figure attractive. He found in it his own reflection. Was it no more than a sign of his lack of historical education, or was it the expression of a deeper knowledge of the limits of his mission? Hitler was most attracted, if I can place faith in Forster's report, by the end of Sulla's life; when he regarded his mission as ended, Sulla voluntarily relinquished power.

pp. 105/106, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

RAUSCHNING
Men of Chaos

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....Forster.....said: "...just as Sulla did, Hitler will abdicate one day, and will retire entirely from public life. Others will then take up the visible task. He, however, will embark on a new and yet greater mission."

p. 106, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

.....I have told earlier of Hitler's ideas of a possible "Third Punic War". These are romantic and yet very pertinent ideas, of leaving, perhaps, to break off his mission, because Great Britain's world empire can be destroyed only in a third assault. In his seclusion he will then pursue two aims. He will complete his religious mission and will proclaim the new religion. And from his "Little Kiba" he will also make a return in state to power and reappear at the head of the Reich, after his successors have failed to cope with their difficult problems.

p. 106, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

"I have a sort of jester's freedom to say anything I like to the reader", repliedGeneral (Blomberg). "But I shall never dream of saying anything to him about Austria, and I strongly advise you to steer clear of the subject yourself. Austria is his weak point. It's a matter on which he is hardly sane. He won't allow anyone to influence his decision on the Austrian question."

p. 281, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

"That man," said General von Blomberg to me once, full of enthusiasm, "that man tears down all the paper obstacles. He teaches to detect the papier-mâché where we thought we saw iron and steel. He has the penetrating glance of the truly great leader, who sees through human weaknesses and knows how to make use of them.....Don't worry; Hitler is not going to land us in a world war."

p. 318, Rauschning, Men of Chaos.

"Make no mistake about it - that man really has exceptional abilities. He has managed things amazingly well....."

~~(Blomberg about H.)~~ (A friend of H's and H.)

p. 318/19, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

RABBOCHNING
Men of Chaos

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"So he's done the trick, the German Napoleon!" I exclaimed. "He has made every opponent toe the line!"

Shall I give away his dodge to you? He has simply agreed to whatever anyone has asked. He has even given men more than they asked. Thus he has laid them all under an obligation to him. He has made all rivalries pointless and reconciled all differences. Finally, he has driven everyone into the arms of radicalism. For if you voluntarily and lavishly provide the wherewithal for the expert to do his job, he finds one job after another practicable where he had given it up as a wild dream. In this way Hitler has brought all the rival schools and personalities to his side, by giving help to them all and accepting everyone's ideas. These generals who have been used to nothing but sour warnings from the civil side about the need for economy, have come across a man who says to them every day that their plans and demands are entirely inadequate, that we have not to get twice as much, ten times as much done. I'd like to see the officer who will say "No, thanks" instead of "Let's have it, ~~yes~~ let's have it, we'll take it on."

(A friend of Rauschning's about H.)

pp. 320/21, Rauschning, Men of Chaos

HITLER IS NO FOOL

by

Karl Billinger

In his book Hitler has laid the groundwork for the mystification of his life. In picturing his parental home, his family, and his youth--in describing his venture into life, his service during and after the War, there is hardly a single clear statement of fact. Much is blurred intentionally, much has been proved beyond doubt to be imaginary. The omission of circumstances and experiences which in any other man's life would be irrelevant takes on a special significance.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 14)

...He wanted to become a painter. The conflict between the tyrannical father and the wilful son pervaded the boy's early youth. When hardly eleven years old, so he says, he decided to thwart his father's plans by means of passive resistance.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 14)

...Two years later," he writes, "my mother's death brought these beautiful plans to an abrupt end." The "two years later" can refer only to the time of his father's death. Thus the reader gets the impression that Adolf Hitler was an orphan at the age of fifteen, alone in the world, without solicitous brothers and sisters.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 15)

In the first place there is Hitler's father, whose influence on the boy's development was undoubtedly great. Alois Hitler was the illegitimate child of a peasant girl, whose family name, Schicklgruber, he bore until he was forty, when he married Klara Poelzl, Adolf's mother. The name of Klara Poelzl's mother had been Hitler, and there seems to be some foundation for the assumption that Alois Schicklgruber, on his mother-in-law's insistence, changed his name to Hitler.

Klara Poelzl was Alois Schicklgruber's third wife. The first marriage had ended in divorce. Hitler's eldest half-brother, Alois, was born of this marriage. After Adolf's phenomenal success Alois, waiter by trade, settled in Berlin and opened a cafe-restaurant at the Wittenberg Platz. He now invites the passing burgher with the intimate and gemuetlich sign "ALOIS."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 15-16)

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(Hitler-Billinger-p. 15-16 cont.)

One month after the death of his first wife Hitler's father married a second time. Two months later a daughter was born to him, Angela, who afterwards was to take care of Hitler's household in Munich and in Berchtesgaden. The father's second marriage ended a year later with the death of the second wife. Ten months thereafter Alois Schicklgruber, now forty, married a third time--this time a girl of seventeen, Adolf Hitler's mother-to-be. Two other children of this marriage are living: a boy, Edmund, and a daughter, Paula. Little is known about either of them.

At the age of fifty-six Hitler's father retired, unusually early for a State official. Three times he changed his residence, before he finally settled down near Linz.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 15-16)

...But to be able to preside over a bourgeois Germany, the Fuehrer must be the child of a respectable family. Poor but clean.

It becomes a little difficult to fit this father--forever migrating, with an inclination for alcohol, married three times, himself an illegitimate child and father of a daughter born two months after his marriage--into the Third Reich's conception of "blood and soil" aristocracy. Hence his picture in Mein Kampf is heavily retouched.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 17)

His drawings were returned as unsatisfactory. "I was so sure of success that the news of my not being accepted came like a bolt out of the blue," he writes. But he closes the matter with a remark typical for him. The Director of the Academy assured him that the drawings he had shown, although bad as far as painting goes, revealed surprising architectural talent. "That I had attended neither a School of Architecture nor had any instruction in architecture amazed my examiners."

Thus the defeat which the would-be painter had suffered is discreetly transformed into professional recognition of his natural abilities as an architect. And Adolf, who had just left the Academy building "in the greatest depression," was convinced in a very short time that he "would some day become an architect."

Still, entrance to the Architectural School of the Academy in Vienna required a completed formal preparatory training which Hitler did not have. "What I had missed in school out of stubbornness, was now to take its bitter revenge."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 17)

...It closes with a dramatic declaration of thanks to fateful necessity "for tearing me away from the hollowness of a smug life, and for pushing Mother's boy out of his soft nest and giving him Dame Care for a foster-mother; for throwing the reluctant one into the world of misery and poverty, thus allowing him to meet those for whom he was later to fight."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 18)

The interrupted school period, the lost years of his youth, the collapse of his favourite plan, have left deep marks on Hitler's character. Even at the height of his power the shades of his earlier failures must haunt him. In his book, he breaks out with resentment: "So-called 'Intelligence' looks down with infinite condescension upon anyone who has not been dragged through the obligatory schools and thus had the necessary knowledge pumped into him."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 18)

The Fuehrer never forgets a defeat. Woe to the institutions in which he has failed! And woe to the country in which for years he suffered the greatest personal humiliation!

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 19)

...The descriptions of his youth are tinged with pain and envy at being excluded from the glory and power of the Bismarckian Reich.

Why is it that Austria did not fight in this war (against the French)? Why not Father and all the others too? Are we not Germans like the rest of them? Don't we all belong together? This problem began for the first time to torment my little brain. With suppressed envy I had to listen to the answer to my cautious question--that not every German possesses the good fortune to belong to the Reich of Bismarck. I could not understand this.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 19-20)

...Contempt for Austria and adoration for Imperial Germany were among the reasons which moved him to leave Vienna for Munich.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 20)

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It is by no means a coincidence that among the Fuehrer's closest associates in the most responsible positions there are numerous foreign-born Germans.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 20)

As strange as it may seem at first glance, the abyss existing between this social class, which is by no means well situated, and the workers, is often deeper than one would think. The reason for this--shall I say--enmity lies in the fear of a social group, which has but a short time ago risen from the ranks of the workers, that it may sink back into the old, scorned class, or at least that it may still be regarded as belonging to it.

The fear of the lower middle class, threatened with being dispossessed and pushed into the ranks of the workers, was later to become Hitler's powerful ally.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 21)

But it was not alone the physical hardship of the work that depressed him. The feeling that he had lost caste weighed even more heavily upon the official's son. He detested the "moral coarseness" of his fellow-workers and the "low level of their spiritual culture."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 21)

"I argued, each day better informed about their own knowledge than my opponents themselves." A nineteen-year-old against an entire crew of Reds! The scene vividly reminds us of the National Socialist legend which tells how Hitler during the War captured, single-handed, an entire platoon of Frenchmen. The Military rewarded his alleged heroism with the Iron Cross, first class. (The records seem to have been lost.) But the unappreciative workers rewarded him finally by chasing him from the building.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 23)

How long Adolf Hitler worked as a labourer can be determined rather accurately. He left his parental home after the death of his mother in December, 1908. It is unlikely that he came to Vienna until the beginning of 1909. He tells us that in the year 1909-10 his fortunes changed. He no longer had to eke out an existence as a day labourer, but worked "then as a minor draftsman and architectural."

...The dark secret, which remains carefully veiled and hidden in his autobiography, is the wretched existence of a man early stranded among the real dregs of society. The picture of years spent in the Asylum for the Poor and Homeless, fed as a beggar with charity-soups in the monastery courts--the picture of life among the derelicts in a city of millions cannot be passed on to his contemporaries.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 25)

...He hates the politicians, the ignoramuses who get good pay for their nonsense. He hates the Rapsburgs who try to gain favour among their Slavic subjects and suppress the German elements. He hates workers and their unions. He hates his environment. He hates. Not a single word expressing pleasure in living is to be found in his writing. Not a single suggestion that he had a friend or ever loved a girl. Dressed in a shabby black frock coat which reaches to his knees, his hollow cheeks framed with a beard, his hair--in the Bohemian fashion of that time--hanging down his neck, the artist starves through life absolutely alone.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 26)

"Today it is difficult, if not impossible, for me to tell just when the word Jew first gave me occasion for special thought," he writes, preparatory to his telling how he became an anti-Semite. His father was not anti-Semitic, and even in school he had not been imbued with hatred for the Jews. He says he recalls that in school there was a Jewish boy of whom he was always wary. But this he ascribes solely to the fact that the Jewish pupil was a chatterbox. In Linz the difference between Jews and Gentiles had not yet become apparent to him, because the few Jews who lived there had "occidentalized their external appearance in the course of the centuries." Their features were too "human" for him to differentiate.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 26)

...Georg von Schoenerer's Pan-German Party and the even more influential Christian-Social Party of the Viennese Burgomaster Karl Lueger were both anti-Semitic. Schoenerer and Lueger--especially Lueger--were Hitler's prototypes of popular leaders. To them he dedicates dozens of pages in Mein Kampf in admiring acknowledgment.

(Hitler-Billinger-P. 27)

His own "study" of another side of cosmopolitan life revealed to him the Jewish danger in full--he discovered that in Vienna the Jews had a monopoly of sin. Here for the first time in his book we come upon expressions which throw some light upon Hitler's sex life. It may be interesting for the psychiatrist that Mein Kampf speaks of sexual matters almost exclusively in connection with anti-Semitism.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 27)

What hypocrisy from the mouth of a man in whose proximity and with whose knowledge countless boys were being prostituted by Nazi officers! And, quite aside from the infamous lie that more Jews than others were professional prostitutes in Vienna, did not the German troops at the Western Front, with whom Hitler served, know the German Army brothels in the occupied territories of Belgium and France? Even Hitler could not very well unmask the responsible German officials as Jews.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 28)

His alleged observations seem to have impressed him deeply. The rape scene, especially, has caught his fancy. "The dark-haired Jewboy lurks in ambush for hours, satanic joy upon his face, for the unsuspecting girl, whom he poisons with his blood, thus stealing her from her people." Then again he tells of the "rape of hundreds of thousands of girls by bow-legged repulsive Jew-bastards." And another time: "These dark parasites on our people deliberately rape our inexperienced young blonde girls and thus destroy something which cannot be replaced in this world."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 28)

...because those who really know will not or can no longer tell. It cannot be said with certainty either that he is homosexual or that he is impotent, although he undoubtedly is suffering from sexual repressions.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 29)

There has been much speculation as to the reason for Hitler's devoting so much attention in his book to syphilis. He accuses old Germany of not having made the struggle against this disease the central task, "the task of the nation."

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 30)

Page upon page he dedicates to the past failings and future duties of the State to exterminate this plague. That in its spread he sees the hand of the Jew who is out to ruin the German race, was to be expected. But in his presentation there is also to be heard an unusually mild and understanding note of compassion for the endangered and the sick. Even a boy of fourteen must be shielded from his sensual lust. "He has no right to waste these years in uselessly loafing about." Otherwise, Hitler says, one should not be surprised "that at this age syphilis already begins to look for its victims."

His words are full of pathos when he speaks of the sick and their duties to the race. The State must see to it that only the healthy beget children. "He who is not healthy and worthy physically and mentally, may not perpetuate his sorrow in the body of his child." The State must further "by means of education teach the individual that it is no disgrace to be ill and weak, only a regrettable misfortune, but that it is a crime and a disgrace to make this misfortune dishonourable through one's own egoism, by passing it on to innocent human beings." There is only one disgrace: to beget children in spite of one's own illness. But it is a high honour if the "innocently sick one" renounces parenthood. "Conversely, it must be considered reprehensible to withhold healthy children from the nation."

Is the childless Hitler then to be honoured for renunciation or is he behaving reprehensibly against the vital interests of the Aryan Race and the National State?

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 30-31)

...Actually he did not go to Germany until 1913, as is apparent from police registration.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 31)

Even as a boy of ten he had been enthusiastic about "everything which had any connection with war or with soldiers." A book about the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 had been "the most profound inner experience" to him. The Boer War had appeared like "sheet lightning":

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 32)

...The long period of peace which had seemed ahead was to him an "undeserved meanness of fate." "Why could one not have been born a hundred years earlier, say, at the time of the Wars of Liberation, when a man did not have to possess a business to be appreciated!" The World War therefore came as a fulfilment of the dreams of his youth--and as an escape from the misery of his humdrum existence. With the following words he describes his feelings in those tragic

(Hitler-Billinger-p.32)

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 32 cont.)

days when the breath of the entire civilized world was held back with horror:

To me those hours came like a salvation from the bitter feelings of my youth. Even today I am not ashamed to say that I, overcome with a storm of enthusiasm, sank upon my knees and thanked Heaven from an overflowing heart for having let me live in this age.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 32)

He enlisted as a private in the Bavarian Army and participated in the entire campaign on the Western Front. The loneliness of his civil life followed him into the Army, too. He never wrote or received a letter by field-post; he received no packages from home. His comrades considered him queer. He would sit brooding for hours in some corner away from them, staring into space, and then suddenly condemn with wild accusations Germany's invisible enemies who were working for its downfall. Of course he meant the Jews and Marxists. As far as discipline and obedience to his officers were concerned, he was a model soldier.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 32-33)

A hot argument has started over the Iron Cross, first class, which Hitler later pinned to his SA uniform. When and for what could he have received it? The information is contradictory. Olden relates no less than seven different versions, all having issued from Nazi sources. One is that he captured twelve Frenchmen in a dug-out; another that he surprised a French officer and twenty men in a cellar and disarmed them; yet another states that it was an English tank that he tricked into a grenade-crater, where the crew drowned. The time, too, of the heroic deed ranges in the various versions from the Autumn of 1915 to October, 1918; the date of the award is once given as August 4, 1918, and another time as October 4. According to the Angriff, Goebbels' organ, the award was given some time between October, 1916, and October, 1918. It has never been proved officially. The history of his regiment, to be sure, informs us that Hitler belonged to it, but there is no mention of his bravery.

(Hitler-Billinger-p. 33)

Hitler lived in Munich during the Soviet Republic. What he did at that time he nowhere tells. He only mentions in one place that the Central Committee of the revolutionary Government wanted to have him jailed because he had earned "its disapproval." Eye-witnesses of that time have reported that Hitler spoke at mass-meetings in favour of Social Democrats as opposed to the radicals.

A few days after the freeing of Munich, I was appointed to the commission investigating revolutionary activities in the Second Infantry Regiment. This was my first more or less purely political activity.

Behind this apparently innocent sentence is hidden his cooperation in some of the most dastardly deeds of those bloody days. In a little biography, which a Hitlerite wrote in 1923 with the consent of the Fuehrer, is the following: "Ordered to testify before the investigating commission, his accusatory documents bring ruthless clarity into the shamelessness of the military betrayals of the Jew-dictatorship during the Soviet period in Munich." This can all be said more simply. Hitler betrayed his comrades to the counter-revolutionary execution squad. Informer and hangman of the soldiers with whom he had lived--these were his first political offices. In his biography of Hitler, Heiden has a detailed eye-witness account of the work of the "investigating commission." In the barracks where Hitler was living with a number of "Red soldiers," apparently in complete harmony, the "Whites" one day appeared. Every tenth man of the "Reds" was stood against the wall and shot. Hitler had been separated from the rest before the executions began. The "Whites" were taking good care of their informer.

(Hitler-Billingen-p. 34-35)

A more malicious trick of Fate could not be imagined. Hitler, who was to build up the most powerful political party Germany had ever known, found his way to it while he was carrying out his duties as a spy; and he became a member of it against his will.

(Hitler-Billingen-p. 37)

Reveille Thomas: The Spoil of Europe. 1942.

Hitler's word is God's law, the decrees and laws which represent it possess divine authority. "Resolution of a Rhenish Group of German 'Christians,' April 1, '37.

Reveille Thomas: The Spoil of Europe. 1942. p. 56.

RAUSCHNING

Revolution des Nihilismus

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.....Hitler ist Revolutionaer und mediumistisch fesselnder und selbst gebundener Massenfuehrer. "Dann kommt der grosse Gluecksschauer," so schrieb der 'Arbeitsmann' ueber die Wirkung der grossen Fuehrerpersoenlichkeit auf die Masse. "Ich sah ihm in die Augen, er sah mir in die Augen, und da hatte ich nur den einen Wunsch, zu Hause und allein zu sein mit grossen, ueberwaeltigenden Erlebnis." So ueberschwenglich aeussert sich nicht eine begeisterte Anhaengerin, sondern ein hoher Richter im Kreise seiner Kollegen. Ein mir persoenlich bekannter, authentischer Vorgang.....

p. 59, Rauschning, Revolution d. Nihilismus

RAUSCHNING
 Revolution d. Nihilismus

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IMAGE

Hitler wird in den Augen der Masse bewusst und planmaessig vergottet. Es ist eines der wesentlichen Hilfsmittel der nationalsozialistischen Beherrschung, ihn zu der einzigen Retterpersoenlichkeit zu steigern. "Wir alle glauben auf dieser Erde an Adolf Hitler, unseren Fuehrer," und wir bekennen, "dass der Nationalsozialismus der allein seligmachende Glaube fuer unser Volk ist." Das sind offizielle Aeusserungen der Parteielite. Die Messiasgestalt des Fuehrers ist ihr das unentbehrlichste Kernstueck ihrer Propaganda, das ebenso planmaessig gestaltet wurde wie der ganze Machtapparat. Noch vor der Machtergreifung hat mir ein prominenter Nationalsozialist seine Meinung ueber die Fuehrergestalt dahin geaeussert, dass sie sich immer mehr ins Verborgene, in das Geheimnis zurueckziehen muesste. In ueberraschenden Handlungen und seltenen Reden duerfe sie nur an den entscheidenden Wendungen im Schicksal der Nation sichtbar ~~wirklich~~ hervortreten. Sonst muesse sie ganz wie der Schoepfer hinter die Schoepfung zuruecktreten, um das Geheimnis und die Wirksamkeit zu steigern. Die Seltenheit ihrer Erscheinung wuerde schon die Tatsache dieses Auftretens zu einem Ereignis machen. Kein grosser Fuehrer duerfe sich durch die taegliche Fronarbeit der Verwaltung abnuetzen. Und, meinte jener alte Pg., er koenne sich denken, dass der tote Fuehrer im entscheidenden Wendepunkt der Nation am rasendsten wirken muesse. Es koennte einmal sein, dass der Fuehrer geopfert werden muesse, um sein Werk zu vollenden. Von seinen eigenen Parteigenossen und Getreuen geopfert. Erst wenn Hitler wirklich zur mythischen Gestalt geworden sei, wuerde sich die ganze Tiefe seiner magischen Wirkung ~~zu~~ zeigen. Diese Aeusserungen sind ehrlich und ueberzeugt. Sie sind von einer damals noch vorhandenen echten Glaebigkeit an eine geistige Mission des Nationalsozialismus getragen.

p. 60, Rauschning, Revolution des Nihilismus

Janet Flanner
Fuehrer

-1-

Hitler has no valet. Adjutant Schaub..... acts as a major-domo. Though he lays out Hitler's clothes, neither he nor anyone around the palace has ever seen the Fuehrer in slippers and dressing gown; Hitler's modesty verges on the morbid. In the morning it takes him fifteen minutes, from the time he gets up, to get dressed and be ready for breakfast. He usually appears in his favorite costume - black trousers and khaki coat cut in the pattern of what German officers call a Litevka - the traditional military lounging jacket without insignia. He never wears jewelry. He has always been frantically neat, clean, and tidy of habits; his ~~at~~ clothes wear for ever. Most of his wardrobe consists of uniforms, but there are a few civilian garments. He scrupulously chooses a second-rate tailor. Schaub orders most of his things. They are sent to the palace where Hitler tries on and selects; he can't go into a shop without its being mobbed by his Nazi admirers and hasn't bought anything in the normal way for three years.

p. 378, Flanner, Fuehrer

He's crazy about films, especially when historical, sees all the news weeklies of himself, and occasionally earnest foreign films, and is apt to sit on the floor in the dark when they are being shown. When he takes a fancy to a picture, he has it repeated and invites those he thinks it should interest; he is sincere about trying to get the right films and guests together. When he discovered the Schubert "Unfinished Symphony" movie, he gave a party to bring it and Wilhelm Furtwaengler together.

pp. 380/81, Flanner, Fuehrer

When in Munich, he still goes to the quiet little Osteria Bavaria Restaurant, which he has used for years, and occasionally he drops in for Jause at the Carlton tearoom, which is the nicest in town. When he eats a meal at the elegant Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel, it's in the modest back room, not in its Walterspiel restaurant. The Walterspiel brothers, two of the greatest gourmets of Europe, are old friends of his, and concocted Hitler's onion soup recipe especially for him. When in Nuremberg, Hitler still stops at the second rate Deutscher Hof, which was grandeur for him in the old days

Flanner, Fuehrer

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and which he thinks today is grand enough. He likes places he's familiar with, where people know him habits and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ let him alone. With his shadows, the elegant Brueckner and the lowly Schaub, he often goes in Berlin to the Kaiserhof in the afternoon for a glass of milk and his favorite Linzertorte, a walnut cake. He has a sweet tooth.

pp. 379, 80, Flanner Fuehrer

Conversation/ excites him. In anything approaching serious talk, his changeable blue eyes, which are his only good feature, brighten, glow heavily as if words fanned them. His principal gesture is a shrug of the shoulders. If he's really interested, he is likely to walk up and down the room, and in arguments he becomes violent.

pp. 381/82, Flanner, Fuehrer

For the past fifteen years Hitler's greatest woman friend has been Frau Victoria von Dirksen, formerly a fashionable hostess in her Margaretenstrasse mansion in Berlin, and now stepmother of the German ambassador at Moscow and widow of the magnate who helped to build the Berlin Untergrund. It was in her salon that the secret Frau Hermine Hohenzollern - Hitler meeting took place when the question arose of which should be presented to which - the second wife of the ex-Kaiser of the former German Empire to the Nazi Fuehrer of ~~Germany's~~ Germany's Third Reich, or vice versa. (Hitler tactfully kissed the lady's hand before anyone could introduce either, and then tactlessly refused her plea that her exiled husband be allowed easier terms from the land he'd once ruled). Frau von Dirksen gave most of her late husband's fortune to promoting Hitler's career.

Their friendship has not been interrupted by her recent quarrels with his Party. When in Berlin, he still loyally takes tea with her every fortnight.

pp. 382/83, Flanner, Fuehrer

Other exceptional figures commented on in Hitler's entourage are two English women, Lord Redesdale's daughters, the Honorable Mrs. Bryan Guinness, who in London had already been converted by to Sir

Flanner
Fuehrer

-7-

Oswald Mosley's Black Shirt Fasvism, and her younger sister, the Honorable Unity Mitford. Both sisters are blonde, handsome, speak excellent German, and use the Nazi salute. The younger is Hitler's favorite, because more devoted to the German cause. She and he frequently lunch together at the Osteria restaurant whenever he's in Munich, as English, rather than German papers, point out. Another admiration of Hitler's is Frau ~~Mxx~~ Viorica Ursuleac, dramatic soprano of the Unter den Linden Opera, who moved from Dresden to Berlin when the Viennese director Clemens Krauss became the more complacent successor to Furtwaengler.....

p. 384, Flanner, Fuehrer

Hitler prefers the Walkure type of lady who gets around on the public heights. He also likes women who are well dressed. Though it would be officially denied, Hitler opposed Frau Goebbels' recent patriotic boycott of French dress models, a blacklisting which, since Germany has no dress ~~xxx~~ designers, nearly ruined the foundation of Germany's ready-made garment trade.Owing to Hitler's pressure the ban was lifted.....Having been recently argued into white tie and tails for his rare Opera appearances, Hitler nearly ordered the women auditors to dress also, but renounced the idea as Napoleonic. He has a holy horror of Bonapartism.

pp. 384/85, Flanner, Fuehrer

Adolf's mother's great-grandfather was his father's grandfather.

p. 389, Flanner, Fuehrer

Apparently, he was mostly detailed to the lonely, dangerous service of carrying front-line dispatches; there's a story that he used to embellish them with flourishing, patriotic phrases when he considered their style defeatist or dry. He was disliked in the trenches; the soldiers thought him courageous but queer.

p. 394, Flanner, Fuehrer

Flanner, Fuehrer

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He accepts violence as a detail of state; he says mercy is not his affair with men, yet he is kind to dumb animals. He becomes sick if he sees blood, yet he is unafraid of being killed or killing. He has mystical tendencies, no common sense, and a Wagnerian taste for heroics and death. He was born loaded with vanities and has developed megalomania ~~xixxx~~ as his final decoration. He is an unstereotyped statesman, a specialist in the unexpected; as a politician, he nullifies opposition by letting friends oppose each other and by suppressing enemies. As a bureaucrat, he dawdles for months over minor decisions, and overnight forces large issues; he dislikes paper reports and loves oral information. He is garrulous; in interviews, the interviewer often fails to get in a word edgewise. Momentarily influenced by colder, harder minds, he is ultimately convinced only by himself. His moods changes often, his opinions never,

p. 402, Flanner, Fuehrer

Alternately polarized by ~~indolence~~ and furious energy, he can outwork his colleagues in a crisis. He has the mediumistic time sense of the imminent which is special to dictators. His disordered nervous system gives him a psychic superiority over the healthy and plodding. By his intimates, his fits of weeping are undenied and unexplained, and give none of them an advantage over him. At such moments, the neurasthenia of the Fuehrer, with tears on his cheeks, but life and death in his hands, is too serious to be trifled with.

p. 402, Flanner, Fuehrer

Today, music is the only medicine for Hitler's frayed nerves; it gives them their sole relaxation and gives him ~~xxx~~ his greatest esthetic pleasure. He has a passion for the piano, used to ~~beat~~ inclined to beat time with his head at concerts, loves Schubert in song, Beethoven in symphonies, Wagner in opera. He also likes manly marches. For safety's sake, he is now accompanied everywhere he goes by his officers or secret service men. Since he prefers to go alone to concerts, he therefore goes out increasingly rarely to good music. At the Munich Opera, the program, at his request, begs the audience to pay no attention to him if he is present. He has also had to give up his long solitary walks, which were his only sport.

p. 403, Flanner, Fuehrer

Flanner, Fuehrer

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Since he came into power his favorite plays have been the Lessing Theater's long-run peasant comedy *Krach um Jolanthe* (Jolanthe, the heroine, being a sow) which he saw twice. His other favorite was *Tovarich*, which the censor had first forbidden, because it was by a Frenchman. When it finally was produced, Hitler went to see it, but asked the management to warn him five minutes before the final curtain so that he and his row of secret police could depart privately in the dark. However, he became so enthusiastic over the plot, xxxx which concerned the superiority of the White over Red Russians, that he finally stayed on to the end to applaud heartily.

p. 404, Flanner, Fuehrer

Hitler's knowledge of German eighteenth-century romantic art is considerable. He appreciates good canvasses. He recently gave Goebbels a canvas by Spitzweg a period painter now becoming the vogue. For a wedding present for General Goering and Frau Emmy Sonnemann, Hitler ordered a copy painted of the Berlin Corregio ex called Leda with the Swan....

While he is constantly giving presents to his friends, he himself has no acquisitive hobbies or collections. His only two volitional possessions are a couple of police dogs, whom he adores. He always remembers the birthdays of his early Party comrades with gifts of fine books or minor objects of art.

p. 405, Flanner, Fuehrer

In redecorating the Berlin chancellery palace for his use, Hitler's artistic ameliorations consisted mostly of a few fairly modernistic rooms, plus some Nordic mythological tapestries for the Great Hall which depict Wotan Creating the World. Last spring, with more enthusiasm, he redid his small Munich flat in his favorite baroque blue, white, and gold, according to plans he made and was proud of. This bourgeois flat in the unfashionable end of Prinzregentenstrasse is part of Hitler's odd passion for privacy is probably also a symbol of his municipal loyalty to Munich.....

pp.405/06, Flanner, Fuehrer

Weekly news photos over the years show that Hitler's face has changed, and from month to month is st

Weekly news photos over the years show that Hitler's face has changed, and from month to month is still changing. The first official portrait (1921) shows a lean, serious, intent visage with nothing funny, fat or fatuous about it. It shows a portentous, determined mouth; a mustache, brief but without humor; hair without a forelock and neatly roached back in a straight browline. In the last year alone, Hitler has gained fifteen pounds, less publicly visible in the waist (since his uniforms now include a compassing jacket instead of the former revealing Nazi Brown Shirt) than in the face, where weight shows in ounces of pouches beneath eyes and mouth, caricaturing the facial construction. His receding hair, he has, like many mistaken middle-aging men, brought forward in a wig-like wad which nearly conceals the left eye. In photographs, his gold tooth fortunately does not show. Because of the nervous lines now drawing down his upper lip, his mustache has lately taken on a Kaiserlike tilt. In real life, what is physically most noticeable about Hitler, especially at a distance, is his hurried dogtrot and, close to, his quick, forced smile; both have that disjoined, rather comic quality seen in a film which is being run too fast. In repose, Hitler locks his hands low over his abdomen. His best likenesses are the unofficial snapshots taken by his Berchtesgaden mountaineer neighbors of him and their offspring. When he alone and at ease with children, Hitler's face has the avuncular tenderness of the man who has not had babies of his own. After five minutes, little girls especially show a disposition, which petrifies their parents, to romp with the Fuehrer.

pp. 409, 410, Flanner, Fuehrer

Because of his incessant speechmaking, last spring two nodules were cut from Hitler's vocal cords, an operation common to hard-working oper singers. There is now talk that another operation is imminent.

p. 414, Flanner, Fuehrer

Though he makes few gestures, his oratory used to wilt his collar, unlace his forelock, glaze his eyes; he was like a man hypnotized, repeating himself into a frenzy. Today, his goal gained, he is calmer on the speaker's tribune; his voice, restored by the operation from his former sinister screaming and croaking is now a pleasant, barking baritone. His accent and vocabulary are still inelegant Austrian.

pp. 414/15, Flanner, Fuehrer

George H. Shuster
Strong Man Rules

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IMAGE

So much has been written about this talkative and inchoate little person that one hesitates to add to the supply.Hitler is our friend the old soldier.Hitler is not a German. Hitler is and has been a greatly perplexed, honestly inquiring and quite unsteady young man. Those are a few of the plain facts, which may turn out to be at least as interesting....

....a visit to the Brown "house" in Munich....There is the "casino" where party members can buy food cheap, and where Hitler often comes to watch the boys drink beer and smoke - two vices against which the "leader" is proof, though he beams upon others guilty of them....the private office in which the great man sometimes attends to business. This office, like literary style, is the man. A drawing of some battle or other hangs on the wall. The three other sides of the room are each decorated with a portrait of Frederick the Great, while a bust of Mussolinistands rather sheepishly in a corner.

....From the beginning Hitler has been a political field-marshal - a genial "boss" who talks of the smallest party manoeuvres in terms of the General Staff and who begs his men to die bravely though the action in sight is no more serious than taking up a collection.If he tells them - as he has sometimes been known to do, as it were - that the world must be eaten for breakfast tomorrow, they go to bed as hungry as wolves for chunks of the cosmos. If he says to them that nothing more horrible could be imagined than a battle, they exude pacific sighs like those of Andrew Carnegie....Hitler's ideas are apparently as contagious as measles. They break out simultaneously in a thousand places.

pp. 39-42, Shuster, Strong Man Rules

Dictatorship was to Hitler first a means of carrying through this division of spoils, and second a way of curbing his own organization....there never has been a moment when Hitler was safe in the saddle....

Curiously enough, Hitler himself has come out of the ordeal with a reputation for moderateness and kindness. Very good people who stagger under heavy blows feel that the great man wanted otherwise and that subordinates frustrated his benevolent designs.The man is certainly no monsterHe is in the trap which is set for every clever politician who promises the moon and is then limited to passing out slices of a big round cheese. At any rate he practises some of the tactics of a pained paterfamilias whose benevolence is greater than the food supply. At least a dozen times I heard different versions of the following story: regrettable things have occurred in such and such a circle or place; a responsible person thereupon

G. M. Shuster
Strong Man Rules

-2-

manages to see the illustrious Fuehrer; he is informed that the matter is shocking, unheard-of; der Fuehrer walks up and down the room muttering vows; the responsible person goes away very grateful as well as immensely relieved: and not a single thing is ever done!

pp. 73/74, Shuster, Strong Man Rules

There is only one first-rate portrait of this man's mind - that written by Otto Strasser.....The Hitler one sees there wears no mask. He is neither a terrible, fire-eating revolutionary dragon, nor a man so awed by ideas that he would die in the desert for them. He is a man with a small assortment of convictions as to how the country should be run, unbounded confidence in himself and an extraordinary mastery of German party organization. I have never thought him a great orator and see no reason for changing my opinion. On the platform he can be dismally longwinded and frightfully vague. But as a "boss" there are very few to compare with him, if indeed there be any anywhere.

p. 113, Shuster, Strong Man Rules

I went to listen to Hitler again, but Hitler is a wind-bag and a wire-puller....

p. 229, Shuster, Strong Man Rules.

Comic Aspects of Hitler's Career
The Literary Digest; 8/26/33, p.12

IMAGE
(Abroad)

A military edition of Charles Chaplin, with his characteristic mustache and his bouncing way of walking. He never wore a hat, but always carried a riding-whip, with which he chopped off imaginary heads. This was Adolf Hitler in the old days, writes W.W.C. in the London New Statesman. "He was so funny, I inquired who he might be. Most of his neighbors took him to be one of these Russian enigmas who abounded in Germany at that time, and they freely talked of his being probably a trifle mentally deranged."

While the myth of the great leader is growing by leaps and bounds in Germany, certain independent European dailies and weeklies are stressing the comic aspects of Germany's dictator. They picture Hitler as a comedian, all the more laughable because of his seriousness. His triumph, as these critics see it, is the fruit of an indefatigable sense of the theatre. Hitler, they would have us believe, is a sort of actor-manager, staging his big show with scraps of discarded ideas and unconsidered trifles.

..... Hitler won devoted adherents in the "Ostria Bavaria", as that Munich saloon was named:

"There is no doubt his chief admirers were the two waitresses, buxom Bavarian wenches, who listened open-mouthed to him and danced attendance on him in a way that formed the subject of many jokes among the habitués of the place. Hitler's relations with women indeed are a strange and obscure chapter. I saw a great deal of him at that time and I can certify that he was in these matters as abstemious as in regard to food and drink. The only woman he seemed to care for at all was the lady in whose villa in the hills he fled after his inglorious collapse in November, 1923....."

Santoro, Cesare: Vier Jahre Hitler-Deutschland. 1937.

1

Der ehemalige englische Premier Lloyd George, einer der Schöpfer des Vertrages von Versailles, der sicherlich nicht im Verdacht steht, deutschfreundlich zu sein, hat im vorigen Sommer Deutschland zu einem Besuch abgestattet, ist zweimal mit dem Führer zusammengetroffen und berichtete im "Daily Express" über seine Eindrücke u.a. folgendes:

Ich habe jetzt den Deutschen Führer und auch etwas von der grossen Veränderung, die er herbeigeführt hat, gesehen.

Ich sah es überall, Engländer, die ich während meiner Reise traf und die Deutschland gut kannten, waren von der Veränderung sehr beeindruckt. In Berlin hat dieser Wandel vollbracht; er ist in gebornen Menschenführer, eine magnetische, dynamische Persönlichkeit mit einem einheitlichen Ziel, einem entschlossenen Willen und einem furchtlosen Herzen.

Er ist nicht nur der Kaiser nach, sondern tatsächlich der nationale Führer. Er hat das Volk gegen potentielle Feinde geschützt, von denen es umgeben war. Er sichert es auch gegen die dauernde Furcht vor den Verhungern, die eine der nachhaltigsten Erinnerungen der letzten Kriegsjahre und der ersten Friedensjahre war.

Die Alten vertrauen ihm, die Jungen vergöttern ihn. Es ist nicht die Bewunderung, die einem volkstümlichen Führer zuteil wird, es ist die Verehrung eines Nationalhelden, der sein Land von ausssetzender Verzweiflung und Erniedrigung gerettet hat.

Hitler ist der George Washington von Deutschland, der Berlin, der fuer sein Land die Unabhaengigkeit von allen seinen unterdrueckern gewonnen hat. Fuer die Leute, die nicht tatsaechlich gesehen und gefuehlt haben, wie Hitler ueber die Herzen und Geister Deutschlands herrscht, kann diese Beschreibung uebertrieben erscheinen. Dennoch ist sie die nackte Wahrheit. Dieses grosse Volk wird besserarbeiten, mehr opfern und, wenn es notwendig, mit grosser Entschlossenheit kaempfen, weil Hitler es dazu auffordert.

Hitler hat waehrend des ganzen Krieges als Soldat gekaempft und weiss daher aus eigener Erfahrung, was der Krieg bedeutet. Die Errichtung einer deutschen Vorherrschaft in Europa, die das Ziel und der Traum des alten Vorkriegsmilitarismus war, ist nicht einmal am Horizont des Nationalsozialismus vor handen.

Santoro, Cesare: Vier Jahre Hitler-Deutschland. 1937. pp. 32/25/

Happy Hitler: Time
~~Time~~ 36, p. 18, July 15, 1930.

1.

For 20 years Adolf Hitler was a grim, lonely figure, brooding bitterly over the humiliation imposed on him and Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. Like a neurotic who has exposed the source of his own neurosis to himself and dominated it, fortnight ago, when the Germans conquered France and expunged the old humiliation, a new Hitler began to appear. His gloomy, impenetrable reserve began to flake off. When the French capitulation was handed him he actually snapped his fingers, chuckled, did a little goose step (Time, July 8). Last week the new Hitler was happier than ever.

Beaming with pleasure, the Fuehrer rolled into Berlin, in his special anti-aircraft-guarded train. He smiled at wildly celebrating crowds. Stepping onto the red-carpeted platform where Nazi big game crowds to welcome him, he listened with frank delight to the metallic clanging of bells, the roaring Heils of Hitler Youth and Hitler Maidens, the trumpeting blare of a Storm Trooper's brass band.

Under the green-decked, beflagged arch of the station entrance, down oak-garlanded stairs lined with Elite Guard troopers, he marched, smiled and saluted acknowledgment to straining thousands in the streets. With the savage chant of Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! ringing in his ears, he entered his automobile, began a triumphal journey to the Chancellery as crowds cheered and went themselves into hysteria. On either side swastika banners, covered the building fronts, garlands of flowers hung across the street on golden cords, bands thundered out continuously his favorite Badenweiler March. The pavement beneath was a multicolored blanket of flowers strewn by white-bloused Hitler Maidens overhead the sun shone bright. It was a happy day.

With special loud-speakers blaring out an account of the proceedings for those unable to see, the Fuehrer appeared on the balcony of the Chancellery, waving to the throngs in the Wilhelmplatz below, he turned to the Nazi leaders around him, talked, laughed, joked them in the ribs. Only after several minutes of horse play did he turn to the crowd, grinning and waving some more.

The Fuehrer will appear once more, "rased" the loud-speakers. He has important conferences and asks you all to go home. Instead, the crowd began singing *We Are Sailing Against England*. Happy Hitler came out on the balcony again, then went inside for good.

Happy Hitler. Time 36, p. 18, July 15, 1930.

John Gunther
The High Cost of Hitler

Hitler, you know, has a very adhesive mind. He picks up things from everybody. He's like some extraordinary sponge. Consider how he has pillaged people for ideas. He has borrowed dogma even from the Jews.... For instance consider the striking paradoxon that he has taken a great deal from Woodrow Wilson.....Hitler hated Wilson....But Hitler used - and used with superb skill - the Wilsonian theory of self-determination as a means to destroy Czechoslovakia.....Hitler in fact, used Wilson's own weapon - self-determination - to wreck the new countries Wilson helped to create.

Similarly, Hitler has appropriated a great deal from another mortal enemy, Karl Marx.....

pp. 35/36, Gunther, High Cost of Hitler

Teeling, William: Know thy enemy. 1939.

1.

At the Nuremberg Nazi Party Rally in September 1937
...were pictures of the wonders of life in Germany under the Nazi Regime

The first photograph in this room was a huge one of Hitler and underneath it was the caption:

"In the beginning was the Word..."

Only a few weeks after I had seen this blasphemous from the Bible with my own eyes, I was in a Youth hostel in Cologne. The following verses were hung in the living room.

We believe on this earth alone
In Adolf Hitler
We believe
That National Socialism
Will be the only happy-making
Creed for our people

We believe
That there is a God in Heaven
Who created us, creates, leads
And directs us
And who evidently blesses us.

And we believe
That this God sent us
Adolf Hitler so that
Germany should be a
Foundation stone in all eternity.

Hitler knows of these attempts to deify him. He does not stop them.

The Mayor of Hamburg has assured me, "We need no priests or parsons. We communicate direct with God through Adolf Hitler. He has many Christ-like qualities."

Teeling, William: Know thy enemy. 1939. pp. 27-28.

When Lord Mount Temple visited him in 1935 he told me, he was already talking to him about how he was guided by "his voices".....

....For years I looked at Salzburg and longed to bring it into the Reich, and at last, this year by hypnotic force that has been brought to pass."

Teeling, William: Know thy enemy. 1939 pp. 31.

A. M. Grimm

Hindenburg (Sein Horoskop und diejenigen von.....Hitler)
Verlag A. M. Grimm, Bad Tolez, 1925; pp. 75

A. Hitlers Nativitaet habe ich in "Deutschlands Schicksal" ausfuehrlich besprochen, weswegen ich hier darauf hinweisen moechte. Gegenwaertig interessiert uns die Frage, wie sich sein Schicksal und Streben weiterhin gestaltet, und ich habe diesbeueglich den Zeitraum 1925 bis 1930 ins Auge gefasst.

Fuer 1925 schrieb ich bereits in der erwaehten Schrift: "Die Nationalsozialisten stehen hauptsaechlich unter neutralen Aspekten; 1925 bedeutet fuer sie mehr einen Ruhepunkt."

Ferner: "Der Mond bildet....Quadrat Saturn (Ende 1925, kritisch) "Auch Saturn droht immer noch. - Im Jahre 1925 durchlaeuft er im Skorpion das erste Haus und ~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ beruehrt seine eigene Quadratur sowie die Opposition von Mars und Venus. Quadratur und Opposition sind aber schlechte Aspekte mit verhaengnisvollen Wirkungen. Aeusserst kritisch ist der Herbst 1925 (besonders November) fuer Hitler. Mars steht zugleich am Exzendenten. Das gibt grosse Gefahren."

Also fuer 1925 steht das persoenliche Wirken Hitlers unter unguenstigen Aspekten.

Was zeigen nun die folgenden Jahre?

Im Jahre 1926 laeuft der Mond durch das 7. Haus und ueber die Plaetze von Mars und Venus. Das deutet auf oeffentliche Unternehmungen, die ein schlechtes Ende nehmen. Er findet viel Anschluss und kommt in Beruehrung mit Personen, die sein Leben stark beeinflussen. Er wird dadurch teils Nutzen, teils Schaden haben. Es ist eine Zeit, die zu aggressivem Handeln reizt, wovor er sich aber hueten sollte! Es drohen Streitigkeiten, Gesundheitsstoerung und koepperliche Beschaedigung. Viele kleine Misserfolge.

Im Jahre 1927 tritt der progressive Mond in das 8. Haus, dabei ueber den Neptun laufend. Das gibt aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach einen Todesfall sowie einige mysterioese Vorkommnisse. Ferner sind verschiedene Veraenderungen angezeigt.

Das Jahr 1928 ist fuer Hitler im allgemeinen als guenstig anzusprechen. Es bereiten sich wieder einige Erfolge vor. Aber die Zeit ist vorerst guenstiger fuer stille Taetigkeit als fuer lautes Hervortreten. Reisen und Vorbeile sind angezeigt. Es ist fuer ihn eine guenstige Zeit, um sich eine feste Stellung zu verschaffen.

Das Jahr 1929 ist noch guenstiger als das vorhergehende. Es ist eine Zeit erhoehter und erfolgreicher Taetigkeit. Guenstige Reisen und Beziehungen zum Ausland sind angezeigt. Fortschritte in seinen Angelegenheiten. Viele Erfolge.

Im Jahre 1930 sind teils guenstige, teils unguenstige Einfluesse wirksam. Es gibt Veraenderungen, Scherereien, Verdriesslichkeiten. Keine besonderen Erfolge.

F. Goetz
Why Hitler Failed
Living Age, March 29, 1924, pp. 595-599

This is a letter which allegedly "reached the
"Vorawets" through secret channels", describing the
military incidents of the reactionary uprising of
November 1923 in Munich. The letter comes from a
member of the Hitler militia.

....."The whole length of Residenz Street was
strewn with men writhing in their blood. On the right,
by the monument, I caught sight of Hitler entering an
automobile with an unconscious bleeding child in his
arms....."

p. 598, above.

Thompson, Dorothy: Good-bye to Germany. Dec. 1934. Harpers Bazar

1.

IMAGE.

At Garisch, on the square, I met an American from Chicago. He had been at Oberammergau, at the Passion Play. "These people are all crazy," he said. "This is not a revolution, it's a revival. They think Hitler is God. Believe it or not, a German woman sat next to me at the Passion Play, and when they hoisted Jesus on the cross, she said, 'There he is. That is our Fuehrer, our Hitler.' And when they paid out the thirty pieces of silver to Judas, she said, 'That is Roehm, who betrayed the Leader.' Can you beat it?" he said.

Thompson, Dorothy: Good-bye to Germany. Dec. 1934. Harpers Bazar. p/46/

Allen, Jerry: Directors of Destiny. Good Housekeeping 109, pp. 30, 31
1939.

1.

The despair, the feeling of failure in her own life, never left (Klara Poelzl). She waited only for the day, when her son would realize all the hopes that she had renounced. She wanted him to have... education, money, a place in the world. (Her)... unhappiness drove her more and more to expect great things of her first-born, Adolf, her best loved. Her second child... was always given second place. From the day he was born... Klara Hitler fussed over her son, Adolf. He was a sickly child, and he became, as he has since said, his mother's "pet". She could see no flaw in him, and many of those ever-recurring quarrels in the Hitler household were over Adolf. His father, a hard man himself, thought he was soft and coddled too much by his mother. Sober or not, he seldom lost his chance to lunge at his whimpering son with a cuff or a kick. And every time Klara, white with rage, would fly to Adolf's aid, taking the blows herself.... When later he brought back poorer cards, she was sure it was the fault of the school, and she moved him from one to another. ... In drawing and gymnasium... he was usually marked excellent. Klara was proud of that. She said Adolf would be an artist, a famous artist. And all artists, all great artists were "constructed". Her boy was different from other boys....

.... He was afraid that he might grow up to be like his father, a man who drank too much, ate too much, smoked too much... Day after day she drilled it into the boy that his father's life was wrong. She swung him away from every temptation that he, by himself, would not have been strong enough to resist. So he did not run around with the boys of his age; he did not have a girl as they did; he did not drink or smoke. He avoided the taverns where the townspeople went....

... Adolf hated his father. Fearing him, Adolf learned to lie easily to avoid the conflicts he knew he must lose. Klara did not mind her son's audacious lies—she almost believed him them....

... Until he was eighteen Adolf loafed at home, doing odd jobs for his adoring mother... She left her... son, aimless, too proud to work, and trained for nothing....

.... Ever since then Adolf Hitler has been trying to justify his mother's faith in him. (She)... gave him his "mission in life and the wish to achieve it; but his father also gave him an inheritance.... First of all of a ruthless willpower that may break, but will never bend. From his father, too, Hitler learned what fear is and what force can do.... He saw that the ability to give (him) those beatings, pure force (made his father) boss, even in his own home. And he has never forgotten that in boss rule it is force that counts....

... he is internally frightened... an unsure yet undeviating man who bursts into tears when his will is obstructed....

... Klara Hitler never cured a great deal of her son's weakness. For nineteen years she helped him to build an arrogant waverer for it, and she coached him in greatness. She gave him a god complex, but she could not make him a god.

Allen, Jerry: Directors of Destiny. Good Housekeeping 109, pp. 30, 31, 201.

Reynolds, H.I.: Prelude to Hitler. 1933.

1;

Meeting in a local hall:

Hitler was leaning over the balustrade and had commenced speaking. It took him a few minutes to get into his stride. He was not an imposing figure. He was of only medium height, and the type of moustache he wore did not add to the dignity of his appearance. The mere little patch of black hair, in an alloy under his nose, reminded me irresistibly of Charlie Chaplin. The police had forbidden him to appear in uniform, and he wore ill-fitting blue suit. But, when he had been speaking a few minutes and had warmed up, my first impressions changed completely. If the art of speaking consists in the ability to sway an audience, Hitler was the most accomplished orator I have ever heard. He played on the emotions of the ten thousand people present like a great master on a violin.

His tone of voice was one well adapted to bring out the full tone and quality of this particular instrument. He denounced the "Treaty of Versailles and the War Guilt Lie". He went on to say that the Allies must choose between a Germany freely admitted as a Great Power, or a Germany equal to her equals, or a Germany representing a western extension into Europe of the system of Soviet Russia. The implication was that his programme was the only alternative to the latter state of affairs.

His words were constantly interjected by deafening shouts of "Heil Hitler" from the audience, and I thought to myself that it would have taken a bold man to brave the ban on unofficial interruptions. At the close of the proceedings all stood up and sang Deutschland ueber Alles with their right arms extended in the Fascist salute. I probably admit that I followed the fashion.

Reynolds, H.I.: Prelude to Hitler. 1933. pp. 276, 277.

Toute mon attention, une fois encore, se porta sur ce déconcertant Hitler, qui, debout entre le roi silencieux et Mussolini allègre, restait immobile, ses mains gantées de gris croisées devant lui, sauf quand il saluait les drapeaux d'un geste d'automate. Et, une fois encore, je ne suis rien percevoir de l'enigme de cet homme au sourire mécanique, et plus inexpressif encore de ne rien recevoir de ce qui l'entourait.

Car si son attitude déconcertait la foule romaine, le Fuehrer ne semblait pas moins dérouté par elle: on lui dit qu'il se sentait impuissant à l'atteindre. Lui qui se transfigure jusqu'à l'extase au contact de l'âme allemande, et qui, comme un "détecteur", lui restitue, dans les magies incantatoires de son verbe, les ondes dont elle le traverse, on comprenait, à l'atonie de son regard, à l'immobilité de ses traits qu'il ne recevait nul influx de cette foule italienne, précisément parce qu'elle reste une foule, qu'elle n'est pas une masse, à la différence de ce peuple allemand qui ne semble exister qu'en tant que telle.

L'intuition mystique qu'a ce visionnaire de collaborer à l'harmonie des formes du monde en réveillant les qualités élémentaires, de l'Allemagne, ce rêve messianique dont sa race l'emplit, rien ne le portait, ne le supportait, dans les manifestations romaines.

News Week 5:16 Ap. 8. 1935. Hitler, the
Cocksure dictator takes timid - soul precautions.

1.

He knows the tricks of a dictator's trade. - once faint when, with face purpled and contorted with the effort, he blows forth his magic oratory....

....he takes the extraordinary safety precautions of an ordinary mortal dictator....

....The chancellor sits in the center of his plane's ten seats. Critics whisper that he hasn't courage enough even to look out of the window....

....(Hitler's meals cause followers of his) diet to headline their new paper two years ago: First Great Victory of German Vegetarians Hitler Becomes Chancellor....

....A reporter asked him if he ever tires of this diet. Hitler replied: "I vary it. One day I eat a salad and the next day salad and eggs."

That is the only joke anybody ever saw him make. He takes his job as seriously as he takes his only recreations - music and an occasional movie for leader is his favorite.

One day I've seen an extraor (disappointingly red lips smile, he looks over his shoulder and laughs.

News Week 5:16 Ap. 8. 1935.

Hitler, the cocksure dictator takes timid - soul precautions.

Cesare Santoro:
Hitler Deutschland

IMAGE

Ich moechte in diesem Zusammenhang (der Anschluss) eine Anekdote wiedergeben, die in diesem Fruhjahr 1938 in Deutschland erzahlt wurde.

Ein junges Maedchen aus der oesterreichischen Heimat des Fuehrers war nach Bayern gekommen, um Adolf Hitler zu sehen. Sie klopfte an die Tuer seines Hauses am Obersalzberg und die Schwester Hitlers oeffnete. Als das Maedchen bat, den Fuehrer sprechen zu duerfen, erwaederte die Schwester, die einen unerwuenschten Besuch fuerchtete, dass er schlief. In diesem Augenblick erschien aber Hitler selbst im Eingangsraum und die Worte seiner Schwester hoerend, sagte er zu der jungen Oesterreicherin: "Der Fuehrer schlaeft nicht." Dann nahm er das Album des Maedchens zur Hand und schrieb dort die gleichen Worte hinein: "Der Fuehrer schlaeft nicht."

p. 127, Santoro, Hitler Deutschland, 3. Aufl. 1938

CRAIN Maurice
Rulers of the World
Thomas Y. Crowell Comp., New York, 1940; pp. 225

Contains a rather queer biography of Hitler's. Queer for the fact that its incorrectness seems inexplicable. P. 1:

"Alois Schicklgruber....as a young man...attracted the attention of Anna Glaesl-Hoerer.....Anna married him and set about raising his social status. The change of name was one step in the process.Anna Hitler, despite her age, bore three children...." etc.

Second wife has no children. Third wife Klara, "in failing health..." when Alois married her. Suffered from cancer for ten years before she died. Marriage a "bitterly unhappy one..."

Crain also sees a connection between: the fact that father Alois was reportedly a "glutton"- while Adolf is a vegetarian; father married three times, Ad. avoids women, father a drunkard, Adolf a teetotaller; father heavy pipe smoker, son can't stand smell of tobacco. But father tyrant at home flew into rages etc. - and that Adolf has taken over.

The rest is a very superficial account of H's rise to power.

Emil Ludwig
Hitler Mussolini Stalin 1940

rather superficial description- biographical material on youth not very accurate- Gives examples for his interpretation of Hitler as: "A pathological being, who like many others in history, has translated the diseased exaggeration of certain impulses into a self-importance which is the source of his decisions and actions." Demonstrates Hitler's need for applause like an actor's.

"...Max von Gruber, a Professor at the University of Munich, and the most eminent eugenicist in Germany, stated as a witness in the law court in 1923: 'It was the first time I had seen Hitler close at hand. Face and head of inferior type, cross-breed; low receding forehead, ugly nose, broad cheekbones, little eyes, dark hair. Expression not of a man exercising authority in perfect self-command, but of raving excitement. At the end an expression of satisfied egotism.'"

pg 11- E. Ludwig- Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin. 1940

"...I was once able to observe the actor in him. In 1931, I was talking to some American journalists in the lounge of the Kaiserhof in Berlin, when they drew my attention to Hitler, the great party leader. Clad in a brand new overcoat, he was ambling lazily down the wide staircase, playing with the metal rod attached to hotel keys to make guests remember to hand them over to the porter before leaving. He was whirling the key round on the rod, to his own great amusement. Suddenly, about 20 paces off, he became aware of our group. That very second he dropped his hand to his side, stiffened his arms and legs, put on an expression of gloom, and, for our benefit, was transformed into Napoleon. Moved to the depths by his own schemes, he strode slowly past us.

p 13-14 E. Ludwig. Three portraits-

"...His vanity is so great that he lives surrounded by his own portraits. His friend Troost once made him a carved wooden chest to keep his papers in. In the course of the work he asked Hitler what he should put in the large space left free in the middle of the lid. Hitler at once replied: 'That's where my picture goes in profile.' On one occasion, he bought up at once a picture of himself as Lohengrin.

pg. 14- E. Ludwig- Three Portraits.

"... Not Bismark, not Frederick the Great, but Napoleon is the ideal of this frenzied German. When my book on Napoleon appeared some twelve years ago, he read it three times, marking it with huge red strokes in the margin, as his now-murdered friend Strasser told me in 1926....

pg. 45- Emil Ludwig- Three Portraits.

"... We are told by Goebbels that the very man who, on June 30, 1934, slapped his own friends, standing defenseless before him, suddenly burst into tears when he was appointed Chancellor....

pg 46- E. Ludwig- Three Portraits.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

....Now look at a photograph of Adolf Hitler and try to understand how this man managed to reach his present position. A round head and a round face, a strong chin under a thin-lipped, ruthless-looking mouth and a Charlie Chaplin moustache. Hair parted on the right with a Napoleonic look straggling down over the left eye- no one could say that he looks typically German. If Hitler is to be called "typically something" I would say he looks like a respectable French bourgeois- but then that would be high treason..... His oratory is not German either. He talks like Mussolini- raising his voice to a shout and then dropping to a hoarse whisper- bangs his fist on the rostrum, shakes it at the sky, waves his arms and tosses back his unruly look of hair with the gesture of a musician. And the people love it- they were tired of the monotonous drone of the average German orator-.....

pg 105- Hitler's Wonderland- Michael Fry- 1934

..The first time I heard Hitler speak in public, I spent ten minutes repeating to myself: "What a comedian- what a comedian!"; as the Pope said to Napoleon many years ago. Twenty minutes later I felt like cheering. The passionate conviction, the fierce fire of invulnerable patriotism, and, above all, the wholehearted sincerity, put Hitler far beyond the familiar little tricks of the mob-orator. Everyone of his words comes out charged with a powerful current of energy; at times it seems as if they are torn from the very heart of the man, causing him indescribable anguish. When he speaks of the Fatherland, when he describes the sorry state of demoralisation which had set in, his eyes flash with anger, his voice rises to a shriek of fury- he is inspired. That is what the masses believe- that Hitler is a prophet directly controlled by the Powers above- and I can quite understand it. There is a magnetic fluid emanating from Hitler which seems supernatural.

The next time I saw Hitler was in the Kaiserhof Hotel in Berlin, where he is very fond of drinking tea in the afternoon. I watched him for a time to try and discover whether the fieriness of the platform was merely a mask adopted for the purpose of swaying the masses- I do not think so; for although he was chatting and occasionally laughing with his friends, I could see a smouldering fire in his eyes, every atom of his body seemed imbued with a latent intensity ready to well forth at any moment.

pg 106- Michael Fry- Hitler's Wonderland- 1934

.. In a way he is not to be envied. The never-ceasing fire that burns within him prevents him from enjoying many of life's entertainments. He has neither the time nor the inclination for social activities- not even among intimate friends. He lives in the midst of many men and yet he lives alone- spiritual loneliness must be Hitler's secret regret.

pg 107- Michael Fry- Hitler's Wonderland- 1934

Fry, Michael- Hitler's Wonderland London, 1934

...On one of his trips home he stopped at a village for petrol; a little girl came up to the car and started talking to the driver, not knowing that it was the great Adolf Hitler himself. In the course of the conversation it came out that that day was the little girl's birthday, so Hitler took her in his car to the next town, gave her a sumptuous meal of cakes and sweets and then brought her home laden with toys.

p 107- Fry- Hitler's Wonderland.

Adolf does not smoke and he never drinks alcohol. His great pleasure, when he can find time for it, is to go to the opera. Museums are his hobby; he claims to know the museums in Berlin better than anyone else. His early association with the building trade gave him a lasting interest in architecture, and it is said that the alterations made to the Brown House in Munich originated from his own ideas. He is unmarried, of course, and so far no one has discovered any "amours cachés"; although at one time there was a rumour that he had been secretly married and divorced. His great failing, which is an obvious corollary to his intensity, is the lack of a sense of humour. But that is a fault shared by the majority of Germans. There have not yet been any bon mots by Hitler; perhaps they will come later on when the tension of the revolution has toned down.

Hitler appeals to nearly all classes, but he is particularly loved by the middle class. ... he has restored the self-respect of millions by fanning the flame of patriotism long dormant in their hearts... the middle class and a large section of the working class talk of "our Fuehrer" with the reverence accorded by Catholics to the Pope. Even Hitler's enemies talk of him with respect. Pick up a Communist paper to-day (there are still a number of them printed abroad and smuggled into the country) and you will not find any lewd remarks about Hitler. Any number of obscene accusations against Goring, Frick, Roehm, and Goebbels, but nothing against Adolf Hitler. That is a remarkable fact that deserves to be put on record.

pg. 108. Fry - Hitler's Wonderland.

In this book Fry tries to show "that there is a great deal more in the forest of Hitlerism besides the senseless brutality of Storm Troopers and the exuberant agitation of well-meaning Nazis"

Fry describes Chaos, Communism, Crime & Immorality (in exaggerated way) in Germany before Hitler- quotes Wyndham Lewis- Biographical material on Hitler based on "Mein Kampf" and Edgar von Schmidt-Pauli.

Demonstrates Hitler's achievements in various fields- reform, unification etc. (Gives excerpts of Critics "the other side" Socialists.) In spite of some good observations Fry has completely naive views on Nazism. Points out "that the future of the entire civilised world is indissolubly merged in the future of the Third German Empire"

RIESS, The Self-Betrayed

.....On August 1st (1934) Hindenburg suffered a stroke. When Hitler received word of this, he went to Neudeck - in order, he declared, to take leave of Germany's great soldier. He entered the dying man's room alone, although he had arrived at Neudeck with his friend, Hanfstaengl. Hindenburg's son and daughter-in-law, as well as the doctors, withdrew. By then, the old man had been unconscious for a long time. Nevertheless, Hitler later admitted reluctantly, in a voice choked with sorrow, that Hindenburg had awakened once from his coma, shaken hands with him, and had then fallen asleep again.

pp. 153/154, Riess, The Self-Betrayed

The material in this book is very doubtful and has given rise to protest against the author and his unreliability.

When Hitler hit the Ceiling
The Literary Digest, 2/18/1933 ,p 30

(Chiefly a summary-reminder of the Beerhall Putsch)

....In the Manchester Guardian dispatch....we find some impressions of his oratorical style, We get the idea that his intense earnestness is so forceful that it disarms the common run of youthful criticism. The statement that two and two are four, uttered in Hitler's "vibrant barytone" might be clothed in the passionate conviction ~~of~~ and noble splendor of some message from the stars. Says the British correspondent:

"The realm of illusion, always half real to him, ~~and in his mind the German people are~~ becomes intensely real to him and to his German hearers (who are attuned almost mediumistically to his nature) the moment he begins to speak. The opening of his mouth is like the raising of the curtain that instantaneously produces the illusion.

He will stand on the platform and declare with booming, cathedral solemnity that when the sun rises the darkness disappears. And his audience will go mad with enthusiasm....."

....Hitler's hold on middle class Germany is that he is a "spiesser" to his marrow.He knows just how the spiesser feels.....

(Then comparison between the times of the Putsch and his present chancellorship....)

Rene Kraus

Why Hitler can't sleep.

The Literary Digest, 9/18/37

p. 24

Hitler sleeps badly - especially in Berlin. His lungs need the healthy air of the Bavarian mountains; that, at least is the opinion of his personal physician, Dr. Sauerbruchthe one man in Germany who enjoys freedom of speech. He always prescribes a rest in the mountains; so the Fuehrer always has an excuse to secape from Berlin to his "eagle nest" the only spot where he feels reasonably safe.....

At night, ghosts walk. Ernst Roehm was Hitler's most intimate friend.....a concealed group of men are determined to avenge murder with murder.

These men call themselves Roehm's Revengers. They form the most dangerous secret society of our time.....

At all events Hitler sees ghosts. Sometimes he also sees the letters R.R. signature of Roehm's Revengers. As if intent on driving him mad these ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ two letters dog his footsteps. Mail addressed to him always includes correspondence stamped R.R. The initials were once found on a treaty that had been laid ~~xxx~~ before him to be signed. Once they were even stenciled in scarlet ink on the trench coat in which he appears in public.

The only road that leads to Villa Wachenhorst - Hitler's house - is guarded on both sides by especially selected troops. No living being can pass through unnoticed. They inhabit the parks and the corridors, the halls and the rooms of Villa Wachenhorst. They superintend the preparation of the Fuehrer's breakfast; they stand near by when any visitor is received; they search every nook and corner before Hitler retires. And yet, several weeks ago, the two letters R.R. glared forth in dazzling red on the wall of his bedroom.

(Sounds phoney - how does Kraus know?)

Dutch Oswald
Hitler's Twelve Apostles

....Hess....at his first meeting with Hitler feel for him as though under a spell, and for twenty years has been completely dependent upon the Fuehrer.his ambition is completely bound up with Hitler's

.....Hess served Hitler from the beginning with an almost doglike devotion.

...In his immediate acquaintance Hitler will not tolerate brains, but only brawn. All three men who from the beginning of the movement up to the present day, have belonged to Hitler's most intimate circle, fit this description. These are Rudolf Hess, ...Heinrich Hoffmann....and Max Amann....All these men have really far more influence on Hitler than his principal Ministers....

....Hitler admitted Hess....into his private guard as a powerful swashbuckler....In numerous Saalschlachten Hess sprang to the defence of Hitler he covered the Fuehrer's retreat, and often stayed by him when some plot was feared. In the prison at Landsberg, he not only drew closer ~~to Hitler~~ personally to Hitler....but he it was who....gave "mein Kampf" its proper shape. Hitler was not then able to produce his confused and tumultuous thoughts in a form suitable for the publishers. His ideas simply poured forth, and Hess, who had no concrete thoughts but was better educated, set them down on paper.

In this way the much discussed 'Hitler style' came about.....

....only the first part of Hitler's book was written at Landsberg. The greater part was written, still with Hess' cooperation, in the following years at Obersalzberg.....

At this period Hess was a decisive factor for Hitler....for another reason.the two were practically financially destitute, and Hitler could do nothing about it. Hess turned to an old friend for support, General Hasuhofer....At the same time...Haushofer came into close contact with Hitler....Hitler now learned for the first time practical economic geography....

The influence of Hess on Hitler is very great,also because he has most certainly a better knowledge of human nature than Hitler. Party members... are unaware that Hess invented the diction to use in "Mein Kampf" and Hitler then took over happily worded phrases from his secretary.It is said that Hitler originally wished Hess to take first place as his successor.....

The close connection between Hess and Hitler has of course given rise to much gossip. For quite a while the private secretary was called nothing but "Fraeulein Hess".This suspicion is certainly not founded on fact.....

Hess' confidential position with Hitler has already expressed itself in the selection of certain persons for the Fuehrer's close acquaintance. If a Party member did not respond to Hess one could be sure that after a while a corresponding reaction of Hitler toward this man would ensue. On the other hand Hess chose especially responsive individuals and these made much more rapid headway than would have been possible by recommendations from other sources equally great.

pp. 106-118, Dutch, Hitler's Twelve Apostles

Miller D.

You can't do Business with Hitler

Hitler is not only the greatest military chief in history, he aspires to be known as the greatest builder of the ages. Ever since he failed of admission to the architectural school in Vienna, he has cherished his plans for rebuilding everything, no matter what, particularly if it was on a huge scale. He has been constructing at Nuremberg a stadium holding 400,000 people. Just outside is the Zeppelin field with accommodations for 1,500,000. He has announced the future construction of an avenue of triumph between Berlin and Munich.....Incidentally, Hitler has removed the Hohenzollern statues...to make room for his own improvements. In central Berlin he has started to construct vast north-south and east-west axes,Many super-buildings line these avenues, either planned or under way.

The River Spree was unfortunately in the way, but Hitler is going to move the river; at least he has said so. In Hamburg, on the other hand, he is going to allow the River Elbe to remain; but he plans to build a super-Brooklyn-Bridge over it, with skyscraper towers 65 stories high at each end. These plans are, of course, subject to many revisions. Hitler changes his mind frequently. He loves nothing better than to sprawl over huge maps, sketching in buildings at various points and rubbing them out again. In 1937 he constructed a new central office building to house the chancellery and staff. In ~~1938~~ the spring of 1938 he changed his mind, tore it down, and had it built again according to a different plan. Hitler at first hoped to make Munich his capital city, but in recent years he has apparently veered toward continuing Berlin as the center; at least his elaborate construction plans there lead to this belief.

However, he has his own private capital city at Berchtesgaden.....

pp. 124/126, Miller, You can't do business with Hitler

Hitlers Werdegang: Hitler ist ein mittelgrosser Mann, schlank, mit lebhaften Bewegungen, grossen dunkelblauen Augen, einem ovalen Gesicht braunen Haar, dessen Scheitel er auf der rechten Seite traegt und von dem ihm eine Locke des oeffteren in die Stirn faellt. Die Gesichtszu- ge haben etwas Weiches, Vertrauensvolles, aber wenn Hitler von seinen Ide- en zu sprechen beginnt, so hat er etwas ungemein Sicheres, das den Zu- hoerer in seinen Bann zieht und zur Beisterung hinfuehrt. Erstam- lich ist die Vielseitigkeit seines Gesichtsausdrucks, der von der Selbstvertrauenshaftigkeit einer Idee ueber alle Phasen des Gefuehlslebens bis zur brutalen Verkuendung des reinen Machtstandpunkts im poli- tischen Kampf um die Beherrschung des Strassenverkehrs kann. Hitler liebt es, seine Worte durch starke Gesten zu begleiten, er ballt die Fauste, wenn er den Ueberborenenbrochern droht, er weist mit ausge- strecktem Zeigefinger auf die Feinden der marxistischen Regierung hin, er erhebt seine Armaenger mit einer Handbewegung zur Hoehle des nationalsozialistischen Gedankens. Beisterhaft ist es, wie Hitler im gewoehnlichen Tonfall zu sprechen beginnt, umsoeher ironische Spit- zen auf seine Gegner bringt, allmaechlich aber seinen Stimmumfang steigert, staerkere Aeusserungen anwendet, plastische Bilder und Vergle- che formt, sich des Pathos bedient, geschickt Pausen einschaltet, um schliesslich mit donnernder Stimme seine Gegner in hoechster Expoer- ung moralisch zu vernichten. Ohne Zweifel ist Hitler der gresste Redner, den Deutschland bisher hervorgebracht hat.

Billung: Rund um Hitler. 1. 1. pp. 1. 1.

Er wurde trotz 1jaehrigen Preiltienst nur Gefreiter, nicht ein- mal Unteroffizier. Auch darin liegt nichts Besonderes. Vielleicht lag es daran, dass er den ganzen Feldzug ueber bei seinen urspruenglichen Truppentheil blieb. Denn konnte die Beobachtung vielfach beobachten, dass Soldaten in ihrer eignen Kompanie trotz aller Tapferkeit nicht vorwaerts kamen, waehrend sie, liessen sie sich in einen andern Trup- pentheil versetzen, oft schon in kurzer Zeit befördert wurden.

Billung: Rund um Hitler. 1931. pp. 1. 1.

Hitlers Temperament ist cholertisch. Er hat das weiche oester- reichische Gemuet, das nur durch den fruehen Tod seiner Eltern und durch seinen schweren Lebenskampf hart geschueldet worden ist. In Dienste seiner Idee hat diese Maerte die Oberhand ueber die Weich- heit seines Gemuetes gewonnen. Er nimmt Gedanken auf mit der Seele, nicht mit dem Verstande und gleubt sie dann durch brutale Ruckichts- losigkeit durchsetzen zu koennen. Die Gedanken Fodors, Rosenbergs und der Rasseforscher haben ihm zusammen mit seinen eignen Erfahrungen eine Lebensanschauung gegeben, aber es fehlen ihm eigne Kenntnisse. Dieser Mangel eigenen Wissens laesst ihn bei Besprechungen mit Ein- zel personen unsicher, ja oft schuechtern erscheinen, waehrend er als Redner vor der Masse vollkommen sicher auftritt. Das Fehlen von Wis- sen auf Grund eignen Forschung hindert Hitler aber auch, die Arbeits- kraft seiner Mitarbeiter richtig einzuschuetzen.

Billung: Rund um Hitler. 1931. pp. 10. 61.

Mit dem Fehlen eigener geistiger Arbeit fehlt ihm auch der Massstab fuer die Beurteilung der geistigen Leistungen anderer. Daher laesst er sich in seinem Verhaeltnis zu seinen Mitarbeitern von seiner Stimmung leiten. Wenn er gerade braucht, den zieht er heran, um sich nicht mehr um ihn zu kuenstern, wenn er ihn gerade nicht mehr benoetigt. Er ist in mancher Beziehung undenkbar, wodurch er schon viele Anhaenger verloren hat. Mit der Weichheit seines Gemuetes haengt auch seine Unzuverlaessigkeit zusammen. Kapitaaen v. Luoecke begruendete 1929 z. seinen Austritt aus der Partei damit, dass Hitler bindende Versprechungen mehrmals nicht eingehalten habe. Hitler fuehlt sich zusehr als Kuenstler, um sich selbst Zwang aufzuerlegen. Guenstige Gelegenheiten, die ihm das Schicksal bietet, seine Bewegung auch ohne Massensammlungen zu foerdern, versteht er nicht auszunutzen. Er lebt in dem Wahne, solche Gelegenheiten nur selbst schaffen zu muessen und zu koennen. Viele Moeglichkeiten, die ihm ein beispielloses Glueck bot, hat Hitler nicht erkannt und nicht ausgenutzt. Er ist der geborene Redner der Masse, aber geistige Konzentration bei Gelegenheiten, wo nicht eine tausendkoeffige Menge an seinen Lippen haengt, ist ihm laestig und meidet er sorgfaeltig. Die Fuehrung von Staatsgeschaeften durch Hitler koennen sich deshalb schwer vorstellen. Hitler betrachtet sich noch immer als Privatperson, ob leicht selbstgelegt er es laengt, ist nicht mehr ist und als Staatsmann wurde er noch sehr viel weniger Privatperson sein koennen als heute.

Billung: Band um Hitler. 1931. pp. 60, 61, 62.

Kapitaaen Erhardt in der "Berliner Boerschen Zeitung" ueber Hitlers Persoennlichkeit:

"Es ist nachgerade ein offenes Geheimnis geworden, dass Hitler in seinen guten und schlechten Eigenschaften eine ungewoehnlich starke Wesensverwandtschaft mit einstigen Herrschern zeigt. Er liebt die caesarische Geste, er versagt vor der caesarischen Tat. Es ist undenkbar, dass Hitler wie ein antiker Diktator oder auch nur wie Masso lini ohne Ruecksicht auf die Volksmeinung und aus der Einsamkeit seiner unbegrenzten Fuehrerstellung heraus wirklich eine einschneidende und das Wohl des Einzelnen beschraenkende Geste erlassen koennte. Hitler wird solange von seinem Selbstbewusstsein getragen, als er den Beifall der Volksmasse oder die Zustimmung seiner Umgebung hat. Das Beispiel hieorfuer ist sein Revolutionsversuch am 8. November 1923, wo er nach der Gefangennahme Kahrs, Lossows und Seifers sich an die Volksversammlung wandte mit der Frage: "Ich hoffe, die Versammlung ist mit meinen Massnahmen einverstanden?" sowie sein Demonstrationmarsch am Tage darauf, der "die Stimmung des Volkes erkunden sollte." Ein wirklicher Diktator wurde im Sommer 1930 die lautstarken S.A.s aufgelegt haben.

Billung: Band um Hitler. 1931. - 62.

Bildung: Rund um Hitler. 1931.

4.

Ein Staatsmann bedarf keiner Korrektur durch das Publikum einer Landesversammlung. Unabdingtes Erfordernis eines Staatsmannes aber ist Menschenkenntnis, Urteilsfähigkeit, Entschlußkraft, die Gabe in realen Fragen der politischen Politik Entscheidungen zu treffen. Ein Staatsmann muss auch wissen sein können und das musste Hitler erst noch lernen.

Bildung: Rund um Hitler. 1. 1. 1931.

Das hauptsächliche Manko im Wesen Hitlers ist seine lückenhafte geistige Bildung, die sich sehr er wird nachholen lassen. Hitler ist vielleicht schon zu alt oder er ist zu wenig einsichtsvoll, um noch zu lernen. Belachungen ist er sehr schwer zugänglich. Man hat Hitler bereits mit Wilhelm II. verglichen. Dieser Vergleich hängt bedenklich, trotzdem, aber sind manche Berührungspunkte nicht zu übersehen. Gemeinsam ist ihnen die Überschätzung ihrer Reuehergabe in ihrer politischen Tragweite. Beide wissen Dilettantismus, der auf einem Illusionsbesser davor wollen um der Fernhaltung von Sachverständigen beruht, das ganz und gar ungelinge Handeln und das Nichtvertragen können einer Kritik ihrer Handlungen, sich verlieren in Ausserlichkeiten, die Reiselust und diktatorische Urteile in Kunstfragen. Es ist nur zu hoffen, dass Hitler nicht auf die Dauer in die gleiche Selbsttäuschung verfaellt wie Wilhelm II.

Bildung: Rund um Hitler 1931. 3. 63.

Die inneren Schwierigkeiten einer Regierung Hitlers werden in der Person Hitlers selbst liegen. Hitler wird nicht dahin kommen, sich an eine geregelte geistige Tätigkeit zu gewöhnen. Goethe hat einmal gesagt: "Genie ist Fleiss". Man würde besser sagen können, "Ein Genie gehoert Fleiss" und Hitler wird ohne miserablen Fleiss seiner grossen Aufgabe nicht genuehen sein.

Bildung: Rund um Hitler. 1931. 3. 63.

Hitler was always in favor of what the Marxists call individual terrorism: "If a nation languishes under the tyranny of an oppressor who is a man of genius, and if oppression is only made possible by his commanding personality," then "only the republican conscience of guilty little rascals" would regard the assassination of the tyrant "as most revolting." Hitler refers with approval to the glorification of tyrannicide in Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell".

Fearful as the Brown Terror is, it is not as fearful as Hitler would have wished. He demands that "tens of thousands" of these "criminals" who led the revolution of 1918, must be tried and executed by a "German National Court of Justice." He has a particular fondness for executions. The dignity of justice is nothing to him, and he refuses to have it tempered with mercy. He not only demands that it be severe, but that it be ruthless and barbaric. Treason (Landes- und Volksverrat) he declares "shall in future, be pursued with barbaric ruthlessness." When he heard the news that the Reichstag was burning, he demanded the public execution of the incendiary and his accomplices.

Hitler is one of the principal initiators of the Brown Terror and himself the chief terrorist. He personally superintended the "purge" of the 30th June 1934, when so many of his friends and associates were executed. He is the chief persecutor of the Jews, the leading spirit in the attack on Christianity, and the chief inspirer of the appalling sterilization laws.

p 72-73 Voigt- Unto Caesar.

But no platitude can be too shallow or too vulgar for Hitler if he believes that it will promote its demagogic purpose. He will not have the slightest hesitation in saying what he knows to be nonsensical or untrue, if to do so will help his cause. And, in the moment of saying it, he will himself believe it to be true. So intense is the fire of his demonic passion that truth and untruth are immediately fused into one burning, molten myth that fills his whole mind.

Hitler often appears shallower and more stupid than he really is. His utterances should not be taken only at their face value, but in relation to their purpose. Nor should they be regarded as proof of insincerity. He is terribly sincere. When he says he wants peace, as he has been saying again and again during the last few years, he is passionately sincere as he was-and will, perhaps, be again-when he glorifies war.

Voigt, F.A.: Unto Caesar. 1938. p. 103.

He is a master of stage-craft. He has histrionic genius (though he is perhaps not so conscious an actor as Goebbels or Mussolini). He is a stage-manager of the first order. He knows exactly which of his actors is suited ~~to~~ to which part, he has a sure insight into

Voigt, F.A. Unto Caesar. 1938. p. 119.

their weaknesses, their rivalries, and their ambitions. And although there is much quarreling, friction, hysterics, and wild temper behind the scenes, the play itself will always run smoothly and always hold the fascinated audience afresh. If there is any serious threat of ~~disunity~~ disunity, or the remotest danger that any rival management might possibly arise, Hitler will not hesitate to use the frightful method of the "curse", though after the execution of the only serious rival he ever had, Captain Roehm, it may be that no one will ever again aspire to be Hitler's rival.

To say that he is a great man is not to say that he is not a small man. He is small and meanly vengeful in a manner that is as inhuman as his greatness.

Voigt, F.A.: Unto Caesar. 1938. pp. 119, 120.

He is a very silent man and hardly ever takes part in a conversation. He never argues. But his moody silence will, at times, be broken, by long, vehement outbursts, which he full of cheap, hot-spelling rhetoric, but may also reveal great political insight and considerable mastery of his subject.

He lives at high tension. He will start up and shout or scream at night and has frequent weeping fits. Any obstacle or any difficulty that may thwart his purpose even for a moment will throw him into a fit of impotent rage or passionate weeping.

He is soft-featured, narrow-shouldered, wide-hipped. The dark eyes shift in timid fashion until he begins to speak. Then they are fixed in a penetrating stare, the soft features harden, the effeminate form is rigidly bent as though by some iron stress, the deep voice booms and rages until it becomes half a roar and half a shriek, and the demonic creature with the black hair and the little black mustache seems like the incarnation of all that is sinister and terrible in man, of all that it has ever said about the Jew. All its life it has cried and raved—"the Jew, the Jew"—or has brooded ~~in~~ ~~in~~ in moody silence on the Jew and against the Jew. And all the time it has meant "Hitler, Hitler," and has given the name "Jew" to the dreadful projection of itself.

Voigt, F.A.: Unto Caesar. 1938. pp. 120, 121.

A German official who had long personal contact with Hitler once said to me: "The world will never understand him, for it will never understand how small and mean he is."

Voigt, F.A.: Unto Caesar. 1938. p. 255. footnote 59.

Voigt, F.A.: Unto Caesar. 1938.

3.

One ,who was his closest collaborator for many years, told me that Hitler was always like this-that the slightest difficulty or obstacle could make him scream with rage or burst into tears.

Voigt, F.A.: Unto Caesar. 1938. p. 261. footnote 50.

Yeats-Brown, Major Francis

A Tory looks at Hitler

Living Age, (From the Observer, London); August 1938; pp.512/514

I do not presume to judge the German Leader by a few minutes talk at a tea-party, which is the extent of my personal contact with him.....But intuition counts for something: I have met.....only two men who have given me the same sense of physical and mental purity as Hitler: Mohandas K. Gandhi and T. E. Lawrence.

In the personalities of Gandhi and Lawrence one saw shining a strange inner light. The same is true of Hitler.he is humble and ascetic in private life;he sways the individual and the multitude by a power seemingly outside himself.....

.....I have heard him speak many times, and have heard more fluent and more melodious voices, but never one that weaved such a spell about the audience.

During the three hour oration at the Kroll Opera House on February 20th, the whole speech was read and read very quickly, with no pause, except during the applause. Even during a solid hour of statistics he kept everyone galvanized by the cadence of his sentences. During the rhetorical passages his voice mounted to the pitch of delirium: he was a man transformed and possessed. We were in the presence of a miracle -the tension was almost unbearable until the passionate voice was drowned by the cries of the audience.

The delirium was ~~not~~ real - Hitler was in a frenzy at these moments - but he was able to release this infectious atmosphere of quasi-hysteria without losing his self-control: whatever his emotion, a steady hand turned the pages of his speech. Intense mystical fervor and a more-than-feminine intuition are harnessed to a cool brain and a strong will.

This is part of the secret of Hitler's power. The other part is his genius for choosing the right man and the right moment to bring his dreams into the realm of action. "I have the security of a sleep-walker" he said during the remilitarization of the Rhineland,.....He has always acted on instinct and he has always been right so far. Right also, generally speaking, in ~~his~~ his choice of his associates.

Little mention has been made, either in Germany or abroad, of Hitler's War service. I have seen the official record in the National-Socialist archives in Munich. Here are some of the salient events of his career as a dispatch-runner:

He served in thirty-six actions on the Western Front.

He received the Iron Cross of the Second Class on 1

December 12, 1914

He was lightly wounded on April 3, 1915

1917

He received the Bavarian Military Medal on Sept. 17, 1

He was mentioned in dispatches on May 10, 1918

He was awarded the Iron Cross of the First Class on

August 4, 1918

He was severely gassed on Oct. 15, 1918

Yeats-Brown
A Tory Looks at Hitler

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.....The Lord Mayor of Munich, Herr Fiehler, who shared ~~him~~ his Leader's imprisonment in 1923-1924, told me that Hitler's constant preoccupation, when not writing Mein Kampf.....was to draw up schemes for the improvement of the poorer districts of Munich -No doubt, Hitler has his mystical side, but, like most genuine mystics, he has also a tenacious ~~grasp of detail~~ grasp of detail....

I have seen many of his original notes for his early speeches. They are orderly, methodical, neatly written. What interested me chiefly, however, was a group of files containing the future dictator's notes on the Treaty of Versailles. No scholar preparing for a thesis could have organized his material more carefully than this lance-corporal with a taste for the water-color sketches. The pages of the printed treaty are cut out and pasted onto sheets of foolscap. Each page is underlined in red and black, to bring the chief points to prominence. From certain paragraphs arrows lead to the foolscap, where Hitler has written cross-references, (reparations in cash, see p. 6, surrender of shipping, see p. 9, and so on) and made copious notes, showing with what care he had prepared himself for speeches.....

.....
One thing needs repeating. Hitler likes the English. He made a desperate effort to make friends with us

Hitler's Private Rabbit Warren
The Living Age; June 1941; p. 321

.....According to Die Burger of Capetown, South Africa, the imposing Chancellery, which was constructed under conditions of great secrecy, has a number of subterranean floors, protected by thick steel plates, for use as airraid shelters. There are rumors, reported by Die Burger, that some of the underground rooms can be switched from one end of the building to another by pressing a button and thus Hitler, in the same way, can instantly transport himself, complete with office, from above to below ground, in case of alarm. The Chancellery also has a number of underground entrances which connect with some of Berlin's main traffic arteries, so that a car may enter an innocent-looking gate somewhere along the Unter den Linden and a few minutes later halt on one of the Chancellery's subterranean autopaths. This rabbit warren construction, the details of which are known by only a few persons, is intended to make escape possible from any attempt to blockade the inmates.

Cavalcade in London quotes a Swiss diplomatist arrived some weeks back on the United States "on further details of Hitler's de luxe air-raid shelter. According to this source, it extends eighty feet below the ground and was designed by Dr. Hans von Todt.....It contains twenty-six rooms, including reception and bed-rooms for guests. When the Swiss diplomat was being shown around he inquired the purpose of having two kitchens and was told that one was used exclusively for cooking Hitler's vegetarian meals.Before the shelter was built, an exact model was constructed beneath a steel and concrete building in the Ruhr and then building then subjected to heavy bombing by the Luftwaffe. When the Fuehrer declared himself satisfied with the results of the test, Todt proceeded with the Reichschancellery job.

Men Whom Hitler Obeys

Translated from Posledniya Novosti, Paris Russian Emigre
Social Democratic Daily

Living Age, April 1939, pp. 142/145

....Kannenberg accompanies (Hitler) on all his trips, following him a like a shadow from Munich to Berchtesgaden, from Berchtesgaden to Berlin, from Berlin to Rome, by plane, automotil or special train. Hitler would not dream going anywhere without his chef.....

The Chancellor greatly appreciates his chef and never misses an opportunity to present him to diplomats and officials as "Herr Sepp Kannenberger, my dictator." X ForJoseph Kannenberg....rules Hitler....This exalted personage, who has been presented not only to Mussolini, but also to Chamberlain, Daladier and Admiral "orthy, holds supreme authority over Hitler's diet.

An old friendship binds Hitler to his chef.After the affilure of the celebrated Munich "utsch, Hitler...found welcome refuge for a few days in Kannenberg's little home in the suburbs. Hitler spent hours talking to his host and came to the conclusion that the latter was quite an intelligent fellow.

He was particularly impressed by the culinary ability of Kannenberg who, as a precaution, dismissed the servants and cooked lunch and supper for his guest with his own hands. "You are an ideal chef," Hitler exclaimed several times. Afterwards, upon coming to power, Hitler remembered Kannenberg and entrusted him with the supervision of his menu. He treats him with great respect and pays him well.

The Chancellor is, in general, very fond of the men attached to his personal service. Some of them he considers his friends, to whose counsel he listens willingly. Often he even discusses with them political questions of great importance. Kannenberg holds a high place among his confidants. It is generally believed that his advice is often taken and that he has considerable influence on Germany's ruler.....

Heinrich Hoffmann, the official photographer.... is the second man ~~at~~ who is able to give the Fuehrer orders. (Follows story of discovery of the picture of the outbreak of the war with a cheering crowd and H. among it.)

.....He is the only one authorized to photograph the Fuehrer in his more intimate surroundings: in the Berlin Chancellery, in the Fuehrer's house in Munich or in the Berchtesgaden castle.

....It is he who dictates to the Fuehrer the pose that he must take before the camera, the suit that he must wear, or where he must stand, if he is photographed in a group. It is also he who has the last word on what photographs may be released.....It often happens that Hitler himself takes a special fancy for some photograph. Hoffmannintervenes with:

"I know better about these things, my Fuehrer, this photograph will not do."

Men whom Hitler obeys.

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.....he has been known to make mistakes. A few years ago he had released a photograph which showed the Chancellor during a speech, carried away by passion, his face contracted, his fists closed. This photograph did not produce a pleasant impression on the public,.....

Hitler has willingly forgiven such little mistakes and obeys with good grace when Hoffmann puts him into a particularly effective pose.....

Hitler at Fifty

Translated from the National Zeitung, Basel Liberal
German-Language Daily
Living Age, July 1939; pp. 451-453

'What do you say when you greet the Soviet Ambassador at a diplomatic reception?' an admirer recently asked the Fuehrer.

'It's very simple,' he replied. 'I look him straight in the eyes until he loses his composure; then, well, I ask: "Does the Berlin climate agree with your Excellency?" And while he stammers an answer, I have already passed on to the next person.'

...Hitler's answer is more revealing than any long psychological explanation. The Fuehrer knows by experience that he can at will radiate a certain emanation that disarms the most hardboiled of men. He has come to despise people, retaining no respect for anything or anybody. He is no longer on time for his appointments - for what visitor is so important that he cannot be left waiting? Even the Duke of Windsor had to cool his heels for an hour before the Fuehrer received him.

Hitler detests all diplomatic ceremony and flim-flammy. In his intimate circle he knows no greater pleasure than to mimic the various Ministers and Ambassadors. He can give better than professional imitations of Goebbels and Goering, and every time he visits the Marshal, he is forced to put on his act. One of his favorite victims was for a long time 'Phippsie', the former British Ambassador to Berlin who now resides in Paris. He could not stand this stubborn liberal and delighted in aping the manner in which Phippsie inserted his monocle with one hand while giving a tabloid version of the Hitler salute with the other.

At the same time, Hitler is hypersensitive to all attempts at ridiculing him. He flies into a rage at every caricature depicting him as a housepainter or as a little man gone mad. On the other hand, he is not at all disturbed when foreign cartoons show him as a God of War or a monster. He recently read in an American magazine that Germany owned 10,000 airplanes and that she manufactured 1,000 per month. 'What nonsense,' he exclaimed. 'But let them believe it!'

His high opinion of himself has increased considerably since the events of last September. When Chamberlain came to Berchtesgaden, Heinrich Hoffmannreceived orders to portray the reception on the flight of steps leading to Hitler's house in such a manner that the English Premier looked up to the Fuehrer. The whole Munich Conference vastly confirmed his Napoleon complex.

Hitler at Fifty

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Nevertheless, he has no true friends. It would be too dangerous for him because he is the constant center of palace intrigues. Since Roehm's death, he is no longer on 'thee and thou' terms with a single one of his associates. He is always surrounded by his bodyguards, members of the so-called 'Suicide Corps' who have taken an oath to kill themselves if Hitler is assassinated. They are all treated with great consideration. He never forgets a birthday and takes a deep interest in their private lives.

Since Dr. Schacht's retirement Hitler has become even more nervous and irritable than before. In the Wilhelmstrasse, the password always is: 'For heaven's sake, don't irritate the Fuehrer!' He is in a state of constant nervous tension and neglects himself physically. Sports are repulsive to him and he cannot even get himself to take a long walk. For some time he has tried to fight against a tendency to put on weight by daily massages and a rigid diet of nuts and raw fruit. When he marched into Czechoslovakia, he had all his pockets full of hazel nuts, and an officer in his entourage told a British reporter who remarked about this that the Fuehrer devoured tremendous quantities.

Apart from his diet, Hitler's habits are very irregular; sometimes he goes to bed between eleven and twelve o'clock, but often it is four o'clock in the morning. As a rule, all members of his household are required to stay up as late as he does, and to entertain him as best they can. Evenings at the Berghof usually begin with the showing of a motion picture and end with music. While everyone else takes wine and beer, he drinks only peppermint tea or a mixture of milk and chocolate, or, occasionally, a brand of beer brewed especially for him in Munich containing only one per cent of alcohol.

The only women in his household are his two sisters: Ida Raball and Paula Hitler. Everything that has been written about his alleged love affairs is untrue. He regards the sexual impulse as a human weakness and despises men who cannot master it. Nevertheless, he is lenient with his collaborators on this score if they are necessary to him or to the movement. Thus he has let Dr. Goebbels, who threatened to develop from a moving picture dictator to a formidable philanderer, stay in his post. His attitude does not prevent him from enjoying the company of pretty women. He likes young society girls, and he is particularly fond of the two blond grandchildren of Richard Wagner, who treat him like an old uncle. He likes their animated chatter and if he sits next to one of them, he pats her hand. But that is all.

Hitler at Fifty

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In his work, Hitler is just as irregular as he is in his life. He declines to read reports of Ministers and Ambassadors. When, in March 1936, Marshal von Blomberg urged him to read a document, Hitler replied: 'I am not interested in that report. I already know what it says.' One day later, the German army entered the Rhineland. The report which he rejected so disdainfully had contained a formal warning against this action and had assured him that France would immediately mobilize if the Treaty of Locarno were infringed.

The only documents which interest the Fuehrer are blueprints of buildings and military maps. Recently, he has sought the company of younger officers in order to become more familiar with the secrets of strategy. As an architect, however, he has assumed the leading role. The Reich Chancellery, which was recently opened was largely his own work.

Undoubtedly, he has sometimes has the gift of clairvoyance and the sensibility of a medium. But he is no spiritualist in spite of the premonitions which he has about his own fate. The main reason for the precipitate annexation of Czecho-Slovakia was that he believes he has only one or two more years to live. Each time a great decision has to be made, his intimates hear him say in a melancholy voice: 'We must hurry. My time is short.'

Axel HEYST
After Hitler

-1-

A psychologist can discover many links between Hitler and.....figures in Roman history. His raving promises in the presence of Sir Nevil ~~Chamberlain~~ Henderson that after the Polish campaign he would settle down as an artist are strikingly reminiscent of Nero's passion for music - he was as bad a musician as Hitler is painter - ~~and~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~.....Hitler considers himself essentially an artist who brings the resources of his intuition into the realities of life and succeeds because he perceived things which are hidden from the sight of the specialists. His hysterical outbursts, his persecution mania, and the intensity of his hatred remind one strongly of Caligula. He despises humanity as much as Tiberiushis solitary broodings in the face of Alpine precipices, his eyrie perched on top of a mountain call up a vision of the castle of Tiberius overhanging the cliffs of Capri.

p. 39/40, Heyst, After Hitler

Hitler is an orator and he lectures when he talks. He does not care for the point of view of his interlocutor and is shocked and dismayed when anyone dares to interrupt his train of thought. He is furious ~~xxxxxxxx~~ if his interlocutor fails to fall under the spell of his oratory and shows signs of disagreement. Hitler needs disciples and followers; never opponents. He can never tolerate an equal.

.....
This does not mean that Hitler never listens to anybody. He listens to his Gauleiters, and not only to those ones who want to flatter him by confirming his pet theories. He is too awake to the necessity of possessing good information to accept only favorable reports. Even if he rages at some reports which run counter to what he expects and upset his calculations, he can immediately perceive the value of the information supplied. After his fit of rage he will cool off and revise his plan. He is admirably pliable, and the dismy of a spoilt child, who cannot stand any resistance, is quickly replaced by a peasant cunning and shrewdness. Hitler is certainly.....a great 'accommodator' of ideas and can rapidly grasp the meaning of all ideas which might be useful to him. He is not a great reader despite the legend of his deep knowledge.....He reads chiefly newspapers or thrillers, but he can realize at once the value of any information. Then a moment of Hellseherr enables him to see the connection between the various elements involved. In this respect his imagination works like that of an artist.

pp. 42, Heyst, After Hitler

Heyst, After Hitler

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When Hitler speaks about the calamity of war and the possibility of the destruction of European culture, his words sound hollow. Typical of his feelings were his remarks to Sir Nevile Henderson when he advanced the childish argument that Japan would be the only power who would gain from a European war. This ridiculous argumentshows only how indifferent Hitler is to what may happen after the war. He feels no connection with European culture, and the fate of the Latin world leaves him cold. He cares only for Germany.....

p. 44, Heyst, After Hitler

Hitler.....is incapable of change, of/ casting off his past. He does not believe in transformation of a man's character and is essentially a believer in determinism. He does not know the grace of mercy and oblivion. He cannot rise above himself and smile at his own miseries and torments. He is unable to purify his gloomy self with self-irony and humour. He is condemned for life to wander within the precincts of his past fears, of his complexes and hatred, of his thirst for destruction.

p. 53, Heyst, After H.

.....Hitler is certainly not a gloomy and deadly serious monk. The myth tells us that his favorite music is Wagner's operas, but we know that several times in succession he saw Die lustige Witwe. Perhaps his subconscious liking tends rather to this operette than to the portentous and solemn music of Wagner. Maybe the whole "Wagnerkultus" is only a pose like many others.

p. 75, Heyst, After H.

.....I shall never forget a conversation in Berlin when the subject of Hitler's erotic life was being discussed. Somebody advanced the theory that Hitler was a homosexual. And then a German lady sighed and said in a languorous voice: "Mein Gott.....I have a son and he is a smart boy. I wonder if that story about the Fuehrer is true. I would have felt happy and proud...."

p. 77, Heyst, After H.

Heyst, After Hitler

-3-

Is Hitler himself a homosexual? His personal body-guard is chosen from among the finest-looking young men. They are splendid specimens of physique. Hitler likes to be surrounded by young people and he invites to Obersalzberg many young SS-Maenner. There are rumours of 'favourites' being chosen, but it is impossible to check such news.

More probable is another theory, advanced by some observers. They suspect that Hitler is an addict to the vice of masturbation.....

.....But there is also another theory....I remember that once in Berlin, while discussing the private life of the Fuehrer with a young woman from the cinema world I heard the statement: "Der Mann ist absolut hoerig."

p. 78, Heyst, After H.

As already pointed out, the whole atmosphere around Hitler is unhealthy. All those pagan festivities on the Venusberg in Munich and the proclaiming of a return to 'pure German nakedness'conceal many dark passages.

.....Hitler offers like an example of a man whose sexual impulses invade the whole domain of his activities.In his speeches we hear the suppressed voice of passion and longing which is taken from the language of love; he utters a cry of hate and vopultuousness, a spasm of violence and cruelty. All those tones and sounds are taken from the back-streets of the instincts; they remind us of dark impulses repressed too long. His imagination is tormented with pictures and ideas which afflict a man whose life is ridden with vice and cruel desires.

His speeches, those hysterical shrieks of an unbalanced man, are reminiscent of some African tom-tom. Their very monotony of abuse sounds like the drum of the African jungle. There is an atmosphere of the jungle about that man appealing to his tribe.....

Hitler's speeches witness an invasion of most secret and hidden impulses.....

....But there is no dignity about Hitler, although there is fear and gloomy solemnity.....

pp. 79/80, Heyst, After H.

Impossible manners.He brings with him into politics the odour of the Kaserne and Unteroffizier's brutality. His speeches are unique, in the record of modern diplomacy, in the richness of their abuse and sans gêne. But there is no charm in that sans gêne of Hitler, only a heavy Prussian spirit of pride and chauvinism.

It is astonishing how quickly this Austrian acquired Prussian slang.....

He did not acquire manners because he did not want

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them.The German Fuehrer did not learn anything.

....Hitler did not want to acquire culture or knowledge. He is convinced that manners can only spoil his instinctive powers and make him effeminate, whereas he should be strong and manly. Obsessed by the idea of virility and strength, he forces upon himself the picture of a robust, primitive German.....

....but....he knows how to be polite if that politeness brings profit. Manners - or what he believes to be manners - are to him perhaps the object of jealousy..... Hitlers feels uneasy in the presence of von Neurath, because he represents the doomed world of aristocracy. He is suspicious of these elements, although he is clever enough not to drop them.....

pp. 83/84, Heyst, After H.

Hitler has retained the habits of an artist and ~~the~~ Faulenzer.....Hitler is essentially lazy, but after his periods of laziness there come spasms of restless activity.....

.....
Hitler's main occupation consists of brooding and talking. He shapes his decision when reclining in a deck-chair or strolling on the sunny veranda of his Alpine home. He is fond of staying late in bed, but chiefly because he suffers from insomnia. He entertains his guests late because he is afraid of solitude during the hours of the night. Doubtless he is haunted by nightmares and terrible suspicions. He clings to the company of other people, although he is anxious not to admit that he does. He talks a good deal.....and talking is with him not only an inner monologue but a means of convincing himself again and again that he ~~is~~ is right. He seems to belong to that type of people who discovers new aspects and perspectives while talking.in his conversation - and they are very one-sided - he suddenly sees some new ~~aspect~~ point and develops it with apssionate interest.

In the evening he is more fond of listening, especially to music. When he cannot woo sleep, he summons young members of his bodyguard and asks them to tell stories. He is afraid to be left alone and the burden of his loneliness weighs heavily on his narrow shoulders. It is said that he is fond of reading all sorts of ~~thrillers~~ to 'kill the tedious hours of a sleepless night.

He is jealous of the originality of his ideas and plans. Therefore he doesnot want to read serious books which might contain 'his' ideas.....he is convinced that all the conclusions he arrives at are revelations of unusual value.

.....
He is lazy. Immediately after tearing up the Locarno Treaty, amidst the turmoil of international politics, ~~he~~

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he left for a steamer trip on the Elbe. He wanted to forget the effort made.....

Hitler knows how to relax and knows the importance of waiting in hiding.....

Hitler is lazy, but his is not a quiet life.....

He is outwardly lazy, but inwardly tormented and torn by doubts.....

pp . 84-87, Heyst, After H.

Certainly he is no more cautious about his personal security than before. He does not risk unnecessary flights by plane or frantic dashes by car.Years ago he was driven by the conviction that he would not die before his mission was achieved. Now ~~ix~~ he is anxious to perform his work in time.....

p. 87, Heyst, After H.

A reporter of international fame tells an illuminating story about his reception in Austria. When in Linz or Salzburg during his 'tour of liberation', he was surprised in his hotel by a young man who ran up the stairs and handed a bunch of flowers to his beloved Fuehrer. The youth dared to embrace Hitler and the victor was so perplexed that he did not know what to make of it.

p. 90, Heyst, After H.

Rothe Max

Die Siegesallee II. (Adolf Hitler)

Die Tat, XXI. Jahrg. 10. Heft, Diedrichs in Jena; Jan 1930, pp. 78 f.

.....Hitler selbst ist durch seine Gegner gross geworden.Der Mann ist ja stehengeblieben, die Sache ist gewachsen, ihm ueber den Kopf gewachsen.

....Wenn man die 746 Seiten Autobiographie hinter sich gebracht hat, ~~man~~ weiss man, der Mann tut keiner Fliege etwas. Den Beweis dafuer hat er im Jahre 1923 erbracht.Der ruhefordernde Pistolenschuss im 8. November im Puergerbraeukeller ging in die Decke anstatt als Schuss des Schreckens vor die Fuesse der Herren Kahr, Lossow, und Seisser.Hitler etwa feige? Weiss Gott nicht. Weiss Gott nicht, der Mann rauft sich bestimmt glaenzend, Er treibt Sport, ist Anhaenger des Boxens. Aber....er ist weich! Eines voraus: an Hitler sind ueber keine "schlechten" Eigenschaften. Der Mann ist gut, hat eine reine Weste, wie selten ein Politiker in Deutschland. Da gibts keine schmutzigen Geldsachen, keine Weibergeschichten, keinen Ideenknick. Bei dem Menschen ist immer alles geradlinig gewesen.

.....Der grosse Mann waehlt sich seine Umgebung und seine Leute selbst, ihn, den weichen, redebegabten Oesterreicher aber stellen einige Leute als Spitzenreiter auf. Und beim ersten Galopp kann er den Gaul nicht mehr halten....fliegt aus dem Sattel.

Aber auch diese einsame Festungshaft.....ist fuer ihn zu tragen zu gross. Auch hier wird er nervoes, die Proportionen verschieben sich, er wird nicht groesser mit dem Schicksal, er "rechnet ab", nicht mit sich selbst, ~~mit~~ sondern mit den andern.

....Die Einsamkeit schlug ihn zusammen. Er wurde egozentrisch, monoman. Die Saat, die seine Umgebung....vor dem November 1923 in ihn gelegt hatte.....das ihm durch Servilitaet beigebrachte Gefuehl, Fuehrer, gross u und ueberragend zu sein, einen "Kopf" zu haben, wo es nur ein Kehlkopf war, ging leider auf. Er war nicht mehr der "Trommler".....er machte sich zum "kommenden Mann".....

Norbert, Richard: Is Hitler married?
 Sat. Eve Post. 212:14, 15. December 14, 1939.

1

Editor's Note: The materials of this article came to us from sources inside Germany which we have always found dependable.

(Dec. 16, 1939) ... on the closing days of last August the object of his affections—a blond Bavarian girl named Eva Helen Braun—moved in to Hitler's official residence in Berlin, the great Chancellery on Wilhelmstrasse. There she occupies the honored position of typical German Hausfrau in the Hitler ménage, and there she conducts herself as if she were the wife of the Nazi dictator. And despite the fact that the eyes of the whole world have been focussed on that ~~MAJ~~ building in Berlin, the arrival of the girl from Munich escaped publicity.

However, whatever Hitler's international reputation may be, he has selected a thoroughly conventional wife. Against a background of wars and revolts, bloody conquests and brutal suppressions, Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun have carried on their colorless little love affair for a decade, experiencing the petty trials and the small pleasures of some suburban household and his intended bride.

And campaigns and conquests, Hitler has been compelled to take time out to suit the feelings of Eva's family because they ~~MAJ~~ felt he had compromised her reputation.

Eva Braun is the daughter of Herr Doktor Josef Xavier Braun, who possessed the German ranking of Studienrat. Until his recent retirement, he was a professor in a junior college. Evi—as she is called by all her friends—was born in Munich nearly twenty-eight years ago, the second of three daughters. Her earliest memories are the bad years of the last war, with its hunger blockade, which starved German children, and the subsequent inflationary period, which impoverished her ~~own~~ family and the whole German middle class. Evi was given a modest education during these difficult years, but when she was seventeen she had to find work.

Like many members of the German intellectual class, Evi was interested in art, but her family felt that her talent was too slight to offer much prospect of earning a living from painting or design. Instead it was arranged that Evi should be apprenticed to Munich photographer Heinrich Hoffmann, who was an acquaintance of the Braun family. When Evi went into Hoffmann's studio, she took her first step toward the lofty eminence which she occupies today. For Heinrich Hoffmann was more than a photographer. He was a faithful believer in the new political movement then spreading over Germany. He talked so much to his apprentice about National Socialism and its leader Adolf Hitler, that the young girl decided to accompany him one night to hear this great man. She was then converted to Nazism and told her family about Der Fuehrer.

The Braun family was typical of the conservative middle class of the period, a class which did so much to establish Hitler's regime. They were suspicious of German republicanism, and when they heard Hitler's promise to revive Germany's greatness, they were impressed and they believed. After attending some Nazi meetings, Doctor Braun encouraged his daughter to attend other meetings and assist Hoffmann in the photography connected with the Nazi movement.

Some meetings were arranged in other cities outside of Munich, and Hoffmann and Evi followed Hitler. The girl wasn't then—and isn't now—politically blinded. She simply shared Hoffmann's faith in Hitler's destiny, and to this she added, from the depths of her own warm personal kindness, sympathy for the essential loneliness which she recognized in Hitler.

Norbert, Richard: Is Hitler married. Sat. Eve. Post. 212:pp14, 15.

Norbert, Richard: Is Hitler married?
 Sat. Eve. Post. 212, December 16, 1937.

2.

Before many weeks passed, Evi was accepted as a member of the inner circle of Hitler worshippers, and for ten years she has retained that place, and during all those years she never stepped into the limelight. It became vaguely understood after a time that someday when Hitler "had loved his historic mission to release Germany from the curse of Versailles" and Evi would be married. Meanwhile, Evi was content to remain in the shadows.

Hitler enjoys nothing so much as talking about his early years of struggle. His eyes light up whenever the subject is mentioned, and the girl shares those memories. Not long ago she said to a friend, "It was more fun then, when we were struggling for power. I often sat up for half a night, talking with other politicians, a dressing, less meetings, celebrating victories, and in between, sometimes we could slip off for little picnics in the woods. But nowadays we can never forget when Adolf has come to meet his people."

Evi's attractiveness for Hitler, as for all his friends, consists in her shyness and simple gaiety. She has a sense of humor, a quick smile and is always ready for a good time. When she speaks of the fun they used to have, she thinks of such things as visits to the Hotel Dreesen at Godesburg. The owner of the hotel, Herr Dreesen, was an early supporter of the Nazi movement and was always glad to offer hospitality to Hitler's inner group. In those days Hitler wasn't the strict teetotaler he's since become, and he joined his friends in sampling that novelty to many Germans-American cocktails. Dreesen taught Evi how to mix her own cocktails. Three cocktails that she thus created are still ordered by Nazi leaders when they visit the hotel Dreesen. One is known as Eva Helen, another was named for her dog, Puffy, and the third, with a sharp sting to it, was called H., after Heinrich Himmler, the Gestapo chief. And then, after cocktails, Evi would play her accordion and sing the wildly risqué Bavarian drinking songs of her birthplace.

But all that seems long ago. Today, Evi considers her accordion undignified and plays only the mandolin. And she sings songs of different kind. Hitler never drinks now, and doesn't like Evi to drink, so she seldom touches cocktails. During the earlier days, when Hitler and his group were perpetually traveling around Germany, Evi was chartered by Frau Himmler or some other Nazi leader's wife. When she stayed in Berlin she lived with her older sister, who is married to a Berlin dentist. It was understood that Hitler enjoyed having Evi in his entourage, and she remained always near him, ready to divert him with talk on anything and everything—except politics. Chiefly she shared his enthusiasm for art. They bought expensive art books and studied them together. Evi kept up her photography and he was interested in her camera experiments.

When the Nazis finally achieved undisputed power over Germany, one of the first things Hitler did was obtain a house for Evi in a fashionable district in Munich. It was listed in the directory under her own name: "Wasserburgerstrasse 12, Telephone 180074." The Nazis considered it a natural that Evi's years of faithful service should thus be rewarded, and her relationship to Hitler remained undefined. Many of Hitler's friends hoped he might be inveigled into marrying some girl of their own families or acquaintances. A leading Nazis introduced one attractive girl after another, hoping thus to reinforce their own influence with the Fuehrer, but, although Hitler seemed pleased with their flattering attention, he showed no preference for any of them. Thus gradually building up the reputation of being totally disinterested in women.

Norbert, Richard: Is Hitler married? Sat. Eve. Post. 212, p. 11.

Norburt, Richard: Is Hitler married ?
 Sat. Eve. Post, 212 pp. 14, 15, December 16, 1939.

3.

One reason why Evi kept out of the limelight is her inconspicuous appearance. She is of medium height, reaching to Hitler's ear, and is a typical blonde of South Germany. She once tried bleaching her hair into a fashionable platinum hue, but Hitler didn't like it. She wears it in a rather long bob, but not of exaggerated Hollywood length. Her eyes are grayish blue and her complexion unremarkable. She uses little, if any, make-up. UNTIL LAST SUMMER SHE had no particular interest in clothes, and in general she looks like and acts so much like thousands of other unassuming, rather dowdy German girls that she would never stand out in a crowd. Perhaps her most conspicuous feature is her frequent and attractive smile.

No photograph of Evi ever has appeared in Germany, to date, and those which were published in the United States this fall were smuggled out of Germany. Evi's old employer, Heinrich Hoffmann, has seen to the suppression. Hoffmann has become the official Nazi photographer and he supervises the distribution of all pictures containing Hitler and other chieftains.

As the years passed it became gradually accepted in Nazi circles that Evi was Hitler's fiancée. When they were together in Hitler's mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden, he openly held her hand in the presence of their friends, and she began referring to him as her betrothed. He gave her many gifts of valuable jewelry, which she wears occasionally without ostentation. He also built for Evi a small house adjoining his own great estate at Berchtesgaden, and made a point of paying for this with his own money instead of ordering it from party funds. Although in time many people in Germany understood that Evi was engaged to Hitler, they avoided public discussion of the matter. The Nazi leader desired this matter to remain private, and those who knew most about Evi were those least inclined to talk about her. She rarely made a public appearance, except at art exhibitions or theater festivals, when she was sometimes pointed out by old Munich friends or the pretty, ambitious young women who had tried to replace her in Hitler's affections. But Evi's appearance remained so utterly inconspicuous that she never attracted much attention.

Engagements extending over several years are difficult for any girl, and the situation became particularly strained for Evi. Personally, she was willing to accept cheerfully Hitler's decision that he couldn't marry until his mission was completed and he could retire from public life. But by the beginning of 1938 Evi's family began to insist that her good name was being compromised, and they urged her to ask Hitler to set a date for the wedding. Evi mentioned the matter to Hitler, but by that time his mind was full of plans for annexing Austria, and he rather impatiently reminded her that he must complete his mission first.

His attitude somewhat distressed Evi, and the family began to suspect—as all the world was also beginning to suspect at that time—that Hitler's historic mission "was an endless process. So the family continued to impress upon Evi the importance of persuading Hitler to recognize her position formally. Evi isn't jealous by nature, but she couldn't help observing that Hitler was meeting Germany's lost beautiful and talented women and that they were throwing themselves at his head.

Norburt, Richard: Is Hitler married ? Sat. Eve Post 212 p 58.

Norburt, Richard: Is Hitler married ?
Sat. Eve. Post. 212, p. 58, December 16, 1939.

4.

When Hitler entered Vienna in the triumphal procession, following Anschluss, one automobile in his retinue was filled with women, wives of leading members of the party. Among them sat Evi. She wasn't very happy. Hitler had achieved a great triumph, but politics absorbed him to the exclusion of everything else. It was on his trip to Vienna that she rather awkwardly struck up a flirtation with the handsomest young man in Hitler's bodyguard, hoping thus to attract Hitler's attention. But he was so flushed with triumph that he failed to notice either Evi or the embarrassed youth.

After their return to Berlin, however, Hitler tried to placate Evi and her family. He personally gave orders that Evi should receive the salute reserved for the highest dignitaries, and Hitler added, "Make the salute snappy." This personal order was widely quoted in Nazi circles and the tag, "Make it snappy," has become a Nazi byword. At about the same time, Hitler told Evi she must cease driving about alone in her car, and assigned his bodyguards, in black-and-silver uniforms, to accompany her everywhere.

The salute and bodyguards didn't satisfy Evi's family for long. In particular, they became distressed to note, that Hitler was showing great attention to the opera singer Marguerite Slezak, daughter of the popular German singer and movie star, Leo Slezak. Fraeulein Slezak isn't young, and her figure is that of the traditional Wagnerian prima donna, but Hitler was much impressed by her tremendous vitality and quick mind, and he invited her to the Chancellery with increasing frequency.

In fact, Fraeulein Slezak saw so much of Hitler that some of his best friends, including Heinrich Hoffmann, became anxious. They felt that her influence upon Hitler—who is particularly susceptible to flattery from artists, musicians and dancers—was becoming too strong. (So they took) to... musical comedies, a form of entertainment, new to him...

....Evi's own dancing ability is limited to the rhythmic dances which were in vogue in Germany years ago. When swing music crossed the Atlantic, Evi took up that style of dancing with great enthusiasm (what may have meant the end of swing in Germany). It so happened that one evening when Evi was in Munich and Hitler in Berlin, he tried to get her by telephone all evening, not succeeding until very late. He asked her where she had been, and she told him she had been out swinging it. By a strange coincidence, an official order banning the new importation was issued almost immediately.

After (his) great triumph... Hitler showed began meeting... sophisticated women, while Evi, who had always relied upon her youthful freshness, faded into the background. She was then twenty-six years old and (began)... to reveal the Bavarian tendency toward stoutness. She worried about that and began dieting and taking slimming medicines. Her family's apprehensions added to her own depressed spirits until she became quite despondent.

One night she attempted to commit suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping tablets. It was a half-hearted attempt, like her flirtation in Vienna, but it served its purpose. Hitler visited her several times while she was convalescing, was warmly affectionate and made her promise that she would never again try anything of that sort.

Norburt, Richard: Is Hitler married ? Sat. Eve Post 212, pp. 58, 59.

Norbert, Richard: Is Hitler married ?
 Sat. Eve. Post. 212, p. 5. December 16, 1939.

5.

...last summer, when friends arranged...a birthday party for Evi at Munich, Hitler himself was prevented by state business from attending the festivities, but he sent Evi a large valuable emerald ring and assigned a private airplane to take Evi's school chum, Frau Zech-Ballott, and Evi's married sister from Berlin to the party.

Through all the years of his love affair with Evi, Hitler's problem has been to reconcile marriage with that ideal of a great ascetic leader which he had built up for himself. When Mussolini visited Germany in 1937 Hitler was much impressed by the virility of the older man, while Mussolini, for his part, was not at all impressed by Hitler's austerity. (Mussolini)...in a heart-to-heart talk, is reported to have told Hitler that he should appear more human....A year before his meeting with Mussolini, Hitler, addressing a Nazi women's organization at Nuremberg, had declared "I should love nothing more dearly than a family. My work is almost done, but it is not yet complete. When I feel I have accomplished my historical mission, I intend then to enjoy the private life, which I have hitherto denied myself."

But when the Schwarze Korps newspaper echoed these words in a - gulatory poem published this year in honor of Hitler's birthday, Hitler was very displeased. He told Himmler that he did not want to pose as an ascetic saint who was sacrificing his life for the Fatherland, and would rather be regarded as a good fellow than as a sissy.During those fateful days last August (everything irritated him, but he had another and private source of irritation which wasn't known outside his immediate circle. Evi's family had chosen that historical moment to insist upon clearing up Hitler's relationship with her. When Evi dutifully journeyed to Salzburg to remain close to her betrothed, she was chaperoned by an entire auto load of female relations. (they were...concerned...about the good name of Evi Braun. It seemed to them...necessary to regularize Evi's position immediately. Some sort of family decision was made at Salzburg or shortly thereafter. Did Hitler agree to a secret marriage then, or did the Braun family finally accept the notion that the position of consort to Germany's Fuehrer is sufficiently honorable for any woman? (Anyhow)...when Hitler returned from Salzburg he ordered part of his personal suite in the Chancellery prepared for Evi's use, and she promptly moved in.

There in that huge new palace Evi Braun lives very much the same life she has always lived. (But after the outbreak of the war) Evi no longer uses the two swank Horch automobiles which Hitler gave her, painted ivory white outside and upholstered in Royal Blue leather. ...instead. (she rides) in one of the first miniature People's Cars, also finished in ivory and blue.

Her chief interest is still in art of one sort or another. She has nimble fingers and her latest hobby is making rag dolls out of scraps of materials; also dogs and more fantastic animals. She has scores of those hanging about in her new room in the Chancellery now. She also devotes much attention to her Hitler photograph album. For ten years she has been taking pictures of Hitler, mounting the best of them in one great album. Last summer for the first time in her life, Evi began to show a serious interest in clothes. She is pleased with the short-skirt style, as she is conscious that her own legs are decidedly good-looking, and now she is designing her own dresses. Evi always has delighted in cooking for Hitler whenever she had the opportunity, and now that she lives in the Chancellery she still insists

Norbert, Richard: Is Hitler married ? Sat. Eve. Post. 212, p. 59.

Norburt, Richard: Is Hitler married?
 Sat. Eve. Post. 212. p. 59, December 16, 1939.

6.

upon going into the vast kitchen of the official residence, staffed by the best cooks in Germany. Hitler is very fond of Viennese pastry and has one cook who makes nothing else. This cook hasn't welcomed Evi's contribution in making Apfelstrudel for Hitler. Since the Nazi Dictator eats no meat, he likes fruits and vegetables, and Evi enjoys creating new salads, just as she once exercised her ingenuity in mixing new cocktails. Hitler also favors Evi's special Thuringian potato dumplings.

Evi cares little for reading, but she takes good care of her personal library, which consists chiefly of two hundred volumes of detective stories. She has pasted her own bookplate into each volume and keeps them neatly arranged on shelves in her own room. Her other reading at present is limited to Hitler's speeches, because she is copying choice passages from these into a blank book with parchment pages and a pigskin binding. This beautiful book is to be her present to Hitler on his next birthday, and she has enlisted the principal Nazi leaders to help her select noteworthy passages, which she inscribes in elaborate old German black letters. Unconsciously, she may thus be creating a new Nazi bible to replace Mein Kampf, which has become sadly out of date.

It is a tribute to Eva Braun that never to this day, in all the atmosphere of unscrupulous ambition and intrigue which surrounds Hitler, has she made any personal enemies in the party. She has never used her influence to promote her friends, and the only member of her family, who has received a job through her recommendation is her younger sister Grotl, who succeeded Evi as Hoffmann's assistant. Since the outbreak of war... Hitler is talking politics with her. He seems to find relief in discussing his problems with her, and Evi does more than meekly listen.... (The German minister to Denmark and Hitler walked in the garden) and were joined by Evi, and Hitler's guards were amazed to see her actively participating in this sober conversation.

Of course, European intelligence services have long known about the relationship between Evi and Hitler, and there was a period of a few days just before war broke out when it was hoped that relationship might have international importance. When Hitler announced... that he had appointed Goering as his successor... and was more interested in art than in politics, it seemed possible that Hitler was looking forward to early retirement.... he might assume the... presidency... willing to sacrifice himself for peace... The mood soon passed....

.... Today it is believed in Berlin that Hitler has decided to combine his career and his private life as best he may, and nothing but defeat can persuade him to abandon his self-appointed mission to make Germany the dominant country in Europe.

Norburt, Richard: Is Hitler married? Sat. Eve. Post. 212. p. 59. p. 60.
 December 16, 1939.

Olden, Rudolf; Hitler. 1935.

1.

Umso oeffter aber spricht Hitler von "kraftstrotzenden jungen Maennern" und von "ihren schoenen Koerpern". enn er zu Frauen redet, schwärmt er ihnen vor von den "strammen und dtadellosen jungen Spaetenmaennern, nur in Hosen, mit nacktem Oberkoerper" (Auch sie, die nation:sozialistischen Frauen, muessten jetzt sagen, -es ist im dritten Jahr der Diktatur, -: es waechst hier fuer ein gesundes, herrliches Geschlecht heran!)

Olden, Rudolf; Hitler. 1935. p. 163.

Hitler zu einer Entscheidung zu bringen, ist die denueber schwerste Aufgabe. Das wusste man inner schon in der Partei, spaeter weiss man es auch in der Reichsregierung. ndlich lernen die fremden Kabinette es verstehen.

Ist das so bei dem freien Hitler, so steigerte sich die Entschlussschwierigkeit in der Gefangenschaft. In Briefen wie in Unterredungen war kein klares Ja oder Nein von ihm zu erreichen. Er polemisierte gegen Das, was er geschehen liess. Wenn er nachher ueber Das schimpfen konnte, was andere getan hatten, so war seinem galligen Gemuetszustand am besten Genuege getan.

Roehm tut sich in seinen Lebenserinnerungen Zwang an, nur mit offenkundigem Respekt von dem Fuehrer zu sprechen. Aber er kann nicht um hin, zum Beispiel mitzuteilen, er habe Hitler Vortrag gehalten "Ohne auf Widerspruch zu stossen". Oder er sagt: "Ich fuehlte, dass es ihm in seiner Abgeschiedenheit schwer wurde, einen Entschluss zu fassen." Andere Unterfuehrer machten dieselben Erfahrungen. Da keinem ein klares Wort gesagt wurde, missten sie auf eigene Faust handeln.

Olden, Rudolf; Hitler. 1935. pp. 164, 165.

Hitler war nun aus der Festung entlassen, er soll endlich sagen, was mit dem Parteimilitaer werden wird. Aber er kann sich wieder nicht entschliessen.

Er zeigt sich ueberhaupt nicht mehr, Bei einer Fuehrerbesprechung, die auf dem fraenkischen Schloss des Grafen Helldorff stattfindet, ist seine Anwesenheit dringend notwendig. Aber, ersaeht Roehm, "Der Versuch, Hitler in einem Kraftwagen von Bayreuth herbeizuholen, missglueckte, da Hitler nicht aufzufinden war." Das ist ein Trick, den der Fuehrer noch oft anwenden wird: wenn die Situation peinlich wird, versteckt er sich.

Olden, Rudolf; Hitler; 1935. p. 168.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1. 75

2.

Einer der klügsten Kritiker Hitler aus seinem eigenen Lager, der Schriftsteller Herbert Blank, hat der Festanghaft einen tragischen Bruch im Charakter des Parteiführers zugeschrieben.

Blank beginnt um das Jahr 1930 an Hitler zu zweifeln. Als er Leben und Taten seines Idols zurückverfolgt, findet er, dass die Haft ihn gebrochen hat.

Der Kritiker hat sich seine Aufgabe allzuleicht gemacht. Er hatte sonst festgestellt, dass der Parteiführer nie von so fruch anerkannten Grundsätzen abgewichen ist, dass er immer mit den staerksten Mitteln durchzusetzen wollte, dass er von Beginn an ein "Revolutionär" gegen die Revolution war, ein Verehrer und Agent der Macht.

Darum bedeutet die Haft nur eine Unterbrechung seiner Laufbahn, keine Verwandlung seines Wesens.

Im Gegenteil, in der Periode, die ihr folgte, hat sich sein politisches Talent am erstaunlichsten bewahrt, obwohl sie die geringsten Erfolge fuer seine Partei aufweist.

Bis zum Schluss hat ihn die Welle des nationalen Ungluecks getragen, und die Reichswahr hat ihn gestuetzt.

Später wird ihn das epochale Ereignis der ungeheuren Arbeitslosigkeit erschüttern und grus machen.

Seine beste Leistung aber ist, dass er in der Stressmanperiode, in den Jahren des wachsenden Wohlstandes und der internationalen Versoemung, nicht untergegangen ist. Als er am kleinsten schien, hatte er die schwerste Aufgabe zu erfuellen.

Die Situation, der Adolf Hitler zu Anfang des Jahres 1925 gegenüberstand, ist kaum ungünstiger denkbar. Deutschland ist auf dem Wege zur Ordnung, die ultranationalistische Sache ein Chaos. Das Verhalten ist kein Zufall. Die nationale Revolution kann nicht gedeihen, wenn der Staat gedeiht. Sie ist ein Symptom der allgemeinen Krankheit.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1. 75. pp. 170, 171, 172.

Hitler ist weit entfernt davon, irrationalsinnig zu sein. Wenn er es manchmal zu sein scheint, so sind das Intervalle. Und es ist mit ihnen, wie mit den Durchbruch des Unbewussten, mit der Ekstase oder mit den Vornanfaellen: Solche Augenblicksereignisse sind bewusst und gewollt. Im Allgemeinen hat er einen ausserordentlich entwickelten Sinn fuer die Realitaet der Machtverteilung.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1. 75. p. 175.

Umso groesser ist die Leistung Hitlers, der sich die scheinbar Undisziplinierbaren unterwirft. Die voelkischen Gruppen Norddeutschlands bringen einander um, zerfallen, verschwinden. Die nationalsozialistische Partei bleibt bestehen. Noch erstaunlicher scheint sein Erfolg, da er das staerkste persoennliche Vorurteil gegen sich hat: ist er doch der Sueddeutsche, der Bayer, der Oesterreicher.

Er ist sensibel bis zum Ekelerregen, "schreibt einer seiner nationalsozialistischen Kritiker aus dem Norden, "und pendelt in seinen Stimmungen zwischen Grunzig und dem Prater, mit einer Sprunghaftigkeit, die seine Norddeutschen Mitarbeiter nie wagen werden laesst. Bezeichnend, dass wenig Blonde in seiner Umgebung sind. Aber der Hauch alter Kultur, der immer noch aus dem alten Oestreich herueberweht, umschleiert ihn, laesst ihn ueber Menschen siegen, die haerter sind als er. Er kann die ganze Skala herunterspielen, vom "guten Jungen"; der seiner muetterlichen Freundin Bechstein etwas patschig die Hand kuesst wo fuer sie ihr und ihrer Klavierfabrik Vermoegen seiner Sache geopfert hat, bis zum zartbesaiteten, philosophisch getraenkten Kuenstler, den das Leben Wunden schlaegt."

Und so fort. "Trotz Schmollen, Laecheln, Weichheit, "ja nicht selten Traenendie den Freund-Feind erweichen sollen.

Aber er verfuegt auch ueber die Imperatorische Geste. Ein Gauleiter hatte ihm Byzantinismus und uebertriebenen Luxus vorgeworfen. Er donnert: "Ich lasse mir keine Vorschriften machen, wenn ich mit meiner Nichte oder sonst jemandem im Auto irgendwohin fahre. Das geht die Bewegung nichts an. Ich habe von der Partei kein Gehalt!" Der halb-abtruennige Parteigenosse, der die Szene mitteilt, empfaengt einen tiefen Eindruck.

Ein anderer fruehrer Parteigenosse, Otto Strasse, beschreibt: "Ein Taktiker ist, er, von grossen Format. Mit Fingerspitzengefuehl, wie eine Frau. Mit allen Requisiten der Menschenbehandlung, wie ein Schauspieler. Mit einer allglattnen Wendigkeit und oeligen Vieldeutigkeit, wie ein Hofmann alter Schule! - Da laechelt er gewinnend, schaut treuhersig, merkiert Traenen, -es gibt wohl keine interne Verhandlung, in der Hitler nicht diesen Trumpf versucht, um ploetzlich in wuetendes Schimpfen, drohendes Toben ueberzugehen, wenn er sich davon mehr Eindruck verspricht.

Wieder ein anderer, der eine Zeit lang ein wichtiger Mann in der Partei war, Arthur Dinter, schildert: "Wer sich dem Fuehrer naehert, wird durch seine Kaelte und Brutalitaet zurueckgestossen. Das ist ein berechnender Despagog, der jede Geste vor dem Spiegel studiert, dem jedes Mittel recht ist, um die Massen zu betruegen, der sich an seiner Eitelkeit berauscht.

Aber wir wissen, dass er keineswegs nur brutal und kalt ist. Im Gegenteil, er kann herrlich sein, wie selten Einer. Und seine besondere Note ist harmlose Vergnuegtheit, Naivitaet, Jungenhaftigkeit.

Vom sentimental und brutalen Hitler hat schon der General von Lossow gesprochen.

"Divide et Impera" ist seine Devise in der Parteifuehrung. Es ist wahr: er sieht es lieber, wenn die Unterfuehrer nicht allzu vertraut und kameradschaftlich zu einander stehen. Ja, er hat es gern, wenn sie versankt sind. Umso mehr bedeutet seine Schiedrichterschaft.

Aber er beeilt sich keineswegs, sie auszuüben.

In Parteigenosse schreibt: Bei den Hitlerleuten liebt keiner den Nachbarn. Eifersucht, Hass, Neid, persönliche Interessen dominieren. Niemand hat das Recht, die Parteiführung zu kritisieren, wenn er nicht zur Tuer hinausgeworfen werden will."

Ein ganz Parteioffiziöser Schriftsteller, Czech-Jochberg, ein Lobredner von Beruf, gesteht: "Verbindet Freundschaft dieser Männer mit Hitler? Ich glaube nein! Nicht Freundschaft wenigstens im Sinn der Alltags..."

Hitler hat auch nichts gegen kleine Fehler bei den Unterführern. In Gaulleiter, der ueber den Durst trinkt, der die Frauen der Parteigenossen beschlaeft, dessen Abrechnungen nicht stimmen, so ein Mann mit einem Flecken ist ihm nicht peinlich. Wenn das Interesse eines SA-Fuehrers zu den jungen Soldaten allzu warm ist, - der Parteidiktator zieht ueber Menschlichkeiten hinweg, er hoert von ihnen, er kommt sicher schweigt. Aber sein Schweigen spricht deutlich genug zu dem, den es angeht. "Der Draht geht nur bis zu mir, ruetzt er selbst einmal. Das heisst, er erfahrt alles. Aber er gibt sein Wissen nicht weiter, er bewahrt es.

Sto Strasser behauptet geradezu, er habe eine "Abneigung gegen alle innerlich gefestigten, selbstsicheren Menschen und dementsprechend eine Vorliebe fuer labile, unausgeglichenen... Menschen".

Da ist es nicht merkwuerdig, dass ein Abtruenniger, der Kapitaen von Luecke, der Held der Ayscha, zornig ausruft: "Die v. Weische Partei ist nicht mehr die Partei der anstaendigen Leute, sie ist herunter gekommen und korrupt. Kurz, das ist ein Saustall."

Bald gelingt es dem Fuehrer, geheimnisvolle Schleier um sich zu ziehen, sich in ein interessantes Dunkel zu huellen. Er ist nicht zu sprechen. Der Privatssekretar Hess bedauert. Aber der Fuehrer schreibt an einem Buch ueber Kunst. Gelegentlich ist er, wie Roehm klagt, nicht zu finden. Einmal ist einem Beschwerdefuehrer nach unendlichen Bemuehungen eine Unterredung zugesagt. Schon sitzt er mit dem Unerreichbaren an einem Wirtshaustisch. Da muss Hitler austreten und kommt nie wieder. Zufall oder Lokalkenntnis hat ihm einen zweiten Ausgang geboten.

Den "Parteipapst" nannte ihn der Graf Reventlow grollend. Darin liegt vieles: die Abneigung gegen das Oesterreichische, gegen das Katholische und gegen das Diktatorische. Aber noch mehr: gegen die Feierlichkeit, mit der Hitler sich umgibt, gegen das Ritual, das sich um ihn entwickelt.

Aber der Graf ist zu klug, um sich auf die Dauer an Aeusserlichkeiten zu stossen. Spaeter unterwirft er sich und schreibt: "Er hat bewiesen, dass er fuehren kann."

Bei Andern heisst Hitler "der grosse Manitou". Das ist ein geheimnisvoller Indianergott. Der Name ist eine Zeit lang populaeer unter der Parteijugend. Er ist spoettisch gemeint, ist eine Abwehr gegen das zeremonioese Gebaren, das sich wie ein Wall um die Person des Partiefuehrers legt, gegen den wachsenden Abstand, den er von der Schicht der Unterfuehrer, der Parteifunktionaere, Redakteure, SA-Offiziere nimmt. Aber der Spott bedeutet weniger als Respekt und Verehrung, die sich mit dem Abstand steigern.

"Was die Masse wuenscht, ist der Sieg des Staerkeren und die Vernichtung des Schwachen oder seine bedingungslose Unterwerfung."

Hitler erlebt an seiner Partei, wie richtig seine These ist.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935

Diese Ketter (Agitatoren) Deutschlands haben den unersetzlichen Vorteil vor Berufstätigen, dass sie gehorchen müssen; denn sie leben von der Partei. Nicht gut natürlich, so billig ist auch jetzt das Geld nicht. Aber je weniger sie bekommen, desto fester hängen sie an der Strippe.

Um sich an sich zu fesseln, übt Hitler seine Freigebigkeit die viele Despoten vor ihm als nützlich erprobt haben. Im deutschen Parteileben war sie bisher nicht gebräuchlich. Er verschwendet Geld, zahlt Schulden, rettet Leichtsinnige aus Gläubigerhänden und argen Verlegenheiten. Das geschieht scheinbar nach Laune, systemlos, niemand kann mit der Hilfe des Führers rechnen. So hält er nicht wenige Existenzen in der Hand, von Geretteten wie von Hoffenden.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. pp. 184, 185.

Hitler ist ein großer Herr geworden, schwer erreichbar und der selten mit einem Unterführer spricht, noch seltener mit ihm diskutiert. Er liebt sein Landhaus in den Bergen. Er zeichnet Pläne für den Parteipalast, den er baut. Er hat seine Anfälle, in denen er, schaum vorm Mund, gegen Mitarbeiter, Angestellte, sogar gegen Diener tobt. Er braucht dann Stille, um seine Depressionen zu überwinden. Er hört Wagneroper, die seine Stimmung erhöhen. Er fährt tagelang im Auto durch Deutschland, versonnen die Landschaft genießend; plötzlich geschieht es, dass er aus der Versunkenheit erwacht, aus dem Wagen springt mit der Milferdpelzschelle, die ihn nie verlässt, irgend eine feindliche Erscheinung verfolgt. Gleichgewicht des Gemüts ist ihm nicht eigen. Was ihm an Zeit und Nervenkraft bleibt, benötigt er, um für die Finanzierung der Partei zu sorgen. Der mit allen Fasern ergebene Hess steht wie ein riesiger Haremswächter vor dem Tor des Herrn, seine Ruhe zu schützen.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. p. 201.

Adolf Hitler war kein guter Soldatenvater. Getreulich hat man von der Armee die Bestimmung übernommen, dass kein SA-Mann "unter Umgehung des Dienstweges" bei einer höheren Stelle Be-schwerde führen darf. Der direkte Zugang zu dem "Parteipapst" ist also verschlossen. Aber ebensowenig hörte man in München auf die Warnung der Unterführer.

In Berlin kommandierte der "Josef-Ost", Stennes, Kriegsgeliebter, Polizeihauptmann a. D. einer der unzähligen Landsknechte dieser Zeit. Aber auch ein so wichtiger Mann, der Truppen von der Stärke einer Division in der Hand hat, kann es nicht erreichen, gehört zu werden.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. p. 208.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935.

6.

Rudolf Hess hustet allzu eifervoll die Tuer der Fuehrers. Also neuterte auch Stennes. Er gruendete ein Blatt, das den Namen trug: "Arbeiter, Bauern, Soldaten". Er rief zum Kampf gegen die "Boszen" auf. Einen Augenblick glaubte man an den Abfall Nordostdeutschlands. Goebbels schwankt, nicht zum ersten und nicht zum letzten Mal, auf welche Seite er sich schlagen soll.

So gross ist der Triumph Hitlers.

Er eilt herbei. Er tobt, schreit, faellt in Zuckungen. Dann ~~sinkt~~ rafft er sich zusammen, fasst von einer racheigen Kneipe zur andern, wo die Leutener massig herumsitzen. Ist er ein Fuehrer? Sicher ist sein Vorfuhrerkunst ungebrochen. Er spricht, er verspricht, er fleht, er dagt den nahen Sieg an, er malt die Zukunft in rosigen Farben, er weint, er schluchzt. Er gibt Geld. Und er ruehrt die Herzen der rauhen Burschen. Im Abend und eine Nacht genuegen, um den Anschlag abzuwehren. Goering reinigt im Auftrag Hitlers die noerdlichen Parteigange von unzufriedenen Elementen. Die SA kehrt zu ihrer Pflicht zurueck.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935, p. 208.

Der Reichskanzler besucht die Unterstuetzung der hundertsieben Abgeordneten fuer seine Regierung. Und er will die nationalsozialistische Hilfe, um Hindenburgs Praesidentschaft zu verlaengern.

Hitler kommt mit Goering zu dem jungen Minister Treviranus, um Bruening zu treffen. Er tritt ein, sucht schnell den Platz vor dem Licht, bleibt trotzdem unruhig, sieht in Niemandes Auge, -tarrt in die Beken und ewetzt den Stuhl. Naehend Bruening wohl abgemessen und akademisch Lage und ~~den~~ Absichten des Ministeriums auseinanderlegt; innerhalb dieser Zeitraumes und nach Durchfuhrung jener Aktionen denke er die Streichung der Reparationen zu erreichen. Ihn dabi zu foerden sei nationale Pflicht. Da er halte er seine Aufgabe fuer erfuehlt, und, wenn es so sein solle, moege ein Anderer regieren. Seine Versprechungen sind vage genug. Wer weiss, ob er sie einhalten wird? Ob er sie auch nur einhalten kann?

Der Kanzler schliesst: Hitler moege nun Ja oder Nein sagen, sich entscheiden, wie er wolle.

Aus dem, da er endlich das Wort erschnappt hat, bricht der Redeschwall heraus, an dem er sich aufrichten kann, unter dem schon Lessow gestoeht hat. Ueber sich, ueber die Partei, ueber Deutschland. Bis er endigt: wenn er erst regiere, sei nicht nur Schuldenerlass, sondern auch die Aufruestung sofort gesichert. Denn England und Italien wuefden seine treuen Verbueendeten sein. Dann werden wir endlich Frankreich in die Kniee zwingen.

Das sind im Jahre 1931 seine Ueberzeugungen und Ziele. Sie haben sich nicht geaendert, seitdem er, 1921 und 1925, "Kein Kampf" verfasste.

Um den Redekarakter aufzuhalten, hakt Treviranus bei derangeblichen Gewissheit der Buendnisse ein und fragt: "Woher wissen Sie das, Herr Hitler? Haben Sie nicht gehoert, dass Mussolini Sie seine schlechte Kopie genannt hat?"

Hitlers Kopf wird blutrot, die Augen wellen, er fragt droehend, mit dumpfer Stimme: "Wer hat das gesagt?"

Treviranus lacht: "Nomina sunt odiosa. Das heisst auf deutsch, man verraat seine Vertrauensleute nicht."

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935, p. 214.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935.

Das ist keine Luft, in der Hitler atmen kann. Brüning's Würde bedrückt. Trevi anus "witz verwundet die Empfindlichkeit. Hier wird er nicht anerkannt, nicht respektiert.

Das wird überdeutlich, wenn er zu Brüning sagt: "Ich bewerte die Frage in erster Linie als Agitator.." und der Gelehrte ihm antwortet: "Da kann ich allerdings nicht mitsprechen. Ich bin unfähig zu jeder Art von Agitation."

Trotzdem siegt auch hier die naive Eitelkeit über das Misstrauen. Hitler verlässt das Haus hoffnungsvoll, seine Gesprächspartner glauben, ihre Bemühungen könnten erfolgreich sein. Erst im Kreis seiner Berater versteht er, dass er eingefangen werden sollte.

Das erste Gespräch (Hindenburg-Hitler) verläuft, wie zu erwarten war: "Hitlers Redewut überrennt alle Schranken.

Es genügt zu wissen, was der Staatssekretär Meißner nachher schmunzelnd erzählt: dass es fünf Viertelstunden gedauert und dass Hitler eine Stunde gesprochen hat. Der Katarakt ist ohne Hemmung, ohne Unterbrechung, ohne Widerstand über den Zweiundachtzigjährigen niedergegangen. Das nächste Mal wird er sich besser rüsten!

(Zweites Gespräch Hitler-Hindenburg) Der uralte General empfängt den Parteiführer, auf seinen Stock gestützt. So braucht er ihm keinen Stuhl anzubieten.

Hitler ist, man vergesse es nicht, ein linkischer, unsicherer Mensch, der sich immer wieder an der eigenen Rede aufrichten, enthusiastisieren muss, dessen Haltung mühsam, krampfhaft ist, bis er sich in Hitze gesprochen hat.

Dazu hat er diesmal keine Gelegenheit.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. pp. 244, 245, 248.

Episode Strasser:

So charakteristisch wie die innere Ungewissheit ist sein Zurückweichen vor einer Entscheidung. Wäre er ein Mann, wäre der Ausdruck finsterner Entschlossenheit, den er so gern seinen Zügen gibt, nicht nur Mache, Krampf, so müsste er die Minuten zählen, die ihn von Berlin trennen, wo er den Gegenspielern ins Gesicht sehen, der Wahrheit auf den Grund gehen kann. Aber er ist "der Oesterreicher", weich, bequem, scheu vor peinlichen Begegnungen. Oft scheint der stolze Titel "Führer" Hohn zu sein.

Nur ein paar Minuten hält der D-Zug in Jena. Aber sie genügen, um den Kurs herumzuwerfen. Statt nach Berlin, wo es hart auf hart geht, wo Entschlüsse gefasst werden müssen, springt Hitler aus dem Zug, fährt nach Weimar. Dort ist "Wahlkampf", die Gemeindevertretungen werden neu zusammengesetzt. Nichts ist bequemer, süßser, als in Reden schwelgen und sich von begeisterten Anhängern bejubeln lassen. Dem echten Demagogen ist die Massenversammlung wie ein parfümiertes Bad.

Olden, Rudolf. Hitler. 1935. p. 260

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935.

3.

Hitler erscheint in einem Kostum, in dem ihn noch Niemand gesehen hat. Auf dem Kopf traegt er einen hohen Kochhut, schwarz, in den acht Reflexen glaensend, der traditionelle Ausdruck buergerlicher Feierlichkeit. Sein Koerper ist in das absonderliche Kleidungsstueck gehuellt, das die Deutschen mit dem englischen Wort Cut bezeichnen. Die Schwalbenschwänze fliegen, wenn er sich vor Hindenburg verbeugt, der zur Ahre d s Tages die kaiserliche Uniform angelegt hat.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. p. 334.

Wer ihm am 21. Maerz 1933 sieht und hoert, ohne dass ihm sonst zu kennen, der kann nicht daran zweifeln, dass ein Demagog in der Linde, da er am Ziel ist, die verfuhrten Massen preisgibt, die ihn emporgetragen haben, und sich ihnen in die Arme wirft, die er bisher gereizt, gekitzelt, herausgefordert, - auch unschmeichelt, aber nie bekampft, - hat, bis sie ihm den ersten Platz einraeumten: ein laestiger und frecher Agent, aber endlich doch nur ein Agent der Macht. Wie er nie antasten wollte.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935. p. 235.

Wer die Stimme hoert, die langsam den Hochdeutsch der Gebildeten angepasste Klangfarbe des oberoesterreichischen Kleinbuergers, die gequetschte Ehrfurcht, die verschmierte Ergebenheit, die suessliche Hochachtung, wenn er von den "geheiligten Racen" der potsdamer Garnisonkirche, von "der Bahre seines groessten Koenigs", Friedrich des Zweiten spricht. Der glaubt, sicher sein zu koennen in der Beurteilung der Person des Redners. Der denkt an das harte Urteil des Generals von Lossow, der mit Verachtung von sentimental und brutalen Hitler sprach. Der erinnert sich, dass der Held des neuen Deutschlands nur die Schwachen mit der Vernichtung bedroht hat.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. p. 236.

Es gehoert zur Taktik Hitlers, die sich auf die ganze nationalsozialistische Bewegung uebertragen hat, dass er immer als der Angegriffene erscheinen will. Er hat sein buergerliches Ideal der Bravheit und Unschuld nie aufgegeben, immer wieder moechte er der nette kleine Junge sein, der kein Waasserlein trueben kann. Das vereint sich swanglos mit der wilden Kraftmeierei blutiger Drohungen.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. p. 239.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935.

9.

Von Hitlers Erregungen wissen wir, wie sie zu ents ehen pflegen. Der "Ausbruch", der in Tausenden von Volksversammlungen so ungeheuren Eindruck machte, aber auch in Konferenzen erschrockt und verbluefft hat, ist das Ergebnis des Aufspeicherns von Energie, des Aufpumpens mit Entruistung. Der Lauf wird los gelassen, wenn auf keinen Widerstand zu rechnen ist.

So ist es nicht verwunderlich, dass bei Roehms Verhaftung wild zugeht. Den Adjutanten des Stabschefs, Graf Spreti, soll Hitler, so sagt ein Bericht, mit der berühmten Peitsche gepruegelt haben.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935. p. 18.

Nach dem 30. Juni, den Tag des Kameradenmords, tritt ein neuer Zug in Hitlers Wesen. Nervosität und Misstrauen haben sich sichtbar gesteigert. Er ist ein Anderer vorher und nachher. Ein Auslaender, der ihn oft begleitet durften hat die unbewachten Momente benutzt, um heimliche Aufnahmen zu machen. Verräterische schmale Filmatreifen!

Das ist nicht der Hitler, der mit starre Augen und kunstlich gepresster Stirn Proklamationen verkündet. Nicht der Hitler, der das Gesicht in suesse Falten des Lachens legt, den englischen Botschafter besaugern will. Da ist Einer, der sich ängstlich umsieht, der mit schnellem Blick die gewohnte Umgebung mustert, ob sie nichts Ungewohntes zeigt, der zusammensuckt, sich duckt, schaudert.

Der Diktator mischt sich gern unter das Volk sein Volk. Das war vorher so, um nachher sollte es so scheinen.

Aber wie sieht es nachher aus?

Die Menschen sitzen ahnungslos in einem grossen Kaffeehaus im Zentrum. Da stehen ploetzlich zwei Reihen schwarzer Maenner entlang dem Gang. Ruecken zueinander, die Gesichter nach aussen. Hitler geht zwischen den lebendigen Bauern durch.

Er tritt an die Garderobe, und ein weiter Kreis der dunklen Gestalten ist um ihn.

Er hat sich gesetzt, ein Kranz von Tischen um seinen Tisch ist von ihnen okkupiert.

Er erhebt sich, um zu gehen, die beiden Reihen sind blitzschnell aufgebaut.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935. p. 317. p. 148.

Zu Beginn des dritten Jahres der Diktatur vergleicht ein Englaender, der Korrespondent der Zeitung Daily Telegraph, den deutschen mit dem italienischen Diktator: "Waehrend Mussolini in unmittelbarer Fuehlung mit jedem Zweig des italienischen Lebens steht und niemals zögert, aus seiner eignen Kenntnis heraus Entscheidungen zu treffen, ist Herr Hitler weit weg von jeder Wirklichkeit. Er sieht es vor, sich mit einer grossen Garnitur von sichtlich unbeherrschten

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935. p. 148.

Hilfskraefte zu umgeben, und laesst ihre gegenseitigen Antagonismen sich einander aufheben, soweit es irgend moeglich ist. Er hat eine Abneigung dagegen, Entscheidungen zu treffen, ehe man bereits mitten in einer Krise ist...

....In Italien gab es einen einzigen General Balbo. Hier gibt es mindestens Vier, die Anspruch auf das gleiche Prestige und die gleiche Macht erheben.

Kein Anzeichen spricht dafuer, dass Herr Hitler sich allmaechlich dazu bequemt, ins Forum niederzusteigen und, wie es der Duce tut, selbst die Probleme des taeglichen Lebens zu studieren. Er... (lernt) nicht einmal, was man aus Buchern lernen kann. Er spricht keine fremden Sprachen... und) hat es abgelehnt, sich wenigstens mit den Grundprinzipien der Wirtschaft vertraut zu machen. Aber obwohl auf seine Ratgeber angewiesen, neigt Herr Hitler doch dazu, vor unwillkommenen Waerheiten die sie aussprechen, zurueckzusehen und sie zu leugnen.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. pp. 48, 49.

Fassen wir die Gestalt, von der so Verschiedenartiges berichtet ~~word~~ wurde, genau ins Auge, so finden wir zwei Zuege, die wesentlich genannt werden koennen.

Es ist ein Positives und ein Negatives, eine Eigenschaft und ein Mangel.

Das Positive ist der Drang, Mittelpunkt zu sein, der Trieb zur Oberflaeche.

Von der Zeit, da Hitler als Klippschmeieler eine Bande seiner Kameraden befehligte und "ein kleiner Raedelsfuehrer war, bis zur Gegenwart als "Fuehrer des Reichs" geht eine einheitliche Linie, die nur, sonderbarer Weise, in der Kriegszeit unterbrochen ist.

War es die feste, starre Einteilung der militaerischen Organisation, die seinen Ehrgeiz unterdrueckte, oder war es der Umstand, dass der Aufstieg im Krieg mit dem Aufsuchen koerperlicher Gefahr verbunden ist, -denn er ist nicht mutig, -genug, von 1914 bis 1918 war er deprimiert, moechte schweigsam, erfuellte an bescheidenen Stellen seine Obliegenheiten, ordnete sich ein und unter,

Somit aber tritt das Streben, an der Spitze zu stehen, unentwegt hervor. Sein fruherer Parteigenosse Otto Strasser, der sich eingehend mit Hitlers Psychologie befasst hat, nennt ihn "den Kerk der deutschen Revolution". Auf der brodelnden Masse, die Partei und ~~Hitlers~~ Bewegung darstellen, schwebt er immer oben.

Keineswegs kann man es als echte Herrschsucht ansehen, was ihn bewegt; denn er selbst laesst sich leicht beherrschen. Oft ist es gerade nur Der, der sein Ohr hat, der ihn zu unerwarteten und unberechenbaren Worten und Taten veranlasst. Dass es sich aber dauernd leiten laesst, wo er eine wirksame Macht fuehlt, das beweist der Einfluss, den die Armee uebt.

Der Byzantinismus, den seine Unteruehrer mit Hitler teilen, zeigt, dass sie ihn verstanden haben. Es kommt vor, dass sie in aller Oeffentlichkeit Grundsaeetze verkuennden, die den zur gleichen Zeit vom Fuehrer vertretenen geradezu entgegen gesetzt sind.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. pp. 355, 356.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935.

Soll man die positive Eigenschaft 'Mittelkeit' nennen?
Der Ausdruck ist zu schwach.

Es ist das innerwachsende quaelende Beduerfnis nach Verehrung, Liebe, Anbetung, das Hitler erfuehlt. Hier liegt auch der Grund seiner Faehigkeit, sich in Andere einzufuehlen, sie zu gewinnen, ja Viele zu beraubern.

Sie achtet das, was, wie die vielen grossen Politikern eigen ist, muss dem deutschen Militaer durchaus abgesprochen werden. Seine Ausstrahlung, wie sie von Napoleon oder von dem Freiherrn von Stein ausging, der zu unserer Zeit von Pilsudski oder Lloyd George, ist ihm von der Natur nicht gegeben worden. Sie reisst auch Feinde, die darob des politischen Gegensatzes nicht vergessen, in den Bann der Persoenlichkeit. Das gelingt Hitler nicht. Kann er mehr sich an den Eindruck der Amerikanerin Dorothy Thompson, die nach vierzig Sekunden wusste, er ist ein kleiner Mann, und ebenso geht es Anderen. Fronde Diplomaten und Journalisten, keine Vereingeworbenen oder Gegner, sondern kaehe professionelle Beobachter, sprechen mit einer Geringschaetzung von dem Souveranen des Reichs die selbst noch der oppositionellen Deutschen weinvoll ist.

Aber seine Kette Lust, zu auffallen, aufsehen zu erregen, die Blicke auf sich zu ziehen, reicht aus, um eigentlich einem naiven englischen Edelmann, ein empfindsames Maedchen, vor Allen, Kinder zu entzuecken. Und sie hat dazu beigetragen, um Hitler, von dem Hinterzimmer mit dem sieben Mann angefangen, zum Protagonisten der Partei zu machen. Lieber hatte er sie gesprengt, auch zerstoeert, als dass er sich mit einer zweiten Stelle begnuegt hatte. Seine Gefalllust hat einen kramfigen, hysterischen Charakter, sie ist eine Qual fuer ihn selbst und macht ihm andere Quaelen, heisst ihn, sie dauernd herauszufordern, um sie zu werben, sie terrorisieren. Es ist in ihm ein unaufhoerliches brennendes Verlangen danach, sich bestaetigt zu finden.

Die kramfige Gier nach Bestaetigung ist verursacht von der inneren Leere, dem negativen Zug, dem Mangel, von dem wir sprachen.

Wir sahen die Voerueung seines Gemuetslebens. Zur Religion hat er nie eine innere Beziehung gehabt. Wie auffallend, dass er in der Selbstbiographie die Geschwister verschweigt. Ueberhaupt ist das Buch, verglichen mit der Fuelle der Personen, die in seinem Leben eine Rolle spielten, menschenleer. Hitlers seltene Liebesbeziehungen sind schwach und duenn, dabei vage und unbestimmt in der Richtung. Wie es mit der Freundschaft steht, das zeigt nicht so sehr die Erschliessung Roehms, als der Nachruf, den ihm der Kamerad und Standrichter widmet.

Aber Hitlers Gemuetsleere ist nichts gegen seine geistige Leere. Nicht dass seine Intelligenz unentwickelt ist, sie funktioniert durchaus normal. Aber wie wenig vermag sie zu umfassen. Jones Wort aus "Kein Kampf", dass schon als er Wien verliess, die Weltanschauung des Juenglings feststand, dass sie spaeter nur in wenigen Einzelheiten ergaenzert zu werden brauchte, -ach es ist wahr. Ein Dreiundzwanzigjaehriger, dazu mit solcher Jugend, ein fauler Schueler, ein unnuetzter Hungerer, dann ein hungernder Asylist, -und nun ist der Mann im Geistigen fertig, der Deutschland regieren wird.

Dass er nicht viel gelernt hat, wenig Anderes eigentlaech als Schlagworte und Zeitungsphrasen, ist dabei nicht von erster Bedeutung.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler, 1935, pp 356 357 358.

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935

wichtiger ist, dass ihm die Schlagworte (und Zeitungsphrasen) den Respekt vor dem Wissen genommen haben. Wer doch schon sein Lehrmeister, Schönerer, ein Verächter alles dessen was "in den Büchern geschrieben" ist. Des Schülers Radikalismus geht weiter: die Rassen-theorie befreit ihn vollends von der Zumutung, die Kraft des Geistes überhaupt anzuerkennen.

Die deutsche Intelligenz, so meint Hitler, war schon vor dem Krieg "körperlich vollständig verkommen". Der alte Satz "mens sana in corpore sano" hat bei ihm eine gefährliche und verwirrende Ausdehnung angenommen.

Es ist eine unendliche Naivität in dem Verhältnis des Führers zu allem Geist. Er weiss einfach nichts von der geistigen Grundlage zivilisatorischer Einrichtungen. Also begibt er sich unbekümmert daran, sie aufzuheben.

Es ist eine amüsante Arabeske an dem Porträt Hitlers, dass er auf dem einzigen Gebiet, auf dem er jemals etwas wie eine Ausbildung genossen hat, im Zeichnen und Malen, ein intransigentester Anhänger blutlosen Akademikertums geworden ist. Hier, wo er die Wirksamkeit von Gesetzen und Regeln ahnen gelernt hat, gelten sie ihm Alles. Dafür ist ihm die Kunst der Primitiven "der Ausdruck einer durch und durch korrupten und krankhaften Verkommenheit."

Olden, Rudolf: Hitler. 1935. pp. 358, 359.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVED IN HITLER'S HOUSE

by

Pauline Kohler

When we reached the Leader's mountain fastness after speeding up the narrow private road, which was patrolled by S.S. guards every few hundred yards, I found that it was not easy to reach the house even with a pass signed by Himmler himself. We waited for five minutes at the great main entrance while our credentials were checked by telephone to Augsburg. Machine-gun crews on either side of the drive had their weapons trained on us the whole time. When we were passed as O.K. we still had to wait every fifty yards while elaborate steel barricades were removed.

I was taken straight to the servants' quarters and there handed over to Otto Schlieben, the head of Hitler's household staff (Paula, the Fuhrer's sister, who is officially housekeeper, is really not in control of the servants).

(Kohler-p. 53)

I must never whistle (this, I found, is because the Fuhrer hates whistling).

(Kohler-p. 54)

This particular room is sixty feet long by forty feet wide. A massive oak table runs down the center. There are no lights visible. A soft glow comes from cunningly concealed lighting. Four etchings by Durer hang on the walls. A vast Persian carpet covers the floor. Later on it was part of my duty, together with another girl, to lay the table.

(Kohler-p. 58)

The largest window in Germany covers one entire wall. I never could understand why the Fuhrer met his guests in this room because conversation is almost impossible as it houses his aviary of rare birds.The only time I saw Hitler display any normal kindness and humanity was towards these birds.

(Kohler-p. 58)

They form a kind of penthouse high on the roof. Only two people can enter them at any time--Hitler himself and his astrologer, one Karl Ossietz.

(Kohler-p. 60)

It consists of two rooms only. One of them is a small kitchen, the other an enormous sitting-room of which every wall is of glass. Sitting in it must be rather like sitting in the center of a bubble. Its furniture is simple. A desk, two or three divans, and a large telescope through which the Fuhrer can peer. That is all. It is to this room that Hitler goes to brood. No telephone connects him with the outside world. He sits there sometimes for hours dreaming and planning new schemes of conquest.

(Kohler-p. 76)

The Fuhrer is a late riser, contrary to popular belief, and he never breakfasts before ten o'clock. Often it is eleven. He takes a simple meal, usually comprising a glass of orange juice, followed by a few slices of rye bread and butter.

(Kohler-p. 80)

Lunch is Hitler's favorite meal. It begins invariably with vegetable soup, of which he manages to get through an incredible amount. The recipe may be worth putting on record. Here it is: Onion, celery, chopped parsley, potatoes, turnips, carrots, nut compound, slices of apple, flour, water and salt. Soup is followed by fish, for Hitler is not a true vegetarian but merely a non-meat eater. He has a passion for trout, served with a special butter sauce. Saute potatoes usually accompany the fish. Then a great bowl of assorted nuts comes to the table and the Fuhrer simply stuffs himself with these.

(Kohler-p. 80)

He loathes the smell of tobacco, and he has been known to snatch a cigarette from the lips of an unsuspecting guest enjoying a quiet smoke on one of the terraces when the Fuhrer came across him.

As normal men smoke, Hitler eats sweets. He eats pounds of them a week. He is childishly fond of toffee and chocolate. A bag of sweetmeats is always in his jacket pocket. I once heard him declare to Goebbels: "They give me energy for my great tasks, Joseph."

(Kohler-p. 82)

Hitler is completely indifferent to clothes.

For one thing the patterns of the materials he chooses are dull and suburban.

(Kohler-p. 82)

-3-

The one great peculiarity of the Fuhrer which causes most trouble to his immediate circle of colleagues and servants, however, is his insomnia. He sleeps extremely little. And it is his abiding curse.

(Kohler-p. 83)

But the Press secretaries exercise a kind of censorship of their own--not for political reasons, but on the grounds of prudence. Hitler cannot bear humor at his expense. Cartoons in English and American papers send him into violent rages. So do ~~many~~ the many satirical poems published abroad. The English cartoonist, Low, especially enrages the Fuhrer.

(Kohler-p. 84)

He loves Wagner and the sugary sentimental strains of a number of minor German and Austrian composers.

(Kohler-p. 87)

From my bedroom window I have often seen the car gliding out of the garage at midnight. He never drives himself. He is far too nervous. But he loves speed. His drivers have told me that on these nocturnal trips the speedometer rarely drops below sixty miles an hour, and often hits the hundred mark.

Hitler's favorite reading, apart from his never satisfied study of German history, is any book about the building of the British Empire. Clive, Wolfe, Drake, and men like these seem to be his heroes. He is Britain's greatest admirer, though he displays such contempt for her in public.

(Kohler-p. 88)

In his relations with the domestic staff, Hitler is a curious mixture. Sometimes he will ignore their existence. He has a trick of appearing unaware of you in his presence which is very disconcerting. At other times, he gets into rages over trivialities such as the way his room has been tidied or as the amount of coffee served to him.

(Kohler-p. 90)

But there are also times when Hitler treats his servants almost as equals. Then he will tell them that all are comrades in the common task and that his cooks are doing their bit as much as his generals.

(Kohler-p. 91)

Never a week passes without a foreign newspaper printing prominently an "authoritative" tale of Hitler's illness, physical or mental.

These stories infuriate the Fuhrer almost as much as the foreign cartoons. They are more irritating to him because they are all based on truth.

Hitler's health is very bad.

(Kohler - p. 84-85)

At one period the Fuhrer's heart was constantly letting him down. He would have to rest for days at a time, doing nothing, often when he had tasks of the greatest urgency. He has what is called a tired heart, and the great strain he continually puts upon it is the despair of Professor Knoll.

(Kohler - p. 97)

One thing he cannot bear is sickness in others. He has no patience with it and will never see anyone who is ill, even a close friend. Signs of illness at Berchtesgaden must be rigorously kept from his sight.

He has little respect for his own doctors and treats Knoll like a waiter. Perhaps it is that in the presence of such men that he loses that great sense of being a sovereign and feels that he is helpless in their hands.

(Kohler - p. 97-98)

Hitler has all the average man's horror of the dentist, and he is unfortunately quite often in that individual's hands. His dentist is the Berlin expert Hartenstein. He has great difficulty with the august patient, who screams with pain like any little boy when an extraction hurts a little. Yet Hitler will not have gas. He is terrified of anaesthetics. Only for a very serious operation would he permit it.

It is little known that the Fuhrer has eight false teeth and has a number of gold fillings.

(Kohler - p. 98)

One of the doubles is always at Berchtesgaden, another at Munich, and the third in Berlin, ready to proceed to any part of Germany or Austria at a moment's notice.

(Kohler - p. 99)

The room is very plainly furnished with a large iron-framed bed, a small side-table, a larger table by the big window, an easy chair and a desk over which a small bookshelf runs. A small dressing-room adjoins.

The bed is covered with a great brown quilt embroidered with a huge swastika. The Fuhrer, by the way, wears surprisingly (for him) luxurious pajamas. They are brown satin with darker brown cuffs and lapels. A swastika in black on a red background is embroidered on the pocket.

(Kohler - p. 103)

Hitler hates being touched. He only shakes hands when a ceremonious occasion demands it. But Goering slaps him on the back--and I think Hitler likes it.

(Kohler - p. 117)

If it were not for his anti-Jewish mania Streicher would be a negligible figure. Everyone laughs at him behind his back. But he has considerable influence with Hitler, largely because he has an apparently inexhaustible supply of dirty stories which he relates with relish at the slightest provocation. They are one of the few things which amuse the Fuhrer.

(Kohler - p. 143)

As I shall presently tell, Hitler grew very fond of one Jenny Jugo. And at the same time cast longing eyes on a Bavarian woman named Eva Braun.

(Kohler - p. 146)

Hitler suddenly stopped speaking about the books. He looked for a few moments at Renate, then stretched out his arm in the Nazi salute. He held it steadily for several minutes, then dropped it to his side.

"I can hold my arm like that for two solid hours," he declared.

Renate was too amazed to answer.

But Hitler went on:

"I never feel tired when my Storm Troopers and soldiers march past me and I stand at the salute. I never move. My arm is as if of granite--rigid and unbending. But Goering can't stand it. He has to drop his hand after half-an-hour of the salute. He's flabby. But I am hard. For two hours I can keep my arm stretched out in the salute. That is four times as long as Goering. That means I am four times stronger than Goering. It is an amazing feat. I marvel at my own power."

And with that he turned and walked out of the room.

(Kohler - p. 155-156)

He promptly bought Jenny Jugo a villa at Schlungenbad, a pretty little village about seven miles from Wiesbaden.

(Kohler - p. 168)

The performance was nearly always the same with very slight variations. It was a strip-tease act. Hitler declared it was art. One Christmas I saw an example of this "art."

(Kohler - p. 171)

The second part of the program was a short film starring Jenny Jugo.

She entered a luxuriously appointed bedroom. She was wearing a tweed suit—a form of dress of which the Fuhrer strongly approves. . . .

With her back to the camera she stooped and took off her shoes and stockings. Her brassiere slipped to the floor, then slowly and with a good deal of seductive pantomime her panties followed. She turned round and faced the camera completely naked.

Then, for ten minutes before getting into bed, she did various exercises. I am sorry I cannot describe them. They threw a terrible light on the perversity of Hitler's sexual desires, and on the mind of the woman willing to enact such obscenities.

(Kohler - p. 171-172)

Hitler does, it is true, work spasmodically, but I have never known him tired. His periods of inaction have always been due to one thing alone—preoccupation with a woman.

(Kohler - p. 173)

Fraulein Kirstner is another woman who has played and, for all I know, still does play, a tremendous part in Hitler's life.

She has nothing to do with the running of the establishment. She usually takes her meals in the two rooms in which she lives. But she is a permanency at Berchtesgaden. She does what she likes, goes where she likes, says what she likes—unquestioned. I know she often spends several hours alone with Hitler. And that is about all I do know.

(Kohler - p. 181)

Wagner - Unpublished Manuscript

Aehnlich ging es tausenden Besuchern in der Reichskanzlei, ganz gleich ob Deutsche oder ob Ausländer. Hitler hielt seinen Monolog und nennt das hinterher eine Unterredung. Konversation existiert fuer ihn nicht und mit den Jahren war es immer weniger gewohnt, eine zwangslose Unterhaltung ganz gleich ob ueber das Wetter oder ueber Politik zu halten. Es war leider kein Mensch mehr da, der ueberhaupt noch antwortete, geschweige widersprach.

Hitler spielt einem jeden Besucher den Hitler vor, den derjenige sich in seiner Einbildung vorgestellt hat. Glaubt jemand einen donnernden Diktator zu finden, so wird er ihn tatsaechlich vorfinden. Er wird nie einen wichtigen Besucher, auf den er einen angenehmen Eindruck machen will, wider sprechen. Mit der Liebenszuendigkeit und Falschheit, die jeder Oesterreicher an sich hat, wird er immer jedem sagen, was der andere hoeren will, und das mit solcher Ueberzeugung, dass der andere sich nicht vorstellen kann, dass er dem groessten Luegner und Komoe-dianten gegenuebersteht. Hitler lacht und weint, wie es gerade sein Auftritt auf der Buehne erfordert. Er versichert mit treuem Augenaufschlage, dass einer Person nichts geschehen wurde, waehrend er vor ihm sein Todesurteil, so ganz nebenbei, unterschreibt. Derjenige wird dann schwören, dass Hitler ihn retten wird, selbst wenn er bereits erschossen worden ist.

Wenn Hitler jemanden ueberraden will und jemanden fuer seine Sache gewinnen will, gelingt ihm das immer wieder. Ich habe es oft genug erlebt, dass wuetende Gegner in sein Zimmer kamen, fest entschlossen, ihm ihre Meinung zu sagen, und habe dieselben Leute als Hitlers fanatischste Anhaenger das Zimmer verlassen sehen. Er hat diejenigen gerade da gepackt, wo sie es nicht vermuteten, und completely swept them off their feet. Als Kind verstand ich nie, was mit all den Lauten, die ich als normal und geistig bedeutend respektierte, geschah, wenn sie Hitler vorgestellt wurden. Ich war abgestossen von ihnen, wie es mir damals vorkam, hysterischen Benehmen, bis ich herausfand, dass sie nichts dafuer konnten, da sie hypnotisiert waren und somit jede Kontrolle ueber sich verloren hatten. Ich erlebte es, dass Leute hysterische Lach- oder Weinkraempfe bekamen, Tassen und Teller fallen liessen, wie gelahmt dastanden und dass alle Gesichter ausnahmslos ein stierer Grinsen und jenen bewussten verzueckten Ausdruck der Ekstase zeigten. Ich kam mir immer fehl an Orte vor, wenn ich Zeuge solcher Szenen war, denn es war irgendwie ein unguenstliches Gefuehl, als einzige mit klarem Verstande unter halben Irren zu sein, und es fiel mir schwer, nicht laut zu lachen, wenn sich ruhmraelige Schauspiele abspielten. Zu gern haette ich Karikaturen gezeichnet, haette ich die Begabung dafuer gehabt. Statt dessen musste ich mich mit der Idee abfinden, recht genau zu memorieren, um hinterher wenigstens mit Tinte und Feder, meine Eindruecke zu skizzieren. Nie kam ich mir so ueberfluessig und deplaciert vor wie in solchen Momenten.

Hitler 1938

"Ich habe alle Hoffnung aufgegeben - es wird nie etwas aus meinen Traumen und Hoffnungen werden. Zu all den bitteren Jahren des Kampfes kamen nur noch mehr bittere Enttäuschungen. Bisher hatte ich den Mut nie verloren - ich habe auch nach 23 wieder retten und aufbauen koennen. Aber jetzt habe ich ueberhaupt keine Hoffnung mehr, die Gegner sind zu maechtig. Wenn Alles voellig verloren ist, weisst Du, was ich tun werde. Ich habe es immer vorgehabt. Ich kann keine Niederlage annehmen. Ich muss mein wort waehrachen und meinem Leben durch eine Kugel ein Ende machen. Diesmal wird es ernst sein - denn ich sehe keinen Ausweg."

Der Brief war Weiten lang - mit Bleistift geschrieben - ein ungeuebtes Gekrakel, bergeauf-bergeab-eine Mischung von Deutschen und Lateinischen Buchstaben. Ich hatte noch nie einen langen Brief von ihm gesehen und war erstaut ueber die "ungebildete" Handschrift.

(Wagner Ms. p. 3)

It is now superfluous to say more on that subject. But I really must repeat Hitler's obituary oration on Czechoslovakia - as a model of delicacy and tact it is, I think, unsurpassable. Here are some extracts:-

"We had to find some legal pretext for stirring up trouble. But our efforts were in vain. The Czechs remained calm, and we could not trick them into committing acts of violence. We cudgelled our brains. We simply had to find a basis for really effective propaganda to prepare the way for the execution of our plans.

"Thank heaven something happened at last. A poor wretch of a Czech knocked over a pail of water. By pure chance a German was passing at the time and his suit was splashed.

"That was quite enough for us. The water was first described as 'warm' - in the next version it was 'hot water', and from that, of course, it was but a step to describe it as 'boiling.' The boiling water became boiling pitch, and the rest was easy. We were saved - at last we had material for our propaganda...."

Another extract.

"We got the best of Hacha very easily. The poor wretch arrived in Berlin in the evening. Of course we made a great fuss of him - salutes, guards of honour and all that sort of thing. He was tremendously impressed.

(Wagner Ms. p. 3-4)

(Wagner Ms. p. 3-4 cont.)

"Then I kept him waiting till 2 o'clock in the morning. When I thought he would be about half-dead from fatigue I gave him an enormous dinner. That lasted about two hours, after which we withdrew for our political discussion.

"By that time he was, of course, all in, and only too ready to sign anything I wanted him to do. When that was over he collapsed altogether, and we had to give him an injection to bring him to..."

(Wagner Ms. p. 3-4)

"Ich moechte das ein fuer allemal abgestellt sein lassen, dass es die Pflichte einer Wagner ist, waehrend der Festspiele in Bayreuth zu sein. Da kann gar keine Rede von Schule oder nicht-Schule sein. Im Gegenteil, es waere ein Verbrechen gegen alle Kultur, wenn man bloeden Schulunterricht mit derartigen Pflichten, die von Ewigkeitsbedeutung sind, ueberhaupt nur in einem Atem nennen wollte....." etc. etc.

Er stand alleine in der Mitte der riesen Musikhalle und redete sich in eine derartige Wut - gestikulierend, die Worte hinausspuckend. Meine Familie stand mit schlotternden Knien in der einen Ecke - jeder Einzelne unfeschig, ein Glied zu ruehren, oder auch nur den Versuch zu machen, ihn zu unterbrechen.

Ich muss ehrlich gestehen, dass ich beim ersten Anhieb auch gebluFFT war. Er holte da einen unsinnigen Grund nach dem anderen hervor - und wurde immer hitziger in diesem Solowortduell. Dann ploetzlich ging mir ein Licht auf - ich erinnerte mich meiner eigenen Worte, dass er mit "ueberzeugung" reden muesse. Und dies war nun, was er "ueberzeugen" nannte.....Ins Elefantenformat uebersetzt, die alle einstweilen normalen Begriffe in der Deutschen Sprache der Nazis.

Die Rede dauerte zwanzig Minuten. Als ich ihn auf die Schlicke gekommen bin, und merkte, dass alles nur Schauspielerei war - und es ihm ein teuflisches Vergnuengen machte, sein Publikum immer laenger und aengstlicher zu sehen -

(Wagner Ms. p. 4-5)

After English conference Eden & Simon-Naval Agreement

For most of the rest of that night he made fun of Goering and Goebbels and told funny stories about them both. Goering's "corporation" nearly gave way under the strain, and Goebbels' mouth opened so wide

(Wagner Ms. p. 4)

(Wagner Ms. p. 4 cont.)

that it looked positively dangerous. Not that I believe he really enjoyed the jokes so much. One of them was this:

"You all know what a volt is and an ampere, don't you? Right. But do you know what a Goebbels and a Goering are? A goebbels is the amount of nonsense a man can speak in an hour, and a goering is the amount of metal that can be pinned on a man's breast."

(Wagner Ms. p. 4)

Schmidt "Paule" or "Paulchen" to his friends—was born in Berlin in 1897. His father was a railway employee. Schmidt wanted to become a teacher, but the First World War intervened. He joined the Army in 1917, was promoted to noncommissioned officer, and received a bullet in his left leg, for which he was awarded the Iron Cross. A few years after the Armistice, Schmidt got a Ph.D. from Berlin University. Learning that Dr. Michaelis, official interpreter at the Foreign Office, needed assistance, Schmidt managed to be put on the preferred list of aspirants.

Then one day in 1929 came the London Conference—and Paul's chance to shine.

Paul Schmidt soon became virtually indispensable to the German Foreign Office. It is characteristic that the Republic did nothing to reward men like Schmidt. Knowing all the state secrets, he was supposed, for about seventy-five dollars a month, to keep them secret—and he did. Yet up to 1933 his hope of becoming *Kabierungsrat*, a post involving holidays with pay and eventually a pension, was unfulfilled.

Schmidt knows English so perfectly that back at the Hague Conference in August 1928, 1929, General Secretary Sir Maurice (now Lord) Hankey asked Schmidt, who was there as official interpreter for the German government, to keep records for the British Foreign Office! Paul was glad to get the fifty pounds Hankey paid him.

The only other language of which Schmidt has a masterly command is French. In stating this to dispel a legend which had grown around him, when Schmidt showed up between Chamberlain and Hitler, at the Fuehrer's table, a reporter told his readers this was "the man who speaks twenty languages."

Paul was the first, perhaps, to laugh at this story. "Cut out the zero," he said, "and the statement is okay."

At last the day came when Hitler received the French ex-Servicemen's Associations, with Schmidt as interpreter. His technique of translating is to listen, making notes or cues, and then to repeat the entire speech in the required language. Hitler, who loves to hear himself talk, was delighted that he was not interrupted even once. Calmly and impersonally, as always, Schmidt interpreted the harangue—errors and all.

Hitler was so pleased with the smooth delivery that he took Paul unto himself, giving him his present impressive titles, a Mercedes car, and a salary of 12,000 marks yearly. Hitler knows no language except German, which he speaks with a strong Austro-Bavarian accent; so Paul's field of activity became nearly unlimited.

When Chamberlain flew to the "eagle's nest" at Berchtesgaden in September 1936, Hitler flooded him with a ninety-minute speech which Schmidt translated. Chamberlain closed his eyes while he listened. (Later, in Commons, he complained, "It is not always easy to understand another man's ideas, especially through an interpreter—no matter how good he may be.")

When Chamberlain came to Godesberg for assurances of Europe's peace, only to realize that Hitler had deceived him, he wrote him a bitter note. Schmidt dutifully translated it. Hitler flew into one of his rages, but Paul calmed him, drafted a persuasive answer, and delivered it in person.

Jacob, Hans: Hitler's Ear and Tongue, Who, Vol. 1. 2. May 1941.

2.

Finally France capitulated, and a third great day arrived in the life of the same Paul Schmidt, who twenty-two years before lay wounded in a Berlin hospital. On June 22, 1941, two former noncommissioned officers, Adolf Hitler and Paul Schmidt, entered that historic railway dining car in the Forest of Compiègne. The mad dream Hitler outlined in Mein Kampf had come true, the Versailles Treaty was scrapped. Hitler was at the peak of his astonishing career.

Yet he said not a single word. Caesar could conquer, but he could not speak. It was Paul Schmidt who became the spokesman of History.

In the course of his trials outside Germany, he's had difficulty explaining himself to friends who were disgusted at seeing him arm-in-arm with the brown-shirted horde. In London, in 1943, I asked him why he served the masters he hated. He replied, "In order to prevent worse things from happening."

Jacob, Hans: Hitler's Ear and Tongue, Who, Vol. 1. 2. May 1941, p. 54.

Tourly, Robert: et Z. Lvovsky, Hitler. 1932.

1.

Malgré toute la ferveur qui s'empare de lui à la vue de la foule qui suit, dévote, ses révélations, ses gestes ne sont jamais beaux, n'étant jamais libres. Chacun de ses mouvements dénote chez lui un homme de "taille moyenne". C'est curieux, mais il a toujours une partie de son corps courbée: la tête, le bras, le torse. Se rendant compte de sa gaucherie physique invétérée, il a adopté, devant les photographes presque invariablement la même pose.

Tourly, Robert: Hitler. 1932. pp. 72. 73.

Il y a toute une série de contradictions dans la nature et dans le visage d'Adolf Hitler. Le moins que l'on pourrait en dire, c'est qu'il est peu photogénique.

Une coiffure correcte, lisse, lui devrait satisfaire n'importe quel coiffeur pas difficile; des sourcils touffus, mal dessinés.

Un front large, ouvert, légèrement bombé, un crâne solide sous lequel la pensée concentrée, court infatigable, et dont les yeux sont le fidèle miroir.

Ceux-ci ont un regard fixe, scrutateur qui donne par moments l'impression de percer comme une vrille tout ce qu'ils embrassent. Et pourtant, ce n'est pas un regard extrêmement méchant.

Un nez quelconque, peu expressif, mou.

De courtes moustaches effreuses qui semblent collées et étrangères à ce visage qu'elles font encore plus plat qu'il ne l'est en réalité.

Et puis cette bouche, cet instrument merveilleusement construit dont Hitler se sert avec un art incomparable! Quelle bizarre expression! Pas de rictus, non, mais les lèvres en mouvement perpétuel, et l'on dirait que le trou en est très petit, inachevé!

Le menton saillant, fort, caractéristique pour l'homme qu'est Hitler.

Le tout-nous l'avons déjà dit est très ordinaire. Il n'y a rien dans ce visage qui dénote une nature remarquable. Bien que Hitler ne soit ni beau ni laid, les Allemandes-ses adoratrices, bien entendu-l'aiment: "Der süesse Adolf" ou "Der scharme Adolf."

Tourly, Robert: Hitler. 1932. pp. 74. 77. 78.

On sait seulement, qu'il porte une aimable attention à Frau Bechstein, la propriétaire de la fabrique de pianos universellement connue. On chuchote que cette dame, quelque peu mûre, à qui Adolf baise la main avec une élégance assez lourde, aurait sacrifié son énorme fortune au parti des nazis uniquement dans le but d'être agréable à Hitler qu'elle appelle invariablement "mein guter Junge" (mon bon garçon). Lors des débuts du "Fuehrer" elle se mit en quatre pour lui faciliter son introduction parmi les cercles de la noblesse allemande.

Tourly, Robert: Hitler. 1932. pp. 78.

Tourly, Robert (et Z. Lvovsky) Hitler. 1932.

2.

C'est en vain que Hitler fait l'impossible pour se dépouiller de sa peau d'un Autrichien.

Ce sont toujours les mêmes témoins impartiaux qui nous assurent que le commerce de Hitler est charmant (sic), extrêmement affable... Il aime, semble-t-il, le sourire, le rire, le "Witz", et sa conversation est ordinairement très attrayante.

Il représente le type achevé de l'homme du Midi. Il est à noter que, malgré toute l'insistance de ses collaborateurs pour le faire changer de résidence, Adolf Hitler est resté fidèle à son Munich, qu'il n'a voulu en aucune façon quitter pour aller s'installer à Berlin, ce qui, pourtant, aurait facilité ses entreprises politiques.

Il répond d'un sourire, qu'à Berlin, le climat lui serait pas salutaire, qu'il ne pourrait y travailler sérieusement, et qu'il n'y a que l'air bavarois qui lui convienne...

Ajoutez à cela que Hitler prétend être extrêmement sensible et de fait, il l'est souvent, au point de provoquer le mépris dans son entourage qui est, d'ailleurs, pas mal choqué par l'accent de "Wiener Prater" de leur chef. D'aucuns soulignent avec une malice voulue qu'il a-oh! horreur! - même un léger accent juif, quand il parle trop vite...

Tourly, Robert: Hitler. 1932. pp. 79-80.

Une chose est certaine: il n'a pas de concurrent en l'art de battre des cils et de donner le "shake hand" où il met tant d'expressions ~~de son~~ et tant d'âme que les gens qui le connaissent mal en restent stupéfiés.

Tourly, Robert: Hitler. 1932. p. 81.

Il arrive bien souvent qu'un hitlérien, convoqué d'urgence de la province, se promène sans rien faire quelques jours à Munich avant d'avoir l'honneur d'être présenté au chef. Celui-ci ~~le reçoit~~ le reçoit très gentiment, lui dit, l'air distrait, quelques mots accueillants, d'autant plus insignifiants qu'ils ne se rapportent aucunement à l'affaire en question, et, tout à coup, Hitler trouve un prétexte quelconque pour quitter précipitamment son bureau. Il allègue le plus souvent "son mal à l'estomac", mais tout le monde sait par avance que lorsque Herr Adolf Hitler s'esquive au lavabo, c'est fini; on ne le reverra plus de la journée. C'est que le luxueux petit "cabinet" a une "porte de secours" dont le chef se sert fort à propos et plus souvent que ses visiteurs ne le désireraient.

Tourly, Robert: Hitler: 1932. p. 83.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls, guns, and gangsters. Vol. 1.

1.

Herr Hitler never worried about money. He never wanted to be bothered with disagreeable details. And nobody dared approach him about unpleasant matters. They all feared his hysterical outbursts of rage, and still more to see him seeking refuge in his last, never-failing remedy, -tears. In these little tantrums or the ignorant rages, Herr Hitler's histrionics always had effect. Dr. Goebbels, facing difficulties, once advised: "Let Hitler's tantrums go. Let him cry. He's sure to manage it with his own hand."

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls... .

As a prince of the lower middle class, like Goerring, Goebbels, Esser, and others, he realized his lack of social graces. As their aim was to win the souls of the Party into higher classes of society, and seek new contacts with officers, State officials, industrialists and landed gentry, they felt that Goebbels's want of social qualities a disturbing element in their plans. They tried to elevate him. Goerring aimed at a certain refinement, to properly lift knife and fork, and to drink his beloved beer - and cream without making abhorrent noises. It took time and patience to rid him of the bad habit of putting his knife into his mouth.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls... .

"Geli". This young girl, transplanted from a small Austrian country town into a big city, drifted suddenly into the whirlwind pool of Party life, finding herself, unprepared, in the inner circle of a man, the idol of millions, almost lost her head. Although not a beauty, she was a healthy, fresh, country girl, with a wealth of flaxen hair bound Tyrolean fashion in a flat round her head. Geli attracted the attention of many important men in the Party. They thought it would be a sound foundation for their future to become related to der Fuehrer, besides marrying such a striking example of the Nordic race.

Angela Ranzal was not interested. She lived for one man only, -Adolf Hitler. At first he did not take notice of her. Only when the young Party members began to crawl around the girl, he suddenly view her in a new light. She was now often seen in his company. They called each other "Dolfi" and "Geli". Rumours spread, outside the Party also, that der Fuehrer would soon be married.

Hitler, whenever these rumours came to his knowledge, raged. In his ever-suspicious mind he feared, the whole affair to be a clever plot of the "intellectual wing", those men behind Dr. Goebbels, Feder, Rosenberg, and the Strasser Brothers, to win influence over him through the agency of this girl.

With his cruel harshness he forbade Geli her visits to theatres and cinemas. He stopped her innocent friendships with young Party members.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls... p. 9.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls, guns, and gangsters, 1941.

But the girl did not cease to idolize the great uncle. The more en-
dowed she became of him, the more cruelly he treated her, who he did
not ignore her altogether. But with the jealousy of a fiery lover he sa-
to it that she came in contact with nobody else. Especially was his
jealousy directed against a young Party member, Emil Baumann, with whom
she shared an enthusiastic interest for the theatre. Emil-Baumann, wi-
Her friendship with him could give no reason for provoking jealousy. Yet
Baumann was, on a slight pretext, expelled from the Party for "disonour-
able conduct." On the first day after the Nazis seized power, one mutil-
ated corpse was found in front of his father's house.

With perverted cruelty Hitler kept Angela Kausal like a prisoner,
not took no notice of her, her devotion to him and her suffering. His
lust for torture, which was later to find an opportunity of expressing
itself on a much wider scale against his former political opponents,
was pure sadism.

After a few weeks people no longer recognized in Geli the sober
and healthy country girl. All colour had gone from her once rosy
cheeks. And the adoration for her great uncle had vanished too. She now
hated the man, who had killed her joy of life, who had tortured her with
his unjustified jealousy and who had never responded to her love.

Hitler has the fine psychological instinct of primitive people. The
true sentiments of his niece did not remain unnoticed by him. His per-
secution mania and desire to achieve a theatrical effect in every-
thing regarding himself made Hitler suspect his niece of having joined
a plot against his life. He now occupied the second floor of the
Brown House at Munich, but he seldom slept there. He no longer felt
safe in his own home. Every night he changed his lodgings. Never did he
touch anything made in his home, but lived again on chocolates and past-
ries provided by his intimate friend and chauffeur, Schreck. His step-
sister, Frau Raubal, no longer stayed with him, although he forbade Geli
to leave, whether he suspected Frau Raubal too of wanting to poison
him, nobody knew.

To psychiatrists it is not astonishing that Hitler, finding hate
directed against him, his amour propre hurt, developed a mad desire for
the girl he had formerly disdained. What actually happened between
Hitler and Geli in the last days of September 1941, will never be known.
Reliable witnesses state that during this period his intimate follow-
ers realized they had to deal with a lunatic. Important Party meetings
had often to be cancelled: Hitler disappeared for days without leaving a
trace of his whereabouts. They thought he had gone on pleasure trips
with Geli. But the girl was found alone in the flat, also unaware of
where Hitler was. On many other occasions Hitler did not return up at ad-
vertised mass meetings. Investigations revealed that he had driven in
his 100 h.p. Mercedes car for hours at a terrific speed over the Bavari-
an Alps roads, Geli at his side. It seemed, as the car took the dangerous
corners at fifty to sixty miles an hour, that he was seeking to end his
and the girl's life in a motor accident.

His lieutenants were desperate. The whole Party machinery had almost
come to a standstill. For days on end nobody had access to him to dis-
cuss the most vital questions. Otto Strasser knew best how to treat "our
hysterical prima donna Adolf." At a council of war, it was decided to find
new distractions for him, less dangerous and enervating than those "pla-
tonic moonshine woolings at 40 m.p.h." "Pazti Heifstaengl, the official
joker of the inner circle, was charged to take the matter in hand.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls.... pp. 10, 11.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls, guns, and adventures. Vol. 1.

With Hanfstaengl's invitation Hitler thought the barriers separating him from the upper classes had been removed. It would not take him long to conquer these high-brows as well. Soon, however, he realized the true feeling in these circles. For all was his reception in the Hanfstaengl house. Hitler cut rather an unfortunate figure. He felt acutely unhappy amidst these surroundings of cultural refinement and in such an artistic atmosphere. To him, a conservative, was foreign to him. He sat, unhappy, uncomfortable, and self-conscious, in a corner. "Putzi" Hanfstaengl tried his best to bring him in contact with other guests, but after the exchange of a few words, every reaction always languished.

Hitler called his sister Berta to the rescue and asked her to entertain Herr Hitler. Fredegunde Hanfstaengl was a very girl, well known for her beauty, her charm and intelligence. He felt sorry for this little, self-conscious, blushing and nervous creature with her sunny face and that comic Chaplin moustache. He gradually was feeling so uncomfortable in their house. She devoted the next half-hour, displaying all her natural charm and social talents, to entertain this peculiar friend of her brother.

That was nothing more than the natural friendliness of a well-brought-up society girl, very used in the social art of making a guest feel at ease. Hitler, in his privacy, considered the sign of a great personal success. The type of a woman he had met was totally new to him, totally different from the girls he lived with his Party comrades. In his own set they were not very particular in the choice of female partners. Never had he, unused only to the society of waitresses and in his former life to meeting the lowest type of women, encountered such an angel-like human being.

Adolf Hitler was in love.

Even outsiders soon noticed a change in him. Hitler began to pay attention to his appearance. He bought himself what he considered the acme of male elegance—a white trench coat and a black velour hat. And the next day it was whispered throughout the office of the Brown House that Adolf had had a manicure for 15.00 at Lönich's most exclusive hairdresser. And Adolf now smelt of perfume, highly scented soaps and pomades. To banish the disturbing sandruff in his hair he treated it unsuccessfully, with a lotion at fifteen shillings a bottle, smelling strongly like raspberry lemonade.

Berta Hanfstaengl treated the whole matter as a joke. Her friends teased her about her "Charlie Chaplin" suitor. And she was highly amused by his clumsy attempts to impress her. He would have liked to have spent hours with her every day. She restricted their meetings to occasional invitations and saw to it that she was never alone with him. Daily he sent her flowers. One day he brought her, blushing, a large canvas, a painting—his own work—his best work, he stammered.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls. 1941. pp. 12, 13.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls, and gangsters. 1941.

After Adolf Hitler learnt of Erna Kaufstaengl's sudden departure he again fell into a stupor, for days he remained shut in his room, declining to see anybody. Then again, in the middle of the night, he ordered Putzi Kaufstaengl to come and play for hours, on end, expressing Wagnerian music such as Isolde's Death Larch from Tristan and Isolde, and Siegfried's Death Larch. His friends expected to receive news of his suicide at any hour.

Suddenly, without informing anyone, Hitler disappeared shortly after a stormy and tearful scene with Putzi Kaufstaengl. He had implored Putzi to tell him of the whereabouts of Erna. Putzi could not or would not. So Hitler in his white Mercedes car roved through Germany in search of his beloved woman. He drove from one place to another, stopping at the exclusive holiday resorts of the rich - Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Harzisch, S. Blasien, etc.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls... 1941. pp. 11, 12.

From Lucerne our agent, who is adopted Erna Kaufstaengl, reported that last night Erna Kaufstaengl held a party there to celebrate the engagement of her daughter to the famous Jewish surgeon Professor Sauerbruch.

"And this important news you report to me last, and so casually," rasped Hitler, "as if you did not know that our Fuehrer did nothing but chase this girl. Does he already know? he doesn't? then he must be told immediately. Quick, ask Goering, Goebbels, Roehm, and Ley to come and see me immediately."

Within half an hour Hitler's five most important collaborators were again sitting together. Nobody wanted to break the news to Hitler. They all feared his rage. Putzi Kaufstaengl, they decided, was the very man. As the brother of the girl and intimate friend of der Fuehrer, he should do the job.

.... They were no psychologists, these rough lancequenets. Yet instinctively they felt that Erna Kaufstaengl had not really been the cause of Hitler's flight.

.... After long discussion, it was decided that Hitler should be charged with the task of "fixing up" Geli.

Gross, Felix: Hitler's girls... 1941. pp. 10, 11.

Mowrer, Edgar Ansel: Germany puts the clock back. (1933) 1938. 1

An unconvincing figure in black suit, white shirt and inevitable raincoat. An unconvincing face, with impertinent nose, dark hair and Charlie Chaplin dab on the upper lip; with the anything but aristocratic head and eyes that pleaded for sympathy. In appearance utterly commonplace....

....Later his tear glands became more active; in the course of a single interview with Otto Strasser he wept no less than three times.

Did he believe all that he said? The question is implicit to this sort of personality. Subjectively Adolf Hitler was, in my opinion, entirely sincere even in his self-contradictions. For his is a humourless mind that simply excludes the need for consistency that might distress more intellectual types. To an actor the truth of anything lies in its effect: if it makes the right impression it is true.

It was before the Munich judges that I first saw him - and marvelled. Was this provincial dandy, with his slick dark hair, his cutaway coat, his awkward gestures and glib tongue, the terrible rebel? He seemed for all the world like a travelling salesman for a clothing firm.

Hitler cannot write. He makes speeches. He does not think. He gropes about until his mind hits a well-worn word-path and slides into an oration. His so-called ideas are canned formulae that hide wishes. They merely decorate his totally subjective ego. But he does know-how to lead men and women by the nose - is a matter of instinct.

And last, behind them, smiling as benignly as a victorious general reviewing his army, the LEADER, Adolf Hitler. No uniform. No airs here. Just like one of the crowd. A regular fellow! Pale tan raincoat, black shoes and socks, black suit and tie, white shirt, gold party pin in the lapel, slick dark hair and dark "Chaplin" on the upper lip reflecting the severity of the costume.

Military bands crash a gigantic salute. Then the LEADER arises, stands silent for an impressive moment, and speaks. In a rough but powerful voice. One hour. Two hours. Four hours. The crowd hangs on his words. They have ceased to be beings with minds, they have become a single sounding-board for this man's music! If he stops, they howl for more. He states - the most astonishing and totally inaccurate things. He roars, he pleads; if need be, he can weep. But he never analyses, discusses or argues. He affirms, attacks, comforts. According to his axiom of aiming at the lowest in his audience, he keeps to the vaguest

Mowrer, Edgar A.: Germany... pp. 187. 188. 193. 194. 195. 196. 199. 201.

Mowrer, Edgar A: Germany puts the clock back. (1933) 1938. 2

generalities and formulae, repeating them with infinite verve. At the same time he appeals to the personality of each class of hearer, of each hearer in person.

When he finally decides to let us on them and turns away to wipe the flowing sweat, and the hands burst out in a military apotheosis.

Still the thousands were perhaps a handful who did not rise to the occasion. They looked for persuasion and perceived only theatricals of a pretty cheap type. They wanted argument and were given rhetoric and preposterous mis-statement. They hoped for elevated oratory and heard only colloquial appeal. They expected to see a superior being and saw a man in physique, perhaps worse than most of themselves - "face and head bad race, monseigneur" (Professor von Gruber, M.D., President of the Bavarian Academy), a mediocre, awkward figure, apparently at home behind a provincial shop counter.

If he had not become a political prophet, he might equally well have been a great preacher, a great actor, a ring-master (his whole appearance suggests the circus), a magnificent producer of theatrical spectacles, or an unequalled advertising manager. There is something of William II about him, save only that Hitler, despite a mediocre appearance, stands head and shoulders above the former Emperor in the certainty of his dramatic appeal.

One of Hitler's talents consisted in attracting around him a number of extremely capable lieutenants and in skillfully playing them off one against the other, thus keeping practically all the power in his own hands. In every decisive matter the judgement of Hitler was absolute. To ensure dependence, every National-Socialist candidate for office was required to deposit with the LEADER a promissory note in blank, which the latter could fill out and cash in case the elected candidate attempted to desert. A large number of party lieutenants were supposed to be in a condition of permanent financial dependence on their chief. This limitless power was a source of unending pleasure to Hitler. When he announced that nothing could be done in the party without his consent, it was entirely in the manner of Louis XIV identifying himself personally with the French State.

Especially effective was Hitler's tact in overlooking alleged personal blemishes in the characters or history of valuable assistants.

Mowrer, Edgar A.; Germany... pp. 201 202. 203. 212. 213.

Mowrer, Edgar A.: Germany puts the clock back. (1933)
1938. 3

Hitler made it clear, that, in his opinion, politics is no profession for the overscrupulous. So long as his lieutenants were efficient and faithful their personal records and moral idiosyncrasies seemed not to interest the great LEADER. Not his is the hospitality and honour given to several of the former Wehrmacht murderers and to various other bare realities of unenviable notoriety.

Quite clearly, the greater of the assets of which the party disposed and the more risks it was to offer, the less disposed its beneficiaries were to leave merely because of some unimportant class of principle. Hitler, who understood such matters instinctively, cleverly exploited this feeling.

Adolf Hitler was in his heart a ferocious reactionary. That this did not prevent him from becoming the LEADER of millions whose nearest approach to a common denominator was their hatred of capitalism, testified to his consummate skill as a practical politician. He succeeded in persuading millions blindly to trust their future to him. A revivalist phenomenon. The party newspapers announced that "the sight of Hitler preserves the despairing from suicide."

He first, among German politicians, felt the young people's need for sympathy and the re-expression of old longings in contemporary terms....

....Hitler had a nose for the intra-family struggle between fathers and sons occasioned by war and reparations and unemployment. The sons who had had no part in the war refused to suffer for it. Equally stupendous was Hitler's skill in feeding the hostility of the German Protestants for the Catholics. Masterly his appeal to the women-not, as you might have expected, by promising greater rights and concessions; no, but by promising to relieve them of participation in public affairs altogether, to take them out of the offices and the factories, and to provide each and every one of them with a husband!

Hitler collected his motley army by the trick of taking all their troubles upon his shoulders.

Mowrer, Edgar A.: Germany... pp. 213, 215, 224, 225.

Adolf Hitler's heavy rather feminine body, with its sloping shoulders and soft flesh, his passion for rhetoric, his frequent fits of weeping, his incredible tenacity of purpose, his belief in his inspired role, his lack of any deeper than national feelings-these have been sufficiently described.

Mowrer, Edgar, A.: Germany... pp. 247.

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REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Raleigh, John, McCutcheon: Behind the Nazi Front. 1940.

2.

of the word, but they possess a hypnotic quality that can easily persuade his followers to do anything the mind behind the eyes desires.

Looking sharply to the left and right to be certain he had full attention, he said: "Gentlemen, you have seen for yourselves what criminal folly it was to try to defend this city. The defense collapsed after only two days of intensive effort. I only wish that certain statesmen in other countries who seem to want to turn all of Europe into a second Warsaw could have the opportunity to see, as you have, the real meaning of war!".Finished Hitler saluted us Nazi style, released me from the gaze he had never withdrawn during his statement, and turned on his heel for the Grenzmark near by.

Raleigh, John: Behind the Nazi Front pp. 210.

State Department 760H-62/131

Report of Arthur Bliss Lane on impressions of
Princess Olga on state visit to Berlin dated
June 17, 1939.

Reported that she and Prince were invited to have lunch alone with Hitler. Goering told her that this was most unusual and that in his long and intimate acquaintanceship with Hitler he had only twice had luncheon with him alone. The Princess reported that Hitler has a remarkable charm despite all the reports of his ruthlessness. At times he gives the impression of being very soft-hearted particularly when children are mentioned and when the conversation turned to children tears would come to his eyes. His eyes are remarkable--clear blue and honest looking. In the course of the conversation Hitler told her that he had a dual personality, that his real personality is that of an artist and architect but that fate had decreed that he should also be a politician, a military man and the builder of a new Germany. However, he prefers his former personality and that he hopes one day to have an opportunity to return to it. In one of the large rooms in the Chancellory he has replicas of new official buildings and takes great pleasure in examining these for architectural errors. She was convinced that Hitler has talent in this direction and Goering told her that when the Triumphal Arch was built Hitler pointed out a defect in the construction. Further study revealed that he was correct and the Arch had to be changed.

Hitler also told the Princess that he is fundamentally a man of simple tastes and would prefer to live in a small house without any luxuries whatever but for the sake of prestige he was forced to live in a large palace with a certain amount of pomp and ceremony.

During a performance of Die Meistersinger he shut his eyes and gave the impression of being in a trance. The Princess agreed that it was probably the martial spirit of Wagnerian music which appealed to Hitler and commented that Hitler is not greatly interested in any other music than that of German composition.

On the whole she said Hitler could not have been kinder and when she departed he made her a gift of some rare Dresden china.

State Department April 15, 1940

Impressions of Henry Mann, European representative
of Brown Brothers, after the occupation of Norway.

Mr. Mann's impressions of Hitler were that he never recoils before risks and that in general he looks far ahead into the future without concerning himself about present reality. As a time of crisis approaches Hitler becomes calmer. However, he must always succeed in his undertakings in order to maintain his self-confidence.

State Department September 1, 1939 .

Airk to Secretary of State described Hitler at
the Reichstag speech as follows:

"Hitler looked more worn and earnest than he has on any recent public appearance. He smiled ironically as is frequently his habit at the opening of a Reichstag session as a signal for the customary laughter and tears which, however, on this occasion sounded a trifle forced."

He was deadly serious during the speech and sat with bowed head for several minutes at the end. --

State Department January 15, 1943

Frank to the Secretary of State reports from a reliable source that:

Hitler has been quarreling with Zeitzler because he is depressed by the campaign in the East. "He is seeking distractions such as long daily sittings before the latest front and sport films: in his seclusion he drinks a fair amount of intoxicants. Hitler seeks and insists upon confirmation from associates as he appears to be losing confidence in his own intuition. Herr Rath of Vienna and Frau Benthine of Munich, both clairvoyants, visit Hitler at Berchtesgaden at fairly regular intervals. He gets "inspiration" from these two fortunetellers and many of his decisions result from this (unconfirmed). Hitler links the survival of the German people with his home. He leaves headquarters every Thursday and returns Monday.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

State Department September 17, 1938

Chamberlain to Kennedy.

Chamberlain reports that on his arrival Hitler said to him that he "did not think it fair to bring an old man down to visit him" and that he should have gone. Chamberlain says that Hitler is cruel, over-bearing, has a hard look and is completely ruthless. Hitler in talking about Sudetans "kept referring to the fact that he did not want the dagger in his side."

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

State Department November 11, 1942

Frank reports from reputable Zurich sources:

"Hitler continues to rant at his associates, even his generals. For periods of as much as four days he shuts himself up in his room incommunicado. Generals and all others entering his presence must surrender swords and are searched by SS men for concealed weapons."

Frank also reports rumors to the effect that Hitler is resorting to alcohol. The Germans excuse this on the grounds that "he is seeking escape since developments have been getting beyond his control."

State Department September 18, 1940

Gordon report from Hague Legation on Hitler as obtained from one of Hitler's personal entourage.

The informant reported that Hitler rises anywhere from nine in the morning to noon after three or four hours' sleep. What is left of the morning he always devotes to military matters. He usually has from four to ten guests at meals. He is a vegetarian and suffers from a stomach complaint which a year ago was fairly serious but now seems better. He drinks no alcoholic beverages except a light beer and occasionally champagne. He does not, however, restrict his other guests in the use of alcohol and he always offers them a wide choice.

His afternoons are usually devoted to conversations on domestic and foreign policy and to reading, of which he does a great deal. When he is not too busy he reads at least a book a day. "The numerous hours during which the Fuehrer apparently does nothing are the most productive, particularly those of the late evening and night. He is then "hanging around", walking to and fro, sitting down, now and again listening absent-mindedly to the conversation of others, or attending one of the film shows which are frequently given in the evening in the Reich Chancellery. During all this, however, his mind continues to work and it is during these hours that he works out his plans." (Hitler file #269)

State Department January 18, 1940

Confidential Memorandum concerning Hitler prepared by the Dutch Legation in Berlin for the Secretary General of the Foreign Office, the Hague.

Hitler seldom works at a desk. Office work of all kinds, studying files, reports, etc., he dislikes and restricts to a minimum. When occupied with an important problem he avoids every bit of office work he possibly can. His mood changes; he keeps very much to himself, is very restless and speaks little to others particularly on the topic of the problem with which he is involved. If he is induced to talk on the problem he becomes ill-natured and bad-tempered. This condition sometimes lasts for weeks but when he has finally reached a decision he has a great desire to express himself. He then calls in his adjutants and they must sit and listen to him until he has finished even though it be early morning. On these occasions he does not want them to question him or even to understand him. It seems that he just wants to talk and he does not become offended if some of them drop asleep during his dissertation provided some of them are still awake. If someone makes an observation during such a recital or at its end Hitler launches forth into an explanation which goes on indefinitely. There is a tacit understanding among his adjutants that none of them will make any comments on these occasions which might get him wound up and prevent them from getting to bed.

After this recital to his adjutants Hitler calls in his advisers and informs them of his decision. When he has finished they are free to express their opinion. If Hitler thinks that one of these opinions is worthwhile, he will listen for a long time but usually these opinions have little influence on his decision when this stage has been reached. Only if someone succeeds in introducing new factors which he had not taken into consideration is there any possibility of getting him to change his mind. If someone voices the opinion that the proposed plan is too difficult or onerous he becomes extremely angry and frequently says "he does not look for people having clever ideas of their own but rather people who are clever in finding ways and means of carrying out his ideas."

Once he finally decides to carry out a certain plan his mood becomes excellent. "He is very cheerful, jokes all the time and does not give anybody an opportunity to speak, while he himself makes fun of everybody." When the necessary orders are given to put the plan into execution Hitler seems to lose interest in it. He becomes perfectly calm, occupies himself with other matters and sleeps unusually long hours. During the nights that preceded the "great coups" of recent years our spokesman saw him in such a state.

"Like all great statesmen, Hitler is cool and deliberate. For that reason the much-circulated idea that when an opponent has antagonized him he flies into a passion and makes a certain political decision in a fit of temper is false. The story of certain journalists that in such fits of temper he throws himself on the ground and bites the carpets must certainly be considered entirely as falling under the "greuelmaerchen." As a matter of course my spokesman would have kept silent about such incidents had they actually taken place, but against this stands the fact that he was not afraid of telling frankly how angry Hitler became when one of his followers has made a mistake. Also the explanation which he gave of these various reactions is plausible: If an opponent has been too clever for Hitler one cannot--so Hitler feels--take it amiss, inasmuch as the opponent was merely carrying out his duty; if difficulties have been caused by one of his followers then the latter has neglected his duty or is unsuitable for his position."

"Another thing that can likewise be relegated to the domain of myth is the story about Hitler's firm belief in his horoscope. Not only has the Fuehrer never had his horoscope cast, but he is in principle against horoscopes because he feels he might be unconsciously influenced by them."

Hitler's interest and plans are all concentrated on three subjects: architecture, military affairs and politics. Ever since childhood he has occupied himself with architectural plans. While in prison in 1923 he worked out plans for the "Neugestaltung Berlins." New buildings such as the Reich Chancellory and the Air Ministry building he regards as purely temporary. He realizes that these buildings were constructed far too rapidly in order to endure. His conception of a building which is permanent is one which will last a thousand years. He estimates that the construction of such permanent buildings would require from eight to ten years each. The dimensions of these permanent buildings which he is planning are even vaster than those already constructed. Recently he has been working over a plan in considering the advisability of building with a facade 100 meters high and a principal dome of 300 meters. All the buildings of the future are to be built on a North-South axis. On the upper floor of the Chancellory he has numerous models of buildings under contemplation and likes to spend evenings now and then with a few collaborators discussing new plans. He is very well informed on military matters. He regularly reads all the articles in all the military magazines. The foreign military journals are translated for him. It is said that he knows all the details of the various guns produced in the world and that he is able to draw diagrams of them from memory. He loves to look at military films and many of them are shown in the Chancellory on his order. Sometimes he has the operator stop the film in the middle while he points out an interesting detail. He loves to work on strategical problems and at one time worked out a plan for the defense of Finland which he

believed would make it absolutely impregnable. He worked out all the plans for the Polish campaign and at the same time worked out the plan for the successful defense for Poland. At the beginning of the Polish campaign he estimated that it would take three months to clean it up.

In the field of politics he also prepares the plans himself and other persons have very little influence on them. Here particularly the job of other people is to carry out the plans that he has made. This also applies to Ribbentrop and it is a mistake to believe that when Hitler hesitates on a course of action it is due to divergent views among his advisers or to blame his advisers for what has been done. Hitler pays little attention to the reports or predictions made to him by his ambassadors. He is far more interested in reading letters written by simple people, sailors, laborers etc., which come from abroad. In his opinion these people frequently interpret the sentiments of the real masses better than do the intellectuals.

Hitler has a great admiration for Great Britain and reads much about its institutions and structure as well as the history of its birth and development. His admiration of the Empire, however, is confined almost wholly to the Empire as it was. He despises the hypocrisy and half-heartedness of the present British leaders and regards them as unworthy successors of those who made it great in the firm belief in their own superiority and their willingness to risk anything for the future of their country. Hitler thinks that Lloyd George is the only British leader with whom he could have reached an agreement. Hitler really believes that he did everything possible to win the cooperation of Great Britain and that he contributed to the maintenance of the Empire.

Hitler rules according to the law of the jungle. "As among animals, so my spokesman said in describing such a mentality, the man and nation will win which is the strongest and shows the greatest readiness to risk everything for the defense of their country; all great things result from the primitive forces of man and nations." This, according to Hitler, applies to domestic as well as to international policy.

Interview with Princess Stephanie von Hohenlohe
June 28, 1943 at Alien Detention Camp, Seagoville, Texas.

The Princess spent a great deal of the interview in explaining her relationship to Lord Rothemere, English newspaper owner. These have nothing to do with the present study except insofar as she acted as Lord Rothemere's personal representative in his dealings with many European statesmen. This position she held for a period of seven years and during that time she was called upon to interview Hitler several times as well as Goering, Ribbentrop and other leading Nazis. According to her story, all of these contacts were in her official capacity. During all of these interviews she felt that Hitler was on his very best behavior and was doing his utmost to make a favorable impression on her in order that he might win the active collaboration of Lord Rothemere in England and the extensive publicity his chain of newspapers could provide.

This differs markedly from the Hanfstaengl account of the relationship. According to him the Princess was frequently in Germany and was one of Hitler's favorites--in fact so much so that Hanfstaengl had to caution him about his association with her on the grounds that it might start embarrassing gossip and complications because the Princess was half Jewish (her maiden name was Richter). Hanfstaengl says that Hitler refused to believe this and promised he would have her family investigated. Later when the subject came up again, Hitler said that the investigation showed that everything concerning her family was "in order." Hanfstaengl becomes very emotional when speaking of the Princess and was obviously jealous of her relationship with Hitler, whatever that might have been. No other account has been obtainable and we have our choice of believing Hanfstaengl who ranks it with Hitler's "affairs" or the Princess who claims that it was only of an official nature. The truth probably lies between them. The Princess does not deny her intimate friendship with Captain Wiedemann, who was Hitler's lieutenant during the war and later became his adjutant. Hanfstaengl claims that Wiedemann met the Princess at one of Hitler's parties and fell in love with her. When Hitler learned of this he became insanely jealous and sent Wiedemann to San Francisco as consul in order to punish him and get him out of the way. The Princess claims that she has known Wiedemann and his family for a great many years and that he facilitated some of her contacts with Hitler. Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to suppose that her contact with Hitler had a social as well as an official side. How far the social went is difficult to say unless further evidence is uncovered.

In any case she claims that most of her information about Hitler has come to her through Wiedemann whose confidante she was. Taken by and large, it corroborates much of the material gained from numerous other sources. A few incidents she related may, however, throw further light on his character.

One of the most interesting of these is the peculiar relationship which existed as late as 1938 between Hitler and Goering. During one of her interviews, early in 1938, Hitler had occasion to mention Goering. Apropos of nothing he launched into a lengthy description of Goering's work, his undying loyalty and devotion. As he spoke the tears welled up in his eyes. "What would I ever do without him", he said, shuddering at the very thought and then added, "He had to promise me not to drive his car too wildly a long while ago and now I made him give up flying. It would be too dreadful to think. . . ." there he broke off and shook his head as if to cast off a terrible vision which he could not endure.

Some time later the Princess had occasion to tell Goering in private some of the compliments that Hitler had showered upon him. Goering was thrilled to the core. The Field Marshall's radiance and delight showed that such words from such lips meant more to him than even uniforms and jewels. He reciprocated wildly. It was a veritable explosion of loyalty, devotion and hero-worship. Hitler was undoubtedly the greatest German who ever lived. The Bavarian braggart and brute disappeared and a proud little boy came to the surface.

The Princess is of the opinion that there are probably no other two men in the world who appreciate each other more ardently and sincerely and then added that although they are so vociferous as individuals they are probably tongue-tied when they try to say to each other what they think of each other.

The relationship is even more peculiar when we remember that Goering is one of the first hundred registered members of the party; that he was an outstanding ace in the last war, comes from a respected family, was awarded the Pour le merite, etc. Yet he came under the domination of an unknown lance corporal without family or fame. And yet Goering tells us that although he was reluctant to hear Hitler speak and only did so to oblige some friends who wanted to go, that first speech completely captivated him and without hesitation the proud captain became the unconditional follower of the unknown lance corporal.

But in spite of all this the two have never reached the intimate stage of bruderschaft where they address each other with the familiar "du." Goering was always very jealous because Hess had this privilege and held the title "Stellvertreter", but in spite of all his efforts he has not been rewarded with either. The Princess claims that there is only one Nazi besides Hess who has been granted that privilege and that, of all people, is Julius Streicher, editor of Der Stuermer. This, too, is a most peculiar relationship about which we know very little. It is quite certain that Streicher is one of the most hated of all the Nazis by all the other Nazis and yet Hitler has steadfastly resisted all pressure to remove or demote him. A strange bond seems to hold these two together.

In speaking of the inexplicable spell which Hitler threw over Goering the Princess remarked that she could never understand the magnetism of Hitler's oratory about which so many people have spoken. She described his voice as rasping, uncultured and displeasing to the ear. His diction and enunciation are unnatural and stilted, doubtless as a result of his effort to conceal the accent and dialect typical for Austrians of poor breeding and low estate.

At another talk, shortly after the United States had cut off the supply of helium to Germany, Hitler was exuberant. The United States had played directly into his hands and had done him a great favor. It seems that Hitler was opposed to the Zeppelin as an instrument in modern warfare but had permitted some of his military men to work on its development partly to keep them quiet and partly because he was still restricted by the Versailles Treaty. In the course of the conversation, referring to the Zeppelin, he said: "If Almighty God wanted a sausage to fly he would have created one without our help." The refusal of the United States to supply Germany with helium gave him the excuse to drop the Zeppelin and develop the aeroplane more openly.

The Princess believes, and one has the impression that this comes from Wiedemann, that Hitler is afraid of Roosevelt more than he is of Churchill. Hitler feels that he understands Churchill and can predict with a fair degree of accuracy what he will do under any given circumstances (as one gangster understands another). Roosevelt, however, is an enigma. He is a challenge to Hitler because he cannot understand his quiet, gentlemanly way of going about things. That he doesn't shout and call names is something Hitler cannot understand, especially since Roosevelt manages to sway public opinion with these tactics. She is under the impression that this challenge expresses itself in part in a competition with America. That Germany must have the biggest stadiums, the biggest buildings, etc. That Hitler was terribly envious when the biggest bridge in the world was built in San Francisco and he had no place in which to build a bigger one. The result was that he decided to build the widest bridge in the world in Hamburg (?) in order to soothe his hurt pride.

According to the Princess Hitler plans everything to the last detail; that he would spend endless hours working out the decorations for the Party Congresses in Nurnberg--the size of the pillars, their positions, the kind of Nazi banner they should display, the stage and all its settings, etc. The same is true in all other matters of importance to him. Everything is planned to make the greatest possible impression on the person or group he wants to impress at the moment. He seems to take a particular delight in doing work of this kind. He is never content until the last detail is worked out to his complete satisfaction and then he waits in anxious anticipation to see whether it produces the effect in reality that he imagined it would in fantasy.

The following information is almost wholly from Captain Wiedemann. He told the Princess that Hitler was not the hot-headed, implacable and stubborn individual that he tried to make himself out to be. That his technique was to size the situation up very carefully beforehand and then make the decision that was expected of him or that he was reasonably sure he could get away with, and then put up the stubborn front. For example: Before Munich Hitler and Ribbentrop were bent on war while Goering, von Neurath and Wiedemann were opposed. Hitler ordered mobilization, nevertheless, and arranged it so that the troops would have to pass the Wilhelmstrasse under the windows and the famous balcony of Hitler. He had expected that the population would go wild in their enthusiasm. Hoffman, the official photographer, was there with all his equipment and it was planned that in the midst of the cheering Hitler would step out on the balcony and raise the pitch of the people even higher while Hoffman took pictures to be distributed to the domestic and foreign press. Hitler stood behind the curtain of his windows for hours awaiting the psychological moment to step out on the balcony. But the call never came. The crowds were stubbornly quiet, unenthusiastic and sullen. Hitler went into a rage. The crowd had not responded to his setting as he had planned and he could not make his pronouncement.

The following day Goering received an urgent message from the British Ambassador. He rushed to the Reichskanzlei and was joined by von Neurath and with the aid of Wiedemann they forced their entrance into Hitler's presence. There Goering informed him of the British Ambassador's telephone call. Since Hitler did not comment Goering asked him to tell them what his intentions really were. At this point von Neurath interrupted and asked point blank: "Mein Fuehrer, do you want war? If you do, just tell us so!"

Hitler was taken off guard by the bluntness of the question and answered very reluctantly, rubbing his hands as he often does when he is embarrassed: "No--no--!"

Goering seized the opportunity and asked with great skill: "Why not call Poncet (the French Ambassador) and Attolico (the Italian Ambassador) and talk it over?" They were called and both came at once. The latter proposed and succeeded in establishing telephonic contact between Hitler and Mussolini. The Duce immediately declared himself willing to come himself. Goering, seeing that Hitler was flattered and pleased about Mussolini's willingness, then suggested:

"Why not invite Deladier and Chamberlain as well?" To which Hitler replied: "Yes, why not?" Within an hour or two the invitations had gone out and were accepted. Around noon the news swept the globe that Hitler had consented to postpone general mobilization for forty-eight hours. This was all very dramatic and the German people received the news with wild enthusiasm. After Munich Hitler made his famous speech prophesying a long peace which it was clear that the German

people wanted. Had the crowd cheered the troops wildly or shown any enthusiasm the day Hitler stood behind his window the Munich Pact presumably never would have been signed.

Another example of how he was influenced in his decisions: As the Danzig question became hotter several important generals were opposed to Hitler's course, fearing that it might lead to war before the army was really ready. Several times they sought an audience with Hitler and were refused rather brusquely. As the situation developed they became more and more disturbed and one day three of them arrived together and demanded an immediate audience. When Wiedemann informed Hitler he received them at once in his most gracious manner, practically told them what was in their minds and why they had come and assured them that their errand was unnecessary because he had no such intentions. That this was all psychological warfare and that he was sure that by his present tactics he could get Danzig without the intervention of the army. Nevertheless, he ordered a slowing down of the propaganda until the army could be more thoroughly prepared.

A few other items are of interest. Wiedemann is of the opinion that Hitler is fundamentally courageous. Even in the case of the Putsch he always defended Hitler's courage and insisted that he had no choice; that he did not fall down when the bullets began to fly but that he was literally dragged down by his bodyguard who received several bullets through the head and died. By the time Hitler succeeded in extricating himself from the dead men the situation was already out of hand and there was nothing he could do except to escape as best he could. In the army during the last war he was considered courageous and Wiedemann is sure that the Iron Cross 1st class was awarded to him, although he cannot remember for what.

On the other hand, Wiedemann could never understand why Hitler never attended a single Regimental Reunion although after he came to power all kinds of special invitations were sent to him and all kinds of inducements were offered to him. This is rather amazing especially in view of the fact that he called both Wiedemann and Amann to his aid and assigned them responsible positions in his growing movement.

Hitler, according to Wiedemann, is attracted mostly if not entirely to young women who are slight and blonde. According to the same source Effie Braun was the real object of his affections and that she often spent the night in Hitler's bedroom. What transpired behind the closed doors he did not know. Also Hitler bought Effie a beautiful house outside Munich where he frequently visited and she was also a frequent visitor at Berchtesgaden.

There was nothing much to the Unity Mitford relationship. Hitler was somewhat fascinated by her because she was English and because she had an extreme case of hero-worship. He played up to her because of her English connections and hoped to influence public opinion in

England through his association with her. The Princess is sure that he sent Unity away when the war broke out and that she shot herself out of disappointment.

He also says that Hitler prepares all of his own speeches and that nobody sees them or has a chance to make suggestions before they are delivered. Hitler only seldom intimates directly what the topic or substance of the speech will be. Sometimes, however, he would dictate an important speech to one of the female secretaries and then read it off into a dictaphone or recording machine. He would then have it played back and make corrections in the script while also practising the effect of different intonations.

Despite his bold mien he has a great fear of the press and constantly checks up to see what they are saying about him. Often he will interrupt an important conference while he glances through the latest paper.

He is very tender-hearted when it comes to animals and will figuratively weep over the fate of a fly while he is sacrificing untold numbers of humans. Nevertheless, he has a secret fear of people and on occasion has commissioned somebody else to discharge a person with whom he has just had lunch or an interview.

According to the same source it was Hitler and not Goebbels who planned and instituted the November pogrom. He looked forward to it with the greatest relish and expected it would be a howling success among the German people and attract the attention of the entire world. When he discovered that the attention was not nearly as favorable as he had expected he gave the impression that it was Goebbels' doing and Goebbels could do nothing but accept the responsibility to a large degree.

Ensor, R.C.K. Who Hitler is. Oxford pamphlets 1939.

So recently as 11th August 1939 he told the British Ambassador that he was by nature an artist, not a politician, and that once the Polish question was settled, he would end his life as an artist, and not as a war-singer!

Ensor, R.C.K. Who Hitler is. Oxford pamphlets. 1939. p. 7. Footnote.

White, William C. Hail Hitler!
Scribner's Magazine April 1932.

He stepped from the elevator in a dark, deserted lobby of Hotel Kaiserhof in Berlin. The whiteness of his face and his swarthy mustache emphasized the severe black and white of his attire. He stood erect, his figure much slimmer than the photographs show.

A three-year-old girl, yellow curls down her back, ran across the lobby to where he stood waiting for a friend. She extended her pudgy little arm in salute.

"Hail Hitler!" she said.

He returned the salute, unsmiling.

In khaki uniform he stood on a review platform at Harzburg, head after rank of men in uniform, their right arms raised in salute, marched by. Red, white, and black banners streamed back in what seemed to be an unbroken ribbon of silk.

"Hail Hitler!" the marches roared and the little mountains of the Harz echoed "Hail!"

Unsmiling, he returned the salute.

Such is his manner when on exhibition. It does not desert him in private. He sat in his suite at the Kaiserhof, tense, his ability to relax long since lost. At first he seemed a trifle effeminate. A lock of black hair artfully shaded one side of his forehead. A great orator, he talked to a lone American journalist as one who had forgotten any other kind of speaking. He used all the rest, read in the elocution manual.

"Only National Socialism, our party, can meet the problems of the day," he said. The table before him trembled. "You will see movements like ours arise the world over. Absolutely!"

A secretary sat near by, smiling but timid, awed at hearing the Articles of Faith mouthed by the Messiah himself. Twenty thousand followers have the same expression on their faces as they return from hearing a two-hour speech by their saviour.

The phraseology is not sacrilegious. "Hail Hitler, our Saviour!" is the phrase used. In it lies the whole meaning of the National Socialist movement and of its contradictions. Hitler, who has a respectable list of miracles to his credit, including that of turning six friends into ten million followers, bows slightly at the compliment in the phrase and believes it.

White, William C. Hail Hitler. 1932. Scribner Magazine April 1932, p. 229.

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I have met and talked with Hitler some five or six times and have seen him at close range on perhaps a hundred occasions;

.....Glances of him that I recall particularly vividly....

.....are at the annual Party congresses in Nuremberg, when thrilling to the ovation of hundreds of thousands, he felt himself utterly and completely to be the Fuehrer who had made good; again in the world-wide glare of attention, before the Reichstag, delivering those famous and endless "settling of accounts" tirades; at the opera, feeling uncomfortable in tail like any little burgher, but enjoying the music; at the Winter and Summer Olympics, when, no athlete himself, he nevertheless bounced with excitement on his seat; at countless "Acts of State", when he was too bored even to be theatrical; riding near him in three of his victory processions celebrating the conquest of some new country, when he was yet cautious enough to have his Gestapo in attendance with automatic pistols at the ready; at Compiègne, receiving the armistice delegation of beaten France.

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1930: It seems that Herr Hitler was very much annoyed at some things which had been said about him in the foreign press following an interview which he had given to another correspondent, a Frenchman. As a matter of honest fact, Hitler had a dislike for and distrust of foreign journalists which he never overcame and which he never tried to overcome except where policy made it wise to do so.

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I finally met Hitler the next year, 1931, in Berlin. Hitler never really liked Berlin, but could not avoid occasional visits there, when he stayed at a tiny, hole-in-the-wall hotel in the Linkstrasse.

.... A small conference had been called.... for the American and British press.

.... Hitler strode energetically into the room dressed in typical brown uniform. I must say that I had a feeling of instant dynamism about the man; these were the days when he was rushing by car and plane from one end of the Reich to the other, sometimes making several speeches a day.

He seated himself abruptly before our small group and then launched into one of the tirades which I later came to recognize as characteristic of his manner whether addressing two persons or two thousand. His "speech", for such it was, rambled across the whole field of topics which were the Nazis' stock in trade then and later: The Treaty of Versailles, the Jews, capitalism, and interest slavery. Hitler's voice filled

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that small room with its guttural Austrian accents, at times harsh and brutal, at others offended and almost whining, but never soft or gentle.

This onslaught must have continued for about half an hour or forty minutes, when Hitler, having been "interviewed" about as much as he (and we) cared for, rose abruptly, went around shaking hands with each member of the group with great earnestness, turned and disappeared through the door as strongly as he had entered.

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The next time I came into direct contact with Hitler.. was on June 26th, 1933. . . .

....The interview was secured for Karl Bickel, then president of the United Press. . . .

....As we entered the office (which was at least sixty feet long and thirty feet wide), Hitler rose from his desk and advanced to meet us in the middle of the room. He was dressed in brown tunic and khaki shirt, with black trousers and patent-leather shoes. He looked fit, with good color and clear eyes. I already began to have the feeling of being an actor in a play, each movement and cue of which had been worked out carefully in advance. Hitler, who had greeted us earnestly and with only nods of welcome (he speaks no English), motioned us to seats at a large round table where we were to have our talk.

....Mr. Bickel led off with a formal expression of appreciation for being received at a time when the Chancellor was obviously busy with many things, which Hanfstaengl duly translated into German, using, as was customary for Germans addressing Hitler, the term "Mein Fuehrer", whereas the term for foreigners was simply "Herr Reichskanzler" or "Mr. Chancellor". Hitler responded with an inclination of his head, whereupon Bickel went on to take up the questions which had already been submitted. Hitler had studied the written questions, had framed the answers in his own mind for oral delivery and used no notes. The first question concerned the type of government which Hitler planned eventually to set up in Germany, which was the starting point for a lecture on considerable length on governments in general.

"Parliaments are doomed", said Hitler in a way which permitted no dispute. "The idea of personal leadership is the principle of today and for tomorrow."

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All great, successful business enterprises of the world are run as dictatorships, on the basis of courageous, single responsibility". No one challenged Hitler openly on this and, his eyes intense, he delivered his last crack on the subject. "It is when things begin to go bad - when firms or governments are threatened with bankruptcy - that people begin to hide behind the convenient anonymity of boards of directors."

.... "I am not suppressing the majority with the aid of a minority", Hitler barked. "I am not hiding behind barbed-wire fences".

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When the interview drew to a close, Bickel asked Hitler if he had any special message for the people of America. Hitler rose to his feet briskly and replied: "I have only the sincere wish that thoughtful people in America will not prejudice us."

.... We all shook hands formally once again, and Hitler bowed us out of the room. The interview had been typical I found, of others that were to follow: especially Hitler's poise and self-assurance and his use of the interview to deliver himself of propaganda on favorite themes.

..... The three of us wrestled with this torrent of words, trying to pick out the best lead, or introductory paragraph, and trying to find some clear sequence in the thing without taking liberties with Der Fuehrer's thoughts.

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Two years went by before I was next to see Hitler in such direct contact. Hugh Baillie, who had succeeded Bickel as president of the United Press, was coming to Berlin from Moscow in November of 1935.

..... Hitler greeted us briefly.

..... This time Der Fuehrer was in real form. His theme that day was Bolshevism. He declared that Germany was the bulwark of the West against Bolshevism and that she was ready to meet propaganda with propaganda, terror with terror, and violence with violence. He tied the Jews in with Communism, said that they had been prominent in Communist Party activities during recent years, and with a fine turn of rhetoric termed the Nazis' ruthless legislation "not anti-Jewish but pro-German".

Baillie listened attentively as Dr. Schmidt translated Hitler's answers. I was watching Hitler all the while. He knew no English, but there were certain words like "Bolshevist", "West", "Jew", which he recognized in Dr. Schmidt's translation

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and, whether Der Fuehrer realized it or not, he was delivering an address: his eyes flashed, his lips twisted in the movements of speech, his head was thrown up in the familiar imperious motion, and with his right forefinger he jabbed the air with sharp thrusts as if to drive home every point. For all I know, he may have forgotten that we were there and have been speaking to one of his audiences of thousands.

We reached the end and Hitler rose to bow us out with an "I'm glad you met me" air, when Baillie interposed casually: "Thank you very much, Mr. Chancellor, for receiving us. I cannot help but feel that what you have told us would be of great interest is circulated. If we prepare a version of what you have said, would you be willing to look at it and decide whether it could be published?"

Hitler was plainly taken aback. He raised his hands in a gesture of uncertainty and replied: "Well, I'll ask the Ambassador".

F.Oechsner: This is the Enemy. pp.65, 68,69

In public, Hitler is obviously always "aware" of himself against his background, thinking of himself pictorially, symbolically, whether in the role of War Lord or comforter of some war mother upon whose head he places his hand in picturesque pity. In such moments he seems to conceive of himself as something phenomenal, sent, at the precise hour when he appeared to lead the German Master Race to its "deserved position of leadership"; or as the Great Comforter- father, husband, brother or son to every German who lacks or has lost such a relative.

He is not a spiritualist in the common sense of the word, but he accepts the importance of occult influences. On one afternoon, shortly before the settlement of the Czech crisis, Hitler was not available to anyone for a period of three hours. A guard was posted outside his private rooms in the Reichschancellery; Hitler was closeted with his astrologers, consulting with them regarding the wisdom of the measures he was about to take.

And locked away in his private files is a collection of several hundred photographs of the stellar constellations on the days when he has taken some particular decision or done some particular thing. It may have been the decision to dispatch a certain diplomatic note or courier on a mission which turned out well; it may have been the day of the Saar Plebiscite, of the Austrian Anschluss; or the day he was called to the Chancellery. To these photographs Hitler later refers

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for comparison when attempting to reach some new decision.

Hitler consults astrologers, but he doesn't want anybody else to. That is the reason why, several years ago, the practice of strolgy, or of any form of fortunetelling or prophecy, was banned throughout the Reich, either on the stage or in private. It seems that too many people were foreseeing disaster or failure for one Adolf Hitler.

These things actually are part of Hitler's conception of himself, in life and death, as a sort of New Deliverer whose influence shall go down through the ages.

He believes himself to be a new leader who has been sent to the German people by Providence to reshape Europe and perhaps the world under the domination of the Master Race. With cold, inexorable determination, he intends that nothing - human lives, sorrow or suffering - shall stand in the way of his plans to trace the world's frontiers and spheres of influence to the pattern he has drawn. No detail is too small for him to think of, and nothing is too large, not even the war that he launched in Poland and that engulfs us now.

He feels, in fact, that no one in German history was equipped as he is to bring the Germans to the position of supremacy which all German statesman have felt they deserved but were unable to achieve. Looking back over the record of his successes, Adolf Hitler sees no reason yet to change his view in this.

F.Oechsner: This is the Enemy. pp. 73, 74.

There lies at all times on Hitler's desk on the Kehlstein a piece of rock shaped like a human hand. It was found on the spot during the construction of the Eagle's Nest and Hitler, who has ~~been~~ as much superstitious interest in such things as anybody else, had it mounted in a special case and called it "Wotan's Hand". He is greatly attached to this relic, regards it as a symbol of good luck, in which his astrologers have confirmed his judgment.

On the parapet of the Kehlstein the well-known optical firms, Zeiss of Jena and Leitz of Wetzlar, have mounted powerful telescopes at Hitler's orders for gazing at the stars, which he often did before the war in company with his atrologers. Smaller telescopes are available for peering into the mountains roundabout.

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One of the earliest foreign visitors to the Eagle's Nest after its completion (and one of the few foreigners invited there at all) was the French Ambassador, André Francois Ponceet,

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who had more cordial relations with Hitler than any other foreign diplomat. Poncet was obviously greatly impressed by the place. As he emerged from his ascent in the elevator with an adjutant and entered the big glassed-in room, he looked around in surprise and said softly yet audibly: "What? Isn't Wotan here yet?" A guttural voice from behind a door which Poncet had not seen replied: "Yes, here he is", and Hitler stepped out.

F.Oechsner: This is the Enemy. pp. 77,78.

Another of Hitler's favorite construction projects, though vastly different from the Kehlstein, is the new Reichschancellery in Berlin. Prior to the Nazis' accession to power, the old Reichschancellery was both good enough and large enough to take care of the needs of the Chancellors. Hitler continued to use it also for the first two years of his office, but decided that something really befitting the affluence of the Nazis should be put up. He gave orders on January 11th, 1938, that the new building must be ready for occupancy exactly one year from that date. As in the construction of the Kehlstein, he would not compromise with the difficulties of time or space, even if an entire row of buildings had to be razed. A year later to the day he moved in, not seeing perhaps the workmen who were still drying the walls with blow torches.

F.Oechsner: This is the Enemy. pp.78,79

Hitler got in on time. He says that the Chancellery is only temporary anyhow and that some day a permanent building, presumably even larger and more gorgeous, will be put up, which will surely last the Nazis' "Thousand Year Reich".

It is characteristic of Hitler that he has left the old Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse intact as a horrible example of Republican artistic decadence which is supposed to impress Berliners and visitors as such.

Hitler took an intense personal interest in the architectural plans for the Reichschancellery. Many of these plans bore marginal notations or drawings in his own hand. As a matter of fact, his interest in the construction of the place was embarrassingly thorough. When the Chancellery was projected, Hitler insisted that the Grand Corridor leading to the so-called Diplomats' Hall should be 650 feet long.

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The architects told him that it was impossible to provide this length because of space limitations. They would have had to remove further buildings or block off street. Hitler was insistent, and told them firmly to try to fit it in. But the best they could do was to stretch the Hall from the original proposed 325 feet to 475 feet, which it is today. Hitler finally agreed with a sigh, but said: "I resign those hundred and seventy-five feet with a heavy heart". The architects did everything they could to please him by making the hall look longer.

.... Each one of the samples of illusion was submitted to Hitler, of course, for personal consideration. As I have said, he dotes on working out small details of his giant projects. The red marble framing of the great full-length windows in the Corridor, carrying out the tone of the flooring, was a Hitler order.

When the time came to provide his own office in the Chancellery, Hitler again insisted upon space. When the plans were submitted to him he vetoed the dimensions as being too modest and in his own marginal figures exactly doubled the measurements. This presented a new impossibility, but again the architects did their best.

Hitler had a passion for superdimensional constructions, whether it be the rooms in the Chancellery, the Kehlstein, or the great stadium accommodating 400,000 persons which he ordered to be built for the annual Party rallies at Nuremberg. Hitler says "big ideas can only be produced in big rooms; the spirit bumps against walls and ceilings." This passion for space and magnitude is represented also in his political thinking, and the word *g r o s s* (great) recurs frequently in his vocabulary. It is either *Gross Deutsches Reich* or *Grossraum Politik* or *Gross Wirtschaftsraum*.

F. Oechsner: This is the Enemy. pp. 79, 80.

In the spaces between these rest depots... are fourteen breathtakingly beautiful Gobelin tapestries, all personally selected by Hitler and all but four of them representing a horse motif in either hunting or war scenes.

Every one of these horses is a stallion which is a fetish of Hitler's. He likes animals but only males, and those with power. His two male shepherd dogs, Castor and Wolf, have accompanied him even to his headquarters during campaigns. Virtually the only horse pictures he will allow around the place are stallions. If the features of the body which would identify the sex of the beast are

F. Oechsner: This is the Enemy. 1942. pp. 79, 80, 81, 82.

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concealed in the tapestry or photograph by foliage or other objects, then he has experts determine the sex from the nostrils, the mane, the musculature or the bone formation. Thereafter, if a person who is supposedly a horse fancier visits Hitler, he engages him in talk about horses and says casually: "By the way, you are an expert. What do you think of this stallion?" If the visitor says cautiously: "I can't tell from this picture, whether it is a stallion or a mare", Hitler observes him with a superior expert air, "Why, you don't know anything about horses. That is a stallion," and then proceeds to point out the proof.

F. Oechsner: This is the Enemy. p.82

There is one room in the Reichschancellery for which Hitler does not have much attachment, and that is the so-called "Cabinet-Room". It, too, is a chamber of no mean dimensions. The official by whom I was being conducted quoted me a bon mot of Der Fuehrer's: "This is where the Cabinet sleeps while I run the government."

.... Underneath the Chancellery is Berlin's safest and most elaborate air-raid cellar. At the time of the most intense R.A.F. raids on Berlin, Hitler gave order that a certain number of poor persons from different parts of the city should be brought there on every raid night, particularly women who were about to give birth to children. There were numerous births in the cellar's delivery room and every wailing infant got as a godfather Adolf Hitler, Fuehrer and Chancellor.

F.Oechsner: This is the Enemy. pp.82,83.

Hitler's passion for architectural pictures and photographs, and the almost psychic meaning that he reads into them, is well illustrated by an incident which concerns Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. When Ribbentrop returned from Moscow in August, 1939, after signing the Soviet-German pact, he brought with him, as a gift, one hundred pictures of Russian architecture. Going into the Chancellery to give his report to Hitler on the momentous pact which he had signed at the Kremlin, he presented the pictures also. Hitler lifted the cover, became absorbed, and when Ribbentrop politely suggested that he might give his report, Hitler said impatiently: "No, no! Leave me alone with these for

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an hour; I want to study them; then we can talk. Ribbentrop retired, came back in an hour, whereupon Hitler said dreamily: "These pictures show me that there is a great kinship between the Russian and German souls. If I had seen these pictures a year ago, I would have entered this pact then."

Dependence upon such reactions in political matters is not uncommon to Hitler. When he and Mussolini first met, they talked almost not at all on specific political details but about matters like architecture, painting, even philosophical subjects, and Hitler's attitude was that if he and Mussolini understood one another in such things they would talk the same political language.

Hitler is a great devotee of columns and halls or passage-ways in architecture; psychically interpreted, these are phallic symbols, and medical experts are convinced that in Hitler's case they represent an intense morbid pre-occupation with sexual symbolism. Hitler wants as many columns in any given space as possible. Men who know of this humor him in it. Once when Hitler showed Ribbentrop the plans for a small passage-way in which the architect Speer had placed two large columns, Ribbentrop squinted appraisingly, turned to Hitler and said: "It's very fine, Mein Fuehrer, but wouldn't this look better if there were four columns, smaller ones, instead of two?" Hitler was delighted and paid Ribbentrop a compliment on his architectural sensitiveness. Very often Hitler tests men with such little problems in order to see how closely their views coincide with his.

F. Oechsner: This is the Enemy. p. 83, 84

The great-bulked Goering, however, sarcastically observed once that a certain hall at ~~Berchtesgaden~~ Hitler's Berchtesgaden home, which was being remodeled, "should have 400 columns in it". The remark found its way to Hitler, who quite without realizing the sarcasm of it, said that that was a splendid suggestion but -indulgently- the scheme did not quite permit of that.

Hitler's chief adjutant, Wilhelm Brueckner... used to turn a pretty penny by suggesting to wealthy and influential visitors to Hitler that they would be sure to get on the Chief's good side by bringing the conversation around to architecture and letting Hitler ramble on about his favorite topic. Superadroit ones would even bring up the matter of columns.

Hitler's primary graphic interest is unquestionably architecture, but closely allied to it is his never-abandoned

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passion for free-hand sketching and water colors.

His earlier water colors are fairly creditable performances with good conventional use of color and with, as always, considerable attention to detail. A physician who knows Hitler thoroughly says that his sketches reveal the nature of the typical half-educated, half-trained man who has the ability in a marked degree to co-ordinate detail into a whole harmonious scheme. He thinks that this is particularly evident in Hitler's treatment of fences and walls.

F.Oechsner: This is the Enemy. p.84

Hitler's choice of subjects is very catholic and he often quickly snatches a pencil from the nearest available spot to translate into visual form the ideas which overcrowd his tongue, whether they concern a cornice, a uniform or a new gun. On the West Wall, I have listened to rapturous accounts by General Staff officers of how Hitler during a tour of the Wall pointed out in self-made sketches where this or that pillbox should be improved. He was said by this officers to have designed entire pillboxes.

In another field Hitler has originated with his pencil the costumes to be worn by the dancers, the twin sisters Hoepfner, and also designed the uniforms now affected by the Foreign Office staff. On the Western Front he sketched a number of war scenes, including the Maginot Line after the attack by the Germans. He has also voluminously sketched German naval vessels, including the proposed 35,000-tonners. Hitler's war sketches are kept in two special portfolios designed for publication after the war.

His strong psychic complexes have received display recently in the form of undisciplined fantasies of eight-legged animals with queer splay feet or of humans with fantastic heads. This fantasy reaches over into the realm of the technical, and some of the ships and U-boats which he has drawn are from another world.

Hitler has combined his drawing interests with his racial theories in a series of his own sketches which he calls EIN HERRENVOLK (A Master Race). These sketches, which repose in the strong room of the Kehlstein, are of the heads of men and women and children representing his conception of the ideal Nordic type. Interesting is his observation in script that the only people worthy to compare with the Germans under this classification are the English - and that because they are of Germanic strain.

Whatever others may think of Hitler's own work, he has a very high opinion of himself as an art critic. . . . He ordered the cultivation and assembly of what he considered

Frederick Oechsner: This is the Enemy. 1942

really worthwhile contemporary German art in the great "Haus der deutschen Kunst" (House of German Art) in Munich. Here, every year, ... Hitler himself opens an exhibition. It is ultraconventional in tone and runs very heavily to nudes.....

When the "House of German Art" shows originated, Hitler had appointed a jury with his friend and official photographer Professor Heinrich Hoffmann, as foreman. Such a bitter quarrel broke out in the group over some of the atrociously stereotyped paintings and sculptures which Hoffmann championed that Hitler himself stepped in and, displacing the voting right of the entire committee, decided personally on what should be shown. Hitler's patronage of some favorite artists has been enough to jump them into the high-priced class in Germany today.

Hitler has designed a war memorial for the unknown soldiers of the present war to be erected in the neighborhood of Dresden, the geographical center of the Reich. It is a very elaborate affair ... supermonumental in size, ... to be built of great blocks of stone. ...

A favorite project of Hitler's has been the beautifying of such German cities as Düsseldorf, Cologne, Hamburg, Münster, and Stettin. Recent British air raids, however, have blasted an unexpected track through many of these rosy plans.

F. Oechsner: This is the Enemy. p. 85, 86.

Among the ruling passions of Hitler's life is that for music.

It is well known that he has a blind devotion to the music of Wagner, of whom he has said: "For me, Wagner is something godly, and his music is my religion. I go to his concerts as others go to church". It is difficult to say whether the poseur Hitler is speaking here, but it is interesting to see him at a concert when he does not know he is being observed. Grimaces of pain and pleasure contort his face, his brows knit, his eyes close, his mouth contracts tightly.

Certainly music has a strong emotional effect on him. Sometimes he will go to a concert in the worst conceivable humour and return home smiling, or vice versa. On one occasion some old Party friends asked him to intercede to set aside a sentence which had been imposed upon a Nazi stalwart for a moral offense. Hitler flatly declined, but a few hours later, after he had returned from a concert, he suddenly called his adjutant and ordered precisely the change which had been requested of him.

Frederick Oechsner: This is the Enemy. 1942. pp. 86, 87

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Often, on even the tensest political days, he wanted to hear music, and if there was no other possibility he had a small string orchestra brought to the Chancellery, where alone, or with two or three of the closest members of his staff, he would relax for half an hour. He felt this impulse on the evening of the conclusion of the German-Russian pact, word of which he received telegraphically from Moscow. It was 11 P.M. but regardless of the hour several prominent artists were hurriedly telephoned and summoned to the Chancellery for an impromptu concert.

Hitler cannot tolerate phonograph or radio music. He says: "I must see the musician himself who brings music from the dead instrument", He likes light Bavarian and Austrian things, especially peasant and folk songs. In the old campaign days he very often took with him a member of his staff, Sepp Kannenberger (today major-domo of his household), on long automobile trips. Kannenberger had a small, pleasant voice and accompanied himself on a typical Bavarian accordion.

Hitler is no supporter of military music, although he once said that it was "a military necessity". He finds the Schalmeien (shawm) bands which the Storm Troops took over from the Communist organizations interesting.

Strangely enough, Hitler personally is almost amusical, or at least unmusical, as far as his own ability is concerned. He cannot whistle or sing. For several years he tooted intermittently on a flute presented to him in 1935 by the Belgian Fascist leader DeGrelle, but he never got beyond the rudiments. He is able to pick out simple tunes on the harmonica.

Hitler admires the technical proficiency involved in the execution of Wagner's music. Although his reaction is essentially emotional, he has a profound interest in the creation or production of the thing which inspires his emotion. He is in fact an admirer of technical proficiency of all sorts and is fond of all types of mechanical gadgets. Models of various sorts, particularly of weapons, fascinate him, and wooden miniatures of all new guns are brought to him for inspection. Hitler has never learned to drive an automobile. I am not sure that he has even sat at the wheel of a car, and as for piloting an airplane, he actually gets air-sick, although under pressure of time he has flown hundreds of thousands of miles. His frequent attempts to learn to use a typewriter never got him past a laborious two-finger technique. In 1938 he was presented with a newly designed portable, made entirely of plastic material and weighing just a few pounds. He tried again, but when he saw that he was gaining no speed he abandoned the machine.

Frederick Sechsner: This is The Enemy. 1942.

Although he has an almost fanatic addiction to mechanical modernization, especially in the Army, there is one personal possession which he resists modernizing, and that is his watch. Although admirers from all over the world have sent him many valuable timepieces, he still carries an ancient key-winder model belonging to his family.

Another timepiece which belonged in his family is a musical clock in Hitler's study. His prejudice against mechanical music extends even to this clock, and he will not allow it to be wound up for playing. On its cover in crude letters the family name has been inlaid in ivory, but the name "Hitler" is spelled with a 'd' instead of a 't'. It is not clear whether this was an error on the part of some unlearned village handicraftsman or whether the name in earlier years might indeed have been spelled "Hidler". No one has ever ventured to ask Hitler about this. His family affairs are never discussed in his presence. All of his family papers, in fact, are kept under lock to which he alone has the key.

In truth Hitler has no "family life" as such. Coolness, if not actual hostility, has prevailed for years between himself and his half-brother, Alois Hitler, who runs a café on the Wittenbergplatz in Berlin. Up to 1935 Alois appeared occasionally at the Chancellery, although at most only once a month; then these visits ceased entirely. Hitler did not, as some accounts have it, provide the money for the establishment of the café for his half-brother; in fact he never looked on it with favor, and instructions were issued at one time to all his Storm Troop and S.S. leaders, as well as to political functionaries of the Party, not to patronize the café.

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Frederick Dechener: This is the Enemy. 1942

Hitler does not go in for driving motorcars, and he has never actually taken part in the hardening regimen which has been prescribed for the S.A. and the S.S. ... He is not in any sense an athletic type, although ... he projects himself emotionally into athletic competition. Walking has been his main form of exercise for years, and when in Berlin he usually takes a daily constitutional in the garden of the Chancellery, where part of the walk has been covered over against rainy days. At Berchtesgaden he walks in the countryside, usually with one of his police dogs. On occasion he has taken Goering with him and, setting off intentionally at a fast clip through the woods, has made the fat Marshal puff to keep up. A number of his associates have urged Hitler to take up horseback riding, but this he has parried with the remark: "Horses have more important work to do". In earlier days he did some gardening at Berchtesgaden, and it was a great occasion when radishes grown and picked by Der Fuehrer were served on the table. At one time he also had some iron dumbbells put in his room and with these exercised for twenty minutes each morning. For a brief period Hitler also practised other setting-up exercises for ten to twenty minutes ~~each morning~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ at a stretch. His manservant, Walther Meyer, a former bodyguard, counted the "One-two, one-two" for him as he went through his calisthenics in the nude.

Hitler favors nudism, and the circulation of nudist books, complete with photographs extolling the practise of nudism in lyric phrases, has his approval. Reich health officials sometimes write the forewords to these books, urging, among other things, the removal of hair from the body, a practise which Hitler himself has followed. He believes, in fact, that the superman of the future (German, of course) will be a hairless creature except for what is on his head.

Hitler's own physique would hardly make people in a nudist camp stop and gape in admiration. He has almost femininely smooth white skin, and soft, muscleless limbs and arms, with a caved-in chest requiring his tailor to pad his uniforms in order to give him the necessary front.

Walther Meyer once suggested that Hitler should box with him. They sparred with bare fists. Meyer clipped Der Fuehrer one on the right ear, which remained swollen for several days. His house physician, Professor Morell, was annoyed and alarmed, but it all passed off and Hitler did nothing about it. Finally he gave up the dumbbell workouts and walking remained his only exercise.

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He does, however, enjoy target shooting, but his associates learned that it was not wise as a regular thing to outscore Der Fuehrer. He became definitely miffed. General Werner von Fritsch once dared to score seven bulls-eyes in twelve shots on a military range, whereas Hitler scored only one, though with good secondary shots. There was a cool moment, but Hitler relieved the tension with a laugh and said: "Well, General, after all, shooting is your business".

All of the S.S. men around Hitler have to be good shots, and he sometimes took part enthusiastically in pistol practise. One of his prize possessions was an old English pistol given to him by his English admirer, Unity Mitford. It was unique and valuable. The ammunition for it ran out (he had 5000 rounds) and he could get no more in Germany. But that did not bother him, for he said confidently: "Never mind; we'll fetch it ourselves in London".

In the cellar of the Reichschancellery stands a miniature cannon modeled after one of Krupp's modern giants. The barrel is about thirty-two inches long, with a silencer on the chamber. When Hitler had time, he used to delight in loading, aiming and firing this little piece himself. The targets were wooden figures of Polish, English, French, Belgian, Dutch and Russian soldiers, the Russians painted with leering, brutal faces. Prominent visitors were taken to the cellar to see the cannon. Mussolini, as a great mark of distinction, was even allowed to load and shoot it, and with great glee entered himself in the record of results which was kept.

Models of virtually all of Germany's modern artillery have been brought to the Chancellery and there set up in the garden to be studied by Hitler and whatever general or adjutant happened to be accompanying him on his morning walks. Longrange pieces he inspected at the proving grounds at Döberitz, occasionally himself pulling the firing cord. This used to enchant him, and adjutants often had a hard time getting him away punctually to other appointments.

A steel helmet and a pistol are part of Hitler's wardrobe, but they have never been worn, not even when he reached the front lines or when he watched artillery duels from a short distance behind the front in the Western and Polish campaigns.

Hitler takes moderately good care of himself and eats sparingly, without meat except for an occasional small piece of sausage. He eschews alcohol in general, although he has for some years partaken of a very weak beer, especially brewed for him. Also on occasion he has taken a nip of the Bavarian schnapps Enzian, and during the cold winter at his eastern headquarters even drank a hot grog once in a while -

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as many, in fact, as three or four in an evening. At official banquets he merely touches wine to his lips during the toasts. As already indicated, he does not smoke and does not like people to smoke around him.

He sleeps comparatively well, going to bed late (often in Berlin as late as three or four in the morning after reading) and rising late. On the day the Zeppelin Hindenburg burned at Lakehurst he did not learn of it until two o'clock the next afternoon when he arose. His physicians have been worried since the start of the war by his tendency to use sedatives as sleeping aids, but there is no evidence that this has become a habit with him.

For the last four years Hitler has received occasional "ray" treatments of the larynx at the hands of his house physician, and at one time he had an operation for the removal of a small polyp from the larynx. There was some talk at the time of his being a growth of malignant nature, but that rumor (to the regret of a great many people) proved to be false. He has had infrequent attacks which seem to be caused by gall-bladder disturbance, but these too were not serious.

Whatever he thinks or does about his own health, Hitler is determined to raise the public health level of the Reich. Hitler attributes great importance to diet in working out his "superior German stock". He also envisages a day when the Reich's breweries will turn out only milk products and fruit juices.

Hitler reads insatiably, omnivorously. It is on the basis of this tremendously wide reading through the years that he has gained his knowledge of history and of military science, for he had only an elementary education.

This exhaustive reading habit, which enables him to absorb incredible masses of detail rapidly and effectively is characteristic of that side of his nature which is meticulous, careful, even plodding. The other side of his nature is psychic, brilliant, with almost lightninglike flashes of intuition on the basis of which he also reaches decisions. Whether he decides a thing by the careful, analytical process, absorbing the necessary groundwork of information from books or in long conferences with other persons, or by flashes, he has seldom been known to swerve from a decision once made. I have seen him reprimand officers of ancient name in public, as if they were schoolboys, for some real or fancied hesitancy in this connection.

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I found that his personal library, which is divided between his residence in the Chancellery in Berlin and his country home on the Obersalzberg at Berchtesgaden, contains roughly 16,300 books. They may be divided generally into three groups:-

First, the military section containing some 7000 volumes, including the campaigns of Napoleon, the Prussian kings; the lives of all German and Prussian potentates who ever played a military role; and books on virtually all of the well-known military campaigns in recorded history. There is Theodore Roosevelt's work on the Spanish-American War, also a book by General von Steuben, who drilled our troops during the American Revolution. Blomberg, when he was War Minister, presented Hitler with 400 books, pamphlets and monographs on the United States armed forces and he has read many of these.

The military books are divided according to countries. Those which were not available in German Hitler has had translated. Many of them, especially on Napoleon's campaigns, are extensively margined in his own handwriting. There is a book on the Gran Chaco dispute by the German general Kundt, who at one time (like Captain Ernst Roehm) was an instructor of troops in Bolivia. There are exhaustive works on uniforms, weapons, supply, mobilization, the building-up of armies in peacetime, morale and ballistics. In fact, there is probably not a single phase of military knowledge, ancient or modern, which is not dealt with in these 7000 volumes, and quite obviously Hitler has read many of them from cover to cover.

The second section of some 1500 books covers artistic subjects such as architecture, the theater, painting and sculpture, which, after military subjects, are Hitler's chief interest. The books include works on surrealism and Dada-ism, although Hitler has no use for this type of art. One of his ironical marginal notes could be roughly translated "Modern art will revolutionize the world? Rot!" In writing these notes Hitler never uses a fountain pen but an old-fashioned pen or an indelible pencil.

In drawers beneath the bookshelves he has a collection of photographs, drawings and famous actors, dancers, singers, both male and female. One book on the Spanish theater has pornographic drawings and photographs, but there is no section on pornography, as such, in Hitler's library.

The third section includes works on astrology and spiritualism procured from all parts of the world and translated where necessary. There are also spiritualistic photographs, and, securely locked away, the 200 photographs of the stellar constellations on important days in his life. These he has annotated in his own handwriting and each has its own separate envelope.

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In this third section there is a considerable part devoted to nutrition and diet. In fact, there are probably a thousand books on this subject, many of them heavily margined, those marginal comments including the vegetarian observation: "Cows were meant to give milk; oxen to draw loads." There are dozens of books on animal breeding with the photographs of stallions and mares of famous name. One interesting psychological angle here is that, where stallions and mares are shown on opposite pages, many of the mares have been crossed out in red pencil as merely inferior females and unimportant compared with the stallion males.

There are some 400 books on the Church -almost entirely on the Catholic Church. There is also a good deal of pornography here, portraying alleged licence in the priesthood: offences such as made up the charges in the immorality trials which the Nazis conducted against priests at the height of the attack upon the Catholic Church. Many of Hitler's marginal notes on this pornographic section are gross and uncouth. Some pictures show Popes and Cardinals reviewing troops at moments in history. The marginations here are: "Never again" and "This is impossible now", showing that Hitler proposes that the princes of the Church shall never again be allowed to gain political positions in which they can command armies and otherwise exercise temporal powers. Hitler is himself a Catholic, though not a practising one.

Some 800 to 1000 books are simple, popular fiction, many of them pure trash in anybody's language. There is a large number of detective stories. He has all of Edgar Wallace; adventure books of the G.A. Henty class; love romances by the score, including those by the leading romantic sob sisters of Germany, Hedwig Courts-Mahler, in which wealth and poverty strength and weakness, are sharply contrasted and in which honor and chastity triumph and the sweet secretary marries her millionaire boss. All of these flaming volumes are in neutral covers so as not to reveal their titles. Hitler may read them, but he doesn't want people to know that he does!

Among Hitler's favorites is a complete set of American Indian stories written by the German, Karl May, who had never been to America. These books are known to every German youngster, and Hitler's fondness for them as bedside reading suggests that he, like many a German thirteen-year-old, has gone to sleep with the exploits of "Old Shatterhand" reeling through his brain. Hitler's set, which was presented to him by Marshal Goering, is expensively bound in vellum and kept in a special case. They are much thumbed and read and usually one or two may be found in the small bedside bookcase with its green curtain in Hitler's bedroom.

Sociological works are strongly represented in the library, including a unique book by Robert Ley, written in 1935

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on world sociological problems and solutions. This book never was circulated. Six thousand copies were printed, 5999 were destroyed; the single remaining copy is Hitler's. The reason: all books and pamphlets on National Socialism have to be submitted to a Special Party commission before being released for publication, and books by prominent Nazi individuals have to be shown to Hitler himself. The book by Ley, a notorious idolator, so idealized Hitler that even he couldn't stomach its being published.

Another suppressed book in Hitler's library is Alfred Rosenberg's work on the proposed Nazi Reich-Church, of which today there are only twelve copies in proof, although typewritten carbon copies of some sections are known to exist and in mysterious ways to have circulated as far as the United States.

In earlier days, when he had time, Hitler used to bind his own damaged books.

Hitler's own best-seller, *Mein Kampf*, has yielded him a fancy fortune, estimated by German banking circles to be about 50,000,000 reichsmark (\$ 20,000,000 at official rates). With part of this sum Hitler has amassed a collection of precious stones valued at some 20,000,000 reichsmark, which he keeps in a special safe built into the wall of his house at Berchtesgaden. The stones were bought for him in various parts of the world by his friend Max Amann, head of the Nazi publishing firm, the Eher Verlag, in which Hitler has an interest. It was Hitler who put Max Amann in charge of the Eher Verlag, and it has turned out to be a lucrative job; Amann's own fortune today is estimated by bankers at around 40,000,000 reichsmarks. With absolute autocratic control over all publishing enterprises in Germany, it is no wonder that the Nazi Eher Verlag snowballed into a phenomenally profitable enterprise for everybody connected with it, including Adolf Hitler. The Reichschancellor has never found it necessary to use his official salary, a large part of which he turns over to charity.

Among the books in Hitler's library is one volume covering a field in which he has always shown particular interest: namely, the study of hands, including those of as many famous people throughout the ages as could be procured. Hitler, in fact, bases a good deal of his judgment of people on their hands. In his first conversation with some personality, whether political or military, German or foreign, he usually most carefully observes his hands - their form, whether they are well cared for, whether they are long and narrow or stumpy and broad,

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the shape of the nails, the knuckle and joint formation and so on. Various generals and diplomats have wondered why Hitler sometimes, after starting a conversation in a cordial and friendly way, became cool as he went along, and often closed the discourse curtly or abruptly without much progress having been made. They learned only later that Hitler had not been pleased by the shape of their hands.

Inversely, many men have found favor and advancement which Hitler at least partially on the basis of possessing hands which he approved. This, for example, was true of his favorite architect, Professor Ludwig Troost, a man of very mediocre talents, whose strongly formed, bony and almost coarse hands Hitler regards as ideal. He regards Goering's hands as "too fat and pudgy". Among the hands which he approves are those of Hindenburg, Muesolini, Franco, Beethoven, and the leading German orchestra conductor Wilhelm Furtwaengler. Among hands which he considers bad are those of the Jewish painter, Max Liebermann; the first President of the Republic, Fritz Ebert; the Socialist leader Philip Scheidemann; Stresemann; Lenin; and interesting to note, Ernst Roehm, whom Hitler had shot in the Blood Purge of 1934, but with whom he was intimately associated in the early days of the Party struggle. Hitler once said to a prominent English physician who visited him in the company of the British Fascist leader, Sir Oswald Mosley, that "the hand is the mirror of human character".

The fascination of human hands for Hitler does not extend into palmistry, but there is one amusing anecdote in this connection which bears telling. A woman of some social and political prominence in Germany, who was also an enthusiastic palmist, had often asked Hitler to let her read his hand. He finally agreed, but only on condition that he submit his palm from behind a curtain together with that of some other unidentified person, so that the woman would not know which was Hitler's. This was agreed to and the test took place. The woman read the first of the two outthrust hands rather quickly and found it of none too absorbing interest. She spent a good deal more time over the second hand, the owner of which, according to her final dictum, would one day set the world's tongues wagging. The curtains parted and out stepped Hitler -and Rudolf Hess, the owner of the second hand.

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It is typical of Hitler's estimate of himself, in connection with his evaluation of hands, that he regards his own right member as practically the finest thing God ever put on a human arm, and often exhibits it as his idea of perfection. Indeed he very frequently poses for photographs or paintings with his right hand posed on his hip. In friendly encounters Hitler is addicted to the two-palm grip, especially when the cameras are recording for eternity his welcome to Mussolini, Ciano or some other visiting ally.

Hitler is indeed vain, as I have said, and thinks of himself pictorially against the background of the mere world. Perhaps this is the reason why, shortly after he became Reichschancellor, he had the shape of his nose corrected by a well-known Munich plastic-surgeon. The nose had been a little bulbous at the end and fatty on the bridge, so Hitler got a Berlin medical man to recommend a colleague in Munich and there the operation was performed and the superfluous flesh removed. Thereafter he was always posed by his official photographer, Professor Hoffmann, to bring out the best points of his remodeled nose as well as of his other facial and physical features. Hoffmann usually poses him with the back of his overcoat collar turned up so as to soften the line of his cap either in profile or full face.

Although he has worn glasses for several years for reading, Hitler is very strict about not allowing anyone to photograph him with glasses on. Photographers, newsreel men and others had stern instructions from Hitler's adjutant Brueckner to photograph Der Fuehrer only after he had removed his spectacles. Several rolls of film had to be destroyed on one occasion because this injunction was not observed, and one camera man lost his permit to work because he tried to retain such a snapshot as a curiosity. Hitler wore glasses publicly for the first time for the signing of the Munich agreement with Daladier, Chamberlain and Mussolini. Whenever he is photographed at his headquarters now studying maps, reports and such, it is always with a magnifying glass only.

Hitler's caps were always a matter of serious concern to him. He used to wear a swagger style but came to consider that too jaunty for the "Fuehrer und Reichskanzler" and ordered his tailor to work out a more serious model. A wax head based on the exact dimensions of his skull was made and sent to the factory which manufactures his hats for him. Various styles of cap were designed, tried on the

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wax head and photographed from every imaginable angle. These photographs were sent to Hitler at the Chancellery by special messenger, but unfortunately the artist who created the wax head had given the face a mustache much broader than Hitler's, making Der Fuehrer look more or less like Stalin's cousin. Hitler was enraged and ordered a careful investigation to see whether anyone was poking fun at him. But no evidence of sabotage was found. The incident, however, is typical, both in the pains which were taken to photograph the ceps and thus present Hitler in the finest possible light, and in his wounded vanity over the mustache.

It was after this incident that Hitler forbade anyone in his immediate circle with whom he came into frequent contact to wear a mustache or a beard. The one exception to the edict was Julius Schreck, Hitler's chauffeur, whom he indulged in many small things and to whom he was much attached.

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Schreck's successor was a young, almost frail-looking S.S. man, much more of the type that Hitler likes to have about him. He likes the men in his immediate household entourage to have wavy hair, preferably blond.

Hitler has a large wardrobe, but for him simplicity in dress is important, and he calls "tails" for men a laughable get-up. He wears them only when he is obliged to, as at receptions or banquets. A really fashionable dressed man is anathema to him, and his aversion to Anthony Eden, whom he called "a lacquered monkey" was based on this antipathy. He does, however, like elegant military uniforms on his generals, even though he himself has elected to wear a military costume of exaggerated simplicity "for the duration". Hitler practically always carries gloves, but usually just in his right hand. His attitude towards women's dress is quite different from that towards men's. He likes women adorned by their garb and he likes to see well-dressed women around him, even having reports and lectures delivered to him on the creation of a German mode for women. Occasionally he takes up his pencil to sketch what he considers to be improvements in a particular model.

He has a very high regard for American fashions, and frequently after witnessing American films at the Reich-chancellery, which he used to do regularly, he would observe

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that he wished the German women to dress as smartly. He found American women's shoes particularly attractive. He never uses the words "beautiful" or "pleasing" about a costume or mode, but only "dignified" or "undignified".

Hitler's wardrobe is extensive. A long corridor in his private apartment in the Chancellery is fitted on both sides with cupboards, shelves, drawers and hat compartments which accomodate his hundred suits and uniforms, sixty pair of boots and shoes, and thirty-five hats and caps. Many of his shirts and lightweight uniforms are made of English goods, recognized even in Germany as the best. As head of the state he has, of course, to observe sartorial protocol closely, or at least did in the days before he went permanently into uniform, and one member of the protocol staff of the Foreign Office was dismissed without ado when he failed to give Der Fuehrer accurate notification about his dress at some public function.

Goering's fantastic regalia, on the other hand, is a source of amusement to Hitler. One time after a new balcony had been built onto the Chancellery, the engineer in charge asked whether a squad of husky bodyguards could be sent out to stand on it to judge its strength. Hitler, who happened to be passing by, said: "Oh, don't worry. Goering was just out there in full uniform with all his medals on. It'll hold!"

Hitler makes frequent jokes at the expense of others. Goering and Goebbels are among the most common victims, and his jibes have an extreme barrack-room flavor. But Der Fuehrer is very stuffy about jokes at his own expense. In other words, he can give it but he can't take it. Nor will he tolerate political quips about the Nazis or their allies

Hitler's lack of grace about jokes on himself springs from his morbid vanity and the conviction of his historical importance. But I have seen another man, no tyro at self-esteem, clip Hitler's vanity off at the roots with an old trick. It was on the occasion of Mussolini's much-publicized first visit to the Reich and all eyes were on the two men, very much aware of themselves and of the scene. As they started off to inspect the Guard of Honor in front of the Munich railway station, Mussolini looked at Hitler out of the corner of his eye and started ahead at a pace which could only be called a sprint. Hitler, startled, found himself trailing along like a flunkey with the rear guard; he, too, put on speed and they finished neck and neck. Mussolini never headed Hitler after that.

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The one phase of Hitler's nature which, above all others, is never officially discussed is his sexual-emotional life. To all appearances, he has none. In several known instances where his men were involved Hitler has required them to "marry the girl"; in others he has got his men out of scrapes by talking with the young ladies themselves.

There is only hearsay evidence, but its sources appear reliable, that Hitler was sporadically an active homosexual in this period, and the names of Ernst Roehm and Rudolf Hess are accepted among persons close to the Fuehrer as having been his intimates. However, when, some time later, the first head of the Secret Police, Rudolf Dichele, was retired, it was said that he possessed certain compromising correspondence between Roehm and ~~Switzerland~~ Hitler which he had deposited in Switzerland.

At what exact time remains unclear, but apparently about 1935, he made the acquaintanceship of a Bavarian girl, Eva Braun, who was to play a considerable part in his life in the coming years. She was twenty-five years old and Hitler was forty-seven.

There was nothing much to distinguish Eva Braun from a great many other healthy and healthy-looking young Bavarian women with olive skin and rather dark blond hair, but something about her attracted Hitler when she was sent up one day to take some photographs at the Berghof. She was an assistant to Hitler's old friend and photographer Heinrich Hoffmann, and that day Hoffmann himself had been away from Munich and had sent young Fräulein Braun in his stead. Her father was a Studienrat (a modest official title) in the Bavarian Ministry of Education, and her own education and upbringing were quite typical of her class. She had had the opportunity to learn to dance and enjoyed dancing; she was also fond of skiing, which she was able to do in the mountains outside of Munich; she dressed nicely, if quietly and with no great style; and she was fond of photography and artistic things, though herself not a creative artist in sketching or painting as Hitler was.

In his first conversations with the girl, Hitler found her intelligent, mentally responsive, cheerful and natural in manner. He asked Hoffmann to let her come up again to take photographs, and in time began showing her small attentions, such as inviting her to this and that function where, chaperoned by the wife of one of his

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associates like Wilhelm Frick or Rudolf Hess, she sat unobtrusively at Hitler's table. By late 1937 the relationship, still of a discreet and undefined nature, had reached the point where Frau-lein Braun had at her disposal special guest rooms both at the Reichschancellery and at Hitler's house at Berchtesgaden. No photograph published in Germany ever showed them together, nor does the German public know of the liaison to this day.

Meanwhile Hitler's name began to be linked in greater or lesser degree with the names of other women as his own social contacts broadened and his growing power lent him more attractiveness to them. Leni Riefenstahl was a frequent guest at Hitler's social functions. The name of the blond cinema actress, Renate Lueller, was mentioned with his in a vague sort of way; she later committed suicide. The eighteen-year-old niece of Frau von Dierksen (an early patroness of the Nazi Party) was invited down from her home in Mecklenburg on Hitler's special request; if his attentions to this child were ever serious they were terminated when she fell in love with one of his sturdy S.S. men, half his age. Another young woman for whom Hitler had a marked, though apparently platonic admiration was the blond English beauty, Unity Mitford, who had given him the target pistol mentioned previously, and who had a burning admiration for both Hitler and the National Socialist movement. Hitler's attraction to her as "the ideal Nordic type" tapered off in direct ratio to the tension in German-English relations, so that by the summer of 1939 she complained that Hitler "never saw her any more." Miss Mitford was thrown into such a psychic state by the actual outbreak of the war that she attempted to kill herself by shooting in Munich. As soon as he heard of it, Hitler placed a special car at the disposal of her family to bring her, with bandaged head and in serious condition, home to England via Holland.

Whatever the character of these various relationships, they do not seem to have interrupted the progress of Hitler's attachment to Eva Braun, and by midsummer of 1938 she was definitely established in his household and was referred to in staff conversations as "Die Chefin" (the feminine counterpart of Hitler's intimate title, "Der Chef"). Nevertheless, behind the development of this affair Frau-lein Braun does not seem to have been entirely happy, for, possibly as a bid for sympathy from a man whose colossal egoism would have presented a problem for any woman, it was during this period that she made the first of the two ineffectual suicide attempts which marked her relationship with Hitler. Moreover, three young men had attempted, or achieved, suicide because of her: possibly enamored more of Der Fuehrer's companion-though she was scarcely the courtship type of history-than of Frau-lein Braun, daughter of Herr Studienrat Braun.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942.

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The most sensational of the suicides was that of the young officer in Hitler's Teeth's-head bodyguard Sigmund Breuer, who leaped to his death from the parapet of the Kehlstein after a last meeting with Eva Braun in a group there. Breuer, formerly a small tradesman, had later worked for Heinrich Hoffmann, where he met Eva. He was attentive to her and apparently fell in love with her, only to find that he was treading on Berchtesgaden's preserves. Breuer took what to many fanatical young Nazis would seem the logical consequences. Then his body was found crushed on the rocks at the bottom of the great tower. A camera was around his neck, and the pretense was adopted that he had lost his balance in trying to take snapshots.

In August 1938, Hitler had given Eva Braun a ring and had ordered for her a custom-built Mercedes touring car. At that time I learned on reliable authority that Hitler actually contemplated marrying her, but that that remained to be settled was the date.

In this period it was represented by those close to Hitler that he was desirous of living a more domestic life, of devoting his attention to the social welfare of the German people and to his own architectural and artistic interests, and that he wanted to turn over the actual administrative responsibility of running the country to Hermann Goering. Success in his political projects had given Hitler, so it was represented, both time and appetite for domestic happiness. He himself had said, in a speech before the Reichstag's auxiliary: "I should love nothing more dearly than a family. When I feel I have accomplished my historic mission, I intend to enjoy the private life which I have thus far denied myself."

But Hitler never married. Eva Braun, the touching picture of himself as a family man, German style, was not to be realized. That the reason was I do not know. Perhaps Goebbels persuaded him that it was easier to maintain the hero build-up for a bachelor, than for one who was merely a husband. Or perhaps the opening up of a new vistas in his "historic mission" during this momentous year relegated marriage to its position of previous unimportance in his plans.

He did not break with her when he failed to marry her, however. Eva Braun had done more to give him the comfort and affection of a wife than any woman in his life. She bought him handkerchiefs, socks and shirts on his birthdays and tried to induce him to let his tailor make his uniforms with a shorter cut, at which he balked. On his forty-ninth birthday she bought for him at an Unter den Linden shop a dozen pajamas, which included some in blue and white stripes, the colors of her Bavarian homeland. They were the first pajamas Hitler had ever had; previously he had worn old-fashioned nightshirts. She induced him to wear comfortable lounging shirts, made of English goods, when in informal civilian dress, and to try silk underwear.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. 108. 109.

Following his "renunciation" of marriage to Eva Hitler began to be openly attracted by other young women, especially dancers, and brought one young American girl, duly chaperoned, all the way across Europe from the Riviera in a special airplane to perform at a Munich theater. He sent a German dancer a large spray of orchids. During 1939 I heard occasional very "hush-hush" stories that Hitler had had young women, three or four at a time, to dance for him in very sparse attire at Berchtesgaden. His fascination at these times seems to have been partly, if not entirely, erotic, partly the "It's the art of the thing that interests me" rationalization. At Christmas, 1940, Hitler sent ten-pound cans of coffee to a number of young actresses, with a smirking little note that "in view of the scarcity of this commodity (it cost forty dollars a pound on the black market) the young lady might be willing to accept this" modest quantity.

Brulein Braun was not unaware of, or unaffected by, these digressions on the part of her middle-aged admirer, and the faint echo of jealous scenes reached even my foreign ears. In fact it was at this time that Eva once again tried the suicide technique. But Hitler did not even learn of this second attempt until several weeks later, for his ultraconsiderate ladies did not dare broach such disturbing matters at a time when he was busy politically resnapping the world. Eva's head wound received the most expert medical attention and healed in good order.

From what opportunity I have had to ~~XXXX~~ view Hitler in social surroundings, I should say that his external adjustment to women is good. He is poised, animated, polite, and his parties, insofar as they were not outright official functions and littered with portly diplomatic wives, were always adorned with a liberal sprinkling of good-looking young movie and stage actresses, dancers and singers. And some of these were usually to be seen at his table. He cultivated a gallant memory for names and faces and always in social life kissed the hands of women who were introduced to him.

I remember an interesting incident, that concerns Dorothy Lieck, a beautiful German actress who had gone to and returned from Hollywood after making a tremendous success as the teacher in the German film "Mädchen in Uniform". Fresh from Hollywood, she attended a large, formal reception at the Propaganda Ministry, replete (as was possible in those prewar days) with fine wines and a wonderful buffet. My wife and I were talking with Frau Lieck about America when a sudden hush fell on the large room. Hitler was due to appear. Frau Lieck had never met Der Fuehrer but confessed herself excited at the prospect. The double doors at the end of the room were flung open and Hitler, as he and his imitators like Ribbentrop always do (and as any ham actor, in fact, does on an entrance), paused a moment on the threshold before starting down the aisle which the group had made for him.

Obviously enjoying his triumphal progress, completely poised and aware of the theatrical suspense, Hitler walked slowly down the lane, toying formally to his right and to his left. He was followed by his aides in uniform, he and they raising their hands in the familiar Nazi salute which, if not too jerkily done and combined with a slight inclination of the head, can look like the benediction of a Roman prelate. For once Aleck was not among the women, who, desisting from the full accolade, inconspicuously returned this military salute; but as Hitler drew up to the position where she stood he paused dramatically, gave a more than usually deep inclination of his head and said: "Good evening, Frau Aleck." It was of course a tribute and a compliment, and even more of one later when Hitler's adjutant came to her and requested her to join Der Fuehrer at his supper table, where a group composed largely of film people had already taken their places.

With every opportunity for romantic conquest at his command, Hitler seems only with Eva Braun to have overcome his noticeable shyness about making more than casual advances to women. Whatever the character of his relations with her may have been, medical opinion is that Hitler has always retained a strong component of homosexuality in his nature. Evidence of this is given in the statement that by some subconscious impulse he almost inevitably injects into private conversation some homosexual theme. This may consist merely of an apparently innocent question or observation, which to the initiated, however, betrays a constant preoccupation with the subject.

But normal or abnormal in his emotional life, Adolf Hitler is growing older and he knows that some day he must die. In a number of his recent speeches he has, in fact, intimated this acceptance of the prospect of death, something which he never did in earlier days years, and it is noticeable that his references to Providence have become more frequent. Perhaps as a suicide, or in some other form of violent end after the mental crash which has been predicted for him, or in some other form of violent end. Doubtless there have been attempts upon his life; certainly there have been rumors of such, though Secret Police vigilance has hushed all details.

However his death may come, he is determined that the name and face and symbolism of Adolf Hitler shall be perpetuated in school books and history books, in scientific treatises and in the homes of succeeding generations. His political testament, reposing in the Kenelstein, provides for the manner of his burial. He has also taken care that future Germans shall have a picture to remember him by in the proper heroic setting. It is a portrait he commissioned the artist Fildus to do of him, which is to be the of-

Official commemorative Hitler picture in every home, school and public building in the Reich. This work shows Hitler standing on a hillock, with the sunlight forming a halo round his head. He is in simple brown uniform, with a cape romantically thrown across his shoulder and his collar turned up at the back of his neck in Heinrich Heffron's best manner. Beneath him stand men in the uniform of all the political and military units of the Third Reich, gazing up at him awestruckly. Thus Hitler's photogenesis.

Another mechanism in the consecration of Hitler is to be the "Guard Regiment Adolf Hitler" which is to be formed for special guard duty at the Chancellery and at other posts of honor....

....Also included in his testament is Hitler's order that upon his death his brain shall be dissected. All preparations have been made for this in a special laboratory in... Berlin.

....This brain dissection... is a literal canon of Hitler's. In fact some people who know of it fear that it has already led to the killing of "particular" subjects for the sole purpose of studying their brains. It is known, moreover, from his intimates that Hitler wants a law empowering a special commission to appropriate the brain of anybody whom the commission judges a desirable subject for dissection after death. Hitler's canon is a perfectly a feature of his development of an eventual superman out of the German Herrenvolk.

Another modest contribution which Herr Fuehrer has made to this study is the perpetuation in a 130-page typewritten report of all the details of his own skull and facial structure. It was on a February day in 1937, that a handful of solemn men gathered in the front parlor of Hitler's apartment on the Prinzreventen Platz in Munich. Hitler, as his library shows, was interested in the science of craniology and the study of phenology. He considered his own measurements to be of sufficient importance to posterity to summon a commission of scientific men, under the chairmanship of the internationally famous surgeon, Professor Ferdinand Sauerbruch, to take precise measurements of his head and face. The experts, who included specialists in craniology and phenology, brought tape measures and calipers large and small. They measured the breadth of Hitler's skull above the ears, from forehead to vertebrae, from jaw to jaw, from chin to forehead, from eye socket to eye socket, from nose to chin, and so on ad infinitum. Some of the more mature members of the commission were a little embarrassed (and later a little ironically Hitler's almost childish enchantment with the proceedings, but others were typical Nazi sycophants and made the appropriate remarks. No sooner would a certain dimension be made and recorded than one of these men would exclaim: "Just like Napoleon's!" or "Nothing like it since Frederick the Great!" Hitler, solemn as a judge, completely mis-

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942.

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and either the irony or the hypocrisy and ordered happily: "Yes, yes! Put it all down." The report today is a valued item in Hitler's personal library, and at least one of the younger members of the commission whom I know of has received official advancement beyond his dreams.

Another phase of Hitler's race-purification dream (in addition to already accomplished mass sterilizations and national dietary programs) is the activity of the so-called "Euthanasia Commission" headed, when it was created, by Rudolf Hess and the Nazi official, Philipp Bouhler. Up to the summer of 1941, when I got my last figures, the commission had destroyed 77,000 persons in Germany for various reasons of physical or mental disability....

....I have been pointed out to Hitler that his resolve to free the Reich of the need of insane asylums within twenty years, largely through sterilization and euthanasia, would put into the hands of unscrupulous physicians or lawyers the power arbitrarily to get rid of people in whose deaths their clients might have an interest; but he has been adamant.

It is Hitler's stipulation that no wearer of the Golden Party Badge or the Blood Order....shall be destroyed by euthanasia under any circumstances. The case of an ordinary member of the Party whose destruction has been recommended by the commission must be referred to the Reich Party headquarters.

One application of euthanasia which has had a strong psychological effect in wartime Germany is the killing of hopelessly wounded soldiers, against which the Bishop of Munster, Count von Galen, protested and warned in a by now famous telegram to Hitler.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. pp. 114. 115.

A book had been published in France by a certain high Army officer detailing what he considered to be the faults of the Maginot line's construction....one copy of it fell into German hands in Paris, whence it was immediately dispatched to the War Ministry in Berlin. It was shown to Hitler, who, realizing its importance to Germany, immediately had it translated verbatim into German. Then the translation was delivered to Hitler he read it through without stopping, making voluminous notes. After a brief interval for digestion and reflection, Hitler sat down and dictated an exhaustive report on the book, which came to be the basis of the whole plan of Germany's own opposing line of fortifications, the West Wall.

"Not only did Hitler maintain an over-all supervision of the Wall's construction," said my General Staff Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. pp. 117. 118.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942.

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informant in awe,"but he even sketched the design reasonably of some of the pillboxes down to the smallest detail, such as the thickness of the walls or the placement of the gun slits.

Corroboration that Hitler had taken this strong personal interest in the construction of the fortifications was given me by the engineer who built it, Gernitz Todt, next, whom I met at luncheon in the spring of 1939....

....After every tour of it Hitler ordered new pillboxes to be constructed. . .

....Hitler's interest in military matters down to the smallest detail can not be counted...he was always in direct contact with the problem of operations, visiting proving grounds, airfields and barracks and holding frequent conferences with his Chiefs of Staff even long before he went into war. I think all the claims by Goerl and others that Hitler possesses an innate genius for military matters are exaggerated. I think that through reading and discussion he has developed a thorough knowledge of tactics and a sense of strategy. His naturally acute ability to sift and co-ordinate facts enables him then to take what his generals tell him combine with it, or relate to it, his own acquired knowledge in the subject, weigh it all in the light of what he knows of the enemy's weakness and his own, then to produce a synthesis which is pretty apt to be the right answer....

....Hitler has always made it a practice not only to meet his officers but to know them.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. pp. 118, 119, 120.

In his role of War Lord, Hitler spends his entire time during a campaign at his so-called Fuehrerhauptquartier....He reserves to himself the big decisions after consultation

....From his Fuehrerhauptquartier also he conducts the broad lines of foreign policy with von Ribbentrop.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. pp. 124, 125.

At the end of July, 1941, ... Hitler receives a commission of prominent doctors and dieticians who, upon

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. p. 126.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy, 1942.

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his order had been a kind researches in new, concentrated foods, particularly those which were suitable for use by the German troops in the winter months in Russia, and especially fish concentrates, milk derivatives and fruit preparations. Professor Sauerbrück had been charged with the working out of an injection which was to help the troops stand the Soviet winter. In fact, according to those close to him, practically the whole of Hitler's interest towards the late summer and early autumn of 1941, insofar as he was not occupied with immediate military matters, was in figuring out how to winter his troops in Russia.....

....Even shortly after the beginning of the invasion of Russia, Hitler was reported by persons who saw him to have grown extremely serious of expression and as showing signs of unusual sensitivity.....

....It was at this time that Hitler began using sleeping sedatives, so that even his doctors cautioned him about them. The coldness of the nights, too, made him resort to an occasional hot drink, something unheard of in earlier days. I myself saw him twice at fairly close range in these months. His color was not good, his eyes and more than their usual sharp, glaring, not quite normal stare. He fixated in his chair, peered up at the ceiling, seemed to look through people near him. But as always, when the moment came for him to assert his personality and his dominance, to say a few words, he was in absolute command of himself: poised, assured, hard-acting Der Fuehrer as if born to the title.

Oechsner, Frederick: "This is the enemy, 1942, pp. 126, 127.

In conversation with the Italian Ambassador at an official reception in Berlin in the year 1935, Hitler stated that in a decade there would be no more Jews in Germany.

"You mean in the trades and professions, I presume, Herr Reichskanzler?" the Ambassador asked.

"Not only that; not on the streets either," Hitler replied emphatically.

The Ambassador was skeptical. "Why, you can't build concentration camps large enough to accommodate all of Germany's Jews," he rejoined. "What do you propose to do with them?"

Hitler declined to go into detail: with his jaws

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy, 1942, p. 128.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942.

clamped tight he looked straight at the Ambassador, saying, "All right, Herrbotschafter, but I tell you: in ten years they will be gone."
....Hitler's attitude toward the Jews... is dictated by a degree of hatred difficult to gauge. A well-known German physician described it as "a primitive hate, typical of half-civilized or even uncivilized persons." It led Hitler to exclaim passionately one day: "I regret that I am Chancellor of the Reich, I would like to be a young S.A. or S.S. man and be able to meet the Jews with doubled-up fists or bludgeon."

The outspoken General Werner von Fritsch... pointed out... that Frederick the Great had approved of his officers' "marrying Jewesses," because their families gained not only money but brains. "Hitler, who had sauntered up to join the group, heard the tail end of Fritsch's remarks, looked at him coldly, and without a word turned and left."

On another occasion, upon the suggestion of the well-known Zeppelin expert Dr. Eckener, Goering interceded with Hitler on behalf of certain Jews. Hitler's reaction was a violent refusal, and from that day forward he forbade anyone to speak in his presence of a "decent Jew."
....Der Fuehrer is himself always quickened - or tly quickened in his Anti-Jewish feelings by contact with the notorious Julius Streicher. It is often noticeable that after Hitler has been with Streicher for a time he is apt to come out with some new anti-Jewish measure or speech.

Oechsner, Frederick: This is the enemy. 1942. pp. 128, 129.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. 1942.

"Hitler had a lot of respect for Pétain", said Dietrich. "I think he compared him to Hindenburg. At any rate, Der Fuehrer, who never acknowledges anyone as his superior, bowed before Pétain when he first met him and took the old man's arm and led him to his car. Hitler had never done anything like that before. I think it may have been also because Hitler remembered that Pétain, when he was Ambassador to Spain, had saluted the Nazi flag in Madrid along with all the rest. Hitler could not forget that. From that time on he was interested in the soldier, Pétain".

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. p.96.

Der Fuehrer walked rigidly, turning slightly to left and right, with one hand stiffly by his side and the other raised diffidently before him in the party salute. He never raised his hand as high as the others. Hitler was far from pretentious. I thought he looked like many a Nazi waiter I had seen. He wore his grey trench coat and peaked cap and was dressed with less show than any of his fellows. I noted that he had a curious little smile. I remarked about it. One of the Nazis near me said it was unusual.

"Der Fuehrer smiles seldom", he said. He must be feeling good today."

..... Hitler strode to the centre of the platform, stood for a moment before them and then began to speak. His voice was at first a slow, low rumble. As he went on, he became more emotional. His words suddenly took on vehemence, his arms swept wide in gestures. He clenched his fist and held on to the end of his sentences.

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. p.147

On March 16, The German day of memory for soldiers lost in the first World War, I heard Hitler make another speech, this time in the Zeughaus.

..... Hitler did not speak in the same fashion as usual on this occasion. He used no gestures and gave his words no emotional stress. Instead he rested his hands on the sides of the rostrum, read from his manuscript, and hardly lifted his eyes from its pages. At the same time his text did not differ in tenor or content.

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. pp. 96,147,205,206.

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. 1942

On one of these days Matsuoka visited Hitler.
....Hitler was expected to appear on the balcony with the
Nipponese.

....The afternoon wore on and it grew dark. The crowd grew
impatient, began to yell. Finally, after the people had waited
five hours, Der Fuehrer deigned to appear; he merely stepped
to the balcony and saluted. The people had waited all the
afternoon for that.

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. 1942. p.213.

Hitler was fifty-two years old on April 20.
Among the gifts to Hitler were four hundred pounds of coffee,
three hundred of tea, fifty of cocoa, some of them announced
as coming from the United States. That meant that many Germans
had sacrificed their own small allotments of coffee, tea and
cocoa to give Der Fuehrer, who could get all he wanted,

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. 1942. p.245.

I went out on the street just as Hitler's car drove up.
.... Hitler stepped out and looked about him, raising his
arm in salute as he did so. It was the same stiff, awkward
half-salute as usual. The honour company snapped
to attention and presented arms. Hitler with the head of the
Gestapo walked between them, his face expressionless.

Hitler wore a special field-grey uniform.

Hitler made a few gestures on this occasion. Now and
then he used one hand to cut the air, to point a finger, or
raised an arm to mark a climax. Occasionally he rested one
hand on his hip. Now and then he stepped back with both
hands on his hips. After a victorious campaign, he was
confident and in good form. He did not become as excited as
on other occasions.

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. 1942. pp.263, 264 .

Flannery, Harry, W.: Assignment to Berlin. 1942. pp.213, 245, 263, 36

RAUSCHNING, Gespraech mit Hitler

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"Der kommende Krieg wird voellig anders aussehen als der letzte Weltkrieg.....Dafuer garantiere ich. Es war eine Entartung des Krieges." Hitler blickte mit seinen starr gewordenen Augen aus der kleinen Glasverande seines Berghauses auf die Bergwand drueben.....

"Ein Volk, dem sein Recht vorenthalten wird, kann jede Waffe verwenden, auch den Bakterienkrieg." Hitlers Stimme wurde lauter. "Ich habe keine Skrupel...."

p. 9, Rauschning, Gespraech

Unser Gespraech verbreitete sich ueber einige Details des kuenftigen Gas-und Bakterienkrieges. Wir sassen in der etwas engen Veranda von Haus "achenfeld auf dem Obersalzberg. Hitlers wundervoller Wolfshund lag zu seinen Fuessen.Hitler sumnte Motive aus Wagner'schen Opern. Er schien mir zerstreut, sprunghaft. Eben mitteilssam, versank er unmittelbar danach in trockenes Schweigen. Uebrigens war es die Zeit, in der sich der Nationalsozialismus seiner schwersten Krise naeherte. Die Partei war in eine fast verzweifelte Lage geraten. Aber aus jedem Wort Hitlers klang die feste Ueberzeugung, bald an der Macht zu sein.....

p. 11, Rauschning, Gespraech

"Wir werden nicht kapitulieren, niemals," stiess Hitler hervor. "Wir koennen untergehen, vielleicht. Aber wir werden eine Welt mitnehmen. Muspilli, Weltenbrand." Er sumnte ein charakteristisches Motiv aus der 'Goetterdaemmerung'.

p. 11, Rauschning, Gespraech.

"Nein, die Strategie aendert sich nicht. Wenigstens nicht durch technische Erfindungen. Das ist falsch." Hitler wurde lebhaft. "Was hat sich seit der Schlacht bei Cannae geaendert?....."

p. 11, Rauschning, Gespraech

"Die meisten Menschen haben keine Phantasie." Hitlers Gesicht verzog sich zu einer veraechtlichen Grimasse. "Sie koennen sich das Kommende nur in den Bildern ihrer eigenen, kleinen Erfahrung vorstellen.Der schoepferische Genius steht immer ausserhalb des Kreises der Durchschnittmenschen. Er beha-
be die Maesse, die Probleme aufzufoeren der Durchschnittmenschen. Er beha-

RAUSCHNING, Gespraechе

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steht immer ausserhalb des Kreises der Fachmaenner. Ich habe die Gabe, die Probleme auf ihren einfachen Kern zurueckzufuehren.....Krieg ist das Natuerlichste, Alltaeglichste. Krieg ist immer, Krieg ist ueberall. Es gibt keinen Beginn, es gibt keinen Friedensschluss. Krieg ist Leben. Krieg ist jedes Ringen, Krieg ist Urzustand.Was ist Krieg anderes als List, Betrug, Taauschung, als Ueberfall und Ueberaschung?Worauf kommt es im Kriege an, Forster? Dass der Gegner kapituliert. Wenn er das tut, habe ich Aussicht, ihn ganz zu vernichten. Warum soll ich ihn auf militaerische Weise demoralisieren, wenn ich es auf andere Weise billiger und besser kann?."

Und nun entwickelte Hitler die Grundlinien seines Krieges, den er seitdem vielfach erprobt hat.....Man sah, er hatte sich mit diesen Dingen lange und eingehend beschaeftigt. Er fuehlte sich als ein neuer, grosser Strategie, als ein kuenftiger Kriegsherr in einem neuen und bisher unerhoerten Sinn.

pp . 12/13, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hess hatte gerade an einem Flugwettbewerb mit Erfolg teilgenommen....."Lassen Sie das kuenftig," sagte Hitler. "Sie haben das nicht noetig. Ich brauche Sie, Hess."

p. 14, Rauschning, Gespraechе.

"Ich werde nie einen Krieg beginnen, ohne die Gewissheit, dass ein demoralisierter Gegner einem einzelnen gigantischen Stoss auf Anhieb erliegt." Hitler bekam starre Augen und begann zu schreien. "Wenn der Feind innerlich demoralisiert ist, dann ist die Zeit da....."

Ich spiele nicht Krieg. Ich lasse mich nicht von 'Feldherrn' kommandieren. Den Krieg fuehre i c h. Den eigentlichen Zeitpunkt zum Angriff bestimme i c h. Es gibt nur einen guenstigen. Ich werde auf ihn warten. Mit eiserner Entschlossenheit. Und ich werde ihn nicht verpassen....."

p. 16, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Wir waren von Danzig heraufgekommen: Forster, Linsmayer und ich.....Hitler hatte uns sein Auto heruntergeschickt....

Hitler kam uns entgegen. Er hatte Besuch: Damen. Ein kleines, sympathisch bescheidenes Haus. Man sass in einem mittelgrossen, im Stil einer bayrischen Bauernstube eingerichteten Raum, der durch die ganze Breite des Hauses ging. Um den grossen Ofen lief eine einfache Bank. Aus einem verhaengten Vogelbauer pfielten aufgeschreckte Singvoegel.....Hitler

RAUSCHNING, Gespraechе

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bot uns - in seinem abstinenten Hause - einen Kirschlikoer an.....

Ich sah Hitler damals im August 1932 nicht zum erstenmal. Ich hatte ihm auch vorher schon in die berühmten Augen geschaut. Aber ich sah ihn hier zum ersten Mal in seinem eigentlichen privaten Milieu. Es war gut buergerliche Verbundenheit mit Bergnatur und veredeltem Bauerntum;Kattunvorhaenge, sogenannte Bauernmoebel: alles etwas klein, Verniedlicht. Keine geeignete Umrahmung fuer den kuenftigen Befreier Deutschlands. Wie Hitler persoendlich auf einen wirkt?.....ich gestehe, dass es jedenfalls zwiespaeltige Empfindungen waren, die er bei mir persoendlich weckte. Der grosse Volksredner verblasste bis zur Unbedeutendheit des Kleinbuergers in dieser Umgebung. Das war alles sympathisch, aber von keinem Gegenstand ging ein persoendlicher Ton aus. Mich machte die mitternaechtliche Gesellschaft stark uebberreifer Damen stutzig. Bedurfte er wirklich der glaebigen Hingabe von Frauen, um seiner selbst gewiss zu bleiben? Hitler hat nichts Anziehendes. Jeder mann weiss es heute. Aber damals fabelte man von seinen tiefen, blauen Augen. Sie waren weder tief noch blau. Sie blickten starr oder erloschen. Ihnen fehlt jeder Glanz und Schimmer echter Bezeelung. Die Faernung seiner dunklen, fremdartigen Stimme ist fuer den Norddeutschen abstossend. Der Ton ist voll, aber gequetscht, als wenn die Nase verstopft waere. Inzwischen ist diese Stimme, kreischend, gurgelnd, drohend, rasend in der ganzen Welt bekannt geworden

....Es ist mir aufgefallen, dass Hitler auf solche Persoendlichkeiten den staerksten Eindruck machte, die entweder suggestionsfaehig waren und einen femininen Einschlag hatten oder an Byzantinismus und Personenkult durch Erziehung und gesellschaftliche Stellung gewohnt waren. Das Aeussere Hitlers traegt sicher nicht dazu bei, seinen persoendlichen Eindruck zu erhoehen.

pp. 18/19, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler empfang uns jovial. Es war die Zeit nach einem gewissen bestialischen Mord in Oberschlesien (Potempa).Hitler hatte sich oeffentlich mit diesen Moerdern solidarisch erklart. Er bekannte sich zu ihrer Tat.... Er griff die Todesurteile des Verichtes an und nannte sie einen Lohn auf jedes rechtliche Empfinden. Die Heftigkeit seines Tones zeigte, wie stark er sich durch seine Haltung exponiert wusste.Hitler, wie die meisten seiner hysterischen Gauleiter, haben das gute Gewissen, voellig ihre Meinung aendern zu koennen, ohne sich dessen bewusst zu werden. Sie leugnen im besten Glauben ihre eigenen frueheren Ansichten ab.....

Die Zeit war vorgeschritten. Die Damen griffen ein. Hitler hatte sich zur Unzeit hinreissen lassen. Ihm stand eine schlaflose Nacht bevor.....

RAUSCHNING, Gespräche

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Hitler ausserte seine Meinung ueber die Eintoenigkeit der Reiseeindruecke von Flugzeug aus, im Gegensatz zu den immer neuen und reizvollen Einblicken in die Landschaft und das bauerliche und staedtische Leben bei einer Autofahrt. Er riet uns, den Reizweg im Auto zu machen. Er selbst habe nach der ersten Ueberraschung ueber das Bild von oben laengst keinen Genuss mehr an Fluegen.

p. 21, Rauschning, Gespräche

Dass Hitler von Haus aus ein rochrseliges, ein ausgesprochen sentimentales Temperament ist mit Neigung zur Gefuehlsschwelgerei und Romantik, weiss jeder, der ihn aus der Kampfzeit naeher kennt. Seine Auenenausbrueche bei allen inneren Krisen waren keineswegs nur eine Nervensache. Der schluchzend-rochrselige Ton, mit dem er et wa an die Berliner SA. appellierte, als der Stenneskonflikt die ganze Partei zu sprengen drohte, war echt und nicht Theater. Gerade darum liegt hinter der betonten Grausamkeit und Unerbittlichkeit Hitlers die Trostlosigkeit einer erzwungenen und kuenstlichen Unmenschlichkeit, nicht die Amoralitaet der reinen Bestie, die schliesslich als Naturkraft wirkt. Trotzdem ist in der Haerte und in dem beispieldosen Zynismus von Hitler noch etwas anderes wirksam als der unterdrueckte Affekt einer uebergrossen Empfindsamkeit, die ihrem Traeger im Wege steht. Es ist der Krang, Rache und Verheltung nehmen zu muessen. Ein echt russisch-nihilistisches Gefuehl, ziellos und unverstaedlich, sich der "Erniedrigten und Beleidigten" annehmen zu muessen.

p. 22/23, Rauschning, Gespräche

Hitlers ganze Gedanken rangen damals (1932) mit der Versuchung, aus seiner sich selbst vorgezeichneten Bahn, auf legitime Weise an die Macht zu kommen, herauszubrechen und sich mit einer blutigen Revolution in den Besitz der Macht zu setzen.Er befand sich selbst im Zwiespalt zwischen seinem eigenen revolutionaeren Temperament, das ihn zur leidenschaftlichen Aktion draengte, und seiner politischen Verschlagenheit, die ihm riet, den sicheren Weg der politischen Kombination zu gehen, um erst dann seine Rache zu nehmen.Hitler malte sich und seiner Umgebung die Chancen einer ueberraschenden Besetzung der Schluesselpunkte staatlicher und wirtschaftlicher Macht aus.Wie weit Staatsstreichplaene durchgearbeitet waren, hatten Ereignisse des Sommers erwiesen.Sie gingen auf Hitler selbst zurueck. Sie entsprachen seinem Temperament, seinen Phantasiebeduerfnissen und seinen Vorstellungen von historischer Groesse, die nicht ohne Blutvergiessen errungen werden koenne.

pp. 23/24, Rauschning, Gespräche

PAUSCHNING, Gespräche

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Es ist derselbe Widerstreit der Gefuehle, der vor kurzem den Fuehrer des Dritten Reiches schwanken liess, ob er seinem Wunsche, der "groesste Feldherr aller Zeiten" zu werden nachgeben solle oder ob er nicht den fuer ihn schon einmal entscheidenden Weg der "Kombination", der Kunst, sich in die Macht hineinzumanovrieren, sein Weltimperium gleichsam zusammenzulisten, weiterverfolgen solle.In die Enge getrieben, aus allen Aktionsmoeglichkeiten herausmanoevriert, sah Hitler seine ganzen Plaene, an die Macht zu gelangen, zerrinnen.....Von einer ungeheuren Ungeduld und Leidenschaft zur Aktion getrieben, musste er den untuetigen Sommergast in den bayrischen Bergen spielen, indes die Zeit verstrich und Papen seine Plaene vorwegnahm.

p. 24, Rauschning, Gespräche

Hitlers Fragen nach der Lage in Danzig fuehrten zu der Frage nach der Wirtschaft.....Mir leuchte nicht ein, sagte ich, dass die Theorie Feders etwas anderes bedeute als die Finanzierung mit Hilfe einer Inflation.

"Wieso?" fragte Hitler und sah mich unfreundlich an. "Die Finanzierung macht mir keine Sorgen....Inflation hat man, wenn man sie haben will," entruestete sich Hitler."Ich habe die Gabe, alle Theorien auf ihren reellen Kern zurueckzufuehren. Mit Phantasien habe ich nichts zu schaffen. ~~ixmx~~.....Ich habe die Gabe, zu vereinfachen und da geht alles auf einmal...."Hitlers Abschuettelung Feders war mir damals neu. Sie war interessant als Zeichen der Ueberlegenheit Hitlers ueber seine Umgebung. Sicherlich besass Hitler die Gabe der Vereinfachung und zwar bis zu einem gewissen Grade durchaus in einem schoepferischen Sinn. Er hat die Gabe, wie viele Autodidakten, durch den Wall der Vorurteile und konventionellen Meinungen der Fachleute durchzustossen, und er fand dabei wiederholt ueberraschende Wahrheiten.

p. 26, Rauschning, Gespräche

Hitler legte, wie es schiene, nicht grosses Gewicht auf die Arbeitsbeschaffungsplaene.....Der ganze "Plan in der Schublade" war.....eine schillernde Seifenblase, keine ernsthafte Arbeit. Und der Parteifuehrer selbst glaubte gar nicht an den Wert der Bemuehungen....1....Die ganze sachliche Ruestung, mit der Hitler die Macht uebernehmen, bestand in seinem unbegrenzten Selbstvertrauen, mit den Dingen schon fertig zu werden, mit der primitiven aber wirksamen Maxime was befohlen wird, geht.....

Immerhin steckte hinter Hitlers Haltung eine Vorurteilslosigkeit und Bauernpffiffigkeit, die man schon grossartig zu nennen versucht ist.....Schwierigkeiten, die im We-

RAUSCHNING7, Gespraechе

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sen der Sache langen, erkannte Hitler nicht an. Er sah nur menschliche Unzulänglichkeit und menschliche Boeswilligkeit.

pp. 27/28, Rauschning, Gespraechе

.....wenn...Hitler im Kampf um die Nacht von Schwarz, dem Kassierer der Partei Geld verlangt habe, dann habe der regelmässig erwidert: "Herr Hitler, es ist nichts in der Kasse." Dann habe Hitler mit der Faust auf den Tisch geschlagen: "Schwarz, ich brauche morgen frueh 1000 Mark." Und siehe, am naechsten Tag sind die tausend Mark dagewesen....
p. 28, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Ich hoerte spaeter, dass in der Tat die deutsche Regierung das generelle Verbot der nationalsozialistischen Partei.....erwogen hatte....Der Kampf als illegale Partei interessierte Hitler, es reizte ihn sogar....Er konnte ihn ruecksichtslosen, sozusagen heistueckischer Fuehren. Hitler gab seinen "unbaendigen Willen" zu verstehen....sich erst recht durchzusetzen.....

.....Immerhin ist es im Hinblick der waeltpolitischen Krise um Danzig nicht ohne Interesse, dass die Selbststaendigkeit Danzigs als Staat einmal fuer Hitler besondere Reize gehabt hat, und dass er beabsichtigte, diese Lage fuer seine eigene Sicherheit auszunuetzen.

pp. 32/33, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler hat auch sonst Gelegenheit gegeben ihm nachzuweisen, dass seine Parteiinteressen gemeinsame nationale Interessen weit ueberwogen....

p. 33, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hess zeigte nach dem Fleck, wo Salzburg lag. Wir erfuehren, dass Hitler mit einem unstillbaren Grimm auf die Grenze blickt, die ihm sein Geburtsland verschloss. Wir fuehlten, dass hier sehr starke persoenliche Gefuehle wirksam waren, nicht bloss politische und nationale.

p. 33, Rauschning, Gespraechе

RAUSCHNING, Gespräche

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Ich entsinne mich des Folgendes Gespräches bis in alle Einzelheiten. Es hat einen unauslöschlichen Eindruck auf mich gemacht. Damals begann meine innere Abkehr vom Nationalsozialismus. Ich begann zu begreifen, was er war und was er vor allem nicht selbst sein sollte. Ich empfinde noch heute die kleine, enge Atmosphäre: den Geruch neuer Möbel, die Wärme eines überalterten Tages. Familiäre Enge und Bohemienwesen; kleinbürgerliche Allüren und revolutionäre Gespräche. Ich höre noch diesen abstrusen, unvermeidlichen Puzzi-Kaufstängel im Nebenraum den Flügel traktieren. Er hatte gerade einen Marsch komponiert, der angeblich Hitlers Wohlgefallen gefunden hatte. Er kreuzte seine Motive mit auf mit Motiven aus Wagnerschen Opern. Ein kleines Sofa, ein paar Sessel, ein Tisch; Frau Kaubal, Frau Goebbels, Forster, Goebbels, ich sitzend. Hinter uns der "Führer", der neue Reichskanzler. Er lehnte an seinem Schreibtisch und blätterte in Schriften. Vor ihm Julius Streicher, Wagner aus München. Es wurde Tee gereicht, kleine Kuchen. Frau Kaubal, die etwas Mutterlich-Gütiges hatte, versuchte ein harmloses Gespräch in Gang zu bringen. Wir waren abgespannt. Frau Goebbels, sehr undeutsch geschminkt, leuchtete zu Hitler herüber, und auch ich vermochte mich nicht von dem Gespräch loszureissen, das hinter meinem Rücken geführt wurde und mich immer mehr erregte.

Es war späte Nacht. Hitler war aus einer Kinovorstellung gekommen. Irgendein patriotischer Schinken, Friedrich den Grossen verherrlichend. Wir waren schon vor Hitler in der Reichskanzlei oben gewesen. Wir warteten auf ihn. Als erster kam Goebbels. Ein fabelhafter Film. ausserte er sich. "Ein grosser Film, das ist es, was wir brauchen." Ein paar Augenblicke später kam Hitler im Fahrstuhl heraufgefahren. "Wie war der Film?" fragte Forster zur Begrüssung. "Ein Greuel, ein Schmarren. Das muss polizeilich verboten werden. Es ist genug mit diesem patriotischen Kitsch!", "Jawohl, mein Führer," drängte sich Goebbels heran, "Es war ein schwaches Stück, ein sehr schwaches. Eine grosse Erziehungsarbeit bleibt uns zu leisten." Prinz August Wilhelm v. Preussen, der Hitler begleitet hatte und sich gleich wieder verabschiedete, warf salopp hinein: Es ist Zeit, dass man so etwas wie ein Leerschutzesetz erlässt gegen diesen Missbrauch von historischen Erinnerungen."

oo. 48/49, Rauschning, Gespräche

Damit fand das Gespräch ein Ende. (Gespräch über das Ende der christlichen Religionen und ihre Ersetzung durch Heidentum). Wir sassen noch eine Weile um den Tisch. Hitler setzte sich zu uns. Frau Goebbels zeigte sich besorgt um das Wohl des Führers. Es sei Zeit aufzubrechen. "Sie haben einen schweren Tag hinter sich, mein Führer. Ein schwerer wartet Ihrer morgen." Wir verabschiedeten uns....

p. 56, Rauschning, Gespräche

In jenem Sommer bin ich oftlers Hitlers Gast an seiner Mittagstafel gewesen. Er bewohnte damals den zweiten Stock der neuen Reichskanzlei. Es ging gut bürgerlich, man kann fast sagen kleinbürgerlich bei ihm zu. Die Räume waren beschränkt, die Einrichtung war einfach und künstlerisch wertlos. Hitler hatte kein Stueck von erlesenem Geschmack oder künstlerischem Wert um sich.

Hitler lud, wenn er in Berlin war, immer Gaeste an seine Tafel. Es galt als hohe Auszeichnung, zu ihr hinzugezogen zu werden. Zehn bis hochstens zwanzig Personen nahmen an ihr teil. Die Tafel war einfach. Auch hier gab sich der Parteifuehrer den Anstrich, das Muster der ~~Wahl~~ ~~Wahl~~ Schlichtheit und Volkverbundenheit zu sein. Er Aeusserte wiederholt, nichts von seiner bisherigen Gewohnheit aufgeben zu wollen, weder im Aeussern seiner Person noch im Stil seiner Lebenshaltung. Wie Hitler seinen Sitz im Auto neben dem Chauffeur geflissentlich beibehielt und sich nicht in den Fond des Wagens setzte, so trug er draussen seinen bekannten Regenmantel, hatte fast als einen Hut auf dem Kopf, und ging in der gleichen Mischung von Ziviljacke und Parteiuniforme oder in demselben einfachen bürgerlichen Habit herum, wie zuvor. Zur ~~Mitt~~ Mittagstafel gab es eine Suppe, ein Fleischgericht, es gab Gemuese und es gab Quessspeise. Hitler selbst ass kein Fleisch, er verschlang unwahrscheinliche Portionen von Quesspeise, und sein persoenlicher Koch, alter Pg., setzte ihm besondere Gemueseplatten vor. Aber fuer seine Gaeste hatte Hitler keine vegetarischen Zwangskuesse. Und er liess auch Alkohol in Gestalt von Bier herumdreichen. Man konnte zwischen Bier und Limonade waehlen, und es war amuesant zu sehen, dass Neulinge, besonders leidenschaftliche Parteigenossen, mit einem Blick auf den abstinenten Fuehrer Limonade waelten....

Es war schon eine bunte und wechselnde Gesellschaft an der Tafel. Es war immer eine besondere Besonderlichkeit da, sei es eine Filmschoenheit, ein Kuenstler, sei es eine Parteigroesse. Auch Damen fehlten nicht. Sie waren aber immer in der Minderzahl. Ich sah einmal ein paar auffallend huebsche blonde Frauen. Auch Damen der Gesellschaft waren gelegentlich da. Die Schwester von Hess, eine fuechtige Kunstgewerblerin, lernte ich hier kennen. Sie band Hitlers Buecher ein. Staendiger Gast war damals Prinz August Wilhelm von Preussen. Hitler behandelte den Prinzen damals zuvorkommend. Es war die Zeit, als man sich in den konservativen Milieus der Hoffnung hingab, Hitler wuerde "Auwi" zum Kaiser machen.

Dann war da als staendiges Inventarstueck Puzzi Hanfstaengel, dessen Weiterfuehrtheit und Sprachkenntnisse gebraucht wurden und dessen seltsam geformter Kopf mehr auffiel als das, was er zu sagen hatte. Haeufiger konnte man auch Goebbels treffen. Er machte sich immer so viel als moeglich um Hitler zu schaffen.... Staendig war auch der lange Brueckner, Hitlers Adjutant, haeufiger auch Dietrich bei Tisch. Was sonst an Parteigroessen durch Berlin kam,

RAUSCHNING, Gespraechе

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wurde von Hitler herangezogen.

zeigt

Die Unterhaltung war zwanglos. Häufig schwieg Hitler, oder er griff nur gelegentlich ein. Dann wieder dominierte er mit seiner drohnenden Stimme, dass alles schwieg und zuhörte. Man konnte dabei beobachten, wie sich Hitler in Rage redete, wie er, um beredt zu werden, der lauten Tonstärke und des übersteigerten Tempos bedurfte. Eine einfache Konversation war mit ihm nicht möglich. Er schwieg entweder oder riss das Gespräch völlig an sich. Die Eloquenz Hitlers ist sichtlich keine natürliche Begabung, sondern inneren Hemmungen abgerungen, die ihn noch heute im engsten Gespräch unbeholfen machen. Das Krampfhaftige und Erkenntelste seiner Natur ~~zeigt~~ sich gerade in solch engem Zirkel, es zeigt sich vor allem in der Abwesenheit jedes echten Humors, Hitlers Lachen ist kaum etwas anderes als eine andere Form des Hohns und der Verachtung. Es hat nichts Befreiendes. Und in seiner Unterhaltung gibt es nie ein Ausruhen. Ich hatte gerade an der Mittagstafel Gelegenheit, ihn seine Ansicht über Humor äussern zu hören. Ich sass damals Hitler schräg gegenüber, links von ihm sass, mir gegenüber, Goebbels. Beide sprachen über das nationalsozialistische Witzblatt und die Bedeutung des Witzes als Kampfmittel. Er sah auch in dem, was er Humor nannte, nur eine Waffe. Und damals fiel aus seinem Munde das später in der Partei viel herumgebrachte Wort vom "Stuermer" und seinen Judenkarikaturen als der "im Dritten Reich erlaubten Form der Pronographie." Es war offensichtlich, dass Hitler sich an diesen Schmutzereien mit Behagen erfreute.

Nach der Mittagstafel wurde damals Kaffee in Hitlers kleinem Arbeitszimmer gereicht, Kaffee und Likör. Und übrigens wurde auch geraucht, wenn auch wenig. Einige Male wurde auch der Kaffee auf einer dachgartenaehnlichen grossen Terrasse gereicht, von der man auf die Baumwipfel des alten Reichskanzleigartens herabsah. Hitlers Umgebung und vor allem seine Stiefschwester, Frau Raubal, die damals seinem Haushalt die hausfrauliche Note gab, waren in staendiger Sorge um Hitlers Sicherheit. Man befürchtete schon damals Attentate, vor allem in dem Reichskanzleigarten. Hitler war gewarnt worden, in ihm zu promenieren. Er hatte damals wenig Bewegung. Die Balkonterrasse ersetzte ihm den Garten.

pp. 58/61, Rauschning, Gespraechе

....Ich wandte ich an Hanfstaengel, ob das nicht bedeute, die ganze Politik der Vorkriegszeit....zu wiederholen....Es stuende doch auch im Widerspruch zu den grundlegenden Aeusserungen in "Mein Kampf". Ich vernahm damals die erste abfaellige Bemerkung ueber dieses Buch in Gegenwart Hitlers und schloss daraus, dass es im internen Kreise keineswegs die allgemein verbindliche Quelle war....

p. 63, Rauschning, Gespraechе

RAUSCHNING, Gespraechе

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.....es war schon nach dem 30. Juni 1934.....Hitler schwankte damals in seiner Stimmung zwischen tiefster Depression und zuegelloser Mut. Auf allen Seiten wuchsen seine Gegner ueber ihn hinaus.....Hitler fuehlte sich von allen Seiten umstellt. Er war nicht einmal seiner eigenen Partei nach dem fuerchterlichen Blutbad sicher. Er musste sich zusammennemen und auf der Hut sein, um nicht voellig ueberspielt zu werden.....

Im engsten Kreis liess Hitler sich gehen. Ich hoerte ihn schreien und mit Fuessen stampfen. Der geringste Widerspruch brachte ihn zu Wutausbruechen. Offenbar begann damals die Periode, in der er durch wohlberechnete Wutausbrueche seine Umgebung in Verwirrung setzte und kapitulationswillig machte. Man begann Furcht vor seiner Unberechenbarkeit zu haben.Ueberall saessen diese alten, infantilen und sterilen Maenner, die sich mit ihrem Fachwissen bruesteten und dafuer den gesunden Menschenverstand verloren haetten, klagte Hitler.Und dann verlor sich Hitler in Phantasien, was er machen konnte, wenn diese alten, denkfaulen Routiniers nicht um ihn waereh.....

pp. 65/66, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler kam dann auf den Reichstagsbrand zu sprechen....."Ich habe die alten Tanten Eugenberg und Genossen in Unruhe und Angst versetzt. Sie trauen mir zu, dass ich die Sache selbst angestiftet habe. Sie halten mich fuer den Gottseibeiuns selbst. Das ist gut so."

Hitler machte sich ueber die schwierigen fachmaennischen Reden und Einwaende seiner Ministerkollegen lustig. Er erschrecke sie mit Absicht durch seine Reden. Er mache ihm unbaendigen Spass zu sehen, wie sie sich ueber ihn entruesteten und sich ueberlegen duenkten. "Sie halten mich fuer ungebildet, fuer einen Barbaran!"

"Ja! Wir sind Barbaren. Wir w o l l e n es sein....."

p. 78, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Es waren erste Beschwerden ueber Konzentrationslagergreuel an Hitler herangetragen worden.....Es war ueberaus charakteristisch, dass Hitler dabei keineswegs, wie man vermuten sollte, ueber die grauenhaften Exzesse seiner Leute entruestet war, sondern sich vielmehr gegen diejenigen in Beschimpfungen erging, die von diesen "laecherlichen" Vorkommnissen ueberhaupt Wesens machten.

pp. 79/80, Rauschning, Gespraechе

RAUSCHNING, Gespraech

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Ich habe Hitler damals (aus Anlass der Meldung ueber Konzentrationslagergreuel) zum erstenmal toten und schimpfen hoeren. Er gebaerdete sich wie ein ungezogener Knabe. Er zeterte in schrillen, hohen Toenen, stampfte mit dem Fuss auf, schlug mit den Faeusten auf Tisch und Waende. Schaum vor dem Munde, im masslosen Jaehzorn keuchte und stammelte er so etwas wie: "Ich will nicht! Alle weg! Ver-raeter!" Es war beaengstigend, ihn anzusehen. Die Haare zerzaust um das Gesicht, stiere Augen, das Gesicht verzerrt, puterrot. Ich fuerchtete, dass er umfallen muesse, dass der Schlag ihn treffen wuerde.

Aber ploetzlich war alles vorbei. Er ging im Zimmer umher. Er raeusperte sich, er strich sich ein paar mal die Haare, sah sich etwas scheu, misstrauisch um, warf ein paar pruefende Blicke auf uns. Ich hatte den Eindruck, dass er sehen wollte, ob irgendjemand lachte. Und ich muss gestehen, mir stieg, mehr als eine nervoese Reaktion auf die Spannung, so etwas wie Nachreiz hoch.

"Laecherlich," begann Hitler mit verrosteter Stimme. ~~xxxxxxGnansankentmimpmndentmxmx~~ "Haben Sie gesehen, wie die Masse zusammenstroemt, wenn sich zwei auf offener Strasse ~~ppxm88/SitpRauschningxxGnpxmxz~~ so pruegeln? Grausamkeit imponiert. Grausamkeit und rohe Kraft. Der einfache Mann auf der Strasse laesst sich nur von brutaler Kraft und Ruecksichtslosigkeit imponieren. Die Frauen uebrigens auch, Frauen und Kinder. Die Leute brauchen den heilsamen Schrecken. Sie wollen sich vor etwas fuerchten. Sie wollen, dass man ihnen bange macht, und dass sie sich jemandem schauernd unterwerfen. Haben Sie nicht ueberall die Erfahrung gemacht nach Saa lschlachten, dass sich die Verpruegelten am ersten als neue Mitglieder bei der Partei meldeten? Was schwatzen Sie da von Grausamkeit und entruesten sich ueber Qualen. Die Masse will das. Sie braucht etwas zum Grauen."

pp . 80/81, Rauschning, Gespraech

Ist Hitler gefuehllos gegenueber Schmerzen anderer? Ist er grausam und rachsuechtig? Heute besteht wohl kaum ein Zweifel darueber wie die Antwort lautet. Vor ein paar Jahren legte sich jeder diese Fragen vor, der Gelegenheit hatte, die merkwuerdigen Aeusserungen Hitlers im engen Kreise zu hoeren. Jedes noch so einfache Gespraech schien zu beweisen, dass dieser Mann von einem grenzenlosen Hass besessen war? Man wurde nicht so recht klug daraus. Alles konnte ploetzlich seine Wut und seinen Hass erregen. Immer schien er etwas zum Hassen zu brauchen. Und der Uebergang von der Entruestung zur Sentimentalitaet oder Begeisterung war mitunter voellig unvermittelt.

p. 83, Rauschning, Gespraech

Im Mai 1933 hatten in Danzig Neuwahlen stattgefunden, Sie waren fuer den Nationalsozialismus besser ausgefallen, als die Wahlen im Reich.....Zur Belohnung lud Hitler eine Reihe von Danzigern zu sich in die Reichskanzlei zu Kaffee und Kuchen.

Es war wirklich Kaffee und Kuchen wie "bei Muttern", Streuselkuchen und Napfkuchen. Und Hitler war die Hausfrau. Er war aufgeraeumt, geradezu liebenswuerdig.....

p. 83, Rauschning, Gespraechе

.....Dann gab es den besagten Kaffee und Kuchen.Hitler hatte gerade mit dem Erlass der Tausendmark-sperre seinen Kampf gegen das selbstaendige Oesterreich begonnen.....Man konnte merken, mit welcher Genugtuung er den Kampf aufnahm, den er uebrigens fuer bald beendet ansah. Ein geradezu funkelnder Hass schlug einem aus jedem seiner Worte entgegen. Hass und Hohn.

.....Zwischenhinein forderte er uns auf zuzulangen.Hitler deutete an, wie alles fuer einen Putsch in Oesterreich vorbereitet sei.....Aus der Leidenschaftlichkeit seiner Aeusserungen musste man schliessen, dass er nach blutiger Aktion, nach Verschoerung, nach irgendeiner Vergeltung fieberte.....Ein heisser, krankhafter, versengender Hauch ging von diesem Gespraech aus. Es war kein Gespraech, es war vielmehr eine leidenschaftliche Selbstinterpretation, in die jedes Gespraech mit Hitler schliesslich immer ausmündete.....

"Ich werde diesem Dollfuss den Prozess machen lassen," schrie Hitler. "Dieser Mann wagt mir zu widersprechen. Stellen Sie sich vor, meine Herren! Sie werden noch auf den Knien vor mir liegen. Aber ich werde sie eiskalt als Ver-raeter hinrichten lassen."

Hass, persoenliche Rache klang aus diesen Worten, Vergeltung fuer entsagungsreiche Jugendjahre, fuer enttaeuschte Hoffnungen, fuer ein Leben der Armut und Erniedrigung. Es herrschte eine Zeitlang betretenes Schweigen.

Hitler noetigte seine Gaeste, wie die Bauersfrau auf dem Lande. Junge SS. Maenner brachten volle Kuchenschuesseln und schenkten Kaffee ein....

pp. 84, 85, 86, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hier liegt mir daran, den merkwuerdigen Eindruck zu vermitteln: eine friedlich, echt kleinbuergerliche Kaffee-tafel; Parteigenossen aus der Provinz sozusagen; und der Kanzler des grossen deutschen Volkes: solcher Art aber sind

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die Reden! Totschlagen, Aufruhr, Gefaengnis, Mord, Beraubung! Der groteske Widerspruch zwischen den linkischen, ungehobelten Kleinbuenger, der sich am wohlsten unter seinesgleichen fuehlte, mit seiner sich in lauter Verbrechen ergehenden Phantasie. Diese Kleinbuenger sind ja nicht friedlich und bramarbasieren bloss, wie das so zu sein pflegt. Sie bersten vor innerem Hass und Neid, vor Missgunst und Scheissucht. Sie schloessen sich wirklich an, die Welt auf den Kopf zu stellen, sich mit der barbarischen Groesse der heidnischen Vorzeit auszustatten oder die Veruchtheit der Renaissance nachzuspielen. Wahrhaft ein groteskes Bild! Kein Wort der Begeisterung, geistiger Aufmunterung, kein Wort der Verbundenheit mit den persoennlichen Sorgen des Einzelnen seiner Gaeste. "Was kuenmert mich persoennliches Glueck und persoennliches Ergehen" rief einmal Hitler unmutig. "Macht was ihr wollt, kuenmert Euch!" Nachts, primitiver Hass und die Gier nach Macht: das waren die Worte, die Hitler seinen Leuten mit auf ihren politischen Lebensweg gab.

pp. 87/88, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Aber Hitler wusste sehr wohl, dass der gewoehnliche Mensch von Hass und Rache allein nicht leben kann. Dieser Mann, der mit vollem Bewusstsein die schlechtesten Instinkte der Menschen ausnuetzte, kannte die Schwaechen und Begierden seiner Leute genau.

"Wartet mit dem Heiraten bis ich an der Macht bin," pflegte Hitler frueher seinen Mitarbeitern zu raten.... "Ich sehe meinen Leuten nicht auf die Finger", aeusserte sich Hitler an der Mittagstafel. "Macht, was ihr wollt, aber lasst Euch nicht erwischen." Es war Hitler selbst, der mit voller Absicht seine Leute an die Futterkrippen kommandierte.Damals hoerte ich die merkwuerdige Wendung von der "beabsichtigten Korruption".....

.....Hitler hat sich, auf seine Weise freimuettig, zu dieser ganzen Entwicklung geaussert. Es ist keineswegs so, dass er sie nur duldete und dass ihm hier etwas ueber den Kopf wuchs.....

pp. 89/91, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler, der bisher unwirsch dagesessen hatte, griff ein und redete sich bald in Rage: "Ich hasse diese Pruederei und Sittenschnueffelei.....Ich kann Luckmaeuser und Tugendbuendler nicht brauchen. Ich kuenmere mich nicht um ihr (meiner Leute) Privatleben, so wie ich es mir verbitte, dass man hinter meinem Privatleben herschnueffelt...."

pp. 94/95, Rauschning, Gespraechе

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.... Hitler betrachtete die neue Ausgabenwirtschaft und die versteckte Inflation als radikal wirksames Mittel der Vermoegensumschichtung und des wechselfs der regierenden Personenkreise. Moeglich, dass ihm die Zusammenhaenge nicht rational klar waren. Aber mit dem ihm eigenen Instinkt und so etwas wie einer Art Bauernschlauheit witterte er offenbar etwas Richtiges.

Hitler misstraute jedem, der ihm mit volkswirtschaftlichen Lehren kommen wollte. Er glaubt, dass man ihn duerpieren will und er macht aus seiner Verachtung ueber diese Art von Wissenschaft keinen Hehl. Er durchschaut nicht, aber er fuehlt, dass aus einer im Grunde einfachen Angelegenheit eine kompliziertes Wesen gemacht wird.

pp 97/98, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler sah meine innere Ablehnung. Er wurde kameradschaftlich.....

p. 100, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Deutschland war aus dem Voelkerbund ausgetreten. Ich hatte diese denkwuerdige Wendung in Genf erlebt....Auf der Rueckreise suchte ich in Berlin Hitler auf.....Ich fand ihn glaenzender Laune. Alles an ihm federte vor Spannung und Taetigkeitsdrang.

p. 101, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler steigerte sich in eine Beredsamkeit hinein, die, Zeit und Ort vergessend, immer neue ~~Problemaxbrennungen~~ Probleme beruehrte und ohne Punkt und Komma wie eine koerperliche Ausschweifung wirkte.

pp. 103/104, Rauschning, Gespraechе

"Die Hemokartie ist ein Gift, das jeden Volkskoerper zersetzt..... Es ist gerade wie mit der Syphilis. Als diese Krankheit zum erstenmal, aus Amerika eingefuehrt, in Europa auftrat....."

Hitler verlor sich in weitschweifigen Ausfuehrungen ueber die vermeintliche Geschichte der Syphilis. Er schien den Gegenstand unseres Gespraches vergessen zu haben. Er dozierte und ich hatte den Eindruck, dass er an ein ihm besonders gelaefiges und ihm viel beschaeftigendes Thema geraten war.

pp. 104/105, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Mit einer so ungeheuerlichen Selbstgefälligkeit erging sich Hitler in Plänen, die umso erstaunlicher waren, als ihnen jede Voraussetzung zur Realisierung zu fehlen schien. Diese Pläne waren Wahnsinn 1934, und sie stehen vielleicht vor der Verwirklichung 1940. Es ist kein Wunder, dass ein Mann, der so vieles von seinen Phantasien verwirklichen konnte, trunken ist vor Proessenwahn und dem Gefühl der Gottähnlichkeit.

p. 118, Rauschning, Gespraechе

....Mir kam damals noch nicht in den Sinn, dass Hitler vielleicht ueberhaupt keine festen politischen Ziele haben koennte, sondern sich von guenstigen Gelegenheiten hochschaukeln liess, bereit alles preiszugeben, was er bisher verfochten hatte, nur um seine Macht zu vergroessern. Vielleicht war, was er ueber Russland sagte, nur improvisiert, um etwas zu reden, um sich eine Bedeutung zu geben. Er ist immer Schauspieler. Er greift soeben Gehoertes auf und weiss es so zu verwenden, dass es dem Zuhoeerer als alter geistiger Besitz Hitlers erscheinen muss. Vielleicht hat Hitler einem Besucher nach mir genau das Gegenteil von dem gesagt, was er mir als das Ergebnis tiefer politischer Ueberlegungen hinstellte. Die Hitler'sche Politik ist eine rücksichtslose Gelegenheitspolitik, die mit ungeheuerlicher Rücksichtslosigkeit alles ueber Bord wirft, was ihr noch soeben als fester Grundsatz galt. Hier setzt sich Hitlers Vergangenheit immer wieder durch, seine Vergangenheit als bezahlter politischer Agent, der bereit war, jedem sich bietenden Vorteil zu folgen..... Zweierlei zeichnete diesen ganzen politischen Betrieb aus: eine unvorstellbare Verlogenheit und eine geradezu entwaffnende Naivitaet, sich an nichts Versprochenes oder eben Gesagtes zu erinnern.....Die Mehrheit dieser nationalsozialistischen Maenner verlieren buchstaeblich wie hysterische Frauen das Gedaechnis fuer das, an das sie sich nicht mehr zu erinnern wuenschen. Es ist mir - und ich glaube allen, die mit Hitler zu tun hatten - haeufig geschehen, dass, wenn man sich auf ein frueheres Wort von ihm bezog, man erstaunt angesehen wurde oder wohl schroffe Ablehnung erfuhr, so etwas habe er nie gesagt.

pp. 127/8, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Im Fruehjahr 1934 fand in Berlin....eine Besprechungstatt....."Meine Herren" sprach uns Hitler an, nachdem jeder einzelne vorgestellt war und ihm 'in die Augen blicken durfte'....."

pp. 135/36, Rauschning, Ges praechе

Hitler verstand es, sich der Gedankenrichtung der meist jungen Leute anzupassen. Sie gluehten auch vor Begeisterung und sprachen nachher von dem ihr Leben fuer alle Zeit bestimmenden Erlebnis.....

p. 107, Rauschning, Gespräche

"Adolf ist gemein," schimpfte er (Boehm). "Er ver-raet uns alle. Er geht nur noch mit Reaktionsaeren um. seine alten Genossen sind ihm zu schlecht. Da holt er sich diese ostpreussischen Generaale heran. Das sind jetzt seine Vertrauten....Adolf wird ein feiner Gent. Er hat sich einen Frack zugekaegt".....

Adolf ist bei mir in die Schule gegangen. Was er von militaerischen Dingen weiss, hat er von mir.Aber der Adolf ist und bleibt ein Zivilmensch, ein 'Kuenstler', ein Spinner. 'Lasst's mir mei Ruah,' denkt er. Am liebsten laet er heute schon in den Bergen sitzen und den lieben Gott spielen."

p. 144, Rauschning, Gespräche

".....Aber der Hitler tut mich vertroesten. Er will den Dingen seinen Lauf lassen. Hernach erhofft er sich ein Himmelswunder. Das ist der echte Adolf. Er will die fertige Arme erben. Er will sie von den Fachmaennern zurecht-schuettern lassen....Hernach will er sie nationalsozialistisch machen, sagt er....

p. 144, Rauschning, Gespräche

Er hatte offenbar die Opposition seiner Umgebung aufgenommen und sich selbst zu ihrem radikalen Sprecher gemacht, ine banale Taktik, die er liebte und die ihm immer wieder laetige Einsaende vom Halse brachte.....

p. 150, Rauschning, Gespräche

(Nach dem 30. Juni 1943)

Sie hatten alle nur eine Hoffnung gehabt, dass dieser schwarzstraehnige Mann mit der haesslichen Stirne, der sich in den Zaehnen herumstoecherte, wenn man ihm Vortrag hielt, der einen in seiner brutalen Art anbruellte, der nicht zuhoeren konnte, der immer nur dozierte - das sie endlich von diesem Menschen befreit sein wuerden....(Sie sind die Blaemen des Auswaertigen Amtes. Anm. d. Res.)

p. 157, Rauschning, Gespräche

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(Nach dem 30. Juni 1934)

Hitler hat mit der ihm eigenen intuitiven Art die Entschlusslosigkeit seiner buergerlichen Gegner sofort gespuert. Aber zunaechst machte auch er nicht den Eindruck des Siegers. Mit gedunsenen, Verzerzten Zuegen sass er mir gegenueber, als ich ihm Vortrag hielt. Seine Augen waren erloschen, er sah nicht nicht an. Er spielte mit seinen Fingern. Ich hatte nicht den Eindruck, dass er mir zuhoerte. ~~xxxxxxWahnehmendmierungangenx~~ Aber schliesslich entschied er, nach ein paar Rueckfragen, dann doch in dem von mir vorgeschlagenen Sinn. Waehrend der ganzen Zeit hatte ich den Eindruck, dass Ekel, Ueberdruss und Verachtung in ihm herumstritten, und dass er mit seinen Gedanken ganz wo anders war.

Nachdem er uns verabschiedet hatte, rief er Forster ~~xxixix~~ und mich noch einmal zurueck. "Kommen Sie, Rauschning," sagte er, wie ploetzlich aufwachend, in einem frischeren Ton, "kommen Sie, ich moechte Sie noch etwas fragen," zu Forster.

.....Aber es zeigte sich bald, dass er nur nicht allein sein wollte.....Forster berichtete.....Hitler versuchte sein Interesse durch ein paar Bemerkungen zu zeigen. Aber ich merkte, dass er ueberhaupt nicht zuhoerte. Sein Blick war ausdruckslos, starr in die Weite gerichtet. Dann sah er auf den Boden. Forster hatte mit einer Frage geendet. Es kam keine Antwort. Eine Pause trat ein.

Hitler stand auf. Er begann auf und ab zu gehen..... Der Schreibtisch stand in der Ecke. Von der Eingangstuer war es ein weiter Weg. Hitler ging von der Tuer zum Schreibtisch, die Haende auf dem Ruecken gefaltet.

Ich hatte gehoert, er sollte nur noch stundenweise schlafen koennen, nach dem blutigen Ereignis. Nachts irrte er ruhelos umher. Schlafmittel halfen nicht, oder er nahm sie nicht, aus Furcht vergiftet zu werden. Mit Weinkraempfen sollte er aus dem kurzen Schlaf aufwachen. Er haette sich wiederholt erbrochen. Mit Schuettelfrost habe er in Decken gehuellt im Sessel gesessen. Er haette sich fuer vergiftet gehalten. Einmal wollte er alles erleuchtet und Menschen, viel Menschen um sich haben; im gleichen Augenblick haette er wieder niemanden sehen wollen; haette er Furcht vor seinen intimsten Vertrauten gehabt. Der einzige, den er noch um sich geduldet habe, sei Hess. Vor buch, dem Henker, habe er einen wahren Abscheu. Aber er wage es ihm nicht zu zeigen. Er fuerchte ihn. Uebrigens haetten ihm im letzten Augenblick die Nerven versagt. Alles sei schliesslich ohne sein Wissen, auf seinen Namen hin geschehen. Er habe lange Zeit nicht die ganze schreckliche Wahrheit gewusst. Er wisse auch heute noch nicht den ganzen Umfang der Exekutionen.

pp. 159/160, Rauschning, Gespraechе

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...."Ich muss mir sagen lassen, dass die Dinge schlimmer stehen, als zur Zeit der Bruening und Papen. Ich muss mir ein Ultimatum stellen lassen. Von diesen Feiglingen und erbaermlichen Kreaturen," schrie er, "Ich, ich!"

"Aber sie irren sich, fuhr er ruhiger fort, "ich bin nicht am Ende, wie sie meinen. Sie irren sich alle. Sie unterschuetzen mich. Weil ich von unten komme, aus der "Hefe des Volkes", weil ich keine Bildung habe, weil ich mich nicht zu benehmen weiss, wie es in ihren Spatzenhirnen als richtig gilt. Wenn ich einer von ihnen waere, dann waere ich etwa der grosse Mann; heute schon. Aber ich brauche sie nicht, um mir von ihnen meine geschichtliche Groesse bestaetigen zu lassen.....

p. 161, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Auf solche Weise machte sich Hitler Mut. Er entliess uns. Er war wie ein Mensch, der sich soeben eine Morphinumspritze gegeben hatte.

p. 162, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler hat sich uebrigens nie mit dem Detail von Fragen abgegeben, mit zwei Ausnahmen: der Aussenpolitik und der Wehrmacht. Das, was man die Beherrschung einer Materie nennt, war ihm vollkommen gleichgueltig. Er wurde ungeduldig, wenn man ihm mit Detailproblemen kam. Er hatte eine grosse Abneigung vor reinen "Fachmaennern" und hielt auf ihr Urteil gar nichts. Er betrachtete Fachmaenner nur als Handlanger, als Pinselwaescher und Farbenreiber, um in der Begriffswelt seines Malergewerbes zu bleiben.

p. 172, Rauschning, Gespraechе

.....Eine Entscheidung ueber diese oder jene Richtung war von ihm nicht zu erlangen. Es war nicht das erstemal, dass er, wenn Schwierigkeiten auftauchten, alles beiseite schob, was er soeben noch geplant hatte, und sich auch gar nicht weiter darum bekueummerte, was fuer ein Truemerhaufen zurueckblieb. Er sprang fuer seine Person aus allen belaestigenden Schwierigkeiten heraus, und wollte dann ueberhaupt nicht mehr erinnert werden.

Die Gabe zu vereinfachen, das war es, was er auch hier wieder als seine besondere Faehigkeit hinstellte, die ihn seiner Umgebung ueberlegen machte.

p. 174, Rauschning, Gespraechе

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Hitler tobte und schrie. Er verbitte sich das. Eine Inflation ~~xxxxx~~ lasse er nicht zu. "Ich habe mein Wort verpfandet....." Er ueberschrie sich, ich verstand nicht mehr alles. Es dauerte eine Weile, bis er sich wieder beruhigt hatte. Es war kein erfreuliches Erlebnis.

p. 195, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler kam damit auf die Massenfuehrung zu sprechen. Er haette ein untruegliches Gefuehl dafuer, was die Masse ~~xxxxxxx~~ fuehle, was man ihr zumuten koenne und was man unter allen Umstaenden vermeiden muesse. Dies sei eine einmalige Begabung, und keiner koenne ihm in dieser Beziehung etwas sagen. Aber damit allein sei es noch lange nicht getan. Man muesse auch seiner Mittel sicher sein. Die Massenfuehrung sei eine Kunst im wahrsten Sinn des Wortes. Ihre Beherrschung setze eine angestrengte Arbeit voraus.

p. 197, Rauschning, Gespraechе

"Ich bin mir bewusst,....dass mir in der Kunst der Massenbeeinflussung keiner gewachsen ist; auch Goebbels nicht.....die eigentliche Fuehrung der Masse ist nicht erlernbar....."

p. 198/99 Rauschning, Gespraechе

...Der eigentliche Grund dafuer, dass Hitler den Weg in den Abgrund ging, lag in einer Schiaffheit seines Willens. Der Augenschein, dass Hitler ein grosser Willensmensch ist, truegt. Im Grunde seines Wesens ist er schlaff und apathisch und bedarf der nervoesen Reize, um aus einer chronischen Aethargie sich zu krampfhaften Willensimpulsen zu steigern. Er wachlte den bequemeren Weg, er liess sich fallen, er lieferte sich den Kraefte aus, die ihn im Absturz forttrugen.

p. 203, Rauschning, Gespraechе.

Hitler ist kein Diktator. Aber er ist auch nicht "der Korken, der oben schwimmt." Er verstand es immer, mit den staerkeren Batallionen zu marschieren.....Hitler hat vor allem eines nie getan. Er hat sich nie in einen Gegensatz zu seinen Gauleitern gebracht. Mit diesen Maennern.....wusste er sich so zu stellen, dass er bei Differenzen immer die ueberwiegende Zahl auf seiner Seite hatte.
....er liess sich von Kraefte hinter, oft wider sein besseres Wissen treiben.....

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Hitler war der typisch Entwurzelte, behaftet mit allen Maengeln eines oberflaechlichen "wissens, das ohne wahre Ehrfurcht schnell urteilt und verurteilt.Er gehoert zu den deutschen "Hungerleidern nach dem Unerreichlichen".....

p. 208, Rauschning, Gespraech

Hitler (gab mir) gelegentlich seine Ansicht von Geist und Moral zum Besten. Es war missverstandener Nietzsche, es waren popularisierte Ideen, die eine gewisse Richtung der zeitgenoessischen Philosophie in den Mittelpunkt ihrer Betrachtungen gestellt hatte. Hitler trug dies alles mit der Geste des Propheten und schoepferischen Genius vor. Er schien ueberzeugt, dass es seine eigenen Ideen waren. Er kannte nicht ihren Ursprung und meinte sie nur sich selbst und den Eingebungen seiner Einsamkeit in den Bergen zu verdanken.

.....

Mit der Autoritaet des Fuhrers und in seiner Umgebung vorgetragen, machten solche Saetze mitten im Gespraech den Eindruck tiefster Offenbarungen. Hitler empfand es uebrigens als eine persoенliche Kraenkung, wenn man durch die Aehnlichkeit mit Gedanken anderer beruehrt, etwa auf Vorlaeuer oder gleichgesinnte Denker hinwies. Hitler wollte alles allein und ohne Anregung gedacht haben. Er betrachtete es als eine Verkleinerung seiner Groesse, wenn man auf aehnliche Ideen hinwies. ~~Rauschning hat in diesem Zusammenhang~~er hasste Vorlaeuer und Mitlaeuer, weil sie....ihre Ideen in einem ganz anderen Zusammenhang geaussert hatten.

p.p. 209, 213, Rauschning, Gespraech.

Hitler erkannte keine Vorlaeuer an. Mit einer Ausnahme: Richard Wagner.

Ob ich in Bayreuth gewesen sei, fragte mich HitlerKeiner von diesen Epigonen wisse, was Wagner wirklich ~~xxx~~ sei. Er meine nicht bloss die Musik, sondern die ganze umstuerzende Kulturlehre, bis hinab in das scheinbar kleine, belanglose Detail. Ob ich wuesste, dass Wagner zum Beispiel vieles von unserem kulturellen Verfall auf den Fleischgenuss zurueckgefuehrt habe? Wenn er heute fuer seine Person den Genuss von Fleischspeisen verschmaehe, so geschehe das nicht zum geringsten Teil auf das hin, was Wagner dazu geaussert habe und was er fuer absolut richtig halte. Es kaeme so vieles von unserem kulturellen Verfall vom Unterleibe her, chronische Verstopfung, Vergiftung der Saefte, Rausch. Er enthalte sich des Fleisches, des Alkohols und des schmutzigen Rauchens nicht bloss aus Gesundheitsruecksichten, sondern aus innerster Ueberzeugung. Aber da fuer sei die Welt noch nicht reif.Er, Hitler, sei durch Zufall oder Schickung frueh auf Wagner gestossen, Er haette mit einer geradezu hysterischen "rrregung gefunden,

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dass alles, was er von diesem grossen Geist las, seiner innersten, unbewussten, schlummernden Anschauung entsprochen habe.

pp. 215/16, Rauschning, Gespraechе

"Sie muessen uebrigens den Parsifal ganz anders verstehen als er so gemeinhin interpretiert wird.....Nicht die christlich-Schopenhauerische Mitleidsreligion wird verherrlicht, sondern das reine, adelige Blut, das in seiner Reinheit zu hueten und zu verherrlichen sich die Bruederschaft der Wissenden zusammengefunden hat. Da leidet der Koenig an dem unheilbaren Siechtum, dem verdorbenen Blut. Da wird der unwissende, aber reine Mensch in die Versuchung gestellt, sich in dem Laubergarten Alingsors der Lust und dem Rasuch der verdorbenen Zivilisation hinzugeben oder sich zu der Auslese von Rittern zu gesellen, die das Geheimnis des Lebens hueten, das reine Blut. Wie koennen wir uns reinigen und suehen? Merken Sie, dass das Mitleid, durch das man wissend wird, nur dem innerlich Verdorbenen, dem Zwiespaeltigen gilt. Und dass dieses Mitleid nur eine Handlung kennt, den Kranken sterben zu lassen.....

pp. 216/17, Rauschning, Gespraechе

".....Der Jude und der Arier, stelle ich sie einander gegenueber und nenne den einen Mensch, so muss ich den anderen anders nennen. Sie sind so weit von einander wie das Tier vom Menschen. Nicht, dass ich den Juden ein Tier nenne. Er steht dem Tier viel ferner als wir Arier. Es ist ein naturfremdes und naturfernes Wesen."

Hitler wollte noch etwas sagen. Aber es war, als versagte ihm in der Fuelle der ihn ueberstuerzenden Gesichte die Sprache. Sein Gesicht war krampfhaft verzerrt. Er knackte in der Erregung mit den Fingern. "Hier lernen wir nie aus," stammelte er noch.

p. 228, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Bevor Hitler sich ganz der Aussenpolitik und seinen militaerischen Plaenen verschworen hatte, brach er einmal leidenschaftlich in den Wunsch aus, bauen zu duerfen als Staatmann und Gesetzgeber schaffen zu duerfen. Er stecke voll riesiger Plaene. Die Welt wuerde in ihm den groessten Schoepfergenius aller Zeiten sehen. "Mir bleibt nur wenig Zeit! Mir bleibt nur wenig Zeit." Wir wuessten nur das Geringste von ihm. Seine intimsten Parteigenossen ahnten nicht, was er im Sinne habe und wenigstens im Fundament begruenden muesse. Eine furchtbare nervoese Angst, nicht mehr zum Ziele zu kommen, trieb ihn von Zeit zu Zeit rastlos herum.

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Dann wieder verlor er sich an technische Spielereien. Er beschaeftigte sich mit Motoren und neuen Erfindungen. In solch unruhigen Zeiten wurde er seiner Umgebung zur ausgesprochenen Qual.

p. 229, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler sprach dann wie ein Geher und Eingeweihter..... "Magisch sichtig" zu werden, das schien ihm als das Ziel einer menschlichen Fortentwicklung. Er selbst fuehlte sich bereits an der Schwelle dieses magischen Wissens und schrieb ihm seine Erfolge und seine kuenftige Bedeutung zu. Da hatte ein Muenchener Gelehrter ein paar merkwuerdige Sachen geschrieben ueber Urwelt, Sage und Menschheit.....Solche Ideen faszinierten Hitler. Er liebte es zu Zeiten, sich damit leidenschaftlich zu beschaeftigen. Er sah sein eigenes, wundersames Leben als eine Bestaetigung verborgener Kraefte. Er steigerte den Sinn seiner Berufung zu der uebermenschlichen Aufgabe, der Menschheit die Wiedergeburt zu einer neuen Gestalt zu verkuenden.

p. 230, Rauschning, Gespraechе

Glaubt Hitler so etwas?Er ist imstande das Widerspruchsvollste zu verbinden. Eins ist gewiss: Hitler ist Prophet. Weit ueber die Bedeutung eines Politikers strebt er in die Gefilde eines uebermenschlichen Daseins als der Prophet einer neuen Menschheit.

p. 231, Rauschning, Gespraechе

"Der neue Mensch lebt unter uns. Er ist da!" rief Hitler triumphierend. "Genuegt Ihnen das? Ich sage ein Geheimnis. Ich sah den neuen Menschen, furchtlos und grausam. Ich erschrak vor ihm."

Mir fiel ploetzlich unser deutscher Dichter Stefan George ein. Hatte Hitler auch "Maximin" gesehen? Ich spuerte etwas wie die Verzueckung eines Liebenden an ihm.

p. 233, Rauschning, Gespraechе

....Ein roter Faden laeuft sichtbar durch das ganze zwiespaeltige, widerspruchsvolle Tun dieses hoechst seltsamen Mannes. "Bewegung ist alles. Immer in der Aktion sein." Die Hastlosigkeit seines Wesens praegt sich in allem aus. Aber nicht bloss seine eigene "jagende Hysterie, wie er so bezeichnend selbst sagt, steht dahinter.....

p. 239, Rauschning, Gespraechе

PAUSCHNING, "Gespraeche

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Spaeter sah ich bei ihm oeffter auffallend huedsche, blonde Maedchen. Sie sassen an seiner Seite bei Tisch. Er taetschelte ihre Haende. Er erlaubte sich kleine Vertraulichkeiten. Das Ganze war Schaustellung. Die ganze Verstiegtheit und Ungatur dieses Menschen praeg sich auch in den elementarsten Beziehungen des Menschlichen Lebens aus. Ich moechte nicht in das dunkle Kapitel seiner Nichte ruehren, dieses Maedchens, das angeblich Selbstmord veruebt hat. Ich habe darueber von Persoenlichkeiten berichten hoeren, die den Ereignissen nahestanden. Es wurde in das Bild Hitlers richtig hineinpassen; aber es entzieht sich der Erzaehlung und man mag dies auf sich beruhen lassen.

Es hat sich mir und anderen gegenueber mehr als ein junger Mann damit gebruestet, der Liebling Hitlers gewesen zu sein. Auch das bleibe uneroertert.....

p. 241, Rauschning, Gespraeche.

Immer mal wieder kommen Anfuelle, die Hitler bis in den Wahnsinn erschuettern. Unruhe laesst ihn keinen Schlaf finden. Aber jetzt ist er nicht mehr einsam, wenn er es nicht sein will. Er drueckt auf den Knopf und Adjutanten jagen heran. Mit Flugzeugen und Autos wird herangeholt, wenn der Fuehrer gerade zu sprechen kuenescht. Oft sind es nur junge Maenner, die nachts aus den Betten geholt ihren Herrn vergessen lassen muessen, dass Furcht, Sorge, und Einsamkeit ihn foltern. Um den Kamin, in dem riesigen Raum sitzen und stehen diese unwissenden und nicht verstehenden fuehllosen Maenner chrum, plaudern gezwungen zwanglos, erzaehlen einander banale Witze und Unanstaeendigkeiten. Sie sollen Hitler ablenken, sie sollen ihn vergessen machen, was er denkt und sorgt. Und Hitler selbst geht ruhelos wie John Gabriel Borkmann auf und ab.

p. 246, Rauschning, Gespraeche

Hitler ist auch unter die Erfinder gegangen. Er erfindet, ~~xixxgxxx~~mit Hilfe anderer.Hitler hat sich immer fuer technische Fragen interessiert, Er konnte seinen staunenden Gauleitern die Vorzuege und Nachteile jedes Automotrs zeigen und zeichnen. Es macht ihm besonderes Vergnuegen, seine Mitarbeiter technisch zu beraten.Er entwirft, er verbessert, er zeichnet.....Er hat ein unleugbares Geschick.....

p. 247, Rauschning, Gespraeche

HAUSCHNING, Gespraechе

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Ihn hat laengst die Leidenschaft der hohen Kunst der Strategie gepackt. Er befasst sich nur mit der einen, der reizvollen Seite, wo es auf Combinationen, auf Einfaele ankommt. Die muhselige Arbeit der Berechnung, der allseitigen Pruefung des Details ist nicht nach seinem Geschmack. Da wird er ungeduldig, da ermuedet er. Mit ein paar Strichen geniale Skizzen hinwerfen, das befriedigt ihn aufs hoechste.

p. 247, Hauschning, Gespraechе

Hitler behauptete mir gegenueber, den "Principe" des Max Florentiners nicht bloss einmal gelesen zu haben. Das Buch sei schlechthin unentbehrlich fuer jeden Politiker. Er habe es eine Zeitlang staendig auf seinem Nachttisch liegen gehabt. Die Lektuere habe auf ihn eine reinigende und befreiende Wirkung sondergleichen ausgeuebt.....

p. 249, Hauschning, Gespraechе

....Es bleibt nur noch eins uebrig. Hitler die volle Verantwortung dafuer tragen zu lassen, was unweigerlich kommen muss, Krieg Niederlage und Zerstoe rung. Hitler wird versuchen, diese seine Verantwortung abzuwaelzen, Er wird die ganze Partei damit belasten wollen. Er wird seine anderen Ratgeber sie teilen lassen Er wird vor allem den militaerischen Fuehrern die Verantwortung fuer die Kriegshandlungen zuschieben.....

p. 261, Hauschning, Gespraechе

Dreimal sieben Jahre, die beiden heiligen Zahlen verbunden, das wird seinem Leben die Erfuellung geben.....

p. 267, Hauschning, Gespraechе.

Trial May 1931

In May 1931 Litten found himself up against the Prosecutor, in a case in which he was presenting claims on behalf of two workmen who were stabbed at a New Year party by Nazis of Storm Troop 33. It is worth recalling this case in some detail, since it was this trial which specially aroused Hitler's animosity against Litten, and so led to the slow, brutal revenge described in this book.

p. XI - preface- Beyond tears- Ingrid Litten.

...so at Litten's request, Hitler himself, as leader of the Nazi Party, was called as a witness and was cross-examined by Litten.

Hitler was in a dilemma. On the one hand, he wanted to play the fears of his wealthy middle-class supporters, and of old President Hindenburg, by assurances that the Party stood only for legal, constitutional methods. He had therefore sworn an oath to this effect at an earlier trial in Leipzig.

But on the other hand, Hitler had to satisfy his gangsters; he had to convince the young broods of the Storm Troops that all such public professions of legality were in reality a mere smoke-screen, to mask the Party's opportunist climb to power. And he had to avoid any open disavowal of his militant colleague, Goebbels.

Realising Hitler's embarrassment, Litten drove Hitler into making more and more emphatic declarations of the strict legality of the Party's policy: wilder and wilder lies. And then he challenged Hitler to square these professions with Goebbels' notorious incitements to violence. "Did not Dr. Goebbels once declare," he asked, "that adversaries must be crushed to pulp?" "That, of course," Hitler parried, "is not to be taken literally."

"Must it not exert a considerable influence in the ranks of the Party members when a man in such a position as Dr. Goebbels says this kind of thing: 'We must proceed from the revolution of words to the revolution of deeds and at the fitting moment lay violent hands on power?'"

Hitler replied: "Our Party is recruited from all strata of the German people. Those who came to us from the Communist camp still have bits of the Communistic egg-shell sticking to them, and those who come to us from the bourgeois camp have bits of bourgeois egg-shell. That does not affect a man's capacity and it does not affect his desire to work for Germany's greatness and her future. The main thing is that he stands on the basis of legality. The straight line of legality must be observed by all Party officials; whoever departs from it is degraded or expelled from the Party." To this Litten retorted: Isn't it inconsistent with this that Dr. Goebbels, despite his

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p. XI, preface- Beyond Tears- Ingrid Litten

crass profession of illegality, is not degraded or expelled from the Party, but is on the contrary made a Fuehrer and head of the Reichs propaganda? This must be the rise to the very general opinion that legality is not to be very seriously observed?" Hitler could only reply: "The opinion of the Party is that it stands on a legal basis."

After two hours of cross-examination, Litten asked: "Then what do you understand by the volunteer spirit which you are exalting?" Hitler: "I understand by this, that a man shall support it not only physically but in every respect with body and soul." Litten: "Do you think you can attribute this volunteer spirit to the acts of violence and the murders which are perpetrated?" At this reference to the Vehm murders committed by the Nazis, Hitler flew into a passion. "I refuse to speak of murders here. The men were defending their Fatherland."

The trial ended some weeks later when the Nazi terrorists were condemned to long terms of imprisonment.

Hitler never forgave or forgot that ordeal... At the Reichstag fire..Litten was one of those seized, and was sent to Spandau prison, without trial, charge, or sentence.

C O P Y*REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES*

BAVARIAN STATE POLICE, MUNICH

Munich, September 22, 1924

IV a.Nr.:2427

Report to the Bavarian State Ministry
of the Interior, Munich

Re: The conditional parole of the writer ADOLF HITLER,
of the veterinarian DR. FRIEDRICH WEBER, and of the
Lieutenant Colonel retd. HERMANN KRIEBEL

The State Police Department has already expressed its opinion in the report of May 8, 1924 to the effect that, in consideration of the temperament and energy, with which Hitler pursues his political ambitions, it is to be definitely assumed that he would not give up these ambitions even after his release from imprisonment; but that he will remain a continual danger for the inner and exterior security of the State. Until the present time no reason has been found which could have led the police department to a change of its former opinion.

If the police department takes the stand that Hitler and Dr. Weber should not be released on October 1, 1924, this decision is based on the following reasons: Even during the trial the three defendants have repeatedly declared that immediately upon their release they will again promote the National Socialist movement and that they will continue to work in the same manner as formerly. Hitler, Kriebel, and Dr. Weber are now as before the leaders of the dissolved para-military troops and the spiritual leaders of its now existing camouflaged front organizations. Therefore a release of the three named persons, even on conditional parole

-2-

should not be considered. However, should the court unexpectedly grant a parole it would be compulsory for the given reason to deport Hitler as the soul of the entire nationalistic and racial movement in order to avoid the immediate danger to the Bavarian State. In respect to this I refer to my previous report of May 8, 1924 in which I fully explained the reasons of my request for Hitler's deportation from Bavaria.

The numerous riots committed by his followers until the time of the Putsch are to be accredited to his influence. The moment he is set free Hitler will, because of his energy, become immediately again the generator of repeated heavy riotous disturbances of the public order. He will continuously endanger the security of the State. Hitler will resume his political activities, and the hope of the nationalists and racists that he will succeed in removing the present disunity and the disunion among the officials of the para-military troops will be fulfilled. Hitler's influence on all nationalistic inclined - today he is more than before the soul of the entire movement - will again carry the entire movement forward. It will even absorb great masses of persons who are now foreign to his ranks and convert them to the idea of the National Socialist German Workers' Party. In order to accomplish this he will greatly revive the mass assemblies, he will organize demonstrations as before the Putsch, and we can surely expect such outbreaks as are still vivid in our memory. Hitler will again take

-3-

up his relentless fight against the Government and not abstain from violations of the law even if he is to face the revocation of his parole.

Therefore it is completely immaterial whether, as expressed, he will take up his residence in Berlin or in the Mecklenburgs upon his release or whether he will remain in Munich itself.

(signed) illegible
The Director of the Bavarian State Police,
Munich

Notes: Hitler's sentence for high treason: five years confinement in a fortress.
Served: four months and two weeks before the trial.
Begin of imprisonment: April 1, 1924.
Normal end of confinement: November 28, 1928.
Actual date of release: December 26, 1924.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT IN CENTRAL EUROPE

by M. W. Fodor

The close connection between Austrian and German National Socialism continued until 1923. Hitler frequently visited Austrian National Socialist meetings, as well as Inter-State assemblies. His last appearance at an Inter-State party meeting was in Salzburg in August, 1923. At this meeting came his breach with Riehl. The question under discussion was the attitude which the Austrian National Socialists should adopt in the coming Austrian elections. Riehl believed that the National Socialists should participate at the elections and win their way to power through legal means. Adolf Hitler was for abstention and an armed Putsch. Hitler's ideology was accepted, and Riehl resigned on September 15 both as Chairman of the Inter-State Office of the National Socialists and as President of the Austrian D.N.S.A.P.

(Plot & Counterplot-Fodor-p. 165)

.....Riehl, the spiritual father of National Socialism, is a practising lawyer in Vienna. He lives in comparative poverty because he still defends Nazis before the courts more for idealistic than for financial reasons. His political influence at the moment is almost nil. He is disliked by Hitler, who rarely forgives those who contradict him.

(Plot & Counterplot-Fodor-p. 166)

If Hitler had been a more flexible and adaptable politician, he certainly would have agreed to the Italian terms. Nothing would have been easier than to command the illegal Sturm Abteilung and Schutzstaffel formations to join the Wehrmacht and Nazify it from within. But Hitler was a man of fanatically fixed principles. This would have been, in his eyes, a betrayal of the 'greatly-suffering and well-tried old warriors,' who, since the days after the war, had been rallying to his standards. It would have meant sacrificing Theo Habicht. This he could not do. Hitler's mind is unfathomable. Sometimes he is grateful to old comrades to the point of harming himself; at other times, as on June 30, he shoots them down in cold blood. This time he committed a grave mistake. The refusal of the Italian offer was flinging the gauntlet into the face of Italy; and Mussolini accepted the challenge.

(Plot & Counterplot-Fodor-p. 204)

-2-

. . .If the Nazis smeared on the walls, Heil Hitler, the Socialists always corrected it to Heil Hitler (cure Hitler). Some of the jokes were made at the expense of the fact that Hitler in the former Austrian parts was often the name of Jews, too. An Austrian afternoon paper tried to make it appear that Hitler was of Jewish extraction, but the evidence was not only unconvincing, but based simply on hearsay.

(Plot & Counterplot-Fodor-p. 206)

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

INTERVIEW WITH MR. FERDINAND JAHN

UNITED PRESS, APRIL 24, 1943

220 East 42nd St., New York

Mr. Jahn was foreign correspondent in Germany during the early 1920's. He had an interview with Hitler two days before the Beer Hall Putsch in 1923. The interview was like so many others. Hitler was asked a question or two and then launched into a monologue on the injustice of Versailles, the Jews, the Rhineland, etc. Mr. Jahn observed no indications of unusual nervousness or of tension. The things that impressed him most about Hitler were his eyes and his hands. His eyes he described as a bright blue with an extraordinary quality. He failed, however, to observe any of the hypnotic qualities which so many people have commented upon. The hands he described as most extraordinary. They seemed to him to be about medium in size with long fingers and very finely structured. He commented upon the extraordinary dexterity with which Hitler used them while speaking.

Later Mr. Jahn was correspondent in Vienna where there was considerable speculation concerning Hitler's sister, known as Mrs. Wolf. He never met her personally and said that some of the other correspondents were doing their utmost to obtain all possible information about her and that she was a frequent topic of conversation. It was believed that she was living at that time with an engineer to whom she was not married. She had a small apartment in the center of Vienna and worked in an insurance company office.

-2-

In addition, it was understood that Hitler sent her a monthly allowance of about 75 schillings which later was increased to 150. Mr. Jahn is under the impression that she is not particularly attractive and was somewhat queer in her way of living.

While in Vienna one of his friends in the government while discussing Hitler one evening mentioned that the police record in Vienna of Hitler's earlier days contained a note labelling him as a sex pervert. There were no specific accusations or any details concerning the nature of the perversion. Mr. Jahn did not see the record itself and does not know in which year the entry was made. He is, however, convinced that his source was reliable and the manner in which it was introduced in the discussion was such that he could not suspect ulterior motives. He added, however, that such comments by the Vienna police were quite common and were sometimes based on nothing more than a suspicion. Mr. Jahn is of the opinion that the stories, rumors, and so on, about Hitler's sex life are without foundation and is inclined to believe that Hitler has no overt sexual activities of any kind.

Lefebvre, Henri: Hitler au pouvoir. 1938.

1.

IMAGE

Quand on leur signalait une atrocité, ils déploraient ces excès et répondaient
"Das weiss Hitler nicht."

Lefebvre, Henri: Hitler au pouvoir. 1938. p. 8.

S'il est aujourd'hui adoré comme un Messie allemand... c'est parce qu'il
d'abord cru à sa vocation de Messie.

Lefebvre, Henri: Hitler au pouvoir. 1938. p. 32.

On a découvert en la personne du Fuehrer tous les dons et toutes les
vertus. Il est l'incarnation vivante de l'Allemagne et de la Race. Il est humain
et surhumain. Il a un don spontané, "somnabulique", de prévoir ce qui est bon pour
l'Allemagne. Il communique avec des forces mystérieuses; il est créateur de vérité
et de justice. Tout ce qu'il affirme est vrai et tout ce qu'il fait est légitime.
Il est le Rédempteur. Sa volonté est la volonté de Dieu. Il est "général
universel" et bien entendu "infaillible."

Lefebvre, Henri: Hitler au pouvoir. 1938. pp. 55. 56.

Georges-Anquetil: Hitler conduit le bal. 1939.

Cette anecdote... que nous conte M. J. Héricourt dans le "Monde Illustré- Miroir du Monde". :

"A Munich, après les présentations qui furent très cordiales, la première demi-heure fut extrêmement inquiétante, Adolf Hitler ne voulant faire aucune concession. A ce moment, le Président du Conseil français, ne pouvant cacher son mécontentement, s'adressant au Fuhrer lui-même, lui dit qu'il avait l'impression d'avoir fait un voyage inutile... Il tira son porte-cigarettes. L'interprète lui confia à l'oreille que l'odeur du tabac incommode le Fuhrer et il l'invita à aller en fumer une sur le balcon. M. Chamberlain et M. Mussolini se regardaient comme des condamnés à mort. Tout à coup Hitler, entraînant l'interprète avec lui se dirigea sur le balcon... et prenant M. Daladier par les deux épaules lui dit: "Pour vous, pour vous, pour vous ancien combattant je ferai toutes les concessions". Un soulagement envahit les plénipotentiaires." ...

Georges-Anquetil: Hitler conduit le bal. 1939. pp. 35. 39.

Ainsi Hitler possède-t-il à Berchtesgaden plus de huit mille oiseaux des bois, qui viennent manger tout près de lui pendant les longues heures où il reste assis, sans prononcer une parole, pour ne point troubler le chant de ces oiseaux, qu'il goûte à l'instar du héros wagnérien Siegfried. Il tire leur nourriture d'un grand panier rouge, nous conte Hervé Lauwick, qui ne peut s'empêcher

Au lendemain de l'accord de Munich, s'il n'a pu sauver la paix ou en r hausser médiocrement son prestige, il se laisse aller à s'écrier: "Ce sera la première année où nous pourrions enfin fêter joyeusement la Noël."

Georges-Anquetil: Hitler conduit le bal. 1939. p. 117.

En 1918... la croix de fer fut accordée... aux blessés dont la mort n'était qu'une question d'heures ou à ceux qui avaient perdu un membre... et c'est ainsi qu'Hitler apprit... qu'on venait de lui décerner la croix de fer de première classe... parce qu'il avait perdu la vue.

Ainsi, précise le capitaine Roehm, ce qu'Hitler nomme perte de vue à la suite d'une intoxication par le gaz dits croix jaune, n'aurait duré que quatre semaines à peine. En admettant qu'il ait été réellement atteint par les gaz moutarde, une seule goutte l'aurait privé de l'usage de ses yeux pour toujours, au moment même de l'éclatement de l'obus. Aucun traitement comme ne lui aurait rendu la vue. Or il demeure pourtant établi que le colonel Adolf Hitler, soldat de première classe, fut évacué du front à la suite d'une intoxication par les gaz qui provoqua une perte temporaire de la vue, sans quoi il n'aurait pas été décoré de la croix de fer. Il y avait là un point obscur qui fut éclairé par la suite: l'aveuglement momentané d'Hitler était d'origine hystérique ce qui n'eut absolument rien de surprenant pour les médecins spécialistes. La croix de fer de première classe perdait ainsi tout son sens, et l'on comprend qu'Hitler n'ait jamais tenu à nous donner la date exacte du jour où elle lui fut remise. On lui aurait, paraît-il, accordé cette distinction de poids par anticipation, et il devait l'obtenir de toute façon quelque temps plus tard, au lendemain de la signature de la paix, comme ce fut le cas pour un certain nombre de combattants allemands."

Georges-Anquetil: Hitler conduit le bal. 1939. pp. 126. 127. 128.

Leske, G.: I was a Nazi Flier. 1941.

1.

For the Fuehrer, and especially his faithful friend, Rudolf Hess, were the first to understand how valuable gliding could be, and especially how important it was for our young men to share a common experience. It was the most natural thing in the world that we came to look upon him as our Fuehrer. The most natural thing in the world that we obeyed him and him alone. And naturally, long before he ever took over, the Fuehrer co-operated with the Reichswehr in promoting the education of young fliers. Especially since the NSFK (National Socialist Flying Corps) was organized.

Leske, G.: I was a Nazi Flier. 1941, p. 104.

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Later Udet had told the Oberleutnant about it himself. Udet said: "I don't know what this Jewish politician really wants. Maybe he wants to be a stunt flier himself. I must admit he does know something about flying. After my exhibition he got me in a long technical conversation, and I was amazed at how much he knew. ... Anyway, if Udet is good enough for the Fuehrer, he's plenty good enough for me."

Leske, G.: I was a Nazi Flier. 1941, p. 122.

Because today as I flew over this best city in the world, I knew with absolute certainty, as though I could foretell the future: This all will be destroyed. It will stand for but a few days more. Until the moment the Fuehrer pronounces its death sentence. There will be nothing left but a heap of ruins.

Leske, G.: I was a Nazi Flier. 1941, p. 126.

London is being bombed every single hour of the day. That's the way it should be. ... It is to our Fuehrer's credit that we have been trained to think this way. We have none of the silly false sentimentality of the past.

Leske, G.: I was a Nazi Flier. 1941, p. 123.

For example, he kept making up all sorts of stories about how the Fuehrer had first created interest in aviation in Germany. It just isn't so. Everybody knows it isn't so, and everybody knows that the Fuehrer found everything already prepared. The Fuehrer himself has said so a hundred times. Such distortions aren't worthy of a good National Socialist.

Leske, G.: I was a Nazi Flier. 1941, p. 121.

Laswell, H. J.: The Psychology of Hitlerism.
Political Quarterly Vol. VI, 1933.

1.

The stress of battle, undernourishment, inflation, and unemployment during these recent eventful years has exposed many men and women to "temptations" which they could not resist, and the accumulated weight of the guilt arising from these irregularities drives many of them into acts of expiation.

IMAGE

Such is the meaning of the emphasis in Hitler's public personality of abstinence from wine, women, and excess; it is the clue to the appeal of the humorless gravity which is one of his most obvious traits.

This pious facon with the silver tongue is the articulate conscience of the pettybourgeois.

There is a profound sense in which Hitler himself plays a maternal role for certain classes in Germany. The style of his incessant moralizing is that of the anxious mother who is totally preoccupied with the physical, intellectual and ethical development of her children. He discourses in public, as he has written in his autobiography, on all manner of pedagogical problems, from the best form of history teaching to the ways of reducing the ravages of social disease. His constant preoccupation with "Purity" is consistent with these interests: he alludes constantly to the "purity of the racial stock" and often to the code of personal abstinence or moderation. The master of modern Goliathism uses the language of Protestant puritanism and of Catholic reverence for the institution of family life. The conscience for which he stands is full of obsessional doubts, repetitive affirmations, resounding negations and stern compulsions. It is essentially the bundle of "don'ts" of the nursemaid conscience.

Hitler has offered himself as the hero and Germany as the legitimizing symbol of a reformation.

Laswell, H. J.: The Psychology of Hitlerism.
Political Quarterly. Vol. VI, 1933, pp. 78, 79, 300.

Schaefer, Gerhard: He wanted to sleep in the Kremlin. 1942.

1.

IMAGE

When twenty-two-year-old Hans Reehard, a young German prisoner who had distinguished himself in the Polish campaign, was asked to talk about what he had done, he remained silent at first but after a while burst out irritably: "I was obeying the Fuehrer's orders to the letter-I was fighting anti-German moods." These words were explained by Max Schacht, another member of Reehard's company; to fight anti-German moods meant to destroy Poles, Ukrainians, and Jews. In company with his fellow soldiers of the S.S. troops the brave Reehard had driven hundreds of women and children across the Vistula River and bashed in the heads of nursing infants before the very eyes of their mothers.

Schaefer, Gerhard: He wanted to sleep in the Kremlin. 1942. pp. 126, 127.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler. 1-33.

1.

Dem Gebildeten sagte man, Hitler sei nur eben des Lesens und Schreibens kundig- dabei hat er eine Bucherei von 6000 Bänden und schrieb ein Buch von etwa 1000 Seiten. Man sagt, alle Gedanken, die er vorbringe, seien ihm von Gebildeten und Gelehrten erst eingegeben und eingeplant- dabei strotzt sein Buch "Mein Kampf" doch jeder lesen kann, von unapruemlichen, unwissenschaftlichen Gedanken.

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Weiter sagt man den Gebildeten, Hitler sei nicht mehr, als ein verhetzter Arbeiter, der seine Laster auf die Unternehmer loslasse- derweilen befindet er sich im erbitterten Ringen gegen allen Klassenkampf.

Den Arbeitern sagt man, er sei ein Knecht der Fürsten, ein Werkzeug der Gelehrten; er wolle die Arbeiter um ihre Errungenschaften prellen- dabei ist Hitler der unabhängigste Mensch, den man sich denken kann; ausserdem herausgewachsen der Volks, dessen Nohte und Sorgen er genau kennt.

Oder sagt man dem Arbeiter, Hitler sei ein Prasser und Schlemmer, mit allen Lasteren behaftet- dabei lebt er geradezu vorbildlich enthaltsam, trinkt nicht, raucht nicht; haltet Leib und Seele rein und in leistungskraeftiger Spannung.

Ja, der einsichtige Arbeiter hat längst herausgefuehlt, dass Hitler nicht mehr sein Will, als seinesgleichen, dass er ein Fuehrer ist nicht von oben herab aus Machtgier, sondern aus der Mitte derer heraus, bei denen Leid, Enge, Kuehe und Not wohnen. Mit solchen war er beisammen in Wien, als einfacher Hilfsarbeiter in Bauhandwerk. So ist es gekommen, dass sein mitfuehlendes Herz immer und ueberall Teilnahme, Mitleid, Mitleid, Mitleid fuer alle die Volksschichten bewahrte, welche die Arbeit nicht vor Arbeit schuetzt.

Aber noch ein anderer Zug wird seines Wesens wird offenkundig aus den Wien Jahren. Ein Zug, der auch wieder unsere Herzen gewinnt; die charaktervolle Selbstbehauptung. Der Wiener Arbeiter ist nicht in der Masse untergegangen. Er hat sich von ihren Ansichten und Stimmungen nicht vergewaltigen lassen. So lebendig hielt er seinen- mit seinen Arbeitsgenossen Fuehrer, die politische Genossenschaft lehnte er ab. Mit staunenswerter Schaefer des Urteils unterschied Hitler zwischen dem Kampf zwischen dem Volk der Arbeiter und den Mitteln und Wegen, die damals Hilfe verhiessen.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler ? 1-33. pp. 5, 6, 7.

Dass er nicht zum Offizier aufstieg, hat seinen Grund einfach darin, dass das Regiment wegen der klugen Kaltbluetigkeit schaezte und ihn als Meldegänger nicht entbehren wollte.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler ? 1-33. pp. 9.

Hitler wird nicht runde in einem grossen Buche. den Segen jeder Arbeit zu verdienen. Insbesondere ist er auch die Geistesarbeiter willkommen, sofern sie sie dingliedern und einfügen.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler ? 1-33. pp. 10, 11.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler. 1922.

2.

1922

Eine gewaltige, allumfassende Liebe zum arbeitssamen deutschen Volk durchzieht und durchglüht Hitlers Gedankewelt. Volk und Vaterland, das sind die Begriffe, die er vorantreibt, aus denen er auch ableitet, was neher dem Staat zu sagen ist.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler. 1922. p. 11.

Was hier an Einzelheiten herausgegriffen ist, zeigt zur Genüge den weiten, klaren, scharfen Blick des Erziehers. Dann sei noch bemerkt, dass Hitler persönlich die Jugend jeden Alters, vom Kinde bis zum selbstbewussten Jüngling und Mädchen, unmittelbar versteht, durch angeborenes Geschehick richtig zu behandeln weiss. Er braucht keine herablassende Knebe, wenn er mit jungen Leuten verkehrt. Seine kindliche Natur weiss Bescheid, wie die Kindheit oder Jugend fucht.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler. 1922. p. 11.

Also kann blosses Gealt auch nicht das verwirk Leben, was wir erstreben. Vielmehr denkt sich Hitler eine lebendige, schöpfungsfreudige und schöpferische Beteiligung aller irgendwie wertvollen Koeffe, von denen jeder eine Verantwortung übernimmt, in den Fache, zu der ihm seine Fähigkeit hinfuehrt.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler. 1922. p. 122.

Vor allem faellt auf, wie inbrunstig er fuer die Armen und Aeruesten, fuer alle von den Geldmachten Unterdrueckten und Ausgebeuteten eintret. Und zwar tut er das, eigener Leiden eingedenk, aus menschlichem Mitgefuehl; ein Ing, der Karl Marx voellig abging. Ein Sozialdemokrat, der ehrlich denkt, kann bei Hitler wirklich keine Spur einer vermeintlichen "Reaktion" finden, welche die Erregungenschaften des Arbeiters ruckgangig machte. Von Fall zu Fall wurde am Beispiel ueber das Streikrecht von der Parteileitung entschieden. Ebenso erkennt Hitler die Notwendigkeit der Gewerkschaften, an. Bei der wird ihm natuerlich von buergerlicher Seite uebelgenommen. Aber Hitler besteht darauf,.... Weiter kommt in Betracht, dass Hitler tiefer als alle andere das Politische in einer sittlichen Weltanschauung verankert.

Grunsky, Karl: Warum Hitler. 1922. pp. 17. 20.

Grunsky, Karl:Warum Hitler. 1933.

IMAGE

Mit einer von den Zeitgenossen unerreichten Sprachgewalt hat er beseitigt
ge und verstoßt, wie bereitwillige Hörer es ermahnte....
...er kannte das Leben, er kannte die seelische Verfassung des Menschen, die
russisch, er verstand es, sie all einander näher zu bringen, russisch-
schweizerisch, wohlgeordnet, ohne ihnen nach dem Munde zu reden....

...in der Tat, dass Langenböhmer trotz der Masse aus den Händen des neuen
Führers; das kein des Willens.

Grunsky, Karl:Warum Hitler. 1933, p. 30.

Aus einer nicht erlernten, sondern angeborenen Kenntnis des menschlichen
Seelenlebens heraus versteht Hitler seine Massen vorzuschieben.

Grunsky, Karl:Warum Hitler. 1933, p. 31.

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1

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After Hitler said to the crowd, "My friends, after that Mussolini's visit had caused an extraordinary uproar all over the Mother of the Race's sacred safety will be insured," he screamed, "Hitler has been shot!" He then, after putting out his usual stream of the heretic's denials, said, "I am aware that I will be accused of leading him from the railway stations through which the Duke's train passed as it left Italy. I then lowered his voice, and told my friend in confidence, 'I lay down my breath to rest when he was finally in Gastein, and I will rest all night.'"

On some occasion, Hitler visited his friends, the usually, in a small stone house in the mountains, and he kept the whites on of a assassin's eyes at that point, but he was not a relatively, "my friend had to go to bed."

dar more, and finally thru it again at the upper - ass in-
ation. I can tell you, however, as small - don't know - ass as
small as a pinhead.

One more note on royal visits to Germany.

When former King Carol of Romania visited him at Weersalzburg, Adolf Hitler was a cultivated man. It was, in fact, a comparatively little for the simple reason that King Carol answered all of Hitler's high-flown statements with surprising cleverness.

When King Carol had left, as the royal automobile revved down the long winding road of Berseleburg, Hitler looked after the departing guest, rubbed his hands together in pleasure and astonishment, and said to his attendants: "There goes a very clever rascal."

uscul, William, born 1833, 1. 1. /34.

Today, the Scheror's friends like to describe a picture of a halt by the side of the road during the old Wein and f days. All the campaign party leaned against Hitler's car, laughing and happily listening to the singing Scheror. From other sources, I learned the text of Adolf Hitler's favorite hill-billy song, one which he ordered Scheror to sing to him hundred of times. If I remember correctly, the refrain went as follows:

"I don't care about my virginity, I don't care about all of life for that girl who took it away from me, can't give it back to me again."

When Schreck died, it took the most powerful arguments and persuasion to restrain Adolf Hitler from having his faithful chauffeur buried with a State funeral.

Russell, William; Berlin Embassy, 19. 1. pp. 20, 21.

[illegible]

It often seemed to me that he might be catered by to a lover who is very old and very fat and who supports a very pretty, very young and very attractive girl. A girl will never say anything good about her big, fat old man. She heard any word of appreciation about Hitler's personality. She will be pumpered. Of course on the other hand - very much of Hitler's wishes is automatically to order for the artist..... they only want to produce film which Hitler will like. Therefore that in many things the producer has a peculiar taste. Director are suddenly receive a letter call from Berlinizing and be overwhelmed with compliments from Hitler because he has made an average film. Others however, who think they have found the "pattern" and who try to imitate the average film which so pleased Hitler, will be criticized and ~~completely~~ condemned for their productions.

For Hitler, favorite actors do not exist. First he likes this actor or actress, tomorrow he likes another one. There are two exceptions; it is well known that Hitler speaks of Greta Garbo as "the woman." He continues to have all her new films shown to him in spite of the fact that these films are not allowed to play before the German people because they have Jewish managers or producers. His other favorite actress is Marlene Dietrich.

Roll, William: Berlin Embassy, 1941.

3.

There was no doubt that the artist's family, including his wife, who had starred as a soprano in the Berlin Opera and since there was no other invitation, she, enthusiastically, accepted the Chancellor's invitation to a Hitler reception. The artist's wife, who was a Hitler devotee, was also a Hitler devotee. Hitler personally asked her to come.

She, of course, was very nervous; let her know that she was not alone, that she was not alone, that she was not alone.

She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous. She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous. She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous.

She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous. She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous. She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous.

She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous. She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous. She was very nervous, she said, and she was very nervous.

During the reception, the German composer and musician, who was a Hitler devotee, was very nervous. He was very nervous, he said, and he was very nervous. He was very nervous, he said, and he was very nervous.

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Later on, the composer told me: "He simply talked me drunk."

Renate Mueller told a friend of mine (and indeed, I think all the world the story of her first tête-à-tête with the absolute ruler of eighty million people.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy, 1941, pp. 6, 270.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941.

4.

In the pretext of showing her (Käthe Lueller) the other rooms of the spacious Chancellery, Hitler asked her to leave the crowded drawing rooms with him. The two came to his private living room, and Hitler sat down next to Käthe Lueller. She did not feel her heart fluttering at his presence.

She did nothing. She just listened to him as he talked and talked. Hitler talked without aid of quite ordinary things concerning which neither she nor he could possibly have any interest. But isn't that exactly the method of a beautiful lover? Käthe sat next to him, and he talked on and on.

Suddenly, he ran out of something to say. There was an awkward pause. He eased himself over a little closer to her. She could feel his arm across her. She did not feel her heart flutter. No, perhaps?

At any rate, he suddenly got up--no, he came up from the couch, raised his right arm in the stiff Nazi salute, the salute he invented. He said:

"What do you think, how long can I hold my arm up like this?"

Käthe shook her head. She did not know but to ~~answer~~ answer the question. That was the matter because Hitler told her the answer:

"I can hold my arm like this for hours without getting tired. It is not true that I have a apparatus built in my arm sleeve to support my arm. That's all nonsense, my dear, all twaddle. I can stand like this for hours. And then I think about fat old Goering, I always remember that he gets tired after a couple of minutes."

Käthe Lueller looked at Hitler standing before her with his arm stretched out in stiff salute. That is really wonderful, Mein Führer," she said.

Hitler smiled like a man who had received too much applause. He lowered his arm, approached her once more, looked deeply into her eyes and said: "Come, my dear. Let us go back to the guests again."

Another actress told me:

"I was this man's guest for eight days. It was fascinating, he was fascinating. Other men look at my mouth, but Hitler only looked into my eyes. And when I told him that I was a divorcee, the man nearly jumped for the ceiling with joy. "This is true, no matter how untrue it may sound."

His appearance in the doorway (of the Green Ship) was enough to freeze the good humor of all the guests to below zero. Hitler was a well-known "horror guest" in the Schaubing artist's bars; when he appeared, all the other disappeared. They did everything possible to protect themselves from him, but not because they feared him. On the contrary, Hitler was lean, shabbily dressed and practically penniless, but he had one passion which never left him--he talked. He talked without interruption, mainly about art. No wonder that the flight from his table would begin when he came, and whispers of horror could be heard above the clink of the beer mugs: "Jesus, here comes Hitler!"

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941. pp. 27, 272, 273.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941.

5.

He liked the artists, although he is not liked by them. But he indescribably hates intellectuals--he has much in common with artists for reasons which once more arise in the dim realm of ~~psychology~~ the psychological. Before a large group of guests, he once declared bitterly that of all the people in Germany he hated only one class--the intellectuals.

"These insolent rascals," Hitler snarled. "We always know everything better than anybody else, these rascals who grin as scornfully at every one of the Party's failures and say, 'We already knew that was going to happen!' These rascals--who only possess their intellect in order to play with. These rascals--I would like to exterminate them like rats, even if it means killing ten, twenty or thirty thousand of them. I would like to kick them out tomorrow!" Hitler unrelentingly flinched, and said in a quieter voice. "But, unfortunately, we need them."

From time to time he also has his troubles with the docile German press.

A cultured gentleman wrote a feature article concerning a visit to the headquarters of a German general in Poland....Censored three times....This article finally found its way to the German press.

Adolf Hitler who still rarely reads very little, sometimes with the exception of the devil can find article or is the really harmless German Emperor who is not used with his approval. It concerned that in this case.

There was a terrible thunderstorm over the publication of the article, although it had been well liked and approved by the proper officers and Propaganda Ministry officials. For several long minutes, Hitler expressed his rage in the presence of his adjutants in unintelligible screams. When he managed to get himself somewhat calmer, he shouted at his unfortunate companions:

"This miserable writer! What is this skunk thinking of when he attempts to glorify the generals? Why does he see fit even to mention their names?"

"Who won the campaign in Poland?" he shouted.

"I did!"

"Who gave the orders?"

"I did!"

"Who had all the strategic ideas which made victory possible?"

"I did!"

"Who ordered the attack?"

"Ich! Ich! Ich! Ich!"

"And this liar comes along and tries to assert that the generals had something to say about the campaign! He is instinctless, and stupid!"

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941 pp. 71-72, 216.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy, 1941.

6.

An eye witness of the event told me the following story: The German battleship *Goeben*... was hoisted.... At the ... public funeral... Hitler should speak.... At the beginning of the ceremony, a German adjutant spoke. Hitler followed him and spoke to the assembly (and over the radio) and passionately.

It had been arranged by the Propaganda Ministry that following his speech Hitler would walk down the line of survivors and then review the Ministry's army units drawn up to stiff attention. Every thing had been set up: the newswall cameramen waited at pre-arranged points all around the square; thousands of spectators looked on from all distance.

Perhaps he spoke too well. Perhaps the visible pain and suffering of the surviving relatives lined up before him was too much. In any case, the first widow whom Hitler spoke a few words cried violently. A child, the daughter of a young man who stood next to his bereaved father, began to cry heartrendingly. Hitler patted his head and turned uncertainly to the next in line. Before he could speak a word, he was suddenly overcome. He spun completely around, left the whole carefully planned program flat, followed by his utterly surprised companions he walked as fast as he could to his car and himself driven away from the square grounds.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy, 1941. S. 276, 277.

It is well known that he saw the Merry Widow performed seven times in one winter season--an old dusty opera which had its premiere thirty years ago. As I have already noted, he saw every change of program at the Berlin Winter Garden.

In dancing Hitler has decided likes and dislikes. For expressionist dances like those of Mary Wigman or Pina Bausch he has only a deadly hatred. He likes light dances which are performed with the upper part of the dancer's body remaining movable. Hitler likes dances done only with the legs, a style in which American tap dancers excel. If you consider his taste, you will not wonder that Hitler saw a young American dancer perform in his fashion four times; you will not wonder that he ordered her competitor, Marion Daniels, to come to Munich from Marseille by special train. You will not wonder that of all the comedians who broadcast in Germany, he likes best the bold Manfred Lenzel who, although he was formerly an army officer, relates the most stupid nonsense imaginable. Yes, Hitler responds most favorably to the light mimes in his private entertainments.

This man has never seen one of Shakespeare's plays. He probably never read a line of Goethe. His most exalted artistic activity is listening to Wagner.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy, 1941. S. 277, 278.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941.

7.

More than once he has procured Charlie Chaplin's films through representatives in foreign countries and has amused himself highly over them.

Hitler decides whether Hitler may see non-Aryan movies or not.

It is known that Hitler once saw Pancho Villa, an excellent American movie starring Wallace Berry, twice in a row. The film was rough and coarse, but filled with sunny vitality. Afterward, Hitler said to his attendants: "I found this film excellent, but far too good for the German masses."

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941, p. 279.

Since Hitler really has an exceptional memory, he spends hours learning by heart the tonnages of the various ships in the British navy; he knows exactly what kind of armament, the kind of armor plates, the weight, the speed and the number of the crew of every warship in the British navy. He knows the number of rotations of airplane motors in every model and type existent. He knows the number of shots a machine gun fires a minute, whether it is a light, medium or heavy one, whether it is made in the United States, Czechoslovakia or France.

Even in wartime, his chief activity is the study of details and figures. He sits alone in his fabulous office for long, long hours - often the whole night through. An expensive magnifying glass lies on his desk; a complicated built-in electric lighting system spreads an even glow over the desk. Hitler has failing eyesight, and must wear glasses in order to read; on the surface of his desk are laid enormously enlarged aerial photographs which German air force pilots have brought back from their reconnaissance flights over enemy territory. Hitler studies their every detail over and over. He knows from what height the pictures have been made. He knows exactly the difference between the camouflaged trenches and the easily recognizable military establishments. He knows exactly how the harbor and the port of Scapa Flow look. He knows the entrance by heart.

He knows exactly where in these enemy ports the docks of neutral countries lie. Only now and then he summons a specialist, who gives him even more details on any subject. Even when he has been studying maps and photographs in this way for hours, he never gets tired.

Russell, William: Berlin Embassy. 1941, pp. 3, 284.

Hoffmann Heinrich
Deutschlands Erwachen; 1924 (?)

Image

History of the nationalistic movements in Germany
after the war up to the Brauhauskeller Putsch.

"Erstaunlicher Schatz geschichtlichen Wissens..."

"...gigantische Arbeit..."

2..politischer Scharfblick.

"..die Masse vergoettert ihn...Millionen blicken sehnsuechtig..."

Kahr ist kein Diktator, denn:

"Ein Diktator muss ein Mann von Stahl und schoepferischer Willenskraft sein."

Hitler: "...die staerkste politische Persoenlichkeit...
im nationalistischen Lager

Hitler spricht: "Jeder muss ihn hoeren, muss ihn sehen;
...es wird kirchenhaft still...."

Gewinnung der Gegner; Ruehrung harter Maenner zu Frauen.

Ein denkwuerdiger Augenblick war's, dessen "euge ich sein durfte, als Hitler und H. St. Chamberlain zum erste Male sich in die Augen sahen. Ein schweres Leiden vermochte diesen Grossen unseres Jahrhunderts koerperlich zu laechen, allein sein Geist ist von wunderbarer Ungebrochenheit und Frische. Sichtlich erfasst von Ehrfurcht und Ergriffenheit, nahe sich ihm Hitler mit herzlichsten Worten der Begruessung. Chamberlain brachte seine grosse Freude zum Ausdruck, in seinem Leben noch Hitler gesehen zu haben. Unverwandt lauschte er seinen Worten. Ein packender Gegensatz: der edle, ehrfurchtgebietende Dulder mit dem wundervollen Haupt vom reinsten germanischen Typus und dem durchgeistigten Antlitz, und ihm gegenueber der markante Kopf des schlichten und doch siegfriedhaften Vorkaempfers fuer Deutschlands Erneuerung und Freiheit, der den Weg zum Herzen des Volkes fand und die faserloeschende Liebe zum Vaterland und Vaterland wieder zur herben und reinigenden Flamme entfachte. - Als Adolf Hitler Bayreuth verliess, sprach Chamberlain inmitten der Familie Wagner als letztes Wort: "Gott segne Sie!"

Hoffmann, Deutschlands Erwachen, p. 20 (?)

Lorimer, E.O. What Hitler wants, 1939.

In Cologne on the Eve of the November Elections 1938:

19A38

"The Leader" was due, the atmosphere was tense. Someone stepped forward to announce that Herr Hitler had been speaking today, not only in Berlin, but also in Essen, and that his aeroplane would be an hour late. Not a quiver of disappointment, not a murmur of impatience, passed over the assembly as the maker of this unexpected announcement proceeded ably to speak of the National Socialist movement, its aims and ideals, its relation to political parties.

I had the good fortune to be seated by a Nazi official, from whom I gleaned much. Hitler's favorite dog had been poisoned and Hitler's own life four times attempted. I learned details of the minute and comprehensive organization throughout the country, in which every participant works for love and finds his own expenses. My informant was himself in the propaganda department in charge of a certain block of houses. The work was not without risk; he had been attacked and nearly flung down five flights of stone stairs. He was saving up the fifty marks for a uniform to join the Storm Detachments. While we waited he explained the various signs and badges. The discipline, the idealism, the obliteration of caste and rank, the whole-hearted unpaid service, recalled nothing I have met before but in the Boy Scouts.

We have waited two hours and a half. The bands strike up. "The Leader" comes, preceded by flags, he passes between two lines of his Storm Detachments. The entire multitude leaps to its feet, and one shout breaks, again and yet again, from 125,000 throats: Heil Hitler! The roar continues till he has taken his place on the platform a high bell; people are seated, someone in a brief phrase bids Hitler "Welcome to our sacred city of Cologne!" The leader raises his hand and speaks. For three-quarters of an hour no one fell, no single person coughed, so absolute was the spell.

Younger-looking, lighter, taller than I had imagined him—his apparent height due in part to the height of the platform—Hitler stood, unselfconscious and commanding before his audience. So few natural gestures and a pleasant voice, delightfully clear and easy to follow. When he raised it in passion or in fervour it was either hoarse from incessant speaking or the loud speakers were ill-tuned. It then rang discordant, harshly vibrant, hard to hear. No attempt was made to expound the Nazi programme. The Chief brilliantly rebutted the attacks of those who claim that he should have taken office on August 1st last.

Lorimer, E.O. What Hitler wants, 1939, pp. 12, 13.

"There has arisen a new authority as to what Christ and Christianity really are—that is, Adolf Hitler...."

.... "Adolf Hitler.... is the true Holy Ghost."

Hans Kerrl, Reichsminister for Church Affairs.
Lorimer, E.O. What Hitler wants, 1939, p. 14.

Bonhioer, Philipp: Adolf Hitler, 1938.

1.

IMAGE

understand all this one must understand all aspects of the character and personality of Adolf Hitler himself. Broadminded and big-hearted and just as able of bringing men logic to the support of his own aims, judicious and experienced in making decisions, and yet at the same time always prepared to share the sorrows and joys which fall to the lot of his coworkers--these are the qualities that link him inseparably to his.

He has the magnetic appeal of the genuine orator and has the power of making his audience feel that he is voicing their thought and speaking for them. That probably is because he himself has come from the people and is able to think and feel with them. And it is for this reason that the German youth has gathered so enthusiastically around him. In his personal requirements Hitler is extremely modest. He does not eat meat or take any alcoholic drinks or does he smoke. This is simply because he feels it suits his health better to be abstemious in regard to these things.

His movement has restored the nation to its old position of honour. Because of this so fervent and because he himself has the qualities of the true leader, he has become the idol of the whole nation. They thank him for their national renaissance, the restoration of their honour and their prestige, for their freedom and their bread. And so they have willingly placed their futures in his hands, trusting unconditionally to the wisdom of his leadership.

Bonhioer, Philipp: Adolf Hitler, 1938, pp. 14, 15, 16.

1.

At first Hitler had his Austrian "guest" shown alone into his study, where he received him in a very excited and impetuous manner. Guido Schmidt and the Chancellor's personal adjutant were made to wait in the anteroom with von Ribbentrop and some of Hitler's personal staff, including Generals Jodl, Keitel, and Sperrle. The impression in vogue was that it was the Führer's exultant and not his discouraging "No" which led him to fail to offer a seat. For a long time Hitler did not allow his visitor to speak but himself poured forth a flood of complaints, accusations and protests. If it had been left to him personally and to the dictates of his feelings he would never have arranged this meeting, he stressed. He could not have any friendly feelings, any respect or any trust for those men who were at that time representing before the world the country of his birth, Austria. Personally he was and could remain an enemy of the system ruling in Austria, the Austrian Legitimists and the Austrians conspiring with the enemies of the German people. His partisans, the German men and women in Austria, who believed in him and had their hopes on him, had been caused a great deal of suffering by his system. Nevertheless he would make another attempt to come to a peaceful accord. But he wished to emphasize that this would be the last attempt. Therefore he was prepared to ignore his personal feelings and convictions and to place the operation of the July Treaty on a correct basis, and even to withdraw all support from the Austrian National-Socialists, if a few German demands for loyal cooperation in the basis of the Treaty were fulfilled. If the Austrian Government refused these demands, he would be compelled to proceed against the Austrian system and annihilate it. As introduction to this speech at this point a report of his extraordinary reception. Hitler's first furious outburst took place with regard to the so-called "Austrian" demand for the withdrawal and then continued a personal attack upon his opponent. "You will be crushed," he cried. "You will go into a historical and philosophical exposition of the mission entrusted to him on behalf of the German people." He next found an excuse of fifty million souls. He roared, threats followed of what could happen if Austria refused to make the hand outstretched in the name of peace. The German Army was ready to restore order, German aeroplanes could be over Vienna in a few hours, the Austrian National-Socialists were only awaiting the word from him that would release them from their previous obligations freely accepted by the Treaty, and then they could pass over to action on their part. "I will be perfectly equipped for that," he Hitler said. He then turned to the Chancellor with astonishment and anger, then followed a free outburst. "Do you not realize that you are in the presence of the greatest German ever known to history?" he cried at the amazed Chancellor. Then he went into a long detailed statement of the power of his disposal. He repeatedly broke off to call in one or other of his Generals sitting in the anteroom who, visibly or arranged questions, had to reply that his or that other body of the troops was ready for action.... He next was given leave to withdraw and then over the Führer's demands. One of Hitler's adjutants handed the Chancellor a written list of them.... Meanwhile there was a very depressed atmosphere in the anteroom. When Hitler was heard yelling and a few sentences could be overheard from his tirade, the impression was that he had been attacked by a paroxysm of insanity. This rarely happened said one of the German adjutants, and indeed Guido Schmidt put on his so-called "Austrian" expression. Ribbentrop looked at the state of his hair.... Again Hitler asked the Austrian Chancellor to come to him. He immediately stated that the Chancellor would be his personal adjutant and that he would take up his duties on the "other step" in a few hours.

Ruehs, Martin: Showdown in Vienna, 1939.

Hitler warned the Head of the Austrian Government not to reckon on outside assistance, & he gave him the opportunity of giving his detailed views of the political situation in the world.... As the Austrian Chancellor attempted to speak again, Hitler went on quickly: "I know, you're thinking of Mussolini. I'm filled with admiration for him and his work and I stand for a far-reaching friendly bond & military between Austria and National Socialism.... After Hitler had announced the ultimatum to Schuschnigg, Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and the Austrian Secretary of State Schmidt were called in. Long wearying discussions during which Hitler plainly showed his lack of interest in details. Finally a program embodying the following points was drawn up:...., the discussion of details was interrupted by a luncheon given by Hitler those attending the conference. It was very short and plain, obviously designed to impress the Austrians with the frugality of the Fuehrer's table. In any case the Fuehrer did not fail to take the opportunity of drawing attention to the simplicity surrounding the Chancellor of the German Reich.

The final battle was over the period of the ultimatum. Schuschnigg declared that he could only express himself personally as prepared to promise to reconsider the program for some time, but it was not he, but President Miklas who, after consulting the constitutional authorities, had the last word. Eventually Hitler, who was once more paying full attention to the discussion now that this point had cropped up, gave till 6 o'clock in the evening of the 15th February for acceptance of the German demands contained in the ultimatum.

The departure of the Austrian guests took place in a very "frosty" atmosphere. The handshake between the Fuehrer and the Austrian Chancellor was extremely fleeting. Guido Schmidt found Schuschnigg a very silent traveling companion. The Chancellor had all he could do to restrain his yawning yag and to prevent a nervous outbreak.

Ruehs, Martin: Showdown in Vienna, 1939. op. loc. 17.128.

A German officer told Schuschnigg's personal adjutant that during the Berchtesgaden interview Hitler was heard yelling: "I often have attacks like this and then will not tolerate any contradiction whatsoever. For instance, 6 months ago I refused to see the German Military Attaché in Paris, General Luchtmeier, because he once warned the Fuehrer against under-estimating the power and reliability of the French Army. He was particularly because he said that Communism had hardly penetrated the French Army at all.

Ruehs, Martin: Showdown in Vienna, 1939. op. loc. 17.127.

Ernst Wilhelm BALK

"Mein Fuehrer"

1933; pp.1

Die Reihe der deutschen Fuehrer, Heft 1; Paul Schmidt, Berlin

"Diesem Mann ist eines eigen....das ihm Kompass ist bei all seinem Denken und Tun: Die innere Schau p. 4

Schon in fruehesten Jugendtagen lernt er die Offenbarungen der Natur so in seine Lebenskreise einzubeziehen, dass er mit ihr zu einem unteilbaren Ganzen verschmilzt. Er versteht die Stimme des Waldes, er legt sein Ohr an jeden Baum und an jeden Grashalm, er begreift das Klagen der Kreatur in Feld und ~~Wald~~ Forst, Wiese und Wasser, er sieht nicht, er "schaut" p.

".....er, der.....selbst nach Herkunft und Beruf der breiten Masse des Volkes angehört und es daher "besser kennt als irgend ein anderer".... p.4

....eine raetselhafte Fuegung, die der Fuehrer selbst immer wieder als eine Fuegung von oben erkannt hat! p.5

"Den Gefreiten des Weltkrieges nennt man ihn..." p.5

Im Krieg! "Diese Jahre des Einsseins mit dem Mann aus dem Volke...."

.....beispiellose Energie und Arbeitskraft.... p. 6

Geschichte der Bewegung:

"...der ernste, einsame Trommler...." p.7

"....unbeugsame Energie...." p.7

"Du lebstest schlichter als der einfachste Mann Deines Volkes: Du rauchtest nicht, Du trankst nicht Bier und Wein, Du lebstest nur von der einen Idee: Deutschland!" p.7

" WAS EIN HITLER TUT, IST IMMER RICHTIG! " p.9

"...Hindenburg....legte das Kanzleramt in die Haende der unbekannten Soldaten...." p.9

"Adolf Hitler ist einer der geistig regsten und tiefsten Menschen, die es in unserem Vaterland gibt...." p. 11

"...eine grosse Tageszeitung...schrieb: Als er sprach, hoerte man den Mantel Gottes durch den Saal rauschen!" p.11

"Dieser Mann weiss, dass Liebe hart sein kann, ja hart sein muss....er will nur aus dieser Liebe heraus das Todesurteil fuer den gemeinen Moerder, damit durch die Beseitigung des einen viele vor demselben Schicksal bewahrt bleiben...." p.1

"Alles fuer die Nation! Fuer sie lebt und stirbt der Fuehrer"

Ernst Wilhelm BALK
Mein Fuehrer

75
-2-

"Der Fuehrer ist Christ! Er hat den Wert des Christen-
tums ~~star~~ und der Kirche erkannt...." p. 12

Docum. (?)

"Ich habe geweint," bekennt Lothar Muethal, einer un-
serer ernsthaftesten Buehnendarsteller, "ich habe geweint,
als ich Adolf Hitler zum ersten Male zur Jugend Deutschlands
sprechen hoerte....." p. 13

p. 13, Balk, Mein Fuehrer

Kurt von Emsen
Adolf Hitler und die Kommenden

Queer mixture of metaphysics and astrology in politics. Chiefly concerned with what is to come after Hitler and, the other hand, with how it all had to come about. The tendency is definitely nationalistic, however.

"Alles in allem! Hitler ist der uns vom Schicksal gesandte 'Katalysator' der deutschen Revolte von 1918/19."

p. 96, Emsen, A. H. & die Kommenden

"Daher ist es ausserordentlich klug von Hitler, dass er an vielen Problemkomplexen vorbeigeht, dass er sich z. nicht hat festlegen lassen auf die Forderungen Ludendorff und die weltanschaulichen Konsequenzen, die andere von ihm gefordert haben. Hitler geht seinen Weg in radikaler Frauensicherheit. Er ist eine ausgesprochen daemonische Persönlichkeit, die restlos vom Weltgeist sich fuhren laesst, weiblich-medialer Weise."

p. 123, Emsen, A.H. & die Kommenden

Seit den Tagen Wallensteins hat kein einzelner in deutschen Landen solche Menschenmassen durch blosser Werbung hypnotisieren, zu sammeln und zu binden verstanden. nur eine medial-dæmonische Persönlichkeit, wie es Hitler ist, konnte diese vom Schicksal gestellte Aufgabe meistern die Wende zwischen zwei Zeitaltern zu vollziehen, eine neue Zeit einzuleiten. Dann wird aber seine Aufgabe erfüllt. An seine Stelle werden andere treten...."

p. 128, Emsen, A.H. & die Kommenden.

Dr. Einar Henrik Heimer
Adolf Hitler, der letzte grosse Klassiker Deutschlands

Image
Wir haben in unserer Zeit das Wunder erlebt, dass sich ein Mann von reichster Innigkeit und reinstem Vorsatz zum Selbstherrscher ~~xxxxxx~~ ueber 67 Millionen Menschen.....emporgeschwungen hat. Wenn man dann zu erklæren versuchen will, wie es moeglich ist, dass diese Millionen bereit sind, fuer A. H. zu kœmpfen und....ihr Leben zu lassen.....! weil sie ihn lieben, dass sie ihn lieben, weil sie ihn achten, dass sie ihn achten, weil sie ihn kennen. Sie kennen ihn als die schoenste Inkarnation ~~xxxxxx~~ von all dem, was die deutsche Volksseele an Guete, Treue, Intelligenz und schoepferischer Gestaltungskraft besitzt.

p. 3, Heimer, A.H., der letzte grosse Klassiker

Und in der Tat findet man deshalb auch, dass sich alle Gedankengaenge Hitlers ueber historische Ereignisse zu einer Darstellung der Naturgesetze der Politik formen. Alle seine Gedankengaenge sind ebenso fest und exakt wie die Darstellung eines Physikers von den Grundgesetzen der Mechanik.

pp. 4/5, Heimer, A.H., der....Klassiker

Aber die wirkliche Groesse Hitlers liegt nun darin, dass er.....weiss, fuehlt und glaubt....dass....es gleichsam eine innere Gerechtigkeit in der Ordnung der Dinge (gibt), eine innere Macht, die bewirkt, dass das Boese und Verkehrte auf die Dauer sich selbst aufhebt und zerstoert.

p. 6, Heimer, A.H. der letzte....Klassiker

Nur fuer das ~~Boese~~ Befreiungswerk, fuer das Ersticken des Boesen empfiehlt Hitler Brutalitaet. Im Kampf fuer die Befreiung des Volkes darf man nicht mit kraftloser Sentimentalitaet kommen, sondern man muss unbeugsam, ruecksichtslos und brutal vorgehen.

p. 9, Heimer, A. H. der letzte....Klassiker

Wenn man sagen will, dass Hitler eine Brutalitaet vertritt, ist es.....eine Brutalitaet der Notwendigkeit. ...dann versteht man, dass H. sich hier....richtig ausdrueckt, wenn er seine Forderung als eine Forderung auf "rinnliche Maerte" bezeichnet.

p. 10, Heimer, A.H. der letzteKlassiker

Heimer

A. H., der letzte grosse Klassiker

-2-

Und hat man sich einmal in diesen herrlichen Begriff "reinliche Haerte" hineingelebt, dann kann man leicht verstehen, dass Hitler, trotz aller Haerte und Brutalitaet, in sich einen Faden von feinstor Innigkeit und Weichheit einschliessen kann. Immer wieder findet man in seinen Reden und in seinem Buch Stellen, die ebenso gern von einem der grossen Dichter Deutschlands geschrieben sein koennten. Wenn man z.B. seine Ausfuehrungen ueber die Bedeutung grosser Maenner aufschlaegt, so beginnt seine Darstellung mit den Worten: "Wenn Menschenherzen brechen...." Ist es nicht schon bei diesen Worten, als ob man ein Gedicht von Puergar oder Walter von der Vogelweide hoert!.....

p. 10, Heimer, A.H., der letzte....Klassiker

Huddleston, Sisley: In my time. 193 .

2.

In that sudden setting of the jaw; the eyes, which turn up frequently and show their whites, are rather dull in repose, but they convey humour, indignation, and aspiration by their rolling.

And his voice is excellent; it is deep and rich and changing; it is mostly grave, sometimes raucous, now and again shrill; it takes on all refelotions.

Huddleston, Sisley: In my time. 193 .

And seeing Hitler later, I was confirmed in my view that he drew his power from mystic sources; his is a strangely intuitive nature; he has an uncanny gift of knowing when to strike and of timing his strokes.

Huddleston, Sisley: In my time. 1936, p. 302.

How then did the two dictators compare? The contrast was striking. Hitler, who had grown stouter, cultivated an appearance of simplicity; whereas Mussolini was theatrical. Hitler, despite his creation of semi-military uniforms for his followers, was dressed in civilian clothes, he wore a soft hat, the blue suit of a clerk, and a yellow reincoat. . . . He positively tried to look undistinguished. . . . He . . . the common soldier came to know. . . . He endeavours to be the ordinary man in the street. He is the plain German, raised to the nth degree.

Huddleston, Sisley: In my time. 1936, p. 303.

Particularly as this contrast observable when they entered the hotel. Hitler leaped out of the boat without the smallest attempt to impress the beholders—a little man, with bent head. Mussolini stopped forth superbly. He was aware of being the cynosure of all eyes. His glances flashed, his figure was upright; he was—historionically—the Vice. . . . In the review of the Fascist organizations . . . Hitler was unfeignedly interested and pleased, his face all smiles. . . . Hitler is unaffected, is the natural man. . . . When Mussolini was haranguing the people, Hitler sat in an easy spontaneous fashion. I recalled the time when I had watched and listened to him addressing a German crowd. He began softly, almost indistinctly, without flourishes, and it was only as he warmed up that his voice rose and he emphasized his points by gestures which were clearly unstudied. His voice then grew harsh and guttural. He never halted for applause.

Huddleston, Sisley: In my time. 1936, p. 304.

Ziemer, Patsy: 1010 Days of Hitler. 1940.

1.

That is Hitler, "Daddy told me, he had a funny little mustache. He lifted his arms very straight. The boys and the girls in the street almost shrieked.

Ziemer, Patsy: 1010 Days of Hitler. 1940, p. 1.

Shortly before Christmas I met Hitler, Adolf, in the Kaiserhof Hotel... it was not simple to approach Hitler, even in those days. But the lobby was almost deserted at night. About 10 o'clock I straightened my tie, and approached the table where the group sat drinking beer; that is, three of them, drank beer. Hitler did not.

I stared at Hitler, he stared at me, his eyebrows knit, and he looked through me. I noticed that his eyes were not black as they had always seemed, but blue. He had creases under his eyes, on his forehead, and the corners of his mouth were hard. He looked as if he were tired.

But the final expression on his face was a look of absolute, utter stubbornness.

Very formally I introduced myself, explained who I was, that I wanted to ask a question.

The answer came like a whip, without a smile.

"Ask Goebbels!"

That was my conversation with the Fuehrer. Hitler marched off.

Ziemer, Patsy: 1010 Days of Hitler. 1940, pp. 19, 20.

the women told us how she used to live in Munich way back in 1923..... she lived with a lady called Frau Reichel, who lived at No. 11 Thierschstrasse. Then the lady told that she and the girl of Herr Graf found out that Hitler's birthday was on April 20. And they wanted to congratulate him. The girls also knew that Hitler had a dog called Wolf. So they bought a sausage and tied a ribbon on it, that was for Wolf. And for Hitler they bought a basket of flowers.

But their parents did not want them to see Hitler because they thought he was a man who made trouble. So they had to sneak away from home, and they took their best dress along in a little case, and they went to Frau Reichel and there they changed. And then they knocked on Hitler's door. It was a very small room. The electric light did not burn in that house, and Hitler had two candles.

The woman said, Hitler was very kind to them, and he kept them for there for two hours. And he asked them what the people of Munich were thinking, and if the young people were still on his side. And she said Hitler was very happy when she told him that the young people were waiting for him.

Ziemer, Patsy: 1010 Days of Hitler. 1940, pp. 260, 261.

Ziemer, Patsy: 010 Days of Hitler. 1940.

2.

and he told that the day would come when he would drive out everybody who did not like him, and he would be the Fuehrer of Germany, and he would get back everything they had taken away from Germany in the war.

The girl told how Hitler played with his dog. He cut off a little slice of sausage and put it on the dog's nose. But Wolf did not dare to eat it until Hitler gave the signal. Sometimes he did not give the signal for a long time, but Wolf did not dare eat the sausage.

She said they were so excited that they almost forgot to give Hitler his flowers.

Ziemer, Patsy: 010 Days of Hitler. 1940. pp. 1. 62.

Ziemer, Patsy: 2010 Days of Hitler. 1940.

1.

PAGE

In the last Christmas we were in Germany, on Christmas Eve, we heard Rudolf Hess, who is the representative of Hitler, talk over the radio. He said nothing about the Christ Child, whose birthday it was, and nothing about the Savior, except that the German people should be very happy that God had sent them Adolf Hitler as a savior.

Ziemer, Patsy: 2010 Days of Hitler. 1940. p. 12.

On the side of a hill in Odenwald, conspicuous as a waterfall, painted on white canvas, were the black words:

We believe in Holy Germany.
Holy German is Hitler!
We believe in Holy Hitler!!

Ziemer, Patsy: 2010 Days of Hitler. 1940. p. 13.

There is a story about Hitler and the Mercedes and another company which daddy often tells. A German man who works for the Mercedes company in Berlin told daddy the story.

When Hitler was still traveling up and down Germany before he was Chancellor, he was riding in an old car which had some trouble. They came to a garage to have it fixed, and the man who owned it, had heard of Hitler but he did not belong to the Nazi party. So he told Hitler he would not fix his car. That garage belonged to a big automobile company.

Then Hitler and his men pushed that car farther to the next garage. It was a Mercedes garage, and there was a mechanic, who liked Hitler's party. He fixed the car for nothing. That was in Thuringen sometime in 1929.

Now it is ten years later but Hitler never forgets anybody who has insulted him. When he became Chancellor, that other company tried to give him a big car. They have tried to give him a car every year. He does not even say thank you, and gives the cars away to some of his S.A. boys. But he only rides in Mercedes cars, because the Mercedes garage had helped him. The man said that proved how personal Hitler is with ever thing.

Ziemer, Patsy: 2010 Days of Hitler. 1940. pp. 117, 118.

I shall try to remember some of the questions the lady teacher asked:....who is the most important and the most noble human being in the world today?"

The class did not wait to raise their hands. "Der Fuehrer" they all screamed.

"What must we do to our Fuehrer?"

"We must love him, and revere him, and obey him, they all shouted.

Ziemer, Patsy: 2010 Days of Hitler. 1940. pp. 197, 198.

Ziemer, Patsy: 10 Days of Hitler. 1940.

2.

ILAGE

"What does the Fuehrer say about our mothers?"

"He says that the German girls must learn to become good mothers, for the mothers of Germany are her glory," said one little girl that the teacher pointed to.

"If the Fuehrer says that about mothers, then what must we do?"

"We must help our mothers and do everything for them, and we must learn from them how to become good wives and German mothers."

"Yes, yes Fuehrers Gebot tag," the ~~same~~ teacher said, almost in a whisper....

"Why must every German girl thank God on her knees every night?"

"Because he has given us the Fuehrer."

"Why has God sent us the Fuehrer?"

"To save us."

From what has the Fuehrer saved us?"

"~~From ruin~~ From ruin."

"What else?"

"From Communism."

"What else?"

"From the rest of the world."

"What is the Fuehrer?"

"He is the savior of Germany."

"Yes, the Fuehrer is our savior."

"What is the greatest dream of every German girl?" the teacher asked. "To see the Fuehrer," was the answer. "What is an even greater dream than that?" "To touch the Fuehrer's hand." "Yes, to touch the Fuehrer's hand," the teacher said very low.

Ziemer, Patsy: 10 Days of Hitler. 1940. pp. 198, 199, 200.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941.

1.

IMAGE

In a home for expectant mothers:

It was then I was allowed to peep behind the mask of this prospective young mother carrying an ill pitiable child. Her eyes glowed with a fanaticism that was intense, devouring. Her answer was one of those I did not have to write down to remember:

"My child will belong to the State. I am bringing it into the world because he has asked me to. She was referring to Hitler, of course.

I said I had always thought a woman with child craved the protection of a man, a home, a security.

She looked at me with disdain. "We are having children for the State, and for Adolf Hitler who represents the State," she said. Is that not much nobler, much grander, even much more glorious than having a home and a husband?"

When I asked if she was not afraid of having a baby, she sat up and gave me an answer so intense that I recall vividly every syllable: "Afraid? Afraid of having my baby? Do you know that I am hoping? I am hoping that I will have pain, much pain, when my child is born. I want to feel that I am going through a real ordeal-for the Fuehrer!"

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941. pp. 1. 2. 33.

But the blessing said over the food was something new in the line of prayers. After the white-clad nurses had arranged the food, everybody turned toward the wall where hung an imposing picture of Hitler above a huge swastika. The women raised their right hands and spoke in chorus: "Our Fuehrer, we thank thee for thy munificence; we thank thee for this home; we thank thee for this food. To thee we devote all our powers (Kraefte); to thee we dedicate our lives and those of our children!"

They were giving thanks to a deity.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941. p. 34.

from Ewiges Deutschland (Eternal Germany)

One article had a typical paragraph: "In its deepest misery God bestowed upon Germany its adored Fuehrer. This is the greatest gift any nation ever received. It is now our sacred duty to prove ourselves worthy of our Fuehrer through fulfillment of our tasks, through unwavering courage and optimism which will answer 'Yes' to the challenge of life; which will say 'Yes' to our instinctive desire to bear children."

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941. p. 36.

PLACE.

Our first address was in the Wedding Platz district, famous in Nazi history for bloody Communist-Nazi brawls. The apartment was clean but poorly furnished. The blond mother was nervous. At her side stood the youngster who Sister Knoblauch had come to investigate. He also was blond, chubby and dressed in an clean play suit. He stood very straight, inspecting us with bright blue eyes.

"What does one say?" prompted the mother.

The youngster's dilated right hand went up, he managed the gesture of clicking his little heels, and crowed: "Heil Hitler."

The sister answered the salute shortly. "Heil Hitler!....." then she asked the boy, if he knew the Hitler was.

"Hitler is our beloved Fuehrer," the lad articulated, careful not to make mistakes in his memorized words.

"That's right. We all love our Fuehrer, don't we?"

"We all love our Fuehrer," he repeated without conviction.

You must grow up and be a big boy so you can fight for the Fuehrer," Sister Knoblauch continued.

But the boy did not run true to form. "I don't like to fight," was his unexpected rejoinder.

The sister was genuinely shocked and looked accusingly at the mother. Patiently she explained to the youngster that Hitler's boys must all fight for him. They all had to grow up and be good soldiers.

"Am I a good soldier?" he asked.

I wrote down Sister Knoblauch's answer down while she had her back turned. "You certainly are," she said. You are a Hitler soldier. You are growing to grow up and be a fighter for the Fuehrer. And then you can carry a gun and learn to shoot, so you can defend the mother..

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, pp. 2, 43.

It was at this pre-school nursery that I heard a group of boys hardly able to talk, some in a song their teacher was drilling into them with enthusiasm:

Unsere Fuehrer lieben wir,
Unsere Fuehrer ehren wir,
XXXXX Unsere Fuehrer folgen wir,
Bis wir Kaeuener werden;

An unsere Fuehrer glauben wir,
fuers unsere Fuehrer leben wir,
Fuer unsere Fuehrer sterben wir,
Bis wir Helden werden.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, p. 43.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941.

3.

IMAGE

According to the nurse...the children learned to revere the Fuehrer and look upon him as the savior of Germany. Their minds were too immature to realize all his great accomplishments, but no child left the institution without learning that Hitler was a superman, who alone could save Germany from her enemies.

And they vowed in the minds of the little boys, she said, the first great desire to become soldiers for Hitler.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, pp. 48, 50.

"You are very proud today, Johann?" I asked.

Jawohl, Herr Direktor," he answered. "Today I was allowed to dedicate my life to Hitler. I will follow him until I die."

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, p. 61.

"Destiny" said the teacher, "always provides Germany with heroes. The nobles of these heroes, the noblest German ever born in any hour of need, is our beloved Fuehrer. He brought Germany back from the brink of destruction. He became its savior."

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, p. 61.

...more than once I have come sneaking in at night-just to hear Ann Liese say those prayers. They have become a sort of tradition here. All the girls wait for them, every night. Ann Liese never says the same prayer twice. Beautiful prayers they are-in which she offers the bodies and souls of all the girls to Hitler."

"To Hitler -?"

"Yes, of course. Her nightly prayers are to the man whom she considers the savior of Germany."

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, p. 102.

There is today one man who can recover this holy German soil. We mention his name with deepest reverence. His name?"

"Unser Fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, Sieg Heil!" echoed the chorus.

"And the Fuehrer will recover all this holy German soil...and more, much more, tenfold more. We will revenge ourselves properly for the insults perpetrated by our second-rate enemies."

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death, 1941, p. 106, 107.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941.

4.

PAGE

...and we must have only one thought. That thought is a holy thought; it is the determination, the hope, to become good soldiers for Adolf Hitler. And if we are good soldiers, we give our all for the Fuehrer, then some day we shall reap a reward, the highest reward possible. We shall acquire a crown of glory. To us will be granted the privilege of lying in this holy German soil as Hitler's conquering soldiers.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941. pp. 106, 107.

Adolf Hitler is our savior, our hero.
He is the noblest being in the whole wide world.
For Hitler we live,
For Hitler we die.
Our Hitler is our Lord,
Who rules a brave new world.

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941. p. 113.

Boys "he shouted, "this is the holy hour ~~of the~~ of the Sonnenwende. To the boys of Hitler this hour has only one meaning. At this hour when the earth is closest to the sun, we have only one thought. We must be close to our sun. Our sun is Adolf Hitler. We, too, consecrate our lives to the sun, Adolf Hitler. Boys, arise!"

They did, raised their right hands in holy fervor.

While drums rolled with deep rumbling thunder, young German boys not yet in their teens, repeated after the leader:

"I consecrate my life to Hitler; I am ready to sacrifice my life for Hitler; I am ready to die for Hitler, the savior, the Fuehrer."

Ziemer, Gregor: Education for Death. 1941. pp. 121.

Le Grix, François: Vingt jours chez Hitler. 1932.

1

... mais il est si petit, si mince, si... rablé: comme
 son père, n'est-ce pas? C'est-il donc si petit pour faire un
 dictateur? ... qui pourrait être un employé de chez nous:
 "un petit employé", n'est-ce pas? ... et, plutôt de Parigot;
 ... dans le visage,
 ... "bon gros" par certain-
 ... du sex-ap-
 ... prestige...
 ... en vi-
 ... blément auant
 ... devant
 ... contredit, si-
 ... à la
 ... Hitler où la
 ... ont le front; je ne
 ... d'empereur... ou de
 ... (mais j'imagine un bien
 ... peut-être, par cer-
 ... une œuvre folle
 ... plus cher à son type, au plus
 ... maintenant, si-
 ... bras, à la

... sur l'épaule
 ... en-
 ... s'il n'était co-
 ... le
 ... d'une foule.
 ... bras le-
 ...

... tout le
 ... lors il
 ... à-t-
 ... peuple haletant!
 ... de pouvo-
 ... la résonance de
 ... assistance XXXX toute armée me: "Nos quinze ans de servitude, le
 ... règne des bavards et des traîtres, le communisme destructeur..."
 ... J'étais plus occupé, j'... le dire, de regarder cet homme-qu'on dit
 ... dans son bel
 ... dans son haut de forme, muet
 ... dans une brumeuse rêverie
 ... dans une forme surprenante
 ... d'aisance, de brio, tout en li d'une sorte d'agilité invisible,
 ... de gestes. J'admire pourtant
 ... la vertu silencieuse de son jeu de mains. Quelle science que celle des
 ... pour un orateur....

... Celles-ci, qui ont livré bataille, sont des mains de soldat. Elles
 ... elles affirment, elles ordonnent; parfois elles
 ... mais c'est qu'alors Dieu est invoqué. Hitler a repris à
 ... son compte le Got mit uns.

Le Grix, François: Vingt jours chez Hitler. 1932 pp. 16.17.18.19.

La voix d'abord creuse, sourde, basse, presque rauque, atteint bientôt à la sonorité, au volume, à l'éclat. C'est une autre progression que celle de Goering, moins accablante pour l'auditeur. Les voisins m'affirment que ce discours est très fort creux, qu'on est empêché d'en rien retenir. J constate pourtant que l'avant compris, ils ne l'ont pas écouté avec plus d'ennui que moi, qui n'ai pas compris, et qui fus sans cesse intéressé. Quant à l'auditoire, il était à la lettre suspendu aux lèvres d'Adolf Fuhrer.

Le Grix, Francois: Vingt jours chez Hitler. 1937. pp. 130.

Hitler a dîné ce soir à l'Ambassade de Italie. ... Le grand homme est correct, guindé, gêné, à peu près muet. Quand il parle, son regard passe par-dessus vous, s'en va chercher ailleurs. J'ai cru bien faire de lui dire à quel point sa compréhensions de l'homme se reflétait dans le style de sa Revolution, la magnifiait!.. Mais j'aimais aussi beaucoup Puccini. Ladame, n'a-t-il répondu brusquement, bravant cette fois sur moi son regard.

Le pianiste Italien était, paraît-il, étourdissant. Le Fuhrer s'assit sur un petit canapé placé dans le creux du piano, et prit tout le plaisir de ce concert qu'il en oublia l'heure.

Le Grix, Francois: Vingt jours chez Hitler. 1937. pp. 136, 137, 138, 139.

Wheeler-Bennett, John, W.: In enburg, the wooden Titan

1.

March 21, 1933. Potsdam, Reichstagssaal, S. 1.

Deeply moved by his own eloquence, Hitler crossed the dais, with an obeisance of humility, grasped the old Chancellor's hand, a crimson flame red; cameras clicked; and there was a peremptory scene which Joseph Goebbels, the Reichardt of the revolution, as to exploit so fully in the weeks to come. "Feldmarschall" the General, the old Germany and the New, with a hand-kerchief in his pocket—it was to be allowed them and an event which no German was to be allowed to forget and which was to be a lesson to the mind of every German child.

Wheeler-Bennett, John, W.: In enburg, the wooden Titan, pp. 5, 6.

Hitler introduced the bill to the Reichstag. His speech remarkable for its moderation and lack of colour. His fiery oration had been expected and had, indeed, been prepared, but at the last moment the counsel of the Foreign Office had been heeded and the original text toned down. As the Chancellor sat down, Goring, from the presidential chair, called peremptorily upon the leader of the Social Democrats. There was a moment's deathly silence, and from outside could be heard the ghostly chant of the Storm Troopers who packed the streets: "Give us the bill or else fire and murder." It was the voice of the New Germany, with a tremendous effort Otto Weiser rose from his place and, as if on leaden feet, mounted to the rostrum. Then with square shoulders to face the House and, in a voice which did not shake, gave the decision. His reply, it was an uncompromising and courageous rejection. The great Socialist Party of Germany, which had defied Bismarck and Wilhelm II, would not betray its traditions and its honor. The Government might take their lives, it could not destroy their soul.

Amid the subdued cheers of his followers, and the infuriated yell of the Nazis, Weiser returned to his place, and Hitler, pale and shaking with rage, was on his feet, brushing aside Papen's restraining hand. To the obvious dismay of the Vice-Chancellor, the Fuehrer gave the House all that had been expurgated from his opening speech and more. Weiser may have signed the death-warrant of his party, but, in doing so, he had provoked that display of uncontrolled passion, which the senior member of the Government, zealous for the good reception of the new order in Europe, had been so anxious to avoid. But the house was frenzied by Hitler's rhetoric. Again and again they rose at him and only physical and emotional exhaustion brought him to a close. When the tumult had subsided, Goring called Kaas to the tribune.

Wheeler-Bennett, John, W.: In enburg, the wooden Titan, pp. 16, 17.

Wheeler-Bennett, John, H.: Hindenburg, the wooden Titan

2.

Papen, placed under arrest in his own house, faced for hours the prospect of immediate death until imperative instructions from Hitler placed his life out of danger. That strange quirk of loyalty in the Fuehrer's character forbade the death of the man who had placed him in power.

(?? The usual version is that Papen was protected by Hindenburg, not by Hitler.)

Wheeler-Bennett, John, H.: Hindenburg, the wooden Titan, p. 162.

Hoover, Calvin D.: Germany enters the Third Reich, 1933.

1.

On the night of February 27 there occurred a spectacular and serious event. The Reichstag building was discovered to be in flames.

Hitler as he gazed at the mounting flames cried: It is a sign from Heaven that we must exterminate these Jews.

Hoover, Calvin D.: Germany enters the Third Reich, 1933, pp. 104, 105.

It can not be denied that the political maneuverers of Hitler and his associates were extremely clever, but his real intentions should have been evident. The extent to which Hitler was able to follow the policy of paralyzing the will of his opponents in all parties and classes during the critical period when the National Socialists were steadily taking over the control of German political and economic function in Germany is well-nigh incredible. His tactics consisted of issuing reassuring statements always accompanied by threats of what would happen if the will of the National Socialists was opposed. When the desired position had been conquered the previously issued reassuring statement was blandly ignored and a new one issued in reference to the next stage of the progress of the revolution.

Hoover, Calvin D.: Germany enters the Third Reich, 1933, p. 101.

It is the conviction of the writer that Hitler.....always believed in the party program.

Hoover, Calvin D.: Germany enters the Third Reich, 1933, p. 107.

Sir Arnold Wilson
Walks and Talks

....A week spent at Nurnberg during the annual Nazi Party Congress.....I here record some impressions derived from such a visit, the seventh to Germany..... (These impressions were definitely favorable. Remark of researcher).

....Whatever opposition may exist underground, it causes no anxiety, for the Chancellor, standing erect an ~~extraordinary~~ hour at a time, day after day, in a slow moving car in narrow streets between seven-storey houses, whence the poorest in the land watched him from their own windows, was running risks which few of the world's rulers,.....would care to take

p. 505, Wilson, Walks and Talks

After the ceremony of the Labor ~~Front~~ Service:

"I was not surprised to hear Herr Hitler begin his speech with the words: 'I find it hard, at such a moment, to address you.'

p. 511, Wilson, Walks and Talks

Hanfstaengl Ernst

Hitler in der Karikatur der Welt; publ. 1933

Der Zufall will es, dass gerade in diesen Tagen die grosse Weltöffentlichkeit durch die englische Ausgabe von "Mein Kampf" zum ersten Male Gelegenheit erhaelt, sich an Hand dieser Lebensbeschreibung Hitlers unmittelbar ein Urteil ueber diesen Mann zu bilden, dessen ganze Willenskraft von fruherer Jugend an selbstlos grossen deutschen Idealen gewidmet gewesen ist. Auch die breiteste auslaendische Oeffentlichkeit ist damit in die Lage versetzt, den Verzerrungen, die das vorliegende Buch wiedergibt, das wahre seelische Bild Hitlers gegenueberzustellen, das aus einem Leben voll endloser Muehen, voll Enttauschungen, Spannungen, Bitternissen, Ueberraschungen und Erfolgen von Jahr zu Jahr klarer als das eines unbeugsamen Willen- und Tatmenschen hervortritt.

Denn was bedeutet gegenueber der fast kontrapunktisch anmutenden Folgerichtigkeit des politischen Handelns des Fuehrers und gegenueber der Symphonie seiner Erfolge die kuennerliche Lattenmusik einer Weltpresse.

Hitler hat seinen Kampf gegen den Kommunismus und Marismus als einen richtigen Heldenkampf ehrlich gewagt und ehrlich gewonnen. Er hat ihn als wahre Fuehrernatur fast ohne jede Muehe allein durchgefuehrt - gezwungen, die entscheidenden Wendepunkte in seinem politischen Kampfe gegen eine Welt von Widersachern mit nur wenigen erprobten Freunden zu durchleben/

Preface of publisher, pp. 11 & 13, Hanfstaengl, Hitler i.d. Karikatur

Es war in den ersten Monaten dieses Jahres (1924), als ich, gelegentlich eines Besuches in der Festung Landsberg, dem Fuehrer eine soeben erschienene Nummer des 'Simplizissimus' mitbrachte, deren Titelseite zur Verhoehnung des Gefangenen Hitler ein Phantasiebild: "Hitlers Einzug durchs Brandenburger Tor" als Aprilscherz trug. Abgesehen von der politischen Unkenntnis, die aus dem Bilde sprach, war es ein anderes, das mich an dem Bild beschaeftigte. Naemlich der Gedanke, dass es sich hier um ein ungewollt visionaeres erkanntes kuenftiges Geschehen handeln koennte. Als ich in dieser Verbindung der Gedanken die Worte aussuerte: "Ja, ja, so kommt es noch einmal," wurde gerade diese Karikatur uns allen zum geheimen inneren Antrieb, das damals, im April 1924, unmoeglich Scheinende moeglich zu machen.

p. 15, Hanfstaengl, Hitler i.d. Karikatur

Unter einem elementaren Ausbruch der Volksbegeisterung wurde damit der Bund zwischen der heroischen Vergangenheit des deutschen Volkes, verkoepernt im greisen Feldmarschall von Hindenburg, und der tatenfrohen Jugend der Gegenwart, verkoepernt in Adolf Hitler und seiner sieghaften Bewegung geschlossen...

p. 17, Hanfstaengl, Hitler i.d. Karikatur

HANFSTAENGL

Hitler i.d. Karikatur

-2-

Denn neben Hitler gibt es heute in Deutschland ueberhaupt keine Parteien und Parteifuehrer mehr.

p. 20

Er hat...tatsaechlich nichts "Boeses" gewollt.

p. 22

...Hitler (ist)...nur durch den Stimmzettel zur Macht gekommen und ...fuer die Erlangung dieser sieghaften Stimmenzahl (hat)...die Persoenlichkeit Hitlers die Grundlage geboten.

p. 24

Das Beachtlichste an dem Bild (aus St. Louis Post Dispatch, October 18th, 1930) erscheint, dass nicht von der Nationalsozialistischen Partei mit ihrer offiziellen Bezeichnung, sondern schon hier von der "Hitler-Partei" gesprochen wird, ein klarer Beweis fuer die Einschaeztung des Fuehrers als Persoenlichkeit.

p. 28

Hitler hat nach Uebernahme der Macht eine ganze Anzahl frueherer "Koepfe" in die Konzentrationslage "rollen" lassen.weil er eingeschlossen war ein grossmuetiger Sieger zu sein und weil er den Wunsch hatte der gesunden aufbaufreudigen Masse des deutschen Volkes die Schrecknisse einer blutigen Abrechnung zu ersparen.

p. 34

...schon heute (preisen) Millionen Deutsche das Auftreten Hitlers und sein Wirken als ein Geschenk des Himmels.

p. 48

...Hitler (ging) durchaus selbststaendig seinen eigenen Weg bis zum Volkskanzler....

p. 54

Er ist zur Macht gekommen durch das Vertrauen und die Liebe der Mehrheit.

p. 72

Hitler verfuegt als Kanzler ueber eine Macht, wie sie vor ihm kein deutscher Monarch und kein Kanzler innehatte.

p. 76

Entweder hat Hitler seine segensreichen Massnahmen allein getroffen, oder unter Beistand von Helfern. Im ersteren Falle waere bewiesen, dass er keine braucht, im letzteren, dass er solche hat.

p. 86

Hitler wird von dem Vertrauen und den britten Schultern des ganzen deutschen Volkes getragen.

p. 92

...Hitler (ist) in jedem Sinne erfuehlt ist von dem Gedanken, Deutschland zum Wiederaufbau und zum Gluecke zu verhelfen.

p. 108

Die sogenannte Diktatur Hitlers stuetz sich...auf das gesamte deutsche Volk.

p. 116

HANFSTAENGL
Hitler i.d. Parikatur

-3-

Praealat Bela Turi, Fuehrer der ungarischen Katholiken, in dem "latte Memzeti Ujsag":

"In den Bestirnen der neuen deutschen Staatsordnung ist eine unheimliche Energie aufgespeichert. Auf allen Gebieten, in der Wissenschaft, Kriegfuehrung, Technik, auf dem Gebiete des kulturellen und wirtschaftlichen Aufbaues, mit einem Wort auf den tausendfachen Arbeitsgebieten des Lebens, stehen Hitler fachkundige, gebildete Maenner zur Verfuegung, und trotz dem erhaelt jeder den Impuls zum Erblicken der Dinge von Hitler, als ob jeder, jeder Gedanke in seiner Urzelle aus der Seele Hitlers entsprungen waere."

p. 146

Der Name "Hitler" kommt nachweisbar nur ausserst selten vor. Die Ges. Nichte mit dem Judennamen ist offensichtlich erlogen.

p. 146

(With reference to the fact that Jews in Poland of the name of Hitler applied for permission to change their name.)

Jedes Kind weiss, dass Hitler nicht nur Vegetarier, sondern auch Antialkoholiker ist und seine Lebensweise, allem Luxus und Wohlleben abhold, ganz nach den spartanischen Grundsätzen der Einfachheit und der Selbstrucht fuehrt. Auf dieser vorbildlichen Einfachheit des Fuehrers in allen Wingen des Lebens beruht es, dass Hitler heute ein in der Geschichte deutschen Geschichte noch nicht dagewesenes Popularitaetsphänomen ist.

p. 154

Lord Rothermere in "Daily Mail" on July 10th, 1933:

"Es ist ein Glueck fuer Deutschland, dass es einen Fuehrer gefunden hat, der all die staerksten Kraefte des Landes zum Allgemeinbesten zusammenzufassen versteht."

Quoted on p. 114 and on p. 156

Last page: picture of H., smiling:

Deutsche Leser:

Das Lied ist aus!
Ihr seht die Bilder dieses Buches alle.
Folgt Eurem Fuehrer auch in diesem Falle,
tut, was er macht,
lacht, wie er lacht!

Denn immer ward der Mann,
der Zeitgeschichte lebt,
und seine Spur eingraebt
in sein Jahrhundert,
was er auch tat und sann,
von einer falschen Welt,
je lauter stets entstellt,
je mehr sie ihn bewundert.

Was immer also sie von ihm verbreiten,
Er zwingt sie doch, ihn uns zu beneiden.

77

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Adolf Hitler 1934.

IMAGE

Er ist menschgewordenes Volksbegreifen.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Adolf Hitler. p. 6.

Hitler beugt sich über einen blutenden Knaben, nimmt ihn in die Arme und trägt ihn zu irgendeinem Auto, das hier zufällig holt. Das Auto rast mit ihm und dem Jungen davon, stößt fast mit dem Panzerwagen zusammen, weilt mit dem Knaben zusammen ins Hospital, dann ins bayerische Land hinaus.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Adolf Hitler. p. 8.

Als Hitler nachts von Berlin fortfährt, uringt eine grosse Menschenmenge seinen Wagen und ruft ihm aus:
"Gib nicht nach! Bleibe hart!"

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Adolf Hitler. p. 10 .

Vierzehn Jahre ist - "brunnendes Recht durch sein Herz zu fließen.
Vierzehn Jahre hat er fuer diese Stunde gekämpft, gelitten, immer wieder sein Leben gewagt, immer wieder sein Letztes hergegeben.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Adolf Hitler. p. 119.

A. Anfang dieses Weges ging Adolf Hitler ganz allein.
Niemand hat ihn geführt außer der Stern in seiner eigenen Brust.
....Freilich Stern, Wille und Kraft hatten wenig vermocht, wenn nicht dort der Weg schritt, berufen gewesen wäre.

Hitler marschiert auf seinem Weg in dritte Reich mit den Armen und Kleinen, mit dem Volk. Auch erzwingt die Grossen und Mächtigen hinauf aus ihrer egoistischen Nische zum Die at am Volk.

Den Weg Adolf Hitlers gilt es immer wieder zu betrachten, wie er schmal und dunkel gewesen ist und immer breiter und lichter wurde - bis zum Siegestag.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Adolf Hitler. pp. 122, 123, 125.

Rekard Dietrich: Der Bolschewismus von Moses bis Lenin 1.
 Zwiesgespräch zwischen Adolf Hitler und mir

LAGE

"Das ist es ja," rief er, "Wir sind auf dem Holzweg. Der Astronom macht's anders. Da hat er zum Beispiel eine Gruppe Sterne beobachtet, schon wer weiss wie lange. Aus einmal merkt er: Donnerwetter, da stinkt etwas nicht. Normalerweise müssten sich die sich so zueinander verhalten, nicht so. Also muss irgendwo eine verborgene Kraft sein, die ablenkt. Also er berechnet und berechnet und berechnet richtig einen neuen Planeten, den noch keine Auge gesehen hat, der aber da ist, wie sich eines schönen Tages herausstellt. Was aber tut der Geschichtsforscher? Was Unregelmässige erklärt er aus der Gruppe selbst, aus dem Wesen der hervorragenden Staatsmänner. Dass irgendwo eine geheime Kraft sein könnte, die alles nach einer bestimmten Richtung lenkt, daran denkt er nicht. Die ist aber da. Seit es Geschichte gibt, ist sie da. Wie sie heisst, weissst du, Der Jude!"

"Ja gewiss, entgegnete ich, aber nachweisen, nachweisen! Für die letzten fünfzig oder hundert Jahre einseitig, da liegt's auf der Hand doch recht viel weiter zurück, als Ende gar bis in die vorchristliche Zeit—"

"Kein Lieber, fuhr er mir entgegen, "man wird bei Strabo lesen, dass schon zu seiner Zeit, kurz nach Christi Geburt, auf der ganzen Erdkreise kaum mehr ein Ort zu finden war, der nicht von den Juden beherrscht wurde, beherrscht, schreibt er, nicht etwa bewohnt; wenn schon Jahrzehnte zuvor der alte Titus—damals eine Grösse, kein Lieber—auf dem Kapitol plötzlich den Knieschmuckler bekam, in dem Augenblick, wo er in seiner bekannten Verteidigungsrede einfach nicht mehr anders kann, als auf das Zusammenhalten der Juden und ihren Rieseneinfluss hinzuweisen. Leise, leise wandt sich nur die Richter hören, die Juden bringen mich sonst ins Teufels Küche, wie sie jeden Ehrenmann hineinbringen. Ich habe keine Lust, ihnen Wasser auf ihre Mühlen zu liefern", und wenn ein gewisser Pontius Pilatus, als Stellvertreter des römischen Kaisers noch wohl auch keine Null, kaum dass die Juden durchblicken lassen, sie wurden ihm so an das Noetige beim Augustus besorgen, zum Hachbaken greift: "Da ist solchwillen, weg mit dem schmutzigen Judenhandel" und Christen er über unschuldig hault, zum Tod verurteilt; dann kein Lieber, dass jedes Kind oder Kocante es wenigstens wissen, wieviel es schon damals geschlagen hatte!

Ein Griff nach dem Alten Testament, in kurzes Blättern, und—"Da" rief er, "sehen's wir an, das Rezept, wonach die Juden von jeher ihre heöllische Suppe kochen (Wir Antisemiten sind Mirdskerle, Alles stoßern wir auf, nur das Wichtigste-nichtigste nicht). "Und er las, Wort für Wort betonend, mit harter Stimme. Und ich will die Ägypter einander hassen, dass in Bruder wider den andern ein Freund wider den andern, eine Stadt wider die andere, ein Reich wider das andere arbeiten wird. Und der Hät soll den Ägyptern unter ihnen vergehen, und will ihre Anschlaege zunichte machen. Da werden sie dann fragen ihre Gelehrten und Pfaffen, und Wahrsager, und Zeichendeuter."

"Jawohl," lachte er bitter auf, "da werden sie dann fragen den Dr. Cuno und den Dr. Schreyer und den Dr. Hein und was es nur gibt und Wahrsagern und Zeichendeutern, woher der Saustall kommt, und die werden ihnen vorwurfsvoll antworten: Ihr seid selbst daran schuld. Keine Zucht mehr, keinen Glauben, lauter Eigennutz und Besservissen. Nun sollen es auf einmal die Juden sein. Es war aber immer so, wenn die Völker einen Sündenbock brauchten. Da n fuhr alles auf die Juden los und peinigste sie bis auf Blut. Weil sie das Geld hatten. Weil sie sich nicht wehren konnten, ist es da ein Wunder, wenn einzelne jetzt ueber die Gelnur hinaus Ueberall findet man rasende Schafe. Als ob es nicht eine Menge antwandiger Juden gäbe, an denen steht Buch ein Beispiel, diese Freundschaft, dieser Familienhaß, dieser mächtigen Lebenswandel, diese Opferwilligkeit, vor allem diese Zusammenhalten! Und ihr Wie Hund und Katz ant reinander."

Bakart, Die richte Der Bolschewismus von Moses bis Lenin. 1925
 Kriegsprasch zwischen Adolf Hitler und mir.

IMAGE

Der heile Welt sein das, um so worden die Wahrsager und Zeichendeuter
 salbada und wieder salbada, bis einer Nachts das Blutzeichen an allen
 oder auch allen juedischen Hausern sein wird, um die toll gewordenen Massen
 von Juden zu fohrt, in die uebrigen dringen werden, um alle Erstgeborenen in
 Aegyptenland zu nicht bloss diese zu schlagen.

Wie war's denn hier in Muenchen von ehren der Raetszeit? Warf ich ein
 die Blut zwar waren die Hauser der Juden nicht bestrichen, aber es muss d
 eine geheime Verbindung gewesen sein - getroffen gewesen sein, weil unter d
 zahllosen Haussuchungen nicht eine einzige bei 1 Juden stattfand. Das sei ver
 beten, erklarte mir auf meine anzuergliche Frage einer der bloeden Rotgardie
 die sich damals beim Mickel hatten. Verhaftet wurde natuerlich unter den Jud
 erstrecht keiner. Der eine Professor Berger ausgenommen und der kam nur des
 halb mit unter die Raeder, weil er sich noch nicht lange in Muenchen aufhielt
 um zu allem Ueberfluss ein verschlossenen Eigenbroetter war. Die Juden kan
 ten ihn einfach nicht; als sie aber dahinter kamen, war er zu spast. Trotzdem
 starb ihnen dieser Kortner sehr gelegen; das Geschehen nachher liess nichts
 zu Menschen uebrig. Auch anno 71 in Paris, verlief der Judenschutz programm
 mässig. Die Kommunisten zerstorten, was sie nur konnten; die vielen Palaste
 der Hauser Rothschilds blieben saetliche unversehrt. Man versteht man die
 Stelle bei Moses, nach mit den Juden auch viel Pöbelvolk aus Aegypten sog
 "Pöbelvolk", so eben nur halb geklagt mit der Schurkerlei, "organisierte"

Die Aegyptier waren nie 1 letzten Augenblick Herr geworden um hatten die
 Juden mitant den "Pöbelvolk" zu Teil gegeben. Es mussten sich fuerchterlich
 gefuehrt haben, bis es soweit war. Das Raedernetzeln der Erstgeburt
 verrast das doch deutlich genug. Genau wie bei uns hatte die Juden die gros
 unterschicht fuer sich gewonnen gehabt. Freiheit, Gleichheit, Bruderlichkeit
 um einer Nachts war es dann auf Kommando losgegangen - nieder mit dem Durche
 schlägt sie tot die Bande (aber wider Erwarten kam es anders, der national
 gebliebene Teil der Aegyptier drohte den Spiess um, die Moses und die Cohn um
 die Levi flogen in grosse Bogen hinaus und die von ihnen vor ersten Einhei
 mischen hinterdrein. Was sie alles mitgehen liess, lauter z samengebohler
 "eug", richtet die Bibel mit Wohlgefallen. Aber auch, echt ueberflussiger
 Weiss, aus die Aegyptier "froh waren". Das Schonste aber ist der Lohn, den die
 bernierten Helfershelfer der Juden, nachtraeglich einh innen d rften. Auf e m
 liessen sie Pöbelvolk, nachdem sie vorher die lieben "Genossen" gewesen waren.
 In der Waerte moeren sie ja nette Augen gemacht haben. Ich danke!

Die Ordnung der 75,000 Perser in "Buch Esther" hat ohne Zweifel densel
 ben bolschewistischen Hintergrund, "versetzte ich. Allein hatten die Juden
 das nicht zuwege gebracht."

So wenig, bestaetigte er, "wie unter Kaiser Trajan das fuerchterliche
 Blutvergiessen ueber das halbe Roemerreich hinweg. Hunderttausende und aber
 Hunderttausende von Nichtjuden edelten Blutes in Babylon, in Kyrene, in Aegy
 auf Cypern wie das Vieh hingeschlachtet, die meisten unter den schaeuslichsten
 barbarischen heute noch reuen sich die Juden darüber. Wenn die verschiedenen
 Krenn unter der Bespoerung zusammengewirft hatten, triumphiert der Jude Gra
 se wurde wie leicht schon damals der romische Giesenkoloss den Gnadenstoe
 halten haben."

"Unsere S dankefeier, bemerkte ich, "beschuldigen die Juden als Barbarei
 aus sie jahraus, jahrein ihre Heldentat an den 75,000 Persern in Purimfest
 durch die Synagogen jubeln, noch jetzt, nach all der Miesenszeit, finden sich
 ganz in der Ordnung."

Belart, Bi-trich: Der Bolschewismus von Moses bis Lenin. 1
Zwiesgesprach zwischen Adolf Hitler und mir .

"Aber auch, meinte er trocken, wir stehen eben
 nichts, um lesen können wir natürlich erst recht nicht. Ehe es zu dem ersten
 Zusammenstoß mit den Ägyptern kam, hatte der Hauptkammerherr Joseph
 Hübner vorherbestimmt gehabt, bis sieben hundert Jahre, alle hundert Jahre
 das Volk zu zerschlagen, er dachte, das war ein vortrefflicher Judenknacker.
 Knecht, so der böse Hübnerer Joseph - des Landes Vater so sagen, es ist al-
 les unsonst, ein einziger aus der Welt der Jude die Seiche so lange verschle-
 sen, bis die Ägypter um das hiesige Brot zu sterben würden, da ihr Vieh, dann
 ihre Acker, und zuletzt ihre Freiheit kriegten - d. h. gegeben eben, in der Ha-
 uptstadt aber stünde es auf einmal von Juden der alten Zeit da, so seine
 Kinder sind da, so seine Enkelkinder, so seine Töchter, so seine Enkeltoch-
 tter, und so sein Samen, die ganze Menschheit, und Joseph - meinte lange vor
 Freude, nachdem er zuvor seine Brüder gesiegt hatte, es kam in Lande soll
 ihr essen und die Gärten des ganzen Landes Ägypte - so sein sein. Als
 aber dieser glorreiche ägyptische Herrscher er jüdischen Lebens, hundert
 zehn Jahre alt, gestorben war, so ein anderer Pharao, der nichts von Joseph
 wusste, und der wurde Angst um Dinge von den Ägyptern gegen die angewach-
 senen Menge Juden. Er befahl, wenn ein Jüde keine Tochter, die sich zu
 den Feinden so legen, war also Knecht als Sklave, d. h. ihre Unterstadt
 und so. Aber er griff zu, die Juden mussten arbeiten. "Über hundert" jener
 und so steht der Chronist. Kein Wunder, dass die Ägypter so haben, der was hatte
 an denn das Pöbelvolk? Die Ägypter Jona war verlassen, so hat mangelte es
 noch immer nicht, also die Ägypter, die Industriellen, der Dürre so niemand
 so hat die Schuld proletarier aller Länder verhängt auch und die hiesige
 glaubten es nicht gegen ihr eigenes Fleisch und Blut an, so hat es aus
 erwählten Volkes das ihnen ihr ganzes Land so brockt hatte, so aber
 liegt man in der Schule gerührt die schwere Geschichte von der - und seine
 arbeiter vor, und so ein anderer Lehrer meinte lange, es ist so zu zweifeln.
 so hat er, so die Ägypter so die Bibel der Ägypter nichtet.

Recht, 1. richt. Der Bolschewismus v. 1. gen. M. Lenin, 1. C. . .

Harrap's Plain Texts in German

ADOLF HITLER, der Fuehrer des Deutschen Reiches
a short account of his Life and Work

by Kurt Schulze (Oberstudiendirektor Magdeburg)

H.E. Lewington (German Master at the John Ruskin School
Croyden)

IMAGE

for use in teaching of German-, largely based on MEIN KAMPF
pleasant account of happy youth- shock after death of paren
Strong will to become Baumeister from early youth through
Munich.

in Munich: .." Ach, Hunger tut weh, dachte er manchmal, "ab
koste, was es wolle, ich will mein Ziel erreichen, ich will
~~weiter studieren, um endlich doch Ba~~
ster zu werden."

story of the iron cross 1. class.: "...Er kroch durch Tricht
und Graeben. Auf ein al hoerte er franzoesische Laute vor
Kurz entschlossen sprang er auf, gab einen Schuss ab und f
derte die Feinde auf, sich zu ergeben. Sie waren voellig v
dutzt. In der Meinung, dass Hunderte deutscher Soldaten ueb
si herfallen wuerden, ergaben sie sich. Stolz fuehrte Hitl
seine Gefangenen, einen Offizier and funfzehn Mann, zum
Regimentsstab. Fuer diese schneidige Tat erhielt er das
Eisene Kreuz erster Klasse.

After war in Munich"In einer solchen (roten) Versammlung un
freiem Himmel antwortete Hitler de. Redner. Dann ging er se
Wege. Kaum war er in seiner Wohnung angelangt, da klopfte
seine Tur. Auf Hitler "Herin" traten drei Rotgardisten in
Zimmer.

"Was wollt Ihr, Herrschte er sie an.

"Wir haben den Auftrag, Sie als Hetzer xzu verhaften."

Im Nu hatte Hitler sein Gewehr schussbereit; er war ja noch
immer Soldat. "Macht dass Ihr wegkommt, -oder ich schiesse.
Schon legte er an. Das imponierte den Kerlen gewaltig. Si
ten nicht den noetigen Mut und kehrten um."

about joining the party:

...Bald danach erhielt Hitler von einem Vorgesetzten, der v
seinen unerschrockenen Auftreten gehoert hatte, den Befehl,
der Versammlung der neugegruendeten "Deutschen Arbeiter par
zu gehen, um festzustellen was es fuer eine Bewandnis mit
Leuten habe.

....An der Aussprache beteiligte auch er sich...

Am andern Morgen las Hitler die Broschuere... Die kleine Sc
beschaeftigte ihn auch in den naechsten Tagen. Da bekam er
Postkarteauf der man ihm mitteilte, dass er in die Deutsche
Arbeiterpartei aufgenommen sei und dass er am naechsten Mit
woch zur Aufnahme kommen moechte.

"Das ist so zum Lachen, - was denken sich denn die Leute?"
~~hahaha~~

Adolf Hitler by Kurt Schulze
cont.

Image

"Das ist ja zum Lachen, -was denken sich denn die Leute?" sagte er zu einem Kameraden, -"ich habe mich doch gar nicht als Mitglied gemeldet."
...Aber Hitler, neugierig geworden, schrieb doch nicht ab, ~~sondern ging an dem festgesetzten Tage in das kleine Lokal,~~ sondern ging an dem festgesetzten Tage in das kleine Lokal, wo er sechs Maenner vorfand, die die ganze Partei darstellten. ..Er ging aus der Versammlung, ohne sich zum Beitritt entschieden zu haben. Ruhelos war er die folgenden Tage. Immer wieder sagte er sich, dass diese Art, Politik zu machen, Unsinn waere.
"Ehe ich mich entschliesse, will ich erst Vorteile und Nachteile abwaegen; denn wenn ich wirklich etwas anfangen, dann beginne ich mit aller Kraft und fuehre es durch," - mit diesen Worten ging er in seinem kleinen Zimmer auf und ab, "politisch will ich mich auf alle Faelle betaeligen. Aber an eine grosse Partei werde ich mich nicht anschliessen, denn jede von denen ist schon zu sehr im Parlamentarischen erstarret. Der Vorteil in der neuen Partei ist der, dass sie noch verschwindend klein ist, da kann ich noch alles so gestalten, wie ich es will. Aber freilich darf ich nicht vergessen, dass ich ein Namenloser bin, der weder Geld noch Einfluss hat, die Partei gross und bedeutend voll zu machen."

Nach zwei Tagen war sein Entschluss gefasst, "der entscheidende meines Lebens," wie er sagt. Er erhielt die Mitgliedsnummer 123456789.

pg 26-27 Adolf Hitler by K. Schulze.

Putsch: Ludendorff wurde gefangen genommen, Hitler entkam in einem Auto, wurde aber nach zwei Tagen verhaftet und nach der Festung Landsberg am Lech verbracht.

p. 36. Adolf Hitler by Kurt Schulze

Bewegung

..Er arbeitete unermuedlich und suchte fuer sein Ziel. Eiserne und feste Zuversicht befahigten ihn zu gewaltigen Leistungen.
p 39.-

..Hart und schwer war der Kampf besonders in den Industriestaedten. Aber mit Zaehigkeit und unermuedeter Mue kaempfte Arbeiter, Gelehrte, Studenten und Kuefleute, Maenner der Stirn und Maenner der Faust, fuer die gerechte Sache. ...

..Aber Hitler ruhte sich nicht aus; unermuedlich arbeitete er und traf er seine Anordnungen fuer den weiteren Kampf...

pg 42-43 Adolf Hitler by K. Schulze.

So hat der Wille eines Einzigen gesiegt, der mit unbeugsamer Kraft die deutsche Innen- und Aussenpolitik im Laufe weniger Wochen umgestaltete, -ein Wille, der haerter als Stahl ist, ein Wille, der das deutsche Volk aus Unterdrueckung zu Ehre und Freiheit fuehrt.

..Mit Stolz kann man feststellen, dass die ganze Revolution unblutig ver laufen ist, dank der hervorragenden Disziplin der Kaempferscharen.

pg. 48-49

Adolf Hitler by K. Schulze.

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7.

Holbeck
Kaiser, Kanzler, Kaempfer

Seit kaum 14 Jahren ist der Name bekannt.....Allmaechlich
dringt es ueber Muenchens Weichbild hinaus von einem Prediger
in der Wueste. Einem, der nicht Kapitaen und Feldherr, nicht
von Rang und Namen ist. Der sich eine wachsende Schar gläubig-
ger Juenger wirbt..... p. 9

...Wer war es auch, der da ein neues Evangelium verkuen-
den wollte? Ein Auslaender, ein "Anstreicher"! p. 10

War es nicht unerhoert ~~xxxx~~, allein, gegen das Bollwerk
der grossen Parteien anzukommen!mit bloessen Haenden...p. 11

Bisweilen ueberkommt auch unseren Huenen die uebermensch-
liche Schwere seiner Aufgabe.....1927 waren die Schwaecheanfael-
le ueberwunden..... p. 10

Er hat es sich sauer werden lassen, der Fuehrer!...tapfer
unverzagt, unermuedlich, hat er das Volk, sein Volk umworben...
und hat er gehandelt.... p. 11

Und so wird Adolf Hitler...die Hindernisse hinwegraeumen
....mit eigenen Haenden den Stall von Schmutz und Unrat saeubern
Er wird Arbeit und Brot schaffen.... p. 12

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Schmidt-Pauli, E. Hitlers Kampf um die Macht 1933.

Wir schreiben Soabend, den 21. Mai.

Es fand eine Zusammenkunft mit Hitler statt. Hier erlangte Japan die Gewissheit, dass der Führer der Nationalsozialisten ein Kabinett Pannen tolerieren würde, wenn nur der KKKP in der Frage des S.A.-Vertrages kooperieren würde.

15405
L. CULent.

to follow same order as other in case of any other of the set.

früherer Versuch über die Befristung wurde nicht gemacht. In dem
der unter Anlage zu Nr. 17 unten bei Ziff. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17.
zu sehen sind. (Fortsetzung einerseits und anderer Seite).

Der obwohl Hitler die Zugabe des Kabinetts zu Verleumdung der Reichsregierung
in Gegenwart des Reichspräsidenten vor sich selbst hat, ist er nicht auf der ge
heime zum Antritt gegen Papen vor.

Er het u blijkbaar "leuke" te lachen met de "grijze" en dat was
leuk! Het was niet, die Verhoof' nisse necht sterker gewen.

Aber wurde diese Haltung Hitlers nicht bei den Verhandlungen mit den Alliierten, dass er es mit einem Nicht und damit überlassen kann, so tun hat umfug, so wir bekannt werden, bei dem ich, so wie ich ist, so alle die
e - de Folgende warlich.

...welchen jedoch laubte 21-10-1964 21-10-1964

Schmidt-Pauli, "Hilfereisende" 11. 10. 1945, 1. 1.

Adolf Hitler die nach dem Krieg, wurde davon was Hitler sein
 Parol übersteht die ganze Zeit, soll er nicht mehr sein, die Stimmen ge
 nicht sein.....

... Diese Auffassung, die gerade in der Zeit der persönlichen Anblicke Hitler in verschiedenen privaten Unterredungen, die Hitler über weniger an die Öffentlichkeit gedrungen waren, oft als Ausdruck gebracht, dass er die kommunistische Partei verurteilt und solche Massnahmen treffen werde, dass kein Kommunist mehr "wegen Mordes, sich zu wecken."

"Niederkulturstachen": Dieses Wort umfasst den für die sozialistische Neukulturfaltung vorbereiteten Vokabularismus des Lehrers.

Schweitzer, Alfred, "Mittlers Kampf um die Macht", 1900, S. 6.

vor 1. Aug. st. um 11 Uhr TC Eehrt Hitler bei der neuen Reichs-
vor. Der Reichskanzler von Papen empfängt ihn in Gegenwart des Staatssekretärs
Planck.

Hitler weinender Sturz erzwungen war nur durch die Kraft der nationalsozialistischen Bewegung möglich gewesen. Auch die Bildung des Kabinetts Papen war stunde gekommen, weil er es zu vollziehen versprochen. Nun verlangt er die Wilt Verzicht von Papen, dass er den Weg freimacht um zurücktritt.

.....Papen versucht es zunächst mit einem Kompromissvorschlag.....

.....Hier statet Hitler, Diegem Vorschlagfion er schon la tunc gleich v rword
hatte, hielt er fuer erledigt. In strauen steigt in ihm auf, Sollte er in eine
geleckt werden?

Scharf weist er das Anerbieten zurück und nimmt das Wort zu längeren Ausführungen. Nur.

Schmidt, Pauli, B.: Hitlers Kampf um die Macht. 1933. pp. 106, 107, 108.

2.

War, wenn er wirklich die Forderung habe, könne er die Verantwortung, Fragen und entwickelt seine Ideen über die Regierungsgewalt. Spricht von der Art und Weise, die er eine Regierung führen sollte, verweist auf Mussolini. Schwarke Worte fallen gegen seinen so erwartenden parteiischen Widerstand. Worte von so dermaßen in blühender Kraft, der trauernden, durch die Vehemenz dieser Rede, die hat, dass sie die Aufmerksamkeit auf, die später in den folgenden Tagen und Wochen, die sich in der Öffentlichkeit erhalten werden.

After a year and a half of work, the project was completed, and the results were published in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

104, 105.

„Aber die Hinterlassenschaft selbst wird sich vervielfachen und breiten, die sich nicht decken, die eine, von der Regierung der Presse übergeben, betont nur, das Hitler als Reichspräsident ist, die Macht gefördert habe und dass dieser die Erfüllung dieser Forderung nicht sehr verantworten können, daran sei die Lösung gescheitert.“

[illegible]

...dieser Art des ... die Art des ...
...die ganze ...
...andere zu ...

Im Gegensatz hierzu wird von den Teilnehmern an der Unterredung auf der Gegenseite unterstrichen, dass Hitler die Frage des Reichspräsidenten, ob er in einem neuen Kabinett mitarbeiten wolle, nur sehr kurz und knurrig geantwortet habe, er habe die Bedingungen, unter denen er dazu bereit wäre, bereits der Kanzler und der Reichsrath mitgeteilt und abgehandelt. Denn habe man vergeblich darauf gewartet, dass Hitler nach Aufforderung des Reichspräsidenten "Ausflüchtungen" mache, so sei es, wurde, wie es seine Art sei, seine pflege, so habe Hitler sich nicht an diese "Pflicht" gehalten, sondern, wie der dann doch viel leicht zu errathen sei, sich zurückgezogen.

On 10-11-1947, I was to find a new place to live.

In 3 rechtsgedehnten Sätzen: Hier bitte ich, ihr am 17. August, also vier Tage nach der Entscheidung in Berlin, ein Gespräch gegenseitig, nicht aber einseitig zusammenzusetzen, zu dem er es zu einem beliebigen Zeitpunkt. Gesprächsübertragungen haben, wie er dann plötzlich lockert, erst mit verhaltener Energie, als dem österreichischen Akzent, - so die Worte Wahrheit, Landläuberei wahlloser und breiter der Namen lausnet. Dann heftiger, unerschrocken, schmerzhaft, auf der Veranda hin und her wandelnd und sich selbstgesprächend, wie zum Mahlen. Dabei fallen ihm die nach österreichischer Art geschnittenen dunklen Haare immer wieder in die Stirn, und er streicht sie hartig zurück.

Schmitt-Pauli, E., Hitlers Kampf um die Macht 1917-19

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Hitlers Kampf um die Macht. 1933.

3.

Er hat die Gespanntheit eines Torreadors, der nur von dem einen Gedanken besessen ist, seinen wilden Gegner in der Arena den Todesstoss zu versetzen. Heute gilt die Erregung Hitlers de Ereignissen der letzten Zeit. Ungeheure Enttäuschung um' Erbitterung sprechen aus ihm.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Hitlers Kampf um die Macht. 1933. pp. 117. 118.

IMAGE-Document.

Hitler war in seiner Auffassung, am 13. August in eine Falle gelockt worden zu sein, durch die Nachricht bestärkt worden, sein Presseschef Dr. Dietrich habe von Staatssekretär Frenck kurz vor der Unterredung mit Hindenburg telefonisch erfahren, die Entscheidung des Reichspräsidenten sei schon gefallen, der Besuch Hitlers habe also nur noch formale Bedeutung. Diese Mitteilung hatte Hitler erst nach seiner Rückkehr vom Reichskanzlerpalais im Kaiserhof erhalten.

Hätte sie ihn eine Viertelstunde früher erreicht, so wäre er sicherlich nicht bei Hindenburg erschienen. Was uns so verhängnisvoller gemessen wäre, weil diese Nachricht eine absolute Falschmeldung war.

Aber Hitler glaubte fest an ihre Richtigkeit.

Während diese Darlegung meiner auf eigene Faust mit rühmlichen Aufklärung, versuche ich beruhigend auf Hitler einzuwirken, ihn zu überzeugen, dass der Reichskanzler von Papen sich ihm gegenüber nach wie vor dem 1. August vollkommen loyal verhalten habe.

Ich gewinne aber nicht den Eindruck, in dieser Richtung wirklich Erfolg zu haben. Zu sehr ist Hitler mit Misstrauen geladen.

Auch in seinen übrigen Gedankengängen macht sich eine gewisse Starrheit ein Fanatismus geltend, der jeden Vermittlungsvorschlag ablehnt.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Hitlers Kampf um die Macht. 1933. pp. 10. 121.

Ohne Auftrag, aus eigener Initiative, begibt ich mich in der Nacht von Sonntag dem 11. auf Montag den 12. September, zu ihm in den Kaiserhof. Wieder ist es der Balkon des ersten Stockes, in dem er mich empfängt. Dieses Mal sind wir nicht allein. Er hat seinen Adjutanten, Oberleutnant Brückner, seinen Presseschef Dr. Dietrich und seinen Referenten für die Auslandspresee, den langen Manfstaengl, bei sich. Er ist schon über meine Ansicht, den vorerwähnten Vorschlag zum Vortrag zu bringen, vorher orientiert worden. Dass er trotzdem den Besuch nicht ablehnt, lässt die Geneigtheit voraussetzen, wenigstens darüber zu diskutieren.

Zwar fährt er sofort auf: Ich begreife nicht, wie man heute noch auf so eine Idee kommen kann.

Aber ich lasse mich nicht beirren. Schleicher genießt doch sein Vertrauen. Wenn Papen die Geste mache, sei sie doch einer Gegengeste wert. Es ringe um Deutschland.

Schmidt-Pauli, E.: Hitlers Kampf um die Macht. 1933. pp. 139. 140.

Schmidt-Pauli, E. Hitlers Kampf um die Macht, 1933.

IMAGE Document,

Hitlers Ausdruck ist nicht so fest und gebändigt wie in Heringsgaden. Er scheint nervöser, wechselnd zwischen Müdigkeit und Anspannung. Aber so kampfbereit, Genuß so überzeugt und entschlossen, den einmal eingeschlagenen Weg bis zum Ende zu gehen, ohne Konzessionen.

Es muss darauf verzichtet werden, im einzelnen die Worte eines erregten Mannes wiederzugeben, um nicht gegen die Diskretion einer teilweise vertraulichen Unterredung zu verstossen.

Hitler ist ein ehrlicher Mensch. Er hat nicht an einen Posten, sondern er hat um Deutschland gekämpft.

Schmidt-Pauli, E. Hitlers Kampf um die Macht, 1933, pp. 110, 111.

Die Kampferfahrung Hitlers liess keine Lagerabläufe gelten. Er konnte keine Notiz von aufsteigenden Bedenken nehmen, auch wenn er die vielleicht selbst veranlasst hatte.

Als ihm nun das Nein des Reichspräsidenten traf, da richtete sich sein Zorn nicht so sehr gegen diesen, nicht gegen den Reichswehrminister, von der Loyalität er überzeugt war, sondern gegen Herrn von Papen, dessen Einfluss als Kanzler er alle Schuld beimaß.

Und nun wandte sich sein Groll gegen alles das, was ihm Herr von Papen zu vertreten und zu verkörpern schien. Gegen den Adel, gegen den "Herrenklub". Weiter gegen das Kapital. Gegen das Bürgertum. Er wird sich eckhaft abgedrängt von einem Wege, den er in unprüflich gerechter Erkenntnis geschritten war, und automatisch müssen ihm die Werte, die er hatte gelten lassen, verzerrt erscheinen.

Das, was er in der Nachtstellung des Staatmannes gekannt und in Fassung schlagen hatte, das muss er jetzt, von neuem zum Kampf um die Macht gedrängt, selbst bemessen.

Denn das ist die tragische Erkenntnis dieser Nacht, dass Hitler in seiner Entschlossenheit über Papen sich rüstet, um bei den linken radikalen Massen einbrechen, um dort Millionen neuer Hilfsgruppen zu gewinnen und bemisst den Verzicht auf die schmerzhaft geringeren, dafür aber wertvoll rechts eingestellten Mitkämpfer in seiner Partei, den Adel also, die Offiziere, die solchen Kurs nicht mitmachen werden.

Schmidt-Pauli, E. Hitlers Kampf um die Macht, 1933, pp. 112, 113.

Interview with Staudinger
New York City, April 23, 1943

Dr. Staudinger was Prussian Minister of Finance prior to Hitler's accession to power. It was his policy to assist private industries with government funds in exchange for nominal control. Hitler was opposed to this and in 1932 while Staudinger was manipulating the stocks of a large Prussian power company, Hitler took the occasion to visit him and voice his objections. According to Staudinger the transaction in question was a paper manipulation which was designed to save the solvency of the company in question and had nothing to do with changing the fundamental nature of the company. Nevertheless, Hitler objected violently to it on the grounds that it would sacrifice one of the traditions on which German life was based. According to him, the consequence of this transaction would be that all the natives of the district would be forced to leave the land which their ancestors had occupied for generations. Staudinger tried to point out that it was designed to do just the opposite, namely, to keep the company in business and save these people from being thrown out of work.

Hitler brushed all this aside and launched into a lengthy monologue. The gist of this was that Germany was based on the premise that peasants should remain peasants, miners remain miners, merchants remain merchants, and so on, and that it was the duty of the government to safeguard this state of affairs. Staudinger attempted to point out to Hitler the financial necessity behind the transaction but these were unavailing. He got the impression that Hitler knew nothing of this phase of business and didn't want to know anything about it. That his chief reason for coming was to appear in the role of the protector of the rights of the people and to give Staudinger a lesson for the future.

Staudinger spoke at great length about the strange influence that Hitler had over people. This was not confined to the lowly and unintelligent but reached up into the highest ranks of the intellectuals. Many of his former assistants who were, on a rational level, completely opposed to Hitler and his theories and practices, succumbed, on an emotional level. Staudinger believes that this is partly due to Hitler's ability to discover the other person's "soft spots" and work on these through emotional appeals. He seems to have a gift for divining these in many people on very short acquaintance-ship. When he first meets a person he tends to hold back in the hope that the other person will reveal a weakness which will be to his advantage.

As an example, he quoted the case of a former associate who became an assistant to Schacht in the Reichsbank. Hitler

was in one of his building manias and submitted a request for a tremendous sum of money for the purpose of rebuilding a part of Berlin. The Reichsbank decided that the condition of the Treasury was so precarious that they could not possibly furnish the money for this purpose. It fell to Staendinger's assistant to notify Hitler of this decision. Hitler refused to accept this decision as final and sent a new request which was again rejected. Hitler requested that this person present himself at the Chancellery in order that they might discuss the project and ways and means of raising the money. He knew of Hitler's reputation of swaying people and went to the Chancellery with the firm conviction that he must stand his ground and deny the request at all costs. When he reached the Chancellery he was shown to a second floor room. When the door was opened there was Hitler lying on the floor with a number of toy buildings carefully arranged in front of him. These were the Berlin he fancied about. Hitler did not arise when his guest was announced but invited his guest to join him on the floor. His first remark was, "Isn't this beautiful? We must make Berlin the most beautiful city in the world." The finance officer agreed that it was beautiful but maintained that its realization at the moment was impossible because the Treasury could not possibly stand the outlay of money such a scheme would involve and had no way of raising it. Hitler became quite impetuous at this point, saying, "I know we haven't got the money but there must be a way of raising it if you people will only look. Ever since I started the Party I have had to listen to the same story. Every time I wanted to do something they told me that we haven't the necessary money and have no way of getting it and yet every time I insisted on going ahead with the plan on the grounds that it would be such a success that the money would be forthcoming to pay for it; then, sure enough, each time they succeeded in getting the money needed somewhere." The Finance Officer was unimpressed and tried to point out that this was a somewhat different matter from his Party undertakings. In the first place this involved a fabulous amount of money and in the second place, the Treasury had no means of obtaining money except through taxation and that taxation had just about reached the limit which the people could bear. Hitler raised other points but the Treasury official stood pat and produced figures to show that all these approaches were not feasible in the present situation. But Hitler was not defeated. He lay flat on his stomach staring at the models for a considerable period of time in silence. Suddenly he turned to his visitor and said, like a little child with tears in his voice, "But you can't take this away from me. I will be so unhappy. You must let me have it." He had struck his visitor's most vulnerable point. Unable to think of an answer to this appeal he tried to evade it by saying that he would see what could be done. Hitler knew that he had scored and followed up his advantage. He immediately became overjoyed, jumped up and thanked his visitor and regarded the matter closed.

Another one of Standinger's assistants who was converted and was placed in a high post in the government told him that he was far from agreeing with all of Hitler's views but that he felt that Hitler was good for the German people and good for Germany. That he was the only man he knew who could put a spark in their spirit and that this is what they needed if Germany was to be saved. However, he added, the time will probably come when we will have to kill him for the good of Germany.

Another assistant became a devoted disciple of Hitler personally. When Standinger asked him what in the world he could see in Hitler since he lacked education, background, experience, etc., his former assistant replied, "He is amazing. No matter how difficult a situation may be or how impossible it might look, Hitler always finds a solution (Ihm faellt immer etwas ein). Usually his solutions are simple and practical and yet nobody else seemed to be able to think of them."

Another former assistant, in speaking of Hitler, also commented on the fact that he always managed to think up some solution to a difficult problem. He added, however, that on these occasions two dangers were always involved; first, that Hitler might talk others into believing that this was the only right solution, and second, which was far graver, that he might talk himself into believing it. This according to the informant he passed over and over again and created a situation which was extremely difficult to deal with.

Interview with Louis Lochner - Hollywood, California
June 23, 1943

Lochner had little to add concerning Hitler which he had not written in his book. He feels sure, however, that Hitler himself is the moving spirit behind the Jewish problem and that he is primarily responsible for the treatment accorded the Jews throughout Europe. He claims that at one time Hitler actually fumed at the mouth when the Jewish question was introduced into a conversation. Just the word Jew set him off on a lengthy tirade in the course of which he made the assertion that Germany could not permit Jews within its borders because as a country it was not strong enough to digest them. He also said that some countries could assimilate them without too much danger to the national character but that this was not true of the Germans; that the Jew only served to corrupt the Germans and always remained a disturbing factor.

Lochner also reported that Hitler acted in very much the same manner one time when he had an interview with Herbert Hoover and the word democracy was mentioned. His rage and his insults reached such a point that Hoover had to remind him that he was a former President of a democracy. Hitler then quieted down very quickly and changed the subject.

Lochner is under the impression that Hitler is suffering from an inferiority complex for which he is always trying to compensate. He cannot tolerate anyone who considers himself superior or refuses to permit him to play the dominant role. At one time, for example, a state luncheon was being given in honor of Lochner for some of his achievements with Zeppelins. Lochner had always refused to acknowledge Hitler's greatness or to be submissive to him in any way. Hitler appeared at the luncheon and since the guests directed their attentions primarily to Lochner, Hitler abruptly rose from the table and left without apologies. Lochner commented that all of Hitler's followers acted like whipped dogs in his presence.

When interviewed Hitler stares directly into the eyes of the person for some little time and then turns his eyes to the ceiling of the room and rarely looks at his guest again. Lochner believes that Hitler thinks that he has really a hypnotic power in his eyes and that the initial stare is an attempt on his part to hypnotize his guest.

Lochner believes that Hitler has suffered some injury to his genital organs which has incapacitated him for normal sexual relations. He says that among his intimates Hitler is frequently referred to jokingly as the "wart man" and for this reason he assumed that Hitler had lost at least a part of his penis. At one time he asked Hirsch of the moving picture industry what Hitler did with all the actresses that he invited to his parties and to entertain him late at night. Hirsch said that as far as he knew this never went any further than Hitler pawing them over and feeling them which seemed to give him great pleasure. What seemed to give him even greater pleasure, however, was for the girls to tell him in detail the circumstances under which they were first seduced. Even on very short acquaintance he almost invariably asked them to tell him about it as well as about later affairs that they might have had.

Hitler is very fond of Mrs. Goebbels. He frequently has her at the Chancellory to supervise arrangements for his parties and in the past she has sometimes spent weeks at Berchtesgaden while Hitler was staying there. He has considerable respect for her opinions and since she enjoys this informal relationship she exerts considerable influence over him. Mrs. Goebbels knows this and does everything in her power to further it. One of her techniques for doing so is to prepare special dishes which Hitler is particularly fond of. The other is to keep him informed of her private life which is always fraught with marital difficulties. On several occasions Hitler had to step into the picture and reestablish some harmony in the Goebbels family.

Lochner also spoke of Hitler's technique of playing off one powerful subordinate against the others in order to keep anyone of them from becoming a threat to himself. When one of them succeeds in becoming too powerful or assumes that he is indispensable, Hitler puts him in the doghouse for the time being and begins to cater to the others. Very seldom, however, does he leave one of his immediate subordinates in the doghouse permanently. He is much more apt to liquidate them if they are of no further use to him.

Lochner also commented on the fact that Hitler is continually on his guard and takes extreme measures to assure his safety. He had nothing new to add in this respect.

Interview with Dr. Arnold Brecht - New York City
April 23, 1943

Dr. Brecht represented Prussia in the Reichsrat and as such was the most powerful member. It was the custom in Germany for a new Chancellor to make his first official visit to the Reichsrat in order to meet its members and make a short address on his views and the policies he expected to pursue. After the Chancellor got through speaking the senior member of the Reichsrat made a few routine remarks concerning the Constitution and the obligation of the Chancellor to observe its limitations and outlined the functions of the Reichsrat to the Chancellor. Hitler observed this custom and two days after his appointment as Chancellor he appeared before the Reichsrat. His address was perfectly innocuous. It was very short and he did not commit himself to any concrete policy. He was very self-contained, spoke in an ordinary tone of voice and tried to be pleasant and agreeable.

Before the meeting the members of the Reichsrat stood around in an informal manner waiting for Hitler to arrive. He was then introduced to each of the members individually. He conducted himself very well during this performance and said a few pleasant words to each member. When he was introduced to Dr. Brecht he said that he had met him before. Dr. Brecht said that he thought Hitler was mistaken since he could not recall having had the pleasure previously. Hitler then told him that they had met in Munich in 1923 when Brecht was making some official visit there and Hitler was present at a meeting. Dr. Brecht remembered being in Munich but could not recall Hitler. Hitler appeared somewhat hurt that Dr. Brecht failed to remember him.

After Hitler got through speaking it fell to Dr. Brecht to make the usual remarks about the Constitution, etc. While he was speaking he noticed that Hitler, who sat at his right, became somewhat agitated and wormed around in his chair. Brecht paid no particular attention to this since his remarks were the usual ones but as soon as he finished speaking Hitler arose, shook hands with the members very briefly and departed. A very short time after the meeting Brecht received a telephone call from Hitler's adjutant informing him that Hitler was furious at Brecht's remarks and demanded to know by what right Brecht thought he could tell Hitler what his duties and obligations to Germany were. He added that it was only due to Hitler's remarkable self-restraint that he did not disband the Reichsrat on the spot.

Brecht was also at this time a Social Democrat member in the Reichstag. When Hitler summoned the first meeting of this body there was some controversy among the Social Democrats concerning the wisdom of their appearing since they

were reasonably sure that their appearance would be the signal for some form of violence. It was finally decided that since it was their duty, and for the sake of appearances, they would attend. In order to avoid giving any provocation for a riot before the meeting started they decided that the eighteen of them would wait in one of the anterooms until the meeting was called to order and then they would file in in a body. Word reached Hitler that the Social Democrats were waiting in the anteroom. He, with some of his staff, suddenly appeared at the door. The Social Democrats were standing around the room in groups of twos and threes. Hitler strode into the room, stopped before each of them and examined each individual with great care. At the conclusion of each such silent examination, he condemned the individual member with the word "unworthy." When he had condemned each one individually, he and his staff left the room and shortly afterwards the meeting was called.

While Brecht was trying to wind up the affairs of his office, which he knew he could not keep, he was warned that he had better leave Germany. He appealed to von Papen for protection but von Papen said that the best he could do to protect him was to give him a room in his home. When Brecht pointed out that this would not enable him to put his official affairs in order for his successor von Papen said that this was of no consequence and if he persisted in remaining in his office he would do so at his own risk.

Although Dr. Brecht's official connection with the Nazis ended at this time he continued to obtain information concerning them from some of his former colleagues and subordinates. Some of these men had worked under him for years and although in the beginning they espoused the Nazi Party as a matter of discretion, many of them were finally won over wholeheartedly. He told of some of his former assistants who came to him secretly and confessed that they had succumbed even while tears rolled down their cheeks and they condemned themselves for their foolhardiness. Some of them were firmly convinced that everything that Hitler stood for was wrong and that he would finally bring about the destruction of Germany and yet they felt themselves utterly helpless to resist Hitler or any of his demands. Brecht insists that these were not fundamentally weak characters but honest men with a great deal of loyalty and personal integrity. These reactions on the part of his former associates utterly amazed Brecht, particularly since he, himself regarded Hitler as an absolute non-entity. As far as he could see, Hitler had not a bit of character in his face or in his manner; he was just like a million other petty bourgeois Germans that one passes in the street every day and who leave no impression. Brecht contends that if Hitler had any outstanding personal qualities whatever he would have remembered him when he met him again after the Munich episode since he has a very good memory for faces. However, when he met Hitler again at

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the meeting of the Reichsrat he had no feeling whatever of having met the man before or a feeling of recognition beyond what one would expect after having seen pictures in the newspapers. He described Hitler as a dead average to whom one pays about as much attention as to a waiter in any German restaurant.

Adolph Hitler by Alois Hitler - New York American
November 30, 1930

Alois left home when Adolph was eleven years old. Up to that time Adolph had been his mother's favorite. He was a very likeable boy and the soul of generosity. He was always a dreamer and was as far removed from anything practical as the sun is from the moon. He always kept to himself a great deal and spent most of his time reading, drawing or painting. It is not true that his father opposed his becoming an artist. Both his father and mother wanted him to be an artist if that is what he really wanted and they helped him as much as their limited means allowed.

Adolph and Paula (his younger sister) were the children of his father's cousin. Adolph's father died when he was about thirteen years old. After the death of his mother Adolph could have continued his education at the expense of the State by virtue of being the orphan of a customs official. But he never cared for school and while he was there he never mixed much with the other children. He preferred to sit apart with his books rather than to join in the boisterous games with other boys. When his mother died he took his younger sister Paula and went to Vienna. "He had been accustomed to a comparatively easy life; it had become a grim struggle against pitiless poverty." He swept streets, etc., in order to earn enough money to buy food for Paula and himself.

He left Vienna early in 1912 and obtained work in Munich as a house painter and decorator. During the war he was gassed which resulted in his being blind for about three months.

"His faith in humanity was shattered by his friends' betrayal in the Munich Putsch."

Interview with Mr. Walter Slesak - Hollywood, California
June 25, 1943

Mr. Slesak was unable to give any information of value. He admitted that his sister, who was a prominent opera singer in Germany, was frequently a guest at the Chancellory as well as in Hitler's house in Munich. He has not been in Germany since 1935 and although there was a good deal of talk in the family about his sister's popularity with Hitler, it was assumed that this was due entirely to her singing. Mr. Slesak claimed that he has never been on very intimate terms with his sister and that she has never confided anything further than this either verbally or in writing. When he heard her describe what happened at the parties it dealt entirely with the people who were there and the program of entertainment. He consequently has no knowledge of any intimate relationship which might exist between his sister and Hitler.

78
HANS BERNHARD, 1887-1945
Kabinett Hitler!
Berlin, 1933 (?)

Short biographies of all members of Hitler's first cabinet

Hitler's biography does not contain any mention of the name of Schicklgruber, nor of the conflict with the father. Stress is laid on his undefatigable studies; on his particular bravery during the war which is presented as the reason why he was chosen for a dispatch bearer. The whole thing is very cursory, the history of the rise of the movement up to his chancellorship. Two little paragraphs are of interest:

"Als der erste Weltkrieg hereinbricht....."

"Im Mai 1919 nimmt er an einem Sonderkommando an der Wiedereroberung der Bayerischen Republik teil."

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Otto, Carl A.G. Adolf Hitler Deutschh's Mussolini

1930

Prognose des Horoskops Hitler's.

Die Stellung der aufsteigenden Zeichen für Adolf Hitler einen starken und widerstandsfähigen Körper. Es ist grosser Mut erkennbar, der in schwersten Situationen nicht versagt. Unbewusst, nicht zurückweichend, ist hierin Hitler. Er kennt keine Furcht. Es treten oft Situationen ein, in denen Hitler sich der Gefahr nicht bewusst ist, in der er steht! ...gibt sehr ausgeprägten Verstand und grosse Geschicklichkeit in der Beherrschung von Cognat. Energie ist stark entwickelt, will zur Erlangung grosser Ziele in Verwendung.

Zur Kraftigen Auswirkung gelangt dieser nach dem 10. Lebensjahr. Es ist dies auch in persönlichen Anschlüssen Hitler's ausdruckhaft. Es ist hierauf vorzüglich ein starker Einfluss erkennbar. Intelligenz ist nicht zu bestreiten. Dieses ist ebenfalls in Anschlüssen Hitler's bewiesen vorhanden.

Die Neigung, dem weiblichen Geschlecht zu gefallen, ist zu unterstreichen. Eine grosse Konkretheit, durch inneres starkes Empfinden gemacht, ist erkennbar. Das Gerechtigkeitsgefühl ist stark ausgeprägt.

...Hier sei eingeschaltet, dass der Vater Hitler's...grosse finanzielle Verluste gehabt haben muss.

Durch weitere Konstellationen wird charakterisiert...Impulsives Temperament innerliche grosse Unruhe über noch unentschiedene Dinge, allen lebhaftes Denken, woraus sich hin und wider irrtümliche Schlussfolgerungen ergeben können.

Dem stehen wiederum Konstellationen gegenüber...da es ist hier durch Konzentration und Vertiefung Willensfreiheit in starken Masse gegeben.

Das 7. Haus der Horoskope Hitler's lässt ein starkes erotisches Trieb erkennen. In ehelicher Hinsicht sind Disharmonien erkennbar, da die Ehe hiermit nicht in Vordergrund des Lebens und der Lebensaufgabe steht. Die Konstellationen...deuten auf stärkste öffentliche Anfeindungen und noch stärkere geheime Feindschaften hin...Doch oft werden diese Anfeindungen als die Kraftwirkung, die das Masse will und den Fortschritt. Es wird oftmals durch solche feindliche Angelegenheiten Gelegenheiten zur Replik gegeben und als Resultat hieraus ergibt sich weiter irgendwelcher Vorteil.

Es ist das stärkste öffentliche Wirken angezeigt, das je möglich sein kann. Durch Anfeindungen wird dies immer mehr erhöht!

Der Merkur zeigt einen starken Mars Charakter, was auf militärisch-wissenschaftliche Fähigkeiten hindeutet. In dieser Hinsicht wird aber praktisch keine direkte Auswirkung sich ergeben, da Uranus Sonne und Saturn dies nicht zulassen.

Der stärkste Planet ist die Sonne...Der Mars steht bei Hitler wie beim Reichspräsidenten von Hindenburg in Zeichen Stier. Dies betont den Kampf des gewaltsamen Kampfes, eine Natur, der Kampf Bedauern ist und der ein erfrohtener Sieg Befriedigung gibt.

...ergeben sich als treibende Momente fuer Hitler's Schicksalslauf Motive religiöser, philosophischer und sozial-gedanklicher Art mit idealistischer Begeisterung.

Die teilweise vorhandenen Verletzungen der in Zeichen Stier stehenden Planeten verhelfen Irrtümer in Denken und Handeln nicht aus und lassen erkennen, dass Hitler's Partner nicht immer mit ihm in seinen Handlungen und Ansichten konform gehen.

Die stark gefühlsmässige Anlage wird oft den Verstand hemmend beeinträchtigen. Die Natur Hitler's ist dennoch überwiegend positiv, stark hoffnungsfreudig und begeistert, stark intellektuell und hervorragend diplomatisch befähigt. Die Masse wird leicht von Hitler eingenommen und hilft ihm an der Durchsetzung seiner Pläne.

Otto, Carl . . . "Herr Hitler Deutschl's Mussolini"

Selbstverständlichkeit im Denken und Handeln kräftigen den Willen und geben volle Energie, die mit Leidenschaft durchtränkt ist.

Es ist bei Adolf Hitler ein aussergewöhnlich begabter technischer Sinn erkennbar, fuer technische Konstruktionen, auf allen moeglichen Gebieten ist Gebe und Interesse vorhanden.

Ein guter Urteil, schnelle Auffassung fuer diese Dinge mit ausgepraegter Beobachtungsgabe ist vorhanden. Die literarischen Interessen Hitler's sind stark, die Redegabe ist gut entwickelt und die Neigung des Widerspruchs erkennbar. Sprachkunst ist fliessender, trotzdem sein nuancierter Stil ist vorhanden.

...deuten Befangenheit durch oeffentliches und literarisches Wirken an, wenn auch vorubergehender Natur. Die finanziellen Verhaeltnisse werden nach den Konstellationen des zweiten Hauses immer gut sein.

Der proegte Lebenserfolg faellt in die Jahre zwischen 40 und 50. ..Von astrologischem Gesichtspunkte waere Berlin nicht der richtige Aufenthaltsort auch Kuenchen nicht vollkommen.

Auch in der naechsten Umgebung sind nach den Konstellationen... heimliche Feinde zu suchen. Aendererseits ueberwiegend mehr Freunde. Mit Intriguen hinterhaeltigen, heintrueckischen feindlichen Handlungen ist zu rechnen. Derartige kann den spirituellen Sector in der naechsten Uebugung haben, ohne dass derselbe oder dieselben schnell erkannt werden.

Folgende Einzelschwierigkeiten sind als besonders hervortretend zu bezeichnen: Schnelle Auffassung, aber allzu grosse Nervenanspannung, wodurch Stimmungswechsel hervorgerufen wird, den aber die Aussenwelt wenig wahrnimmt.

Gefahr der vorubergehender Landesverweisung, Ungluecksfaelle im Auslande, Beschlaagnahme und Verlust in persoenlichen Besitz, Verhaftung. Diese Dinge ...in den Bereich der Moeglichkeit zu ziehen, koennen aber durch guenstige Aszendenten- und Konstellationen unwirksam gemacht werden.

Starke (zu schnelle) Konzentrationfaehigkeit, Tatkraft, ausdauerndes Arbeit bis zum Aufopfern an einmal gesteckten Zielen, gute Selbstzucht, deswegen praedestiniertes Herrschertum.

...bringt grosse Schwierigkeiten in vielen Angelegenheiten, doch gleichzeitig ist ein gewisses Beduerrnis nach solchen Schwierigkeiten vorhanden. Die meisten werden mit Kampf ueberwunden. Es sind innerliche seelische Kaempfe angezeigt, von denen die Aussenwelt keine Ahnung hat.

Von eigenen Anschauungen fest ueberzeugt, schwer von diesen abzubringen, deshalb in Bezug hierauf etwas vorurteilsvoll. Das Gefuehl laesst sich durch die Vernunft kaum besiegen. Saturn laesst ein dominierendes Verlangen nach Anerkennung. Grosse Zielstraechtheit mit Verantwortungsgefuehl, Ordnungssinn.

Ueberschaetung der Kraefte? Warnung vor ploetlichem Sturz durch Saturnkonstellation? Zu grosse Vollkommenheit?

..Das starke Verlangen sich einen grossen Namen zu erringen, ist vereint mit einer praedestinierten Anlage zum Diplomaten und Staatsmann.

Das soziale Empfinden ist aus innerster, ureigenster Ueberzeugung zum Wohl der Menschheit gerichtet. Unerwartliche, erfolgreiche Reisen sind angezeigt. Hierdurch wird eine Verbesserung des Gemuets und Charakters erzeugt. Gewinn durch literarische Thaetigkeit ist grosser vorhanden als vermutet wird. Verbindungen und Beziehungen allerart mit Personen von hohem Rang und Wuerden sind angezeigt.

Otto, Carl A., "Wird Hitler Deutschlands Mussolini?"

Intensives Verfolgen, Abschaffen, Verbesserung des Lichts, ausgeprägte Freude am Ideenreizen, ausgezeichnete Gabe der Ideenlegung, rasche Auffassung und Erfassung der schwachen Punkte des Gegners, schnelle und druckvolle, starke Phantasie, gut ausgebildete Wahrnehmungs- und Einfühlungsvermögen, Stolz bis zum Hochmut vorhanden, grosses Selbstvertrauen, schwer beeinflussbar, Intelligenz ist gut, rasche Dinge zu meistern verschieden durch einfaches ohne leicht wieder.

.. reifere .. nächsten Jahre

.. können Schriften gegen die Verirrung vorgehen und es ist ein starker Komplex mit der breiten Masse erkennbar, finanzielle Angelegenheiten, Geldfragen verschiedener Art beschäftigen vorwiegend der höheren, es wird grosse Standhaftigkeit und Fähigkeit entfaltet, Erfolg in den finanziellen Angelegenheiten.

Das 11., 12. und 13. Lebensjahr verlaufen überwiegend normal, in entscheidender Höhe die Macht der Herrschaft vieler Menschen ist gesehen, der wachsende Übergang geschieht etwa nach dem 12. Jahre, ... so sind die Schlüsse zu ziehen, dass das Wirken nicht ganz unbedeutend sein wird.

Das 14. Jahr ist in jeder Beziehung als kritisch zu bezeichnen, eine detaillierte Aufstellung hier aber ist nicht angebracht.

.. in nachsten Jahre haben eine erfolgreiche Tätigkeit auch in schriftstellerischer Richtung. Das 15.-16. Lebensjahr ist der Zeitpunkt des Höhepunktes und der Erreichung des höchsten möglichen Zieles.....

pp 67-70

Otto, Carl A.

Wer wird ohne Offen-

Wird Hitler Deutschlands Mussolini?

1933

BERLINER TAGBLATT

Donnerstag, den 6. September 1936

Hitler als Zeuge im Leipziger Reichswehrprozess.

(Three young officers of the Reichswehr, Ludin, Scheringer, - who a short time later turned Communist - and Wendt were accused of high treason particularly with regard to their negotiations with the National Socialist party - which had won its first impressive electoral victory 10 days before - for the purpose of doing away with the present government by force. Hitler was supposed to explain whether the Nazis planned any "illegal" action in order to gain power.)

Es wird dann der Zeuge Hitler vorgerufen. Er gibt bei seiner Vernehmung zum Persönlichen an, dass er stamtenlos ist. Das ist deshalb interessant, weil er bisher der Meinung war, dass er österreichischer Staatsbuerger sei.

Der Vorsitzende teilt ihm mit, dass er darüber vernommen werden soll, ob seine Partei ausschliesslich legale Mittel anwenden will oder nicht. Er ersucht Hitler sich in grossen Zuegen ueber die Geschichte und Entstehung der Nationalsozialistischen Partei zu aeussern und ermahnt ihn, nicht etwa eine mehrstuendige Propagandarede zu halten.

Hitler beginnt weit ausholend: "Ich war von 1914 bis 1918 Soldat an der Westfront." Er faehrt dann fort zu beschreiben, welche Verfallserscheinungen nach seiner Meinung zu der Niederlage im Kriege gefuehrt haben und zu dem weiteren Niedergang des Reiches. Der Vorsitzende unterbricht ihn und verweist ihn auf das Thema. Das ist sehr notwendig, denn Hitler hat sich bereits in einen pathetischen Ton hineingesteigert und appelliert sehr deutlich an die Gemuetseregungen der Zuhorer. Er hat damit begonnen, offenkundig mehr zum Publikum als zum Gericht zu sprechen. Zur gleichen Zeit, waehrend er seine Rede begann, ertoente ein haeufig wiederholtes Heilrufen und Heil-Hitler Rufen von dem Platz vor dem Reichsgericht in den Saal hinein. Die Szenen zeigt unzweifelhaft einen gewissen dramatischen Charakter.

Nach der Unterbrechung durch den Vorsitzenden bewegte sich die weitere Vernehmung ieder mehr in forensischen Formen.

Der Vorsitzende haelt dem Zeugen Hitler seine Verurteilung wegen Hochverrats vor und zitiert aus dem Urteil des Muenchener Volksgerichts aus dem Jahre 1924.

Hitler: Die Schutzabteilungen, die heute von manchen Sturmabteilungen genannt werden, waren auf den Wunsch amtlicher Stellen in militaerische Formationen umgewandelt worden. Was den Rutsch angeht, so lag ein Zwang vor ihn vorzunehmen, der nicht meinem Wunsch entsprach. So wurden wir durch Veranlassung anderer in den Putsch hineingetrieben. Nachher aber sind wir zu den fruheren Grundsuetzen zurueckgekehrt, nach denen die S.A. lediglich dazu dienen sollen, die freie geistige Propaganda gegen-

BERLINER TAGEBLATT, 25. Sept. 1930
 Hitler als Zeuge im Reichswehrprozess

-2-

ueber fremden Terror zu bewahren. Ich habe in strengsten Erlassen das Waffenverbot eingeschaeft. kein S.A. kann darf eine Waffe haben. Wenn eine Abteilung trotzdem Waffen besitzt, so erfolgt ihre sofortige Aufloesung. (Man erinnere sich bei diesen Worten daran, dass dieser Tage eine englische Zeitung von Uebungen einer S.A. Abteilung mit mit einem Maschinengewehr in der Naehе von Ettal bei Muenchen berichtete). Jeder Versuch, die Reichswehr zu zersetzen, erschiene mir als Verbrechen und Aberwitz. Das ist nie geschehen.

Hier steigt sich Hitler wiederum in den Ton einer Volkerrede hinein und wird vom Vorsitzenden aufgefordert sich sachlicher auszudruecken.

Hitler fortfuehrend: Wir werden dafuer sorgen, dass das kleine Soeldnerheer wieder das grosse Volksheer wird.

Vors.: Aber, Herr Hitler, man kann doch auch diese idealen Ziele, die Sie eben geschildert haben, mit ungesaetzlichen Mitteln verfolgen?

Hitler: Es gilt bei uns als feste Regel, ein Befehl, der gegen das Gesetz verstoesst, wird nicht befolgt werden. Ich habe dutzendemale Hauptmann a.D. von Kfeffer eingeschaeft, er duerfe nie einen geheimen Erlass herausgeben.

Der Vorsitzende verweist auf die revolutionaere Abspaltung Otto Strassers.

Hitler: Ja, das ist eine Gruppe, die revolutionaere Ziele verfolgt, die ich nicht teilen kann. Ich habe sie darum aus der Partei ausgeschlossen, bzw. sie ist selbst ausgesprochen, bevor sie ausgeschlossen wurde.

Vors.: Sie haben aber selbst einmal gesagt, in diesem Kampfe werden Koepfe rollen, sorgen wir, dass die Koepfe anderer rollen.

Hitler: Allerdings, wenn wir siegen, dann wird ein Staatsgerichtshof kommen und dann wird der 1. November seine Suche finden und es werden auch Koepfe rollen.

Hier ist Hitler wieder sehr pathetisch geworden und im Zuscherrraum ertoent Beifall, den der Vorsitzende ruegt. Danach gefragt, was der Ausdruck Revolution in seinem Programm und Reden bedeute, fuehrt Hitler aus, dass er nichts anderes sagen wolle, als die Erhebung des gedruckten deutschen Menschen. Allerdings, wir anerkennen nicht die Vertraege, die mit der Entente abgeschlossen worden sind, und wenn wir die Macht haben, so werden wir diese Vertraege und die Gesetze, die auf ihnen beruhen, durchbrechen oder umgehen. Gegen diese Vertraege werden wir auch mit allen illegalen Mitteln vorgehen. Die Deutsche nationale Volkspartei ist eine Partei der Reform. Aber wir sind etwas voellig Neues und Umwaeltzendes. In diesem Sinn ist der Ausdruck Revolution in unseren Kundgebungen gemeint. Um eine gewaltsame Revolution zu machen, dazu habe ich kein Instrument geschaffen. Ich habe nichts organisiert, um sie durchzufuehren. Auch der Ausdruck ~~Revolution~~ "Zertruemmerung" ist geistig gemeint. Wir werden in drei Jahren die

BERLINER TAGBLATT, 25. Sept. 1930
Hitler als Zeuge im Reichswehrprozess

-3-

weitaus staerkste politische Gruppe Deutschlands sein. Kurze Zeit darauf werden wir die Majoritaet haben.

Der Vorsitzende laesst sich in eine verfassungsrechtliche Diskussion mit Hitler ein, die von beiden Seiten mit nicht sehr ueberzeugenden Argumenten gefuehrt wird. Hitler fuehrt aus, dass die politischen Parteien das Entscheidende seien bei der Festlegung der Mittel fuer die Wehrmacht. Er definiert weiter den Unterschied zwischen seiner Partei und allen anderen Parteien dahin, dass bei allen anderen Parteien der "Staat ein Zweck an sich" sei, waehrend in der voelkischen Partei "das Volk der Zweck an sich sei."

Hitler: Wenn eine Staatsform zerbricht, muss das Volk das Schicksal der Nation gestalten. ~~xx~~

Der Vorsitzende unterlaesst es leider, ihn darauf hinzuweisen, dass das auch bei der Weimarer Verfassung geschehen sei. Sein Versuch, die Reichsregierung und den Reichspraesidenten als Organe hanzustellen, die vom Volk unabhnaengig seien, muss notwendig misslingen.

Hitler: Der Faschismus hat keine Revolution gemacht. Mussolini ist koeniglich-italienischer Ministerpraesident.

Damit ist das Gebiet der allgemeinen Politik erschoppft und man kommt auf die Beziehungen zu den Offizieren der Reichswehr zu sprechen. Hitler betont, dass er niemals Deputationen empfangt, und dass an ihn persoenlich niemals Offiziere der Reichswehr herangetreten seien. Sie haetten ihn im Gegenteil seit 1923 gemieden. Diese Aussage steht in einem sehr deutlichen Gegensatz zu der gestrigen des Hauptmanns von Pfeffer, der bekundet hat, dass "Reichswehroffiziere ihn auffallend oft und in auffallend grossen Mengen aufzusuchen pflegten.

Hitler beteuert: Ich werde die nationalsozialistische Bewegung nie wieder in die Situation hineinfuehren, in der Offiziere sich entscheiden muessen, ob sie auf uns schiessen sollen. Denn der Offizier ist in solcher Situation "nicht nur Objekt des Uefuehls, sondern auch Objekt der Pflicht". Interessant ist, dass Hitler die gesamte nationalsozialistische Literatur und ebenso alle Aeuesserungen anderer nationalsozialistischer Fuehrer als nicht bindend fuer seine Partei anerkennt. Dagegen beteuert er: "Ich verlange von jedem Deutschen, dass er mein ~~xx~~ Programm kennt und dass er meine Reden liest."

.....
Der Rechtsanwalt Frank beendet seine Ausfuehrungen mit dem Ruf, Hitler muesse Vereidigt werden, damit kein Makel an dem Parteifuehrer haefte.

Der Senat zog sich Beratung zurueck..... Der Vorsitzende verkuenndigte den Beschluss: Der Zeuge Adolf Hitler ist zu vereidigen..... Hierauf tritt Adolf Hitler vor und leistet den Zeugeneid.

(All this after Hitler's explanations have been greatly discredited by what Staatssekretar Zweigert had to say.)

Herman

Platzmann, der Nationalsozialismus und die Fuehrer des Deutschen Volkstums, 1933

stresses in Hitler's biography that both parents have "deutsches Bauernblut" of the oldest Volkstum - Bayern - stresses the Bauernwirtschaft bei Land and the Landwirtschaftswesen in Leonding.

Hitler's problems about the "Arbeiter" his serious studying of the question during his Vienna stay.

1912 Munich mentions "Nietzsche's Einfluss" during this period.

"Im Jahre 1903 verlor der junge Hitler seinen Vater, bald hernach wurde der junge Adolf Hitler von einer schweren Krankheit befallen, die ihn sehr lang und dem Besuch der Schule hinderte.

Einhalb Jahre nach seiner Niedergenesung starb auch die Mutter nach langen Siechtum. Durch die lange Krankheit der Mutter war das kleine ersparterliche Vermoegen fast vollkommen aufgefressen worden. Der junge Adolf ist beinahe mittellos da, seine Geschwister musste er durch die guetige Fuerse von Verwandten einigermaßen gesteuert. ... p. 35.

..obwohl dort sein Talent fuer diese Kunst (Architektur) erkannt wurde, so es ihm trotzdem nicht, in die Schule aufgenommen zu werden, weil er nicht noetigen Geldmittel zur Bezahlung der Studienkosten aufbringen konnte...

War periods:

A. Hitler..1914-1918 einfacher deutscher Soldat. 6 Jahre lang trug er den grauen Rock des deutschen Feldsoldaten. Von 1914-18..an der Front.

Der Gefreite A.H. wurde durch die einfache Pflichterfuellung, die den so heroischen Akt so vieler Millionen deutscher Feldsoldaten bildete, zu einem lebendigen Teil des deutschen Volkstums und der deutschen Volkseele. Oftmals, wenn A.H. vor dem Beginn einer Schlacht einen Kameraden traf, der von der Schwere des bevorstehenden Opfers niedergedrueckt war, dann sprach ihm Adolf Hitler Mut zu und verwies ihm auf das deutsche Vaterland und das Deutsche Volk, das ewig, war und weiterhin ewig sein musste und dazu das Op seiner besten Soehne bedurfte.

tapferer Soldat, treuer Kamerad, manchmal seiner Kameraden hat er durch Mut eingreifen das Leben gerettet. Als Koldegganger in den furchtbaren Schlach in Flandern erhob er sein einfaches Soldatenschicksal zu einem heroischen Akt fuer den Geist Deutschlands.

Nach seiner Genesung in..Marsch wiederum in seine Heimat Muenchen. Dort stellte er sich zurueck der militaerischen Abteilungsformation seines Regiments zur Verfuegung. So blieb er bis 1920 Soldat. Als seine militaerischen Vorgesetzten in dem einfachen Gefreiten die hohe sittliche Kraft erkannten betrauten sie ihn mit politischen Aufgaben innerhalb des Geborgensbereich der damaligen militaerischen Formationen in das zivile Leben. ... p. 47

Short mention about his joining the party-

"...ADOLF Hitler erwies sich als ein Mensch von ungeheurer persoenlicher Einflusskraft. Niemand konnte sich der grossen gewinnenden Wirkung entziehen, wenn A.H. mit jemandem sprach und einen dabei mit seinen festen, tiefblauen Augen anblickte....

Jedermann war von der sittlichen Kraft, von der Lauterkeit seines kampfereischen Willens fuer Deutschland und das Deutsche Volk, begeistert und vert sich gern der Fuehrung dieses Mannes.

..geborener politischer Fuehrer.

Lessing, Hermann: Der Nationalsozialismus und die Fuehrer..

Beginning of the party, conts:

"..Adolf Hitler zeigte sich als ein glauender und uebersougender Redner. ~~REINER~~..Sein Appell an die Opferbereitschaft und Opferwilligkeit seiner Fuehrer war nie vorgehen...Aufbauend auf dieser heiligen Opferwilligkeit..." p 18

Partsch:

"To mention of Kahr, only"...schonstlichen Verrat einen Clique von Maaern.." wurde der deutsche Befreiungsversuch Adolf Hitlers blutig nieder geschlagen Adolf Hitler selbst entging nur knapp dem Tode... no mention of Ludendorff...

..Adolf Hitler ist nicht nur ein klarer Denker, ein energievoller Fuehrer, ein elastischer Politiker, sondern er ist nicht zuletzt auch ein beharrlicher Kaeuffer.

Energie und ausdauernde Beharrlichkeit sind die hervorragenden Grundeigenschaften des politischen Kaeuffers Adolf Hitler.

..ein tiefer religiöser Glaube an seine eigene Bestimmung fuer das Schicksal des Deutschen Volkes..... p 12.

er Nationalsozialismus wurde/ die Mission der politischen Rettung des deutschen Volkes...

..insbesondere fuer die Jugend wurde der Name Hitler zu einem Glaubenssymbol der deutschen Zukunft.

Die geheimnisvolle Schicksalsmacht scheint aus dem Namen Hitler selbst schon auszustreuen. p 12.

10. Jan. 1933- Der alte Feldmarschall des Weltkrieges...berief den einfachen Leutnant der Reichswehr...zur Fuehrung der Politik des Reiches und ernannte ihn zum Reichskanzler. p 17

Das Licht ist wieder durch die Finsternis gebrochen.

Adolf Hitler ist nun mit eisernen Fute und eheiner Konsequenz im Kampf begriffen fuer den Endsieg...

Der Reichskanzler Adolf Hitler leitet mit eisernen Wollen und grossen Koennen das Geschick des neuen Deutschland. p 50

P. 10 mention about Hitler's being awarded the Iron Cross first class.

photograph used in which stresses simplicity- strength 'eiserne Wille'

Haus, Hof, das Durch den Führer. I

... in der entbehrensreichen ... Lebensschule.
 ... Schicksal ... musste die aus ... er ...
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Hecke, Mein Kampf Das Buch des Fuhrers 1925.

2.

Den "Mann der Vorsehung" nennt das deutsche Volk Adolf Hitler.

Deutschlands grosser Schicksal begann sein weltgeschichtliches Werk!

Gottes Vorsehung, die Adolf Hitlers Lebensweg so wunderbar gestaltete, die ihn durch Not und Leid immer mehr fuer seine Aufgabe formlte und heranreifen liess, hatte ihm auch die Landsberger Festungszeit zugesandt--als Zeit innerer Sammlung und Staerkung fuer sein grosses Werk.

Als den Orakel der Geschichte richtete er sich auf, wenn ihn sein Schicksal druckte.

pp. 201.

Truth based on M in Kampf. No mention of Iron cross. "politischer Soldat" stress on der Retter Deutschlands". Very short description of the founding and the first years of the party, energetic attitude. Use of Bible notation to illustrate Hitler's attitude, only in the early years. Stress on personal appearances of Hitler at party meetings. Putsch. Hitler's complete trial speech given. Many other speeches quoted. Shown more as the instrument and the representative of the German Volk. Slogan: unser geliebter Fuhrer.

Of recent chapters: "Wir werden ein Volk unter Adolf Hitlers Fuhrung.

Der Wecker Deutschlands...

Ich gehore zu Euch und Ihr zu mir."

pp.

Walter Buch Der Fuehrer

Diese Drei: Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung im Hinblick auf das deutsche Volk -das ist Nationalsozialismus.....

Wie kommt es, dass gerade Adolf Hitler Fuehrer wurde?Alle versanken, verschwanden vor ihm, vor Adolf Hitler. Waren gewiss tuechtige Maenner unter ihnen, .d...die zum Volk sprachen. Und war doch keiner, bei dessen Rede sie noch sa- gen: "Ja, si hab ich's auch schon lange gedacht!" War kei- ner unter ihnen, fuer den sich einer hat totschiagen lassen. Keiner, dem von Totenbett die Worte klangen: "Fuer dich al- les, Heil dir, Hitler!"

Es gab einen alten deutschen Richter, der ein langes Menschenleben Recht gesprochen hatte, in deutschen Landen. Der Verrat vom November 1918 warf ihn aufs Siechbett. Im Winter 1919/20 dringt die erste Kunde in seine Einsamkeit von Adolf Hitler und seinem Tun in Muenchen. Und er sagt zu seinem Sohn, den die gleiche Meintat den Beruf aus den Haenden geschlagen: "Ich glaube, wenn es noch einer schafft in Deutschland, so ist es Hitler!" Mit dieser Hoffnung leg- te sich der Greis zur Ruhe letzten Ruhe.

Ein Sommerabend in Muenchen 1923. Von einem Sprech- abend wird Adolf Hitler nach Hause begleitet von einem S.A . Fuehrer, dessen Frau zu kurzem Besuch gekommen ist. Sie hat Adolf Hitler zum ersten Mal gehoert. Jetzt geht sie neben ihm durch die stillen Strassen. In der Thierschstrasse kur- zer Abschied. Die Eheleute eilen schweigend zur Wohnung. Dort oben beim Aufleuchten des Lichts. "Was ist dir, Frau, du bist ganz bleich?" Die Antwort der Mutter von vier Kin- dern: "Du, Mann, fuer d e n liess' ich mich totschiagen."

Januar 1933. In der Praefektur zu Rom im Zimmer des Chefs der Fremdenpolizei. "Wann kommt Ihr Hitler endlich zur Macht? Muss bald sein, sonst nicht gut." "Ja, muss bald sein, sonst geht die Welt unter." - Schweigendes Stau- nen, Blicke kreuzen sich. - "Gewiss, Sie koennen recht ha- ben,."

Von wo geht der Zauber aus, diese unfassbare Macht, mit der dieser Mann alle in seinen Bann zwingt, die nicht unbedingt bösen Willens sind? Was draengt die Witwe ir- gendwo in Deutschland, ihren Kindern das letzte Gut, eine goldene Uhrkette und zwei "heringe wegzunehmen und sie, oh- ne den Namen zu nennen, dem Fuehrer zum "Geburtstag zu schen- ken?

Gewiss sind in Deutschland gelehrte Leute, die ihm an Wissen gleich kommen, ihn wohl gar ueberfluegeln....und ist doch keiner, fuer dessen P e r s o n einer freudig sein junges Leben hingibt; ist keiner, dessen Blick der Mutter Traene trocknet an offenen Grab, in das sie den Sohn fuer den Fuehrer gelegt.

WER GAR NICHTS F ER SICH WILL, SONDERN ALLES FUER ANDERE,
DER IST DER STAATKNECHT.

Walter Buch
Der Fuehrer

-2-

Nicht, dass er der Tapferste sei von allen, die im Weltkrieg gestritten, nicht dass er der Gebildetste waere von allen Gelehrten des deutschen Volkes, nicht weil er der beste Redner waere von denen, die seit der Revolution zum Volk gesprochen. All das ist es nicht, was ihn vom Speisstub zum Kanzler und Fuehrer des deutschen Volkes erhob.

Weil er der lauterste Mensch ist, deshalb muessen alle Plaene finsterner Meidlinge, zu seinem Verderben ersonnen, zu nichts werden vor dem leuchtenden Strahl seiner weertiefen Augen. Das Aestlichste im deutschen Volk.... konnte nur Gestalt annehmen in einem selbstlosen, deutschen Menschen ohne Arg und Falsch, in Adolf Hitler, der nichts fuer sich will, sondern alles fuer sein Volk.

Keiner beruflichen Feder muss es vorbehalten bleiben.... dies Eine, Wichtigste aufzuziege!

Adolf Hitler als Mensch!

Wenn das ueberhaupt moeglich ist; wenn nicht jede Feder zu ungelenk ist, jeder Mund zu unbeholfen ist; wenn ueberhaupt einer da ist, der ihn so zeichnen kann in seiner schlichten Menschlichkeit, die immer und immer wieder, auch bei den schwierigsten Entschluessen in sorgenschweren Stunden bei ihm durchbricht; vor allem dann, wenn der Fuehrer urteilen soll ueber einen anderen, der ihm nahestand und in Fehler sich verstrickte. Wer kennt seine Geste und unendliche Geduld, wer weiss, wie schwer es ihm wird, irgend einen anderen zu verurteilen?

...nicht der Staatsmann Hitler ist das Wunder, Das Wunder ist der Mensch Hitler. Sein alles verstehendes Menschentum in seiner voelligen, selbstvergessenen Eingabe an das deutsche Volk, das ist Adolf Hitlers ueberlegen Staerke, das ist der Grund seiner unbedingten Sieghaftigkeit.keiner von den Aelugen und Tapferen (war) so selbstlos wie Adolf Hitler.

Erich CZECH-JOCHBERG
Hitler
Eine deutsche Bewegung

Ein Grossdeutscher schreibt in diesem Buch ueber den Urenzdeutschen Hitler. Das gleiche Leid verduerstert beider Jugend, das Leid des missachteten und verfolgten Auslandsdeutschen. Die gleiche Sehnsucht erfuellte ihre Juenglingstage, die Sehnsucht nach einem Vaterland, auf das man stolz sein kann. Der gleiche Arbeit sind ihre Mannesjahre geweiht, dem Kampf fuer Deutschlands innere und aussere Befreiung.

Man erwarte nicht ein "objektiv" geschriebenes Buch

.....

Der Verfasser liebt seinen H e l d e n, er vergoettert ihn, wie ihn heute Millionen Deutsche vergoettern.

Vorwort des Verlages

Childhood very cursory - nothing about family or conflict with father.

Stress on poverty, hunger in Vienna. Caused by his disagreement with the Marxists.

Emphasis on hate against Austria, against Slavic nations; doubt of reliability of Alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary. Foresight of Italy's treachery on the day of the out-break of the war.

History of the party, again with stress on the huge growing numbers, on the rapid increase and on Hitler's oratory abilities, his gift to attract people - it is always taken for granted that whatever he says is right.

"Laut, klar, nicht sprudelnd, sondern wie immer seine Baetse sozusagen als Ganzes emporhebend, sprach Hitler...."
p. 91, First meeting in Zirkus Kronen

"Die Regie Hitlers war glaenzend." — p. 104,105

Story of the boy Hitler saved during the putsch in extenso.

According to Czech-Jochberg Hitler was not arrested in Hanfstaengl's house but during an attempt at flight into Austria, near the frontier.

After the sentence in 1924:
"Kuenchen aber feierte Hitler wie einen Triumphator." — p. 157

In Landsberg:

In diesen Stunden ausserhalb der Mauern war Hitler gespraechig. Obwohl es eine eigentuemlich und manchmal unheimliche Gespraechigkeit war....
Von Politik, Politik kein Wort. Sie sprachen ueber Ast...

CZECH-JOCHBERG

Hitler

-2-

raum....

"Nur den Mond, weisst Du, den Mond hasse ich," sagte Hitler. "Er ist fuer mich etwas Totes und Graessliches und Menschenfeindliches. Und sie fuerchten sich vor ihm, diese Menschen....."

Ploetzlich laechelte er und sah seinem treuen Sekretar unter die buschigen Brauen. "Manches Mal meine ich - ich denke an Hoerbigers Welteislehre - es sei als ob in der Mondsuechtigkeit noch ein Teil des Schreckens lebte, den der Mond einst ueber die Erde geschickt....ich hasse ihn, diesen fahlen, gespenstischen Gesellen...."

Dann war man anderswo. In der Technik. Aber doch wieder nur, um in den Himmel zu fliegen.....

"Meinst Du, dass man es schaffen wird? Meinst Du nicht, dass Junkers in fuerf Jahren ein Flugzeug bauen wird, das man, halb Meschoss, halb Aeroplan, durch die Stratosphaere schiesst?"

pp 159/160

Hitler converting his jailers to nationalsozialism.

Der Wachtmeister ist heute....ein starker Bauernmann
....das nenne ich Hitlersche Kleinarbeit! p. 163

First speech after release from Landsberg:

Im Saal, da rauschte der Jubel dem wiedergefundenen Fuehrer entgegen, es war ein erschuetterndes Wiedersehen. So war Caesar von seinen alten Veteranen, von seiner Leiblegion, der zehnten empfangen worden, wenn er vom heissen, intriganten Rom wieder nach Gallien zurueckkehrte.... p. 163

Hitler war wieder die Feder, die man zwei Jahre lang zusammengedrueckt hatte. Dafuer schnellte sie jetzt umso blitzartiger empor. Er war als Redner noch klarer geworden, noch faszinierender.... p. 173

Ueberall und immer, wenn Hitler sprach, das gleiche Bild. Dasselbe straffe Regie.... p. 174

Figures of followers, of S.A.

Attempts to convey the magnetizing effects of the mass-meeting into print.

Da erhob es sich, wie eine riesige Fahne sich entfaltet, zu brausendem Ruf: Heil Hitler! p. 183

Hitlers Kampf war nicht, zu Ende, er begann erst jetzt: "70,000 Versammlungen" war sein neuer Kampfruf. p. 202

F. INFICH HOFFMANN
Hitler baut Groß-Deutschland, 1938

Hundertbar und unerschrocken im Schalten und Walten des Führers. Das erste Bild dieses Buches zeigt ihm als Seher und Prophet eines Volkes; darüber hinaus ist er Mahner und Warner des Gewissens der Völker, ist in entscheidender Stunde politischer Gestalter.

Jahr um Jahr ist der Führer den auf, Landel gezogen. Wir wenigen, die in das Glück hatten, ihn auf seinen Kampfzügen begleiten zu dürfen, wissen, wie unermüdlich und rastlos er Deutschland durchwandert hat. Kein Diplomat, kein Staatspräsident, kein Fürst, noch Kaiser kennt bis in den letzten Winkel sein Land und bis zur letzten Pforte des Herrans sein Volk. So, wie Adolf Hitler.

Jubel der Berliner....Begeisterung der Bayern,Glück der Ostmark....Freude der Schweben....Lied der Oesterreicher...

....Gaulleiter Fuhrer (feierlich) in der Nacht vom 10. April.....durch den Äther den Führer als den "Weldegänger d. Herrgotts aus deutschen Herzen."

Aus dem Vorwort v. H. Esser

Unzertausende ("Hals"herbezwort antexochen).....

Bräusende Heilrufe....Jubel....Kögen der Begeisterung...

So reist kein Staatsmann der Welt, es reist nur Großdeutsche Führer: Überall an den Straßen grüßend das Volk.

Trauerfreude der Steternmarker.....

Kernten ist sein mit Herz und Hand....

Den Führer sehen und Hören ist Andacht und Weihestunde gleich....

Jubelsymphonie....namenloses Glück....

Erschauert vor innerem Glück stehen sie vor dem Führer

Erfüllte Sehnsucht in Salzburg.....Triumphfahrt durch "in

GAMER
Vom Ringen Hitlers um das Reich

IMAGE

....Das Schicksal eines kampferrischen Menschen steht dahinter (meaning hinter "Mein Kampf"), der seit Lebens seinen Geist mit Erfahrungen gesättigt und seinen Willen zu immer neuen, steigenden Entschlüssen vorgetrieben hatte, als er das Leben in allen Nothen und allen Tiefen, in allen Kämpfen und damit in seiner nackten Wirkhaftigkeit erkennen lernte. Die organischen Gesetze des Daseins, auf die Erfahrungen des persönlichen Kampfes bezogen, hatten dem neuen Weltbild, das da in der Seele dieses von Kindesbeinen an ringenden Menschen herausdaemerte, immer wieder die grosse Bestätigung gegeben.....

p. 14

So war in langen Kampf- und Wanderjahren allmählich in einem unbekannten deutschen Menschen die nationalsozialistische Lehre herangewachsen.....

p. 14

1925:

Als nun in den kommenden Wochen geschieht, stellt ein Werk an organisatorischer Arbeit, an Schoepferleistung und an Aufbautätigkeit dar. Aus dem Nichts stampft Hitler wieder in kuerzester Frist eine schlagkraeftige Organisation hervor.

p. 39

Wie sehr das regierende System der Misserfolge vor Hitlers genialer politischer Weitsicht und magischer Kraft in Verwirrung geraten ist.....

p. 59

1927:

Und der Fuehrer stuermt los. Es ist, als haette sich in diesen zwei Jahren des erzwungenen Schweigens eine uebermaechtige Flut an Ideen und Energien in ihm angestaut, die nun schauend und brausend sich Raum schafft. Kaum ist das Verbot gefallen, als Adolf Hitler sich schon an die Arbeit stuerzt.....in wochenlanger brennender Hastlosigkeit. Die Versammlungen sind von Tausenden und aber Tausenden besucht. Die groessten Saale genuegen nicht, um die Zuhoeermengen zu fassen. Niemals wiederholen sich Hitlers Reden, immer wieder ueberraschen sie durch die neue Form, die gluecklichere Praegung, die maechtige Gestaltung des Gedankens. Schon die physische Arbeitsleistung ist aussergewoehnlich. Noch niemals hat es in Deutschland einen Politiker gegeben, der wie dieser predigende Redner jeden dritten Tag vor das Volk tritt, um immer neue und stets lebendige Ideen zu entwickeln.

p. 70/71

In ganz Deutschland ruft so der Fuehrer zum Glauben an eigene Kraft und an die junge Lehre.....auf.

p. 73

Blitzschnell, ruecksichtslos, mit der Unerbitlichkeit dessen, der fuer seine Entschuesse die hoechste Verantwortung vor der Geschichte traegt, schlaegt er zu, schlaegt die Rebellen nieder. (Herbst 1930-Fruehjhr 1931).

p.125

Den Sieg ueber die Spaltung erringt er einzig durch die Gewalt seiner Persoenlichkeit.

p. 126

Conversation with Dr. Jollovetz, a German Psychiatrist who at some time ago planned to write a "psychoanalysis" of Hitler. Allegedly the Gestapo got hold of the manuscript.

He knows Rauschning and seems to have got a certain amount of information from Rauschning. Whether he got the Princes of Toscana personally or whether he got this piece of information second hand through Rauschning I do not remember. But that could be checked.

The Princes of Toscana is alleged to have reported the following:

When Hitler came to Rome to visit Mussolini, he was a guest in the Quirinal and at bed time was led to his bed room. There a valet was waiting to help him.

Hitler said categorically that he would not be able to sleep in the bed that had been prepared for him, but that he could only sleep in his own things. Thereupon his luggage was unpacked and the valet started to change the bed. Thereupon Hitler said that this would not do either, that his bed had to be made by a woman.

Finally a woman was found and she made his bed in complete accordance with his orders which extended to every detail of how the sheet had to be fixed and how the blanket had to be folded, etc.

In short, a clear cut case of bed ceremonial.

Rauschning is alleged to report that there were rumors that Himmler had made Hitler believe that there existed a poisonous powder which might kill him if somebody would strew it over his bed. That, however, sounds like a rationalization on Hitler's part. It seems that at a later period Hitler agreed to having his bed made by a male valet.

Rauschning is positive that Hitler had manifest homosexual relationships. He mentioned three of his lovers by name - one of them was "Bubi" Forster - the Gauleiter of Danzig. Dr. Jollovetz says that there cannot be any doubt as to the fact of this homosexual relationship.

RITTER, TOD UND TEUFEL

In Duerers Bild erkennen wir dich tief,
u, den der Herr zum Fuehrertum berief.

Einsam, dem erzgeschienten Ritter gleich,
Begannst Du Deinen Ritt ins ferne Reich.

Am Weg, der hart und steil und dornig war,
Lag hundertfaeltig lauernd die Gefahr,

Und listiger Verfuehrer suchten viel
Dich wegzulocken vom erkor'nen Ziel.

Du aber bliebest klar und unbeirrt,
Kein Trugbild hat dir je den Sinn verwirrt.

Dein Blic,, von einer inneren Schau gebannt,
Blieb streng zur deutschen Gralsburg hingewandt.

Unsichtbar zogen Tod und Teufel mit,
Bis Kraft und Reinheit dir den Sieg erstritt.

Aus: Nationalsozialistische Monatsheft
vol. 5, Heft 46, 1934, p. 2

E. Gimenez Caballero
Das Geheimnis des Nationalismus
Ein Spanier ueber Hitler, Kemal und Mussolini

Das Geheimnis des deutschen Fuehrers Hitler

....Wer ist Hitler? Ein Traumwandler? Eine menschliche Ausnahme? Eine wissende Gottheit?

Persoenlich denke ich nicht, dass Hitler mehr oder weniger sei als ein Kemal Pascha, oder ein Lenin oder Mussolini. Wahrscheinlich, gewiss, ist er mehr.....

Aber gerade in diesem Aus-einem-Stueck-sein und nicht aus zweien liegt sein Geheimnis, seine Feinheit, seine Empfindlichkeit: hervorragend sein und rassebewusst.

Aber gerade, dass er erreicht hat, Genie zu sein, und dass seine Seele, Kaste und Ehrbegierde Ruestungen sind, die ihm genau auf den Leib passen, darin liegt sein Erfolg.

.....
In diesem Blutwarren, lebenden und von Tat durchpochtem Gesicht, das Hitler ist....

.....
Das Wunder Hitlers ist das Wunder des ueberdauernden Geistes des Germanischen.

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

A. P. Laurie

The Case for Germany, Berlin 1939, Internat. Verlag, pp. 179

DEDICATION:

It is with admiration and gratitude for the great work he has done for the German people that I dedicate this book to the Fuehrer.
A.P.L.

TO THE READER:

There are two sides to every question. You have read one side in our Press for six years. This book gives the other side.
A.P.L.

* * *

The Highland crofter with his fierce independence, and the poor Scottish student who worked on the farm all summer to pay his university fees, are our equivalent to the finest type of European peasant, who produces a Mussolini, and a Hitler....
p. 11

Biography: No mention of the name of Schicklgruber. Stress on the fact that Hitler's father after his retirement became a farmer again.

Mention of Swastika on monastery school.

"You will never be a painter", said the Professor who glanced through his drawings, "but you show some talent for architecture." An interesting prophesy for the ~~may~~ future of the boy who was to superintend the rebuilding of Berlin. p.12

(In Vienna):

For long his only home was the corner of a cellar which he shared with other workmen.
p. 12

(In Munich before 1914):

....he made his good landlady anxious for his health by his omnivorous reading on history and politics, which often continued through the night.
p. 13

He denied himself bread in order to have the means to visit the theatre.
p. 13

He was chosen for the dangerous task of dispatch carrierand won the affection and admiration of his fellow soldiers.the Iron Cross of the First Class for was won for capturing single handed a small French force and leading them back to his own trenches by sheer bluff and personality.
p. 13

When he left prison in December 1924 he had come to the conclusion that a revolution based on a coup d'etat did not provide a permanent foundation on which to build a ~~new~~ new state, and determined to undertake the colossal task of con-

P. 16

p. 18

p. 19

p. 20

P. 22

LACRIE
Case for Germany

-2-

(Party Rally at Nuremberg, 1937)

....at last I was to see the Fuehrer....His solitary open car moving at about six miles an hour, accompanied with no escort, was approaching. Standing in the car beside the driver was a slim erect figure in brown uniform, with one hand resting on the wind screen and the other arm held out in the Nazi salute. He looked straight in front, his face serious and composed. We are accustomed in our processions to the smiles and bows of Royalty, but I imagine the impassable erect figure is derived from the tradition of the old Roman Generals when receiving a triumph.

I had read in our newspapers that Hitler never dared to move outside unless he was surrounded by an armed guard. Not only was he alone, but the S. S. men lining the street had no weapon to protect him. (Except, as mentioned by author a few lines above, a dagger).

But what of Hitler himself? I saw him many times afterwards talking with the officers of the S. S. and S. A. and speaking in the stadium and tried to compare him with other great men I have seen in my life, men of strong personality as all such men must be. No man cares less for the display of power. When he received the march past of the S. A. and S. S. men in the old market square, he was dressed in a brown shirt, riding breeches and black riding boots without hat or coat. We are used to a display of gorgeousness on the part of generals riding on a charger wearing a magnificent uniform and covered with medals. Hitler's uniform did not differ from that worn by his S. A. men, and his only decoration was the decoration for valor - the Iron Cross of the First Class. It seemed inconceivable that this man in the brown shirt talking with his officers was the master of Germany.

His face is familiar to all of us from his photographs but they do not do him justice. I have never seen one that I liked; he eludes the camera which does not register what is most of interest in his face and expression. He is different to any man I have ever seen before. A flame seems to burn within that slim figure and to look out of his eyes. There is nothing of the fanatic in his expression, but a look of superhuman energy and intensity of purpose; the face of a man specially endowed with the capacity for power; his very simplicity and absence of ostentation ~~xxx~~ strengthens the impression. Bonaparte for all his genius was a vulgar soul and clothed himself in Imperial robes and troubled himself about the details and the etiquette of a court. Such trivialities are impossible for Hitler. Studying his face we can understand those quick decisions which have astonished his followers and electrified Europe; decision carried out with a surprising rapidity and efficiency.....

....in truth there is only one man in Nuremberg amid all these crowds - the Fuehrer.

pp. 26/27

One day standing in the street, I found myself next to an Austrian lady. Among the laughing crowds she was silent, her eyes filled with tears. She turned to me and said in English: "I have never seen the Fuehrer before - I think my heart is breaking."

p. 40

LAURIE

Case for Germany

Karl Marx and Hitler were equally horrified by the inhuman exploitation of the 19th century, but Karl Marx a journalist, saw it from the outside. Hitler lived and suffered inside the system and Karl Marx gave the world a message of hate, of spoliation, of a brutal materialism, while Hitler brought it a message of peace and revival of the message of the gospel.

p. 148

Paul, 18.11.51: Jahr Voll: Kanzler

Was Adolf Hitler ist? Ein Kaiser, nur ein Kaiser, vom Gott her es ist nun so, dass ich nun all die Hoffnungen und uralte Bickigkeit zusammenreissen muss, wenn ich versuchen will, an diesen Mann heranzukommen, der ein Gottesgeschick über das ganze deutsche Volk ist, das ich ihn verstehen, gar verstehen will. Bismarck ist noch überwinlich, aber alle vorher vorhandenen Möglichkeiten der Wirklichkeit, was ich in ihm nur als ein Wunder danken kann. Bismarck ist, glaube ich, noch ein Leben, mit ihm Deutschland richtig will.... Bismarck konnte ich in Berlin sehen, den ersten grossen Helfer des Reiches zur eigenen Verwirklichung. Friedrich den Grossen, aber (der) ist viel zu sehr kalt. Er überrechnet die Wirklichkeit, Bismarck ist viel zu sehr blind. Bismarck ist ein chinesisches Tier, ... Blucher aber der ist wie ein Kiesel, der nach und nach auftritt. Stein konnte ich nennen... aber... ich will das Volk tun. Ich weiss ich in der Geschichte Deutschlands nur einen, von dem ich als ein überaus verachtetes Geistesherb ich zu Adolf Hitler... ich kann mich nicht vorstellen, was er vorbringen konnte, - das ist Martin Luther. Das ist zuerst das... Ich glaube, damals um heute, Moses wollte sein mit sich selbst, aber aus der Gleichheit heraus. ... Aber Adolf Hitler ist nicht mehr als Luther.... Hitler ist doch wurde in Sommer 1932 nicht in Völkchen, er ist ein Gegenwärtiger. Er soll sein, der zum heutigen Tag nicht mehr...

in Sie friedepartelt ist Adolf Hitler....is die Lichtget mit kommt
er in er....wie Siefried die Bruchille nach desst....is die ist der wie de il
Ihre Jungfrau von Orleans. der das ist..kalt das chen, where die Juengling

Hitler steht noch mit Bauernbeinen fest auf der Erde... aber mit den breiten Schifferbeinen seiner Verfahren.. Aber mit ernanntem Rechte ist ihm verwehrt... nun ist biden die necksichtalrick it... Schruppeligkeit in der Welt ihrer ist in verdammt. Die kommt abeide den ... Grundriss, er die K heiligt die Mittel, 2. d. Ihren nachen. Mit der schlaue der hinter- heilige Verschlossenheit. (Lenaus) Mit der Gefrierer der Gegenwart, fehlt der ... heute.

und wenn das die einzige Möglichkeit ist, dann ist er damit deutsch. ... Hitler ist ein großer Mensch, er ist so herzlich mit den armen Menschen behandelt. Hitler ist ein Führer.

...Ja wenn er ... in Schoenroeder wuere, kann moesset er uf die bleibende S choenheit seiner Tode bin 2. Schlusse Rietsicht nehmen. Aber er dient de Geirte, om er ridet, dafur hoe steidner, dafur sich sich ist, dafur auf seine Tode heit Rietsicht nehmen.

pp. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Gerhard Schultze-Pfäelzer
Hindenburg und Hitler zu Fuehrung vereint.

Hindenburg und Hitler sind beide vom Soldatentum her auf die politische Buehne gekommen, das deutsche Volk besitzt eine Vorliebe fuer Fuehrer, die sich militaerisch unter Beweis gestellt haben.

p. 15

Hindenburg kam aus einem festgeschlossenen, patriarchalischen Bezirk, Hitler aus einem leitenden sozialen "Ardeich."

p. 16

Hitler musste sich einen riesigen Parteiapparat schaffen, um seine Pläne legal durchzusetzen zu koennen, aber er wurde nicht der Gefangene der Geister, die er rief.

p. 17

Das Geburtsregister des oberoesterreichischen Grenzstaedchens Braunau verzeichnet, dass am 20. April 1889 ein "k.k. Zolloffizialskind" namens Adolf Hitler zur Welt gekommen sei.

p. 21

.....Geschichte ist das einzige Behrfach, das ihn lockt.... er moechte ein Verkuender werden....sich als schoepferischer Mensch ueber den Alltag erheben.

p. 22

(Hitler's biography very curcory; his rffixi pulmonary affliction is called : "Lungenentzuendung".)

...aber Hitler fasst den eisernen Entschluss..... zu lernen, immer nur u lernen.....Er liest und sieht. Ein Besuch in der Oper, ein gekauftes Buch wird mit einem leeren Magen bezahlt....

p. 25

Menschen, die wie Hitler, vom Empfinden her die Zustände bewaeltigen wollen, pflegen sich von ihren erregenden Jugendeindruecken durch ihr ganzes Leben treiben zu lassen, waehrend die denk erisch geschaeften Geister in der Auseinandersetzung mit neuen Tatsachen ihre Urteile in steter Gedankenarbeit einem dialektischen Entwicklungsprozess unterwerfen. Hitler sieht in der Gefuehlsstaerke seiner blutvollen Natur auch die schwierigsten Dinge so einfach, dass er sich sogleich an ihre Loesung heranwagt.

p. 27

....Allerdings waere dieses politisierende Grueppchen ohne Hitler wohl immer ein Stammtisch geblieben.....Hitler aber draengt in die Masse, er uebernimmt die Propagandaarbeit und damit die Vereinsdiktatur.....

p. 30

1920:

...Hitler hat natuerlich Konkurrenten.....erweist sich aber in diesem eifersuechtelnden Getriebe als der bessere Menschenkenner.....

p. 31

Man muss ihn gehoert haben, nicht etwa weil das Publikum Aufklaerung und neue Ideen sucht, sondern um sich in seinen Ent-ruestungen ueber Bolschewismus und Judentum bestaerkt zu sehen.

p. 36

SCHULTZE - PFAELZER
Hindenburg * Hitler

-2-

In Hindenburg

August

Im November...1932...muss Hitler auf einen Monat hinter Schloss und Riegel....

pp. 65/68

Hitler, unter Entbehrungen gross geworden und in der Lebensführung von ueusserster Anspruchlosigkeit gab seinen Anhangern selbst das Vorbild. Er verwandte fuer seinen Unterhalt nur das Allernoetigste, er rauchte nicht, trank keinen Alkohol, ass in einem billigen vegetarischen Speisehaus und stellte alle seine Einnahmen aus publizistischer Taetigkeit der Partei zur Verfuegung.

p. 80

Hitler handelte, als er die Sozialrevolutionaere vordeckpiff.....voellig instinktsicher.

p. 92

Hitler erwies sichals der unterlegene Fuehrer... p.

Im 1932:

Die Massen warten, Hitler hat offenbar keine Eile - da laesst er sich eines Nachts im Berliner Sportpalast unter dem brausenden Jubel der N. A. durch Goebbels Tribunenglut reklamieren. Es heisst nicht, Hitler ist unser Kandidat, sondern es heisst: "Hitler ist Reichspraesident." Hier sieht man die ganze religionsartige Glaubensbereitschaft dieser Bewegung, die... Symbole des siegreichen Willens zu einer solchen Gefuehlsgewissheit hinaufsteigert, dass sie wie vollendete Tatsachen das Bewusstsein erfuehlen.

p. 120

Hindenburg und Hitler, der ruhmreiche Generalfeldmarschall und der unbekannte Kriegsfreiwillige des Weltkrieges, sind die vorstuetendsten Gestalten der deutschen Gegenwartsgeschichte.

2nd part, p. 1

Hitler, der Soldat des Feldheeres, wird Soldat der Politik...

2nd part, p. 18

THEODOR HEUSS
Hitlers Weg

Vorbemerkung zur sechsten Auflage

Die Niederschrift dieses Buches ist Anfang Dezember 1931 abgeschlossen worden.....

In der Vorbemerkung zur ersten Auflage war die Frage offen gelassen, ob fuer ein Buch dieser Haltung zwischen dem apologetischen und polemischen Schrifttum noch Raum vorhanden sei.....Noch kann ich nicht verschweigen, dass mich einigen besorgter Vorrurf erreichte: die Stunde erfordere nicht ein betrachtendes und klärendes, sondern ein kämpferisches Verfahren.

Von nationalsozialistischer Seite wurde ich darauf hingewiesen, dass Gottfried Feder mehr "ueberwunden" sei, als mein Buch annehme; auch fehle dem Buch die Charakteristik von Hitlers persönlicher Umgebung, dem "Stab"; dessen Art und Einfluss muesses sehr stark gewertet werden.... "Die Schrift macht den Versuch, eine geistige Grundhaltung und eine Entwicklung aus zeitgeschichtlichen und persönlichen Bedingungen aufzuheben."

xxx

Ein fehlgegangener Putsch kann seinen Urheber leicht in den Bezirk der Mäckerlichkeit stossen. Hitler war nahe daran, solches Schicksal zu erleiden. Der Abend mit dem Schuss in die Backe des Bierkellers, mit der Absetzung der Reichsgewalten, mit der Bestellung einer neuen Reichsregierung behielt den Zug einer Groteske, ist im besten Fall ein Melodram, das die Zeitgenossen ausgepiffen haben. Dass der Fortgang des Stueckes am anderen Morgen junge Menschen in den Strassen Muenchens sterben sah, erhebt das Unternehmen noch nicht zur Tragödie. Die ihr Leben verloren haben, sind unschuldige Opfer einer unsicheren Kogic. Hitlers Sinn fuer Tragik, fuer die Auseinandersetzung mit einer Schuldfrage, ist gering. Er hat fuer die toten Kameraden Schmerz und Trauer empfunden, aber bei dem Gegensatz im eigenen Verhalten hat er sich nicht lang aufgehalten: jene Versicherung eines entflammten Pathos, dass der Misserfolg, des Versuches das eigene Ende bedeuten werde, und dann der graenliche Ausgang mit Flucht und alledem. Darueber ist er entschlossen hinweggekommen, eine motorische, eine sehr gegenwaertige Natur.

p. 1

Natuerlich hat ihm der Fehlschlag des Staatsstreichs eine Lehre geboten. Er ist zum erstenmal ~~nun~~ auf eine Gewalt gestossen, die in der harten Muechternheit des befehlsgemaessen Funktionierens staerker war als er selber. Ein paar Jahre hatte er geredet, sich hochgeredet;Im Beginn hatte es wohl auch Widerspruch...gegeben - aber als dies ins Handgreifliche gedieh...in die Saalrauferei, hatte er sie abgeschafft. Der Saalschutz wurde zum Ersatz der Diskussion, die Versammlung zum Rahmen eines zwei-dreistuenigen Monologs.

p. 1

H5088

Hitlers Weg

2-

Er glaubte an das, was er sagte. Auch daran, dass die "tunde auf den Fetter des Volkes, auf den Erneuerer versunkener, auf den Schöpfer neuer Werte harre. Durch die Reden jener frühen Zeit vollzog sich in der ewig gleichen Abfolge wiederholender eine ewig gleiche, seelische Selbststeigerung, in der der Redende seine persönliche "Sendung" suchte und erlebte. p. 2

Er litt sein Ehrenwort, dass er selbstmordlich nicht unternommen werde. Das beruhigt den Polizeiobersten von Seisser, und als Hitler am 3. November 1923 ~~zum~~ Losschlug oder doch losschlagen wollte, glaubte er wohl noch halb, das sei der Falsch mit Polizeierlaubnis, auch wenn er nicht vorher ordnungsgemäss bei der Polizei gemeldet war. Die Abrede vom "Frühsooner" machte ihn durch spätere Beprehungen, durch die Zuspaltung der ~~Wag~~ Beratungen zwischen München und Berlin einseitig, vorausagen konsumiert sein. Nicht er hatte sich unter ein Versprechen hineingeknetzt, die geschichtliche Wege hätte den Sinn der früheren Abmachung entwertet und ihr das Recht, wenn nicht die Pflicht auferlegt, mit dem Fall accompli der gemeinsamen Rundstimmung Gestalt, Bewegung, Blut zu geben. So sah er den Ablauf der Dinge und blieb dadurch mit sich selbst in reinen. p. 2 1/2

Bewunderswert ist die Sparsamkeit, mit der er diese böse Geschichte hinter sich brachte. p. 3

Man kennt den Lebenslauf des klugen und werdenden Mannes (Hitler) - wenn nicht aus seiner eigenen Erzählung, so aus einer Probe der Heroenliteratur, die sich an das Buch angeschlossen hat. Die Schriften über Hitler von Schott, Czech-Jochberg und anderen, sind für die Beurteilung nicht unwichtig, weil in ihnen die Wirkung von Hitlers Anlage sich spiegelt. Auf diese aber kommt es an. p. 15

(Sehr kurze Biographie - nur wenige Sätze). Ganz sachlich. Schluss!

Ein frühes soziales Ressentiment zündet sich bei dem jungen Menschen an, das ihm später noch allerhand logische Schwierigkeiten machen wird: er sucht die Masse, ja er braucht sie garaderu, und weil es nur, damit sie ihm Echo gebe. Aber er will nicht in Glied mit ihr marschieren! p. 16

Im seusseren Ablauf ein wenn auch trauriges, so doch alltaegliches Schicksal - es ist sehr lehrreich, wie Hitler, noch mehr seine Biographen, in ihm die Anlagen des Auserordentlichen sich entfalten lassen. Man kann dies, unbefangen, auch bei guten Willen nicht erkennen. p. 16

7. 1-1

2. 23/7

pg. 80/81

DD. 61/62

HEUTE
Hitlers Weg

-4-

Der Wortschatz, dessen Hitler sich zur Charakteristik des Parlaments bedient, ist eine Angelegenheit des Geschmacks darüber nicht mehr. p. 65

Hitler setzt sich heute selber unzweifelhaft als den gegebenen Faktor, von dem aus die Fuehrung des Staates und dessen Elemente neu gebildet werden. Das war nicht immer so. Der Griff zur Macht, November 1923, misslang; er hat sich selber im Anschluss daran den "Trommler" genannt, ohne gewiss von der militaerischen Aufgabe dieses Musikanten gering zu denken. Dies Wort, das auch Lloyd George waehrend des Krieges einmal auf sich angewandt hat, ist viel zitiert worden; es wirkte vor Gericht als eine Geste der Bescheidenheit: 'mir mag es genuegen, geweckt und gesammelt zu haben, an der Spitze marschiert zu sein - die Befehlsausgabe mag bei einem anderen liegen.' Das ist ziemlich lange her; es meldet sich fuer jede Erinnerung an dies Wort, dass er den Trommelschlaeger jetzt fuer den Marschallstab haelt. Das Recht dazu wird ihm bestreiten, wen Gehalt und Sprache seines Buches bestuerzt haben und wer in seinen Reden die Konkretisierung eines Weges und eines Zieles vermisst - das Echo von Millionen mag ihm ihm den Glauben an seine Sendung bestaetigen, ihm ueber Zweifelgefuehle, die ihn gelegentlich ueberfallen, hinweghelfen. Die Konstruktion eines staetlichen Willens aus diesem Ich mag ihm heute genuegen. p. 70

Hitler hasst oder verachtet den Slawen - er hat selber slawisches Blut und muss das Wissen davon ueberkompensieren;.... p. 90

Die Hemmungslosigkeit (und Kenntnislosigkeit), mit der Hitlers Buch ueber das franzoesische Problem redet... v.

Hitler liebt den Sperrdruck. Er hebt mit ihm die Saetze hervor, ~~den~~ die entweder den Ehrgeiz haben, als feste Wahrheiten in die Erinnerung eingehen, oder den Ausdruck einer gewissen rednerischen Erregtheit, ja Ekstase spiegeln sollen. (Auch das geschriebene Buch bleibt fuer den Redner bezeichnen dessen ~~Ansatz~~ der des ziemlich maessigen Schriftstellers ueberlegen ist.) p. 102

Die Natur hat ihn mit einem gluecklichen Temperament ausgestattet, so dass er gar nicht spuert, dass er selber immerzu in die Suende des blossen Ressentiments faellt. Das rationalistische Machtkelkuel und die Hemmungslosigkeit des Gefuehls stehen unvermittelt nebeneinander. p. 103

Wenn ihn manche seiner Anhaenger als eine Art von deutschem Messias sehen....so hat er nichts dagegen, soweit sich aus solcher Betrachtung ein Zuwachs an Menschenbindenden ~~W~~lauben ergibt. p. 105

Natuerlich wurde von Hitlers Leistung nicht voellig gerecht, wollte man in ihm nur den grossen, unermuedlichen Organisator sehen. Er hat auch Seelen in Bewegung gesetzt und eigen zu Opfern und Hingabe bereiten Enthusiasmus an sein Auftreten gefesselt. p. 119

Hitler industrialisiert seinen Ruhm als Redner, als Maertyrer, als Retter.Er hat selber einmal in einem denkwuerdigen Aufsatz mitgeteilt, dass er fuer seine Reden bestimmte Garantiesummen verlangt, die er dem Ausbau und Schmuck des Generalquartiers, des "Braunen Hauses" in Muenchen, widmet. p. 124

Sein Verhaeltnis zur Masse.....ist nicht eindeutig; nicht als ob er sie "verachte", wie gelegentlich gesagt wird, er hat sich nur, um hassen zu koennen, eine anti-demokratische Lehre zurecht gemacht, in der das "mitverantwortende" Volk als eine laecherliche oder truegerische Fiktion beseitigt wird. Aber er braucht das Volk, moeglichst entindividualisiert, in der tausendfachen Nachbarschaftsuggestion der grossen Versammlung, um sich in dieser Begabung selber zu bestaetigen. p. 131

....er gebraucht das Wort Legalitaet, wenn nicht im Schreiben, so doch im Reden mit durchwegs ironischen Anfuhrungszeichen. p. 137

Georg Schott

Das Volksbuch von Hitler

.. "keine Neuauflage, sondern bereits 1. Jahre 1924
 erlebt. In seiner heutigen Gestalt ist es lediglich
 eine mit geringfügigen Änderungen und Zusätzen versehene
 Neuauflage...

Der Mensch:

Inhalt:... Das reine Sein- Der lebendige Mensch- Der Redner
 Der prophetische Mensch- Das Genie- Der religiöse
 Mensch- die schwache Seite- Der Dämonische- Der
 Getreue- Der "Willensmensch"- Der Putschist- Das
 Urteil des Staatsanwalts- Das Urteil des Staatsan-
 walt- Das Urteil der Kinder.....

Der Politiker:.....

Der Betreuer:...

"Er verkörpert die Sehnsucht der Nation"- Das ist in
 Adolf Hitler erschienen: die lebendige Verkörperung der
 Sehnsucht der Nation. ..

weil ihr (der Volkseele) er ihm bewusst wird, was sie selbst
 will und ist.. Weil sie ihr Bestes und Bestes, befreit
 von allen hemmenden Gewalten, vor sich stehen sieht und an der
~~REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES~~ wird, die eigene Schönheit,
 Kraft und Keuschheit in ungetrübter Klarheit erschaut.

p. 18-

Das reine, lebendige Sein des Menschen Hitler ist es, was die
 unbeschreibliche Wirkung hervorruft. Die Wirkung ist schon
 da bevor er noch ein Wort gesprochen;.. Alles ist hingenommen
 von dem Wunder der Persönlichkeit, das dort sichtbaren
 Ausdruck gefunden hat.- Irgendwo in der Bibel steht das Wort
 von "Geruch des Lebens zum Leben", der von da und dort aus-
 geht. Hier ist es Ereignis...

"Hitler gehört zu den seltenen Lichtgestalten." sagt Chamberlain
 "es ist es was die Menge ahnt, was das geistlich verhungerte
 auskostet in vollen Zügen. "Gott blies ihm den lebendigen
 Odem in seine Nase, und also ward der Mensch eine lebendige
 Seele:" Das Unheimlich-Heimliche dieses Mysteriums erlebt die
 Menge in wortlosen Staunen, wenn Adolf Hitler mitten unter
 ihnen steht. p. 19-

Der lebendige Mensch.

...Er ist Herzmensch, Blutmensch. Aus den Zentralorganen des
 Blutumlaufs kommt ihm die Kraft zu, dringt durch alle Poren
 strömt hinaus auf die, die auf denselben Schlag eingestellt
 sind, und gibt ihnen den Takt und Rhythmus fuer ihr eigenes
 Sein und Leben. p. 19.

...um ein solches Volk aus seinen ideologischen Schmutz und Schlamm aufzuheben: was genügt es nicht, in durchdrachte Theorien an die Hand zu geben. Dazu muss man mit Schicksalskräften in Konfrontation stehen. p 11.

...Glaube ist hier alles. Nur es ist einem geraden Kerne versetzenden Glauben die gesellschaftlichen Urvorgänge des Volkstums, darstellt, ...von allen Seiten ...so in diesen Ante berufen ...nur was da ist, ...um Leben zu führen, um Schicksal zu bestreiten hat ein Urteil darzulegen, so ...die Grenzen des "Möglichen" ..."Moralischen" sind.

...was wir heute erleben ist nichts anderes als die Erneuerung und Potenzierung jener Bewegungen, die der Vergangenheit angehören. ...Es handelt sich um den Ausbruch eines unerhörten "Rebens". Und nur solche Bitterung fuer ein solches kosmisches Ereignis besitzt, hat in solchen Fragen ein Urteil. Der "Moralischkeitsmensch". ...Der "Gott" und "Teufel" ...it Augen schaut und das ganze Leben als den Kampf des Lichtes mit den Mächten der Finsternis erkennt hat. ...an hier helfen...

Dies alles weiss das Volk nicht; ...aber es hat ein lebhaftes Gefühl dafür. Es hat Glauben, nicht in den Ausmass, aber in der Art, wie sein geborener Fuehrer Glauben hat. Und deswegen gehört ihm, seinem Herrscher voran, ...seine Seele. Die auch Volarsseele gehoert Adolf Hitler. p 22-2

"Man sei nicht abstrakt. Man sei nicht moralisch". - Auch das trifft auf Hitler zu. ...Das kann nur ... ohne unmoralisch zu sein - ...über alle moralische Schamlosigkeit und Selbstvorwürfe hinweggewachsen ist... aus der Inbegriff eines solchen Menschen erscheint Adolf Hitler: aus der nicht abstrakte, nicht moralische, sondern - lebendige Mensch.

...Der Mensch der in jedem Augenblick, aus der verborgenen Urgrund seiner angeborenen seelischen Kräfte, Triebe, Leidenschaften handelt, der eine Karte und doch kraftvolle erschaut ... Idee seine Seins und Wesens allezeit vor sich schweben sich und dem doch diese Idee niemals zum blossen kulturellen Begriff erstarrt. ...Ein Mensch mit seinem Widerspruch. Frohlich mit den Froehlichen, trauernd mit den Trauernden. Jetzt mitten in der Fieber der Kinder, an ihren Tischen und Frohen Reisen sich entzueckend, im naechsten Augenblick in der Welt, in der die grossen, letzten Fragen der Lebens ausgegossen werden. eben noch aufbrausend in heiligen Zorn, mit dem torichten Fro die Klinge kreuzend und ihn erbarmungslos in die ungeheure und schon wieder ausbrechend wie nach einer neuen, beglueckten Wahrheit, in der Leide, Sieger und Besiegter, zur hoeheren Idee emporgetragen werden; jetzt alle vergewaltigend, jetzt hingerissen von den Offenbarungen des grossen Zauberspruches, der von wohnenden Geistern verkundet wird; Toricht wie ein Kind, wenn das Leben anhebt zu sprechen; Geist, Liebe, Wissen und Wahn, schaffende Kraft und Ohnmacht, Witz, Weisheit und ahnungsvolles Staunen: alles in einem - der lebendige Mensch. p 24

Schott:Volkstuch von Hitler.

Der Redner

Die Worte Chamberlains "Auge, das gleichzeitig mit Händen begabt ist" von den Händen, die ihren Ausdruck mit Augen vortrefflich treffen das innerste Wesen der Sache/Die Idee wird vollumfänglich bestätigt vom Volks....eine einfache Frau...keine von den "Exaltierten", doch von den "Begeisterten"... erzählte mir von dem ersten Eindruck, den sie an Hitler erlebt... "Im ersten Augenblick" sagte sie "musste ich bloss schauen, bis er zu sprechen anfangte. Bis er die Hände gebrauchte, da wurde er wundervoll."

Jede Bewegung, jede Geste, das blitzende Auge, der bald wie in hartem Stahl geschnittenen, bald in voller Reicheit sich entspannende Mund, sind dann Symbole der hoch reinen Wahrheit, die von ihm Besitz ergriffen hat.

p. 71.

In ersten Versammlungen.... über den ganzen Raum schwebt ein Atmosphäre, die das von der schweren Gasvergiftung am inneren mitgemeinsamen Organ Hitlers nicht gemessen austraglich gewesen sein mag. Er achtet es nicht. Er vergewissert den guten Menschen dadurch, die in den letzten Jahren Not und Bittsuchung mehr als genug durchgemacht haben, die harmlosen Feinde, die ihnen eine Erleichterung in ihrem bedrückten Dasein gewahren. (Bier, Tabak, Kolonialwaren) ...Er liebt sie, diese Menschen, ...sein Blick tröstend, wie eine Mutter tröstet" ...so konnten sie sich ohne bevorstehend zu sprechen, eine Weile aus; die unten und der droben. Ein Leuchten geht durch den Saal, es ist ein Unsagbares vorhanden.

(Nach dem Kampf zwischen S.A. und Marxisten 1921)...Adolf Hitler steht auf dem Podium mit verschrankten Armen und schaut dem Toben zu....er spricht weiter, als wenn nichts vorgegangen wäre,

Der Führer, der Beschliesser der geistigen Welt, der Erzeuger und Unterhalter dieser geistlichen Stämme, der geistige Urheber die und Leiter dieses grandiosen Fernkraftwerkes im Augenblick, wo es gilt, seine Stellung der Zentrale vertauscht mit dem Mann an der Feuerung und "einheizen" hilft, dass der ~~GEISTESARBEITER~~ Geistesarbeiter zum Handwerker wird, dass der unwillkürliche und selbstversteherliche Abstand, der den Führer von den Gefährten trennt, in Nu ausgeschaltet und beseitigt ist, wenn Gefahr droht. Da steht der "Kern", dort, wo er hingehört, in der Spitze seiner Mannen....

Ein paar Worte über die Sprache Adolf Hitlers. Es ist die Sprache des echten Volksmannes, schlicht, einfach, ohne alle rhetorischen Floskeln und Kunstschönheiten, klar und durchsichtig, wie sein ganzes Wesen....Hitlers Sprache wirkt auf den, der sie hört (weit mehr noch als auf den Lesenden, wie wenn er aus der Dunkelheit in ein helles Zimmer tritt). Es wird Licht, Klarheit erleuchtet ihn, nicht selten erschreckend in ihrem blitzartigen Erhellenden dessen, was dunkel und verschwommen dalag, immer befreiend.

Und urwuchsig ist diese Sprache, das Volksempfinden mit sicherem Instinkt erfassend und rastlos wiedergebend.

pp. 28. 71, 74.

Sehott: Volksbuch von Hitler.

Der prophetische Mensch.

.... es ist das Ausrangierungsorgan, jene geheime verborgene Fähigkeit des Geistes, die ich bei Adolf Hitler in aussergewöhnlicher Masse entwickelt sehe. Ich unterschätze nicht seinen Intellekt, er besitzt einen scharfen, durchdringenden Verstand. Aber es nicht das Hauptorgan, weder seines Erkennens, noch seines Schaffens und Willens.... Es ist das Bewegungsorgan, der Herd, worauf die Glut der Leidenschaft der seine Gedanken geschichtet worden, ist das Herz....

Im ganzen Buch ist die Schilderung visionär gezeichnet, traumhaft gefasst und geführt. Die Schöpfung aus der Nichte... das jedem Ideenanschein, jeder Schaffenden, künstlerischen Wesen die Welt bedeutet und der er nicht ohne Entzücken...

Die Abklingung bedingt eine prophetische, was sich in einem solchen Menschen vornehmlich äußert. Ich meine es hier Adolf Hitler in höchster Masse in Anspruch. Ich zeichne ihm zu dem auszusprechen prophetischen Geistes.

Der prophet... ist der Mensch, dessen Geistliches von Angeln und Neuronen durchschüttelt wird- der Geisograph, der jedes Geistes neben in der Oberwelt verspuert und die unsichtbare Welt erschaffen und... Aus dieser ungewöhnlichen Empfindlichkeit oder Empfindbarkeit ergibt sich eine besondere Aktivität dieser Menschen... sie schöpfen aus der Welt, nicht nur aus einer Teilwirklichkeit und gewinnen so den gesamten, starken Lebensinstinkt, der sie mit traumwandlerischer Sicherheit überall zum rechten Geht... Sie sind „die Boten Gottes und die Menschen, die geheimnisvollsten Anführer, die mit der Leuchte in der Hand die Dunkelheit der Welt vorantreiben...“

pp. 36, 37, 38.

Es gibt eine Prophetie nach rückwärts, in die Vergangenheit.... es ist von entscheidender Bedeutung, was man versteht, warum die Kurven der Völker und Kulturen so verlaufen, wie sie verlaufen, warum die Gründe ihres Aufstiegs und „Untergangs“ entdeckt. Die geheimen Kräfte, die dabei an Werke waren... Das kann (den jugendlichen Menschen) nur ein sehender Geist vermitteln. Minor, der die Kunst der Prophetie nach rückwärts versteht, was ist Hitler. Es ist das Prophetische was sie hier erleben. Deutung der Vergangenheit, der Gegenwart, der Zukunft, das ist die Aufgabe des jugendlichen Geistes.

Es versteht Hitler besitzt die Prophetie in die Gegenwart... auch die Gegenwart muss erst gedeutet werden. Sie ist nicht eindeutig (die Gegenwart) Sie lässt zahllose Auslegungen zu.

Siehe ich auf seine... Ich will nicht wissen, den neuen rohenen Wirklichkeit bei Adolf Hitler zu betonen. Ich zeigt sich vor allen in der Frage Deutschland, das Vaterland. Der tragische Fall ist vollkommen klar. Die ganze Krankheitsgeschichte hat er in Reinen. Er ist wie der Arzt, der vor dem Tode des Kranken steht und den Puls fühlt. Noch ist nicht alles verloren, aber die Gefahr ist grosser, als irgendjemand ahnt. Er weiss alles, dieser Arzt. Er ist aus dem Geschehen, vor allem aus den Augen fortwährend ab. Nicht nur Körperliches, vor allem seelisches Leid. Ein Kind in Fieberschauern; einem Nüstling zum Opfer gefallen; zerrissen, zerfetzt, geschändet. Ein Königskind. Und kann dass der Arzt den Kranken wendet, aufs Neue in Gefahr, missbraucht zu werden. Von dem selben Heilbrunnen. So sieht es auch Adolf Hitler. So ist es.

p. 39, 40, 42

Und doch, bei all dieser Klarheit des Ersehens der entscheidlichen Tatsachen, dieser unerschütterlichen Glaube, dieser heftigen Hoffnung fallen lassen und nicht verzweifeln, es grenzt sich an Unbegreifliches. So haben wir bei einem Menschen unserer Zeit so viel reinen Idealismus, so viel Optimismus - wenn das Wort nicht so banal klingt - und gleichzeitig einen so mächtigen Blick fuer die Welt der Tatsachen erlebt...orbanungslos werde alle Scheinquellen von dem vorliegenden Weltbild hinweggezogen, dass die Wirklichkeit in ihrer ganzen durchdringbaren Ernst zutage tritt. Und das war die Wirkung des Volkes die Ver-zweiflung, weil jedermann die Wahrheit horchte. Dies geschah, weil inner das Rauschen des Ereignisstromes der Gesetzmässigkeit und Notwendigkeit, mit der sich alles Weltgeschehen abspielt, vernommen war. So fuhr alle Ermuechte-rung, so der menschliche Geist schrittlich zwingt, die letzten Gründe nicht zur Lach-ung, sondern im Gegenteil zur Eraktung der Erhaltung der eigenen Kräfte. ...Das hat der Wirklichkeit Mensch Hitler zugeführt.

Hitler besitzt die Felt der Prophetie die Zukunft...Obwohl bis jetzt alles, was er vorausgesagt hatte, sich erfüllt hat...Ich bringe es kaum in An-spruch, so hat koennte einer auf den Einfall kommen, ich traue ihr magische Kräfte zu. Torheit!...es ist die Fähigkeit "sich mit der besten Verrangenheit zu-sammenzufassen und sich seinen Belieben zu lassen". Die Form Zukunft...teilen

...Die Ahnung der Gewalten...in der Form des "Zusammenwachstums" der Lebens-erscheinungen.

....Adolf Hitler zucht ihnen die Ver-fügung an, die eine "Stomkorte" zueht, die...in einem bestimmten Augenblicken liegt,

....(es liegt mir nicht fern, als aus der Persönlichkeit Hitlers eine Art Pa-helweise zu nehmen, wenn ich sie so inner wieder in neues Licht erscheinen lasse... Aber es ist Willen, Hitler zu sehen als solche zu erkennen.
Das Genie

...Die Idee ist...in der Form des "Zusammenwachstums" der Lebens-erscheinungen.

Der religiöser Mensch:

Bei der Unterredung mit Adolf Hitler in seiner Wohnung waren wir an die letzten Dinge gekommen. Er sagte: Wir sind in eine ganz kleine Johannesnatur, Ich sage auf den Christus!

Ich denke an die Stadt, da Adolf Hitler vor einer vieltausendköpfigen Menge stehend. Protest erlegte gegen die Schandung des allerheiligsten Namens durch eine Satansfrotze, die als "Christus am Kreuz" in der "Donnerkuehle" er-scheinender Gewerkschaft prangte. Sie ergriffte mit seinem letzten hinauszu-schauen und mit eigener Hand dieses Schandmal zerbrechen zu wollen, wenn es nicht binnen dreier Tage verschwunden wäre. Und es war verschwunden. Das war, wenn ich mich recht entsinne, im Jahre 1923, also zu einer Zeit, als Hitler noch keinerlei staatliche Machtmittel verfügte; als er lediglich durch die Macht seiner Persönlichkeit zu leben zu vermochte.

...das ist ~~Hitlers~~ Gnade". ...Das ist es, was ich im Leben Adolf Hitlers an Werke neue junge Kraft der Glaube, durch die zu allen Zeiten im Laufe der Ge-schichte die Seele der deutschen Kultur erfasst und ihrer Bestimmung entgegen-gedrängt wurde und durch die heute alle neue ihre Grundfesten gelegt werden-der Welt von Teufeln zum Trotz.-

Schott:
Volksbuch vom Hitler.

Die schwache Stunde

Selbst in seinem Leben hat die schwache Stunde nicht gefehlt. Das ist der erschütterndste Zug in diesem Bild.

...daneben zu Landsberg, als er gefangen, getrennt von seinen Freunden als Schuft und Verräther von seinen Feinden verurteilt, ohne jede Möglichkeit, sich reinzuwaschen, in tiefste Seelennacht geworfen war.

(Diese Stunde im Leben des Führers) ist keine, die seinen Geist ein Nachschmerzhaftes haben, keine Erschütterung im Glauben an seine Sendung sein. Sie fühlte sich seitdem mit ihm nur noch viel inniger verbunden, das sie wissen, dass in nichts Menschliches frei blieb. Wer Führer sein darf in solchen unergreiflichen Zeiten, da eine Welt ins Schwanken geraten ist, der muss der Weg vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle durchwachen haben. Sonst kann er das Vertrauen derer nicht gewinnen, die das tiefste Leid aus eigenem Erleben kennen.

Der Demütige.

Das ganze Sein Adolf Hitlers, brachen von seinen Worten, ist Selbstbewusstsein, Stolz.

Und doch gibt es auch hier uns Deutsche wie ein Demüt, die wir erkennen,.... die kein anderer als Jesus Christus von seinen Nachfolgern verlangt, "Lernet von mir, denn ich bin sanftmütig und von Herzen demütig." Es ist jene Demüt, die dem hohen Amt wie das Selbstbewusstsein des Menschen nicht vernichtet,...

Ich habe von ihm (Adolf Hitler) den Eindruck eines von Herzen demütigen Menschen, ich lese es aus kleinen und kleinsten Zügen seines Wesens. Das Gegenstück von Hochmut. Nirgend ein Betonung seiner Leistung, sondern nur "Das bringe ich mit." So spricht der Mann, der die große Bewegung zu den gemacht, was sie heute ist.

"Wir wollen, wir müssen, wir werden es machen!"

Der Getreue.

Seltene, sagenhafte Bilder, die weit zurückreichen, in die deutsche Vergangenheit bis in die graue Vorzeit, tauchen vor unserer Seele auf, wenn wir die Worte hören: Gestalten aus alten Mären, die mit ihrem Schwert und mit ihren Leibern die Ehre des Hauses schützten,.... und was nicht viel mehr war, als eine verklingene Sage... das tritt heute aus nebelhaft grauer Ferne hervor und nimmt Gestalt und bestimmte Form an, die tapferen Helden, die alten Paladine... voran Adolf Hitler.

..., dass er Treue gehalten hat der deutschen Seele und ihrer irdischen Heimat mit dem deutschen Vaterlande.... Er diente und dient der Majestät, die wie keine andere in Anbetracht dieser Kurzerzählung hat, der Seele des deutschen Volkes.

Beht:
Volkstuch von Hitler.

Der Streik

(wie auf der Heimfahrt von Koburg) zur mitternächtigen der Führer die
Ende machte wie seine Augen mit einer Liebe und Hingebung ohne Gleichen auf
den in Traumbewusstsein versunkenen Gelehrten ruhten, als wenn er jeden
Anzeichen an sich ziehen und den Schlag seines Herzens fühlen lassen wollte.

Ulrich Graf. Sehen D i e n e r.

Der Willenskampf.

Gerade die Gebärden der Rede des Führers sind immer ein so ungewöhnlicher
Einfluss, der die die Adeln Hitler haben reden hören. Diese Lippen, die
jetzt in wahrhaft eisernen Trüb zusammengepresst sind, wenn der Gedanke
an die teuflischen Mordtaten in Finstern befehlen, sein so durchdracht, um
in nächster Augenblicke zu einer Heiligkeit ist, sich zu entspannen, wenn der
Blick über die hilflosen, bescheidenen Gesichter der Arbeiter seiner Rede
hinausgehen kann hingeleitet sie sind das Werk einer hoch von Macht, die
diese kann gab, auszusprechen, was Tausende darauf empfinden und sagen nur
offenbar ist, die es wiederum nicht in Worte fassen können. Sie zeigen von un-
erschütterlicher, doch nie harter Willenskraft, von der sie in höchster Steigerung. Sie
sind der Ausdruck des Bratens über den Schwächling, der dieser Kräfte nicht
besitzt, nur beneidet.

... eleganter eines Beisammensins in seiner Wirkung, ob darf schon
ohne Verdrückung sagen in dem "Kammerlein", das ihm damals noch als Wohn-
stätte diente, verschieden war.

Die Treue, die in dieser Stunde sich aus seinen Augen stahl, die er keine
Ursache hatte, zu verbergen; sie war mehr als alle Reden, die ihn von ihm
gehört. Sie war die untrügliche Bestätigung dessen, der aus der Wahrheit ist
Seelenstärke und Seelenweichheit; beide gehören zusammen. Sie bedingen
sich gegenseitig wie Ernst und Frohsinn, wie der göttliche Hass und die göt-
tliche Liebe. In Adolf Hitler wird diese Wahrheit zum unmittelbaren Erlebnis.

Die Tatsache an sich, dass er da ist, steht, wie ein Fels, wie der
Leuchtturm in einer See, die ihre schmutzigen Fluten unermüdlich an ihm an-
schlagen lässt, beweist einen Fort, der seinesgleichen in der Geschichte sucht.

Die ganze Einstellung Adolf Hitlers, die Tatsache, dass er den Kampf mit
einer reinen Welt von hinterlistigen, zu jeder Bosheit und Gemeinheit fähigen
mit allen Kräften der Erde in kämpfenden Feinden aufzunehmen hat und in dem
Kampf nicht um einen Schritt zurückweicht, koste es, was es wolle.

Goethe sagt einmal: "Man glaubt nicht, in welcher Hochburg wohnt der Mensch,
wenn es immer ernst ist um die Sache". In solch einer Hochburg wohnt Hit-

pp 67, 72, 76, 77, 82.

Schott:
Volksbuch vom Hitler.

Und der Sinn über die Überstundewahrheit und ihre Erfüllung in der Gasse ist
unseres Volkstums beginnt sich zu regen.

Das ist die tiefere Bedeutung des "Putztes" vom 9. November 1933, kochten
die Feinde der Bewegung jubeln und sich unter die Masse freuen über die
erschütternde Niederlage der "wohl sehen Sachs" von Herse. Froh wardensie
ihres "Erfolges" nicht.

Das Urteil des Staatsanwalts.

Wir glauben nicht, dass Adolf Hitler sich zu Ketzer Deutschlands begeben
sollte, weil ihm ein Gedanke in den Kopf gestiegen war. Wir glauben vielmehr,
dass sich von oben ein Stern auf diesen Mann herabgesenkt hat, was ihm die
sein Hohen hat gab und gibt. Und an dieser Berufung von allerhöchster Stelle
wird das deutsche Volk festhalten und seine Erlösung, die ihm daraus noch
kommen wird soll, wird es glauben von ganzen Herzen, von ganzer Seele und von gan-
zer Gabe.

Das Urteil der Kinder.

Und das ist die Jugend, es Volk herrscht der kleinen, Achtung:
Volkstums-Gottentstehung f-

In allerlei Stücken und Abschlüssen, die nicht immer gerade schick-
lich sind aber die Gegenüber der "MIRKE Voelkischen" und die mit dem Schluss
verschieden:

"Eins, zwei, drei-
Der Hitler, der ist frei

nicht, nur in der Innern der Stadt, in der ruherliche Jugend sich
t. it, in der überall....

"Der es dauert nicht lang,
Kommt der Adolf Hitler dran,
kommt an jeden Haus
Der Hitlerfahn raus"

Die Kinder haben sich denn r angenommen, nochere langen kommt du nicht
verlangen, denn "ihrer ist das "MIRKE Reich,"-

p. 6. 6. 91. 95.

Schott:
Volkstuch von Hitler.

Von der tödlichen Bedrohung des deutschen Volkes

.... Adolf Hitler, in kein sworn die die Bedrohung der deutschen, die nichtswert-
ter oder sonst ausgezeichneten Mensch genannt. Er als ein Mensch mit andern
ebensgesetzten als die anderen, nicht besser, nicht schlechter, nicht wertvoller,
nur anders als die anderen. Und nur weiter. Soll er ganz Mensch sein, in dem das
Gesetz der Freiheit wie in jedem andern, so laesst er sich nicht netuerlich strecken-
weit oder auch wieder von der eine Situation und voran. Er sucht die "Karriere"
darauf, die nach ihm der Gesetz, Anschauungen, inneren Notwendigkeiten und Moeg-
lichkeiten einzig und unbedingt eine gewisse Laufbahn einschlagen duerfen.
Er tut das aber alles mit stiller Befriedigung, mit herrlichen Worten. Denn mehr
er weniger verschraucht er sich damit einer Welt, der er einen gewissen nach
nicht entsprechen darf. Er nicht, auch nicht kann.

Von der Bedrohung des deutschen Volkes.

Auch nach dieser Zeit hat Hitler die ganze Volks- und die Gefahr
zu offenbaren. Er hat die in Deutschland, in diesen Grenzen erfasst, in-
se ich nicht, ich betrachte es nicht als die mir gestellte Aufgabe.
Adolf Hitler ist ein Mann, der die ganze Welt, in seinem Willen und Ent-
schieden zu los zu befehlen. Es waere ein schlechter Dienst, wenn ich der Sache
und nicht zuletzt seiner Person erweisen wurde, wenn ich ein Fragezeichen, das
a irgendeiner Stelle auszubringen waere, der alles zu zerbrechen und in Blick
auf die ganz andere, zu zerbrechen. Hier ist die Sache, die nicht verlassen wurde.
Hier erlaube ich mir ein solches Fragezeichen einzusetzen nicht als Kritik, son-
dern ich mich nicht berechtigt fuehle sondern als Mensch aus der Volks, den das
Schicksal der Volks ganzere auf der Erde broet.

Ich waere auch die Antwort auf die Frage, die ich hiermit aufwerfe. Ich kann
sie mir einen Namen geben: Hermann Goebbels. Hier ist das Haupt der Bewegung.

.... Ich bin wirklich "Mensch" und, er hat kommen, wie er bisher ge-
lert hat und wird uns lehren.

Der Krieger.

Der Krieger wirkt, ohne dass er es wissen will. Sein blosses Da-
sein ist so fruchtend, anregend, die Gedanken erweckend. Die schöpferischen Kräfte
Kraefte, die in der Welt sind, sind eine Lebenskraft, die wie ein Gegen-
strom schifflicht und die Gefühle weckt. Wir spüren ihre Wirkung. Wir erleben
ihre Wohltat. Wir erleben sie vor allem in einem in der Fülle aller, verblasst
er, aber viele von uns und nicht hier die schlechtesten, es einen wahren Krieger
gewordenen. Der Krieger hat die neuen Inhalt.

"Heimat, Vaterland, Volk und."

Die Idee des Vaterlandes steigt in unendlicher Schönheit vor uns auf.

...um den guten Alten, die die Bewegung, die sich eine neue Wahrheit, die
fuor die vorigen Geschlechter ebenso notwendig sein muessen, wie sie fuer uns
das Machtgebot der Stunde bedeuten. Der Fuehrer gleicht hier dem Mann, der im
biblischen Gleichnis genannt ist: der aus seinem Schatz hervorbringt Altes und
Neues. Doch in dem Sinne, dass das Alte nicht das Alte, sondern als das Gute, das
Neue nicht als das noch nie Dagewesene, sondern als das Notwendige erkannt wird.

Schott,
Volksbuch von Hitler.

Der Erzieher.

Auch auf dieser Seite hat Adolf Hitler, der Mann aus dem Volke, wertvolle Anregungen gegeben. Nicht so sehr im Mittelbar in seinen Worten, aber in seinem ganzen Sein und Tun.

Man ist here nicht in Frage von etlichen anderen Worten, das gefallen ist. Das persönlche Kulturgut über das Leben, in unsern Leben und Wirken. Das Buch beleuchtet soll. Nicht wieder nur widerlicher, als wenn seine Worte aufgefasset werden als die Kultur der Person. Und das Gegenteil von dem, was ich wollte. Auch das, was ich ganz sorglos Adolf Hitler als Rede aus dem Erzieher und Verbreiter einer Gedankens, einer gewissen Kulturstellung, einer bestimmten Richtung, seine ich in der Personende mit dem Menschen als solchen. Er steht mir vor der Seele einzig und allein als Träger einer Idee, die sich dieser Persönlichkeit bemächtigt hat und sich zu ihren Zwecken gebraucht, solange sie ihrer bedarf. Es kann das nicht über jeder Bestimmung, er muss beglaubt werden.

Durch die in ihm verkörperte Idee, hat sich die Wandlung vollzogen. An alles Otter kehrt sich's und reißt sich's. Geheimnis Ahnung wird lebendig. Hells Kunde und Sage wacht auf. Stirn des Hibernienliedes, der Edda, des Nollend, schlagen an unser Ohr und sprechen mit einem Male eine ganz neue, vertraute Sprache. Es wird alles Wirklichkeit. Parafel nimmt Abschied von seiner Mutter Herkuleide und reitet in die Welt hinaus. - der reine Tor, der jugendliche Held, er bezwingt den roten Riter, nahezu waffenlos rückt er, die wohlgeharnischten zu Leib und schlägt ihn aufs Haupt, vor keinem macht er Halt, nur vor dem Kreuze sinkt er aufs Knie und betet an. Lohengrin, der Bote aus Montsalvat, der Streiter fuer Unschuld und Recht, Siegfried, der Brachodoter und Gewinner der Tarnkappe, alles wird wahr, wird Geschichte. Die alten Götter, die, ihren Toten auf den Schultern, von der Wahlstatt abziehen wir haben sie gesehen, mit Augen gesehen, und alles Volk in den Strassen stand barhauptig, und-errgriffen, von einem Unbegreifbaren durchschauert. Uralter Mythos erwacht, die Stirnen des Blutes hebt an zu sprechen.

Eine neue Zeit dämmert herauf. Mit Adolf Hitler haben wir ihren Anbruch erlebt. Das an vorbereitenden Stimmungen und Ideen in der Luft lag. Hier hat es seine Gestalt angenommen. Das Erleben des Mythischen ist eingesetzt in unsern Volke. Überall ist es zu spüren. Die Götter der Edda, die nahe sie kommen. Wir sehen sie: Odin, den Gewaltigen, Thor den Blitrschleudrer, und Baldur, den Herrlichen. Auch Loki fehlt nicht, der Tuschische, der durch Hecden den Blinden, den toedlichen Pfeil abschickt. Die Mitgardschlange, die Greuliche, hebt ihr istsiges Haupt. Der furchtbare Fenriswolf erscheint und tut den grinsigen Rechen auf. Die Zeit der letzten Entscheidungen naht heran.

Der Erwecker.

Es ist uns Adolf Hitler weit ueber das hinausgewachsen, was man gemeinhin unter einem Fuehrer und Leiter, unter einem politischen Neuerer gewöhnlicher versteht. Er hat uns in den letzten Fragen, die es fuer den einzelnen wie fuer das Volk gibt, die Wege geöfnet, die Steige gelehrt. Er hat uns zurueckgefuehrt auf den Pfad, von dem wir abgewichen waren und auf dem wir unmittelbar vor dem toedlichen Absturz in die Tiefe standen. Er hat uns den Materialismus unserer geistigen Einstellung zu Bewusstsein gebracht und uns aus dem Bereich des Denkens wieder ins Reich der Ideen, in die Heimat un-

266 267 268 291

Schott:
Volk buch von Hitler.

Der Brecker.

Nur auf eines will ich hier noch verweisen, was mich i Ernst die Frage aufwirft, ob Adolf Hitler wirklich ein Mann der Tat ist, die Schule will ich nennen, in die er gegangen, in der er die Reife Auer sein Lebenswerk erhalten. So ist die geistige Welt Friedrich des Grossen, seine Ur und Vorbildes, in der er gelernt hat.

Gegen diesen erbaulichen Geist ruft Ad 19 Hitler von Widerstand auf.
... "Hitlergeist in Herzen
Kann nicht untergehen...

pp. 9.300.



SCHROEDER, DR. Arno
Hitler geht auf die Doerfer

Wir sind von der Wendung der Dinge bis ins Innerste ergriffen und fuehlen dem Fuehrer gegenueber eine unendlich grosse und verpflichtende Dankbarkeit. p. 85

Werber der Nazi in Lippe werden 'Missionare' genannt. pp. 124/125

Seine zwingende Persoenlichkeit, die beispiellose Eindringlichkeit seiner Sprache und seine mit klarer, unwiderlegbarer Logik vorgetragenen Gedankengänge fiihren die Massen sogleich in den Bann und riessenz sie mit, ob sie wollen oder nicht. p.148

...In glaeubigen Vertrauen schauen sie zu dem Mann empor, von dem sie wissen, dass er allein in der Lage ist, die Not zu bannen und ein einiges grosses Deutsches Reich zu schaffen. p. 14

Sie alle....sind ergriffen von der Schlichtheit und Grosse dieses Mannes..... Der vor ihnen spricht...das wissen/ sie, ist Deutschlands groesster Sohn aller Zeiten. p.153

Der Fuehrer kehrt dem Volk.. p. 153

"....Auch Hitler ist 'einer aus dem Volk', der war Gefreiter und heute fuehrt er zwolf Millionen." p. 163

Eine Arbeiterfrau, die noch Stunden zuvor im Lager des Marxismus stand, fand den Weg zu Deutschlands groesstem Sohn... p. 163/4

Wall, Ernst (Pfarrer)
Die Sendung Adolf Hitlers
197.

Vergleich mit Predigt von Schleiermacher in 1817 an die Freiwilligen aus Berlin

"...Wenn sich dieser Vorgang jemals wiederholt hat, so geschah das in der Freiheitsbewegung Adolf Hitlers. Blinde, in Nacht und Dunkel Irrende, Verblendete, sind wieder sehend geworden....." p 5

"...Hitler glaubte an die deutsche Volkheit, an die Menschheit, und holte sie aus dem Jenseits heraus....Hitler weiss, dass im Stein verborgen der Christus schlummert....Wie sagt Jesus zu seinen Jüngern...." p15

Hitler ist ein Mann des Glaubens...

Hitler geht aufrecht und geradeaus seinen Weg. Er weiss, dass ~~keine~~ jedes grosse Werk am Anfang unmöglich ist....Alle Grossen werden zunächst als Lächerliche verlacht. Immer wird der Träger einer Grossen Idee ans Kreuz geschlagen. Gott kann nur den aus Werkzeug brechen, der in Feuer der Aufzeichnung geschnitten, gereinigt, gestählt ist!

pp17,18

So arbeitet Hitler mit seinen Getreuen unbekannt, unbeirrbar, Tag um Tag, Woche um Woche, Monat um Monat, Jahr um Jahr. Welche Ausdauer...Glaube... Nur immer weiter treiben, wecken, aufklären. Seine Arbeit wecken das Gewissen...." p 18

Warum ist Hitlers Angesicht trotzdem so ernst? Es sagt die Selbsterkenntnis in seinen Augen...Ist's die Forderung um die Märtyrer seiner Bewegung?...Hitler weiss in der Tiefe seines Vorwitz, was sein Werk bedeutet...

Er steht in der Linie der Propheten der Menschheit...Er hat Verbindung mit dem verborgenen Welt Hintergrund. Er kommt von der Quelle, vom Ursprung von der ersten Bewegung, während die andern... Er allein sieht das Wesentliche Wesentliche, das Edle edel, das Göttliche göttlich...." p 21

Adolf Hitler ist der grosse Gesetzgeber der Menschheit. In Evangelium liegt die Kraft, das Idealbild der deutschen Volkheit zur Wirklichkeit zu machen....

....

Schuman, Frederick, E.: The Nazi Dictatorship. 1936.

Schleicher contributed the following gem to a clarification. "(People) will submit to the greatest privations, I think, if only one talks the language that touches their hearts. . . . That says Hitler. He says: I will lead you to Italy's flowery plains. Such a movement must be a use of people, like individuals, need faith. . . . People are so afraid of responsibility they can't sleep. I'm not. I don't suffer from insomnia either."

p. 179.

Herowords ip is likewise an integral part of the new cult. First among heroes stand Der Fuehrer. His busts and pictures are everywhere, since he has long since abandoned the tactics of 1920-1, when he sought to add a mysterious glamour to his personality by forbidding the publication of his likeness. Pamphlets, brochures, and books without end on his life, character, ancestry, horoscope, private sayings, and personal habits are on display in every book-store and news-stall. Literature on Hitler which is purely imaginative, "introduced" or in any way derogatory is subject to confiscation. In March 1934 Frick decreed that the name "Fuehrer" must be restricted to Hitler, with "Fuehrer" applied to other Nazi officials. It is doubtful whether there is a single town in the Reich which does not have its Adolf Hitler Strasse or its Adolf Hitler Platz. In the official Weltanschauung Hitler is a demigod, omniscient, omnipotent, infallible.

"Hitler is always right." (Alfred Schmitter, in *Monatshefte fuer Politik der NSDAP*, p. 132.)

"Adolf Hitler had arisen in the Middle Ages, we should have seen today the foremost nation in the world, the master of the civilized earth," (Gottfried Bennenwirth: *Vom ersten bis zum Dritten Reich*.)

"Whoever heard Der Fuehrer at a meeting, saw his speech, so full of meaning, about German culture and German art, felt the same thing there spoke of him the revelation of a higher One." (Alfred Kuehl.)

"Hitler and Luther belong together. They are of the same German stamp and substance." (Bernard Russ)

"In this newly begun chapter of history the German people have elected Adolf Hitler as their champion before God." (Hans Frank)

"Hitler is lonely. . . . He is God. Hitler is like God," (Hans Frank)

pp. 364./5.

Schuman, Frederick, L.; The Nazi Dictatorship. 1936.

2.

Hitler, who generously gave up his salary as Chancellor, was believed, in 1932, to have an annual income of more than 400,000 marks, derived from the royalties on Mein Kampf, the profits of the party press, lecture fees, donations, party posts, and sundry invisible sources. Since January 30, 1933, he has probably received more than 500,000 marks per year as a net income.

p. 389.

Schirach, Baldur von: Die Pioniere des Dritten Reiches (1931).

In jedem der hier Genannten steht ein wesentlicher Teil des Nationalsozialismus vor uns, und doch ist jeder nur der Sachwalter und Bevollmächtigte des Führers, ohne den auch die Bemerkungen dieses Buches für unsere Bewegung bedeutungslos, ja undenkbar wären. Gerade wer in dieser Bewegung steht, weiß am besten, dass es nur einen einzigen Führer gibt.

Wohl liegen wir alle Teile des Ganzen an, aber der Geist des Ganzen, die Kraft, die Aktivität, heisst Adolf Hitler.

Kochler, Hans-Juergen: Inside the Gestapo. (1944)

Information about other leaders, Goebbels, Goering etc. gives many seemingly exact data, Kochler says to have worked for the Gestapo for 5 years.

For a great many years I have been taking part in their schemes and have been their accomplice... (10.) Rather strange footnote on page 17: "The publishers apologize to readers for the mistakes on pages 178, 179, 180, and 181, but the deletion of the material from these pages has been necessitated by the law of libel (not the one or the other) as it exists in this country."

...the investigations conducted by Schleicher are reported to have ascertained the following facts:

Hitler never served in a trench or on the front line.

After he had been attached to the 16th Munich Regiment... he was trained and sent with his troops to the Eastern Front... where he served as a runner (for the Mental Staff). Naturally the Mental Staff was never in the front line.

... There is no doubt, "the report continued", that such service can well be considered as front line service... but... (it has been ascertained that he Hitler) never spent a day in the trenches.

One must find it highly significant, that Hitler... as a corporal after four years.

Careful investigation during his trial of the comrades of Hitler so unquestionably established the fact that Hitler received this high German decoration (the Iron Cross 1st class, which was given after the author's opinion only by the Kaiser, or the High Command of the Army not during, but after the war, it was Field Marshal Hindenburg, whose connections with the Fuehrer were well known, who awarded the Iron Cross, first class, to the Fuehrer, some time after the war. These were the contents of the Schleicher file.

His file was not the least reason for Schleicher's death-but afterwards when the Gestapo went carefully through his papers they discovered to their dismay that the original documents were no longer in his possession. He had sent them to Dollfuss, Chancellor of Austria....

A little servant maid from Upper Austria called Katild Schueckelgruber came to Vienna and became a domestic servant, mostly working for rather rich families. But she was unlucky; having been seduced... she went home for her confinement. Her little son, being illegitimate, received his mother's name... Alois Schueckelgruber (in some documents, Schickelgruber)

....I must repeat that I have no proof of its genuineness... the little innocent maid had been a servant at the... Rothschild Mansion... and Hitler's unknown grandfather must be probably looked for in this magnificent house.

But in the margin of the protocol there was a note in the Chancellor's characteristic handwriting:

These data ought to cheer the writers of history who may want to publish some time in the future the true life story of Hitler. Here is the psychological explanation of Hitler's fanatical hate of the Jews. Hitler, born in peaceful Upper Austria where there was hardly any anti-semitism, was filled already in his childhood with a burning hatred of the Jews. Why? This may be the answer....

...Schuschnigg wanted to continue his investigations in the most dangerous directions.

...the blue file which I read in Heydrich's room.

(Hitler) asked Himmler every thirty minutes whether there was any news about the file.

Schuschnigg...knew that he had a weapon in his hand, which he could use to the fullest advantage if Hitler should prove difficult.

In the afternoon Hitler broke off the conference; he refused to continue the discussion till the fatal file should have arrived.

The Berlin dailies offered a high reward to the photographer who would succeed in taking a picture of Hitler. But every effort was in vain; the spot-lights were so placed around the Fuehrer's rostrum that no photo could be taken.... Hitler was afraid of Communists' attempts on his life. That was the reason why he did not want to have his photo published. S... The Fuehrer wanted to find a secure hiding-place where he could escape if anything should happen in Munich.... Thus the idyllic retreat near Berchtesgaden was discovered..

...a friend of Buchner...arrived in the latterhof with a companion whom he introduced as Dr. Wolf....who said he was a writer (and) rented a room and lived there...A year later...Dr. Wolf bought the small house (Wachenfeld) and furnished it for himself/

It was only in 1937, when Hitler came back through the Munich Putsch, that Buchner recognized his guest, "Dr. Wolf"...his guest and the new owner of Wachenfeld".

During my work for the Gestapo I knew of four attempts on Hitler's life which, of course, all failed. One of them was here in the "Berghof". An S.A. group leader, called Brause, had been allowed to present a petition personally...and was the would-be assassin. he was killed in half a minute. Five guns fired at the same time...

Later:

Later on, arms and munitions have to be deposited at the beginning of the journey road to the "Berghof"... every letter or parcel addressed to the Fuehrer is examined first in a special room of the...post office....

As if Hitler is the sort of man who likes to stretch himself in his bed when he wakes in the morning, to have his breakfast brought in on a tray, and on his whim he demands, to stay in bed till noon to finish a novel. Hitler is a great reader and belongs to that voracious class who cannot do anything before they have turned the last page.

...every book published in Germany is brought to his bed room; he looks into every one, reads a few pages, and if he likes it, finishes the whole thing. If he doesn't find it to his taste, he throws it on the shelf near his bed, and it is taken away by his attendants.

It is an open secret that in his hours of leisure he prefers adventure and detective stories.... One publisher of thrillers stopped his series in the belief that such books would not be welcome in the Third Reich. But...the Fuehrer did not object to them, on the contrary. For Hitler read only German, and so, being unable to enjoy foreign literature in the original, must confine himself to German works.

If he stays in bed....Schreck....well knows that this will be a Faulenheit and all the different items of the programme are changed.

On such days Hitler eats his second breakfast, composed of cakes, milk and fruit, also in bed. In a warm dressing gown he appears at noon...Captain Brueckner and...Lieutenant Schaub, and Captain Schreck share his meal.

Kochler, Hansjuergen: In the Gestapo. (1944)

3.

Some times the "movie orgies" last till late at night...the Fuehrers eyes are not too strong...

...the immense amount of reading and watching moving pictures has made it necessary...and his eyes are always open...he is never tired who organizes it...has...

Each of us has a "first page" in his private report....He turns the pages of this or that book till at last one of them attracts his interest-then he settles down in earnest to reading. There is always a glass of milk, and some cases of his bedside.

He reads and nibbles and does it till he is too sleepy and the book falls from his hands.

....evenings of "discussions", sometimes last till early in the morning....

...He likes Goebbels, Ribbentrop or Captain Dietrich (at these discussions) because they care to contradict him. ...the evening with Hitler talking in world war talking...just as he has been talking for many years ago. And then Hitler returns exhausted to his room.

Nobody knows how long such a "last period" lasts, sometimes a single day, sometimes four or five....Schröder's calendar schedules...in the offices of the Reich, Berlin, Karinhall...

Such long periods of "fallow" are mostly followed by days of feverish activity...The Fuehrer, as if he felt remorse for the idleness in which he has indulged, wakes at seven o'clock in the morning.

And recently he always dressed alone; he was objected to his personal valet being in his room. He only he tolerated once, each permit his servant to offer him his garments and by one. He even condescends to allow the valet to help him into his bed.

...The Fuehrer is given a highly valued "Ehrenwort" (honor) - a stout stick in the hand. He is alone with Goebbels....And....he guards...report every minute where the Fuehrer is and what direction he is taking.

Half an hour later he is at home. The table is laid with all kinds of meat cheese, there is even a glass of beer.

At the Fuehrer is on a strict diet. He eats bread and butter and Cheese, drink beer very seldom as alcohol has been forbidden to him by his doctors. His aides-de-camp, however, can have their fill of everything.

....The Fuehrer has a "high" session-a-ruling session-architecture.

...I heard Hitler...either I had a free passport, but in opinion the Fuehrer is one of the happiest men in the world. He is the small citizen who has been crowned king and now that the most daring dream has been realized he can set out to realize his other, his dreams. He behaves and lives as an English, French or even Romanian "little man" so I behave if he had been raised to the same power and the same place to watch the co-operation of so many different and various circumstances have raised the "Germanian corporal".

This was the last job which I held in the Gestapo. Soon I realized that my misgivings in connection with Spain were all too true; I was initiated in too many dangerous secrets to stay alive in that Germany.

pp 73-75, 77

Tolischus-

Hitler and Wagner

...The present war almost unknown to both the Allies and the Germans themselves, is dominated by Richard Wagner- not the Richard Wagner of the incomparable, though still debated, melodies, but the Richard Wagner who brought back to life the dismal, pitiless and forgotten world of Germanic antiquity, the world of fighting god and fighting heroes of dragons and demons, of destiny and pagan epics, which presents itself to other peoples as mere Wagnerian opera, but which has become sub-conscious reality to the German masses, and has been elevated to the inspirational mythos of the National Socialist movement that rules the Third Reich.

"Whoever wants to understand National Socialist Germany must know Wagner," Adolf Hitler has often told his friends; and the whole National Socialist regime, which finds its foundation in the Germanic mythos and the cult of the heroic, is in fact unthinkable without Wagner and all he represents. In that sense the whole present war resolves itself into a super-Wagnerian opera turned into grim reality.

It must be kept in mind, however, that they little know of Wagner who only Wagner's music know. For Wagner was the first totalitarian artist who strove to combine art, science and life- music, poetry, grammar, philosophy, sociology and politics- into a unitary, and all-embracing expression of a new Germanic Weltanschauung that was to save the German people from the danger of modern civilization, under the aegis of Bayreuth as the German Olympus from which was also to come salvation for all Europe. In that respect he became a synthesis of the German intellectual turmoil that began to separate the German from the rest of the occident early in the nineteenth century- a turmoil that was first a protest against the French Revolution, then a patriotic uprising against Napoleon, then a revolt against the German pygmy States and their reactionary policies, in which Wagner personally took a hand, and then a revulsion against the whole nineteenth century with its great industrial revolution and the social evils that followed in its wake.

It was a turmoil symbolized by such names as Arndt, Fichte, Jahn, List, Feuerbach, Treitschke and Konstantin Frantz, whose "metapolitics" especially interested Wagner, and finally, as an extreme outsider, ~~XXXXX~~ Nietzsche. Though these men differed in stature and ideas, the end result of this turmoil was a nostalgia for the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation" through which, in its heyday, Germans ruled the known earth. It marked a break with French enlightenment, universalist humanism, and Hellenic classicism, of which Goethe was the last representative, and led to a concentration on the Germanic mythos which found its climax in an exaltation of Germanism as the remedy for the world's ills.

"An deutschen Wesen soll die Welt genesen" (through German virtue the world will recover) was the final wisdom distilled from the turmoil, to which Nietzsche contributed a scornful and aristocratic philosophy for the "lords of the earth," the antithesis of the "Judean-Christian slaves' religion of the masses," while Wagner himself, influenced by Count de Gobineau's "Inequality of the Human Races", added a good shot of anti-Semitism. In Wagner's English son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, these ideas found their final crystallization in an "Aryan Germanic Weltanschauung" that is the direct precursor of the National Socialist racial dogma and its thesis of German superiority.

It is against this rather profuse and, in its decisive aspect, unequivocal, background that Wagner's work must be viewed.

For Wagner was part of this turmoil all his life; and, though his personal ideology wavered successively and ranged from Buddhistic negation to heroic self-assertion, from pagan fatalism to Christian redemption, in the end he implanted the Germanic mythos far more successfully in the subconscious German mind than all the German philosophers and historians. For he presented this mythos not as a cold intellectual abstraction—as such it found its own refutation—but in the far more pleasant and far more subtle form of "musical dramas," which conquered the world with their revolutionary harmonies, but at the same time evoked in the German people certain emotional reactions that found their fruition in National Socialism.

Hitler took his ideas where he found them and in utilizing them proved to be the great synthesizer of opposites. Nearly every element of National Socialist ideology can be traced to some antecedent which far from weakening it, gives it strength by a multiform and susceptible familiarity that makes it all things to all Germans.

But more powerful even than any political or economic ideas of National Socialism are its deeper ~~root~~ emotional and mythological elements, which raise it far above a purely political organization and make it a fanatic pseudo-religious movement that is inextinguishable to all non-German "unbelievers." And these elements come from Wagner, from whom else have also been adopted even such details as the "heil" of the Hitler salute, the National Socialist battle slogan, "Grimm's Awa!" and the names affected by the S.S. The fiery solstice celebration and other German cult ceremonies designed to replace Christian ritual were natural developments of the return to the Germanic mythos.

p. 14—Otto D. Tolischus—they wanted war.

Wagner was a romanticist who has now been taken over by political realists. And that is to be thought from American precedents that operas are after all only for the select few, it must be kept in mind that nearly every German city has its opera house and that Hitler himself exclaimed, "I am convinced that art, and the uncorrupted and most hardiest reproduction of a nation's spiritual life, have unconsciously the greatest direct influence on the mass imagination."

Hitler himself has been a personal devotee of Wagner all his life. Like Ludwig II of Bavaria, Wagner's ill-starred royal patron, he became an enthusiastic Wagnerite after witnessing, as a youngster, a performance of "Lohengrin" in an Austrian provincial town.

"At once I was captivated," he writes in Mein Kampf. "My youthful enthusiasm for the Bayreuth master knew no bounds. Again and again I was drawn to his works and today I feel it a special good fortune that the modesty of the provincial performance permitted later augmentation."

As a result of this enthusiasm, Hitler has attended hundred of Wagner performances, traveling from the cheapest seats in the highest balconies in his days of obscurity to the royal box in his days of power. He has steeped himself in the provocative Wagner melodies. Although he can not carry a tune, he reads Wagner's scores, and so detailed is his interest that every little change in every performance immediately brings in memories from him.

p. 14-15 Otto D. Tolischus—They wanted war.

Though captivated by Wagner's art as such, he is even more captivated by the fact that it is German art and the most intoxicating expression of a Germanic mythos which Hitler transferred from the stage to the political arena and made a world issue.

Besides that, early in his political career Hitler became personally attached to Baireuth and the "Baireuth Kultur circle" led by Houston Stewart Chamberlain when the latter, after listening to Hitler's speech in Baireuth in October, 1923- at a time when few people took Hitler seriously- received the comparatively unknown at Haus Wahnfried and immediately hailed him as the savior of Germany. In 1934 Hitler laid the cornerstone of a national monument to Wagner at the composer's birthplace in Leipzig.

It was therefore only natural that immediately on his accession to power Hitler, with all the resources of his totalitarian power, exalted Baireuth to the position that Wagner had dreamed of. Baireuth and its Wagner festivals were and are in charge of an English-born woman, Winifred Wagner (nee Williams,) widow of Wagner's son Siegfried. And lol with a Wagner tradition, she ascribes to the Baireuth festivals a religious character."

As late as 1931 she also demanded that Baireuth must be "a festival of pure art, away from the impression of day-to-day affairs." But National Socialism has no use for "art for art's sake," and Baireuth immediately became the Olympus of German art and the Valhalla of the Germanic mythos, to which Hitler's presence at the festivals gave the final sanctification.

Wagner's "musical dramas" were really dramatized philosophic dissertation for which he wrote not only the music but also librettos of undoubted poetic and dramatic power, in which he took his stand on the problems of the age. But because he sought and compassed in them God, man and the world, he soon burst through the limitations of historic opera as known before his time, and delved into Nordic mythology, which being a personification of abstract concepts, enabled him to give dramatic life and blood to his own abstract ideas. The originally incidental but in the end the paramount, result of this was that he led the German mind away from the rational, individualistic, utilitarian world of the time which hoped for escape from its shortcomings in scientific progress and conjured up in its stead the ancient, irrational, mystic and heroic world of the Germanic gods, ruled by the ancient pagan ethics of the tribal code, the blood feud and the law of destiny and personal atonement for guilt, in place of the Christian sin and redemption.

The ancient mystic world, utilized by Wagner to personify his own philosophic ideas regarding the problems of the modern world, is portrayed with compelling vividness in the "Nibelungen Ring" that amazing series of four interdependent "musical dramas" on which he worked for a quarter of a century and which are the towering monuments to his genius. Whatever ideas Wagner wanted to express in them originally- and he changed these ideas repeatedly until the clarity of the work suffered- his own political pamphleteering and National Socialist ideology have given the "Nibelungen Ring" an interpretation reflected directly in National Socialist practice.

In the terms of Wagner's own librettos, the essential elements of this interpretation may be briefly summarized as follows:

Wotan, chief of the ancient Germanic gods, subject to destiny and his own law, and as such the symbol for a mundane ruler, seeks to increase his might in order to safeguard his realm. For that purpose he concludes a treaty with the giants Fasolt and Fafnir, who may be taken as symbols of the bourgeoisie; the giants undertake to build for Wotan "a fortress peerless and proud" -Valhalla- in return for which they are to get the Goddess Freia, who holds the key to the gods' eternal youth.

But Wotan regards the treaty as a scrap of paper from the start and depends on the tricky half-god or demi-god Loge or Loki, his "Chancellor" to get him out of any difficulties. When, therefore, the giants call for their reward- and Freia may be regarded here as the constitutional guarantees that limit the rulers' powers- Wotan refuses to pay. Therein lies his original guilt for which he must later atone.

When the giants rebel, Loki suggests that Wotan pay the giants in gold. In order to get the gold, the two capture Alberich, ruler of the gnomes or Nibelungs, and make him pay all ~~his possessions~~ he possesses as ransom. Alberich in National Socialist interpretation is "the type of the money-Jew" who by renouncing "love" has succeeded in stealing the gold from the Rhine daughters, who may be taken as symbols of either the nation or the German people.

From this gold he has forged a magic ring that gives its owner power over the world- a symbol of the power of gold- in addition to which he has also acquired a magic helmet that permits him to assume any shape he wishes or to make himself entirely invisible. Thus equipped, he swings the whip over the Nibelungs- the "proletariat"- (and also over his own brother, Mime) making them work to increase his treasure.

Having seized the treasure as ransom, Wotan puts the ring on his own finger and exalts: "It is mine now, the spell of might, That makes me lord of the world."

This lust for gold as well as power adds, of course, to Wotan's guilt, but the exaltation is brief. For Alberich puts a curse on the ring that its future possessor shall die of it, and ring and treasure must ~~soon~~ soon be surrendered to the giants to keep Freia out of their clutches.

The curse fulfills itself immediately; Fafnir kills Fasolt to get the ring and treasure for himself alone and then retires with them to a cave which he guards thereafter in the shape of a dragon and under the motto: "I hold what I have, let me sleep"- a motto which the National Socialists apply to England.

From this mythological setting, Wagner developed a complicated succession of events supposed to symbolize man's struggle against the curse of the gods, or the "tragedy of modern capitalism."

Wotan, knowing that Alberich is trying to regain the ring in order to destroy him, seeks to regain it for himself. But having given the ring to Fafnir as ransom for Freia, he cannot recapture it himself. Wherefore he puts his hope on heroes. And the final perfection of these is Siegfried, grandson Wotan himself, but also a "free and natural man."

Siegfried kills the dragon and captures the ring and treasure but gives the ring as a love token to Bruennhilde. As the result both of them also fall under its curse. Siegfried is trapped and stabbed in the back by Hagen, "lust-child" of Alberich and a Queen he had lured with gold, on whom Alberich pins his hopes for the ring.

p. 17-19 Otto D. Tolischus -They wanted war.

Hagen seeks to gain the ring for himself, but Bruennhilde foils him and returns it to the Rhine daughters while immolating herself on Siegfried's funeral pyre. Hagen jumps after the ring but is dragged off to the deep. And Wotan, who has long since despaired of success for himself, now atones for his double guilt by setting Valhalla in flames, which ends the gods and their world. The action leads to pagan atonement through general and self-willed annihilation, that holds so strange a fascination to the German mind.

This final effect has been further intensified by the fact that Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring" has been inextricably intertwined in the German mind with the Nibelungenlied from which Wagner took his inspiration without following it. For the Nibelungenlied translated the Nordic myth to which Wagner reverted into a heroic epic of medieval knighthood, and the most powerful part of it deals with the gruesome vengeance of Kriemhild, Siegfried's widow, against Hagen, who emerges as a new hero.

In the Nibelungenlied, Kriemhild is the sister of the King of the Burgundians, who also are called Nibelungen, and Hagen is the King's "Iron Chancellor", of such terrifying mien that daughters of his hosts hesitate to give him the customary welcome kiss. This Hagen also kills Siegfried by stabbing him in the back after tricking Kriemhild into betraying Siegfried's one vulnerable spot and after carefully removing Siegfried's sword. He also robs the widow of her husband's Nibelungen treasure because he thinks all this is necessary to protect the honor and interest of his King.

In fact, Hagen's "loyalty" goes so far that when he and his King are captured alive he tricks Kriemhild into killing her royal brother on the promise of revealing to her the whereabouts of the Nibelung treasure. Then when Kriemhild shows him the head of her brother Hagen laughs at her, whereupon she chops off Hagen's head as well and is herself killed by one of her own vassals.

It is this "grim" Hagen of the Nibelungenlied rather than Siegfried who in the revaluation of all values, is now presented to German youth as the ideal hero for emulation. The spirit of Hagen is in that strong tribal design for living that lifted Hitler from the ruck of failure.

p 19-21- Otto D. Tolischus- They wanted war.

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WENDEL Friedrich

Der Gendarm von Hildburghausen

Verlag J.H.W Dietz, 1932, Berlin. pp. 14

Es war an einem schoenen Julitage des Jahres 1930, als Herr Dr. jur. Wilhelm Frick, Thueringens Innenminister, im geheimsten Fach seines geheimsten Archivs eine Urkunde verwahren liess, in der zu lesen stand, dass er, der Herr Staatsminister Frick, den Bauhilfsarbeiter Adolf Hitler, geboren am 20. April 1889 zu Braunau, Tschechoslovakei (sic) unverheiratet, vorbestraft wegen Hochverrats, zum Gendarmeriekommissar von Hildburghausen an der Werra ernenne. Hildburghausen, 8000 Einwohner, beherbergt die thueringische Landesirrenanstalt und Taubstummenanstalt. Der neugebackene Gendarmerie-Kommissar, so teilte Herr Staatsminister Frick den fragend blickenden Beamten mit, werde seinen Dienst nicht antreten, er werde auch kein Gehalt bekommen, er werde keine Uniform zu tragen und keinen Sabel zu schleifen haben, ueber die ganze Sache duerfe ueberhaupt kein Sterbenswoertchen in die Oeffentlichkeit dringen, Herr Hitler selber werde 24 Stunden nach Empfang der Ernennungsurkunde sein Beamtenverhaeltnis kuendigen - die ganze Manipulation, so sagte Herr Staatsminister Frick, solle nur dem Zweck dienen, Herrn Hitler zur deutschen Staatszugehoerigkeit zu verhelfen.

Im Februar 1932 kamen diese Dinge, die sich also in naechster Naehة der Hildburghaeuser Irrenanstalt abspielten, ans Licht des Tages. pp. 4/5

Im Juni 1930 wurden Sie zum Gendarmen von Hildburghausen ernannt. Ein Vierteljahr spaeter, also sicher zu einer Zeit, wo Sie bereits Kenntnis von der Ernennung hatten, erschienen Sie, der Scheringer Prozess wurde verhandelt, vor den Schranken des Reichsgerichtes und sagten, ueber Ihre Personalien befragt, unter Eid aus, dass Sie Staatenloser seien. Die Richter fragten was Ihnen nicht entgangen sein wird, etwas eindringlich, man schien ein tieferes Interesse fuer die Personalien eines Mannes zu haben, der immerhin eine bedeutsame Rolle auf der politischen Buehne Deutschlands spielt, man wollte anscheinend gern wissen, wieso Sie als Oesterreicher - Braunau gehoerte vor und waehrend des Krieges zu Oesterreich (sic) - Ihrer Oesterreichischen Staatsbuergerschaft verlustig gegangen waren - Sie gingen aber darauf nicht ein, Herr Hitler, Sie blieben einsilbig, und alles, was Sie zu Ihren Personalien und deren Geschichte vorzubringen hatten, beschränkte sich auf ein duerres: "Ich bin staatenlos". pp. 10/11

Warum, die letzte Frage erhebt sich, lehnte Herr Hitler ab, Gendarm von Hildburghausen zu sein? p. 13

Czech-Jochberg; Adolf Hitler and sein Stab, 1933.
Photos

Starts with Vienna time. During war: Melderaeng r, heroic, story of the Iron class 1st class, his joining of the party.

Sindrucke der Jugend. Wir kennen Hitlers Leidenschaft durch die Arbeitstacten Wiens. Die Arbeitsgenossen Hitlers haben bald erkannt, dass dieser junge Arbeiter nicht mitfaucht, nicht mitschmacht, dass er von einem Arbeitertum trauet, das auf einer anderen Stufe steht, als sie selbst stehen. Dieser junge Mensch erkennt wohl die Sunden der Buergetum an der Arbeiterschaft, aber er erkennt auch, dass hinter den Reden der juedischen Agitatoren eine andere Absicht versteckt, als die den Arbeitern zu helfen.

Hitler (sollte) mit einem zweiten Melderaenger, namens Weiss, (eine Ortschaft durchstoeben, ... Hitler ... nahm einen Offizier samt seiner Begleitung gefangen. Dieses Husar-nstuckchen trug ihm das Eiserne Kreuz erster Klasse ein. Einmal wurde Hitler verwundet. Zweimal wurde er gekrank und musste zurueck. Das zweitemal war er besonders arg, man musste ihn fuehren, er sah ueberhaupt nichts.

Caption: 11. Hitler als Redner: Sinnfuehlich, faszinierend und lebendig in Ausdruck.

und so ist es Hitler, als ob er nicht mehr laenger war en d rfte, als ob er hervorbringen musste vor die Front der deutschen Arbeiter, als ob seine Stunde geschlagen haete.

Er geht hin zur Deutschen Arbeiterpartei und wird der Beobachter.

Hitler hat einen besessenen Verbundeten der Macht im der Zeit.

Putschino mentioning of any conse names, Landberg not mentioned. Stops everything up to 1930.

Und wirklich das Volk jubelt den Nationalsozialisten entgegen. Selbst die Reichwehr begruesst den Zug, an dessen Spitze Hitler mit Ludendorff schreitet.

...die Frage zu beantworten, was denn an Hitler so begeistert ist und was seiner Bewegung einen solchen Auftrieb zu geben vermoehte.

Zunaechst Hitler selbst. Hitler ist der Mann ohne Kompromiss. Vor allem kennt er keinen Kompromiss mit sich selbst. Er hat einen einzigen Gedanken, der ihn leitet: Deutschland wieder aufzurichten. Diese Idee verdraengt alles um ihn. Er kennt kein Privatleben. Er kennt Familienleben ebensowenig, wie er ein Laster kennt. Er ist die Verkoeperung des nationalen Willens.

Nur Menschen, die an ihre Sendung glauben, vermoegen auf die Dauer zu begeistern. Nur Leute ohne Selbstironie werden von ihren Zuhoeern ernst genommen. Die NSDAP ist eine Arbeiterpartei. Der Arbeiter nimmt nur denjenigen ernst, der geschuftet und sich geschunden hat, wie er selbst, der dieselbe Not kennen gelernt hat, die ihn selbst umgibt. Nur Menschen, die diese Schule hinter sich haben, sprechen die Sprache des Volkes und werden von ihm verstanden. Hitler versteht diese Sprache des Volkes. Und da das Volk den wehren Fanatismus in diesem Mann spuert, so folgt es ihm mit dem gleichen Fanatismus. Die Straffheit, die Glaesubigkeit, die Hingebung, die Disziplin der SS und SA sind nicht anders als der Fanatismus des Fuehrers, der sich mit einer fast uebernatuerlichen Suggestion diesen jungen Leuten mitgeteilt hat, sie besessen gemacht hat.

Czech-Joshberg: Adolf Hitler und sein Stab. 1932.

2.

First meeting with Himmler: Der Tag, der zum ersten Male den jungen Fuehrer mit dem greisen Marschall politisch zusammenfuehrte, war ein dreierlei, und er stand auch sonst noch unter einem guten Stern. Papen drangte hier wieder auf die Herausziehung Hitlers.... Hitler sah in der Aufforderung Himmlers die Entloesung des Versprechens des Kanzlers von Papen, ihm eine seiner kaiserstaetigen Weisheit zur Verantwortung zu ziehen herzustellen. Und politischer beruehrte Hitler der telefonische Bescheid kurz vor der Abreise, er koennte nicht die Rolle davon sein, dass sich der Reichspraesident schon fuer Hitler entschieden haette.

Auch seine geistigen Befoehler sehen die Befoehler, nur aber ist von Himmler die Ansicht, dass Hitler die ganze Sache verlangt, er bleibt seine Bedingungen zur Erreichung Hitlers. In der Tat ist, dass jede Debatte und jede Entscheidung Hitlers auszuschliessen scheint. Aber es hat sich Hitler, der auf die Bedingungen nicht eingehen kann, aus der Zinsung. So hat sich Himmler tat eine Hitlerrede in eine anschließende Debatte errietet. Befoehler!

Hitler und sein Stab... Hitler steht mit: 2. 1. 1932 in Halle, 1932.

...geht Hitlers Satz in seinen Mitarbeitern auf...

...verbindet - umschaf diese Laemmer mit Hitler. Ich glaube nicht Freundschaft wenigstens in Sinn des Abtates. Es gemeinsame Werk, gemeinsame Vergangenheit, gemeinsame Zukunft verbindet sie.

Die Abtatschaft eines heiligen Zielen, was sich kein Mensch hoehere kann Deutschland;... Hitler... nachbrasscht (durch seine warme Liebenszeit, Ueber die Ruhe und Kraft, die beinahe physisch von diesem Mann ausstrahlt waschert in der Nahe dieses Menschen, wie er uns um ihre eigenen Gedanken sich saghaft ballen, was der Munde nimmt. Sie blitzschnell formt, wie wir verspricht; wie er auf alle Dinge reagiert.

(Das Gesprochen nimmt eine dienstliche Wendung)... Wir sehen einen ganz anderen Hitler..... Eisern werden die Zuege und die Worte fallen wie kein Deuteln. Nur Deuten. Kein Herumdrehen, schlaege..... Der klare sohe Strich mit dem Hitler und seinem den Fuehrer gecharter Mitarbeiter ihr sind nehmen, hat in der Geschichte dieser Welt nur wenige Parallelen.

....Sesevola, Caesar... oder (einer blinde Larm) eine Nazareth, der schon d... Jahrtausende schreitet ...

pp. 70-71.

Aus einem Gespräch mit einem Tschechoslowaken:

Hitler soll sich um das Jahr 1918 in Salzburg mit Sudetendeutschen getroffen haben, mit denen er bereits 10 Jahre vor der Verwirklichung der Grossdeutschland-Idee und dieser Idee arbeite etc.

Der Betreffende behauptet, vor einigen Jahren in Prag-Smyhow mit einem Malermeister Czerny gesprochen zu haben, der seinerseits behauptete, dass Adolf Hitler bei ihm in Olmütz als Anstreicher und Maler gearbeitet habe und ihn durch ungesetztes Reden und Agitieren unliebsam aufgefallen sei.

Kadanowsky, Eugen

Hitler kampf um den Frieden, 1936.

Der Hochhammerer zeigt zweitens Meter. Ist dieser rasche Flugzeugaufsteig mit dem Fuehrer nicht symbolisch. Wie haesslich und grau war die Welt da unten, da vor der Fuehrer kam. Nun ist er hoch oben und es ist leuchtend sonnig, warm und sonnig. Hat Adolf Hitler nicht auch so das deutsche Volk von Niederungen und der Kaelte und der grauen Welt wieder auf eine freie, sonnige Hoche gefuehrt.

Diese hohe Reiseschnelligkeit verleiht mir den wunderbaren Eindruck.

...Auserdem hat erlachte R mitfunkbericht nicht den Schwung und das Feuer, das bei einer so wunderbaren Umgebung notwendig gewesen waere. Wir selbst hatten das spontane und naive Erlebnis dieser Umgebung einfach dem Herzen empfinden, genau so wie die Hunderttausende von Volksgenossen, die daran teilnahmen. Die Sprecher aber waren drei Tage am Ort gewesen und hatten wohl etwas zu sehr hinter die Kulissen der Organisation geblickt und nun nicht mehr mit dem Herzen, sondern mit dem Verstand zum Sprechen.

Vor Freude strahlend, was bei der Sache... gab der Fuehrer bekannt, dass das Spiel Deutschland-England noch immer in der stehenden... Das ist der Kern, das die Olympischen Winterspiele... mit den kurzen Worten eroffnete:

"Ich erkläre die IV. Olympischen Winterspiele 1936 in Garmisch-Partenkirchen fuer eroffnet."

Mit keinem Wort hat er damals verraten, dass er selbst den Sport liebt und er selbst mit leidenschaftlichem Interesse am Sport haengt. Ein Wort der Begeisterung, das er kennt nichts als die schlichte, knappe Erklärung.

So sieht des Fuehrers Auge und hoert des Fuehrers Ohr immer und immer wieder alles, was in Deutschland vorgeht, findet immer wieder Persoenlichkeit, Menschen, Leistungen, und ein Blick des Fuehrers ruft dann, um solchen Menschen die grosse Chance zu geben.

Hier konnte der Fuehrer den ersten Spatenstich fuer die Reichsmotorturm... die vom Fuehrer geschaufelte Erde ist allerdings nur noch auf ein Teil von dem heutigen Reichsaushalten; denn... es begann ein seltsames Spiel... die unbekannten Arbeiter, denen der Fuehrer hier nach... nachvollziehend wieder Arbeit und Brot gegeben hatten... nahmen von der Erde, die der Fuehrer vor ihren eigenen Augen geschaufelt hatte, ein klein wenig in ein eigen mitgebrachtes Schachtelchen oder in ihr Taschentuch oder ihren Fahrsack hinein und bewahrten es zu Hause sorgfaeltiger wie einen Schatz, als ein kleines Vermoegen auf. Manche Traene des Gluecks fiel aus Kameraden aus der heiligen Erde, die der Fuehrer als erster deutscher Arbeiter mit dem Spaten der Hand in Schweisse seines Angesichts bearbeitet hatte.

Vor der Wohnung des Gauleiters wartet eine dichte Menschenmenge... Spontan: Wir wollen unser Fuehrer sehen!... So ist der Fuehrer gezwungen, seine Besprechungen und Telefonate in ein dunkles, unbelichtetes Zimmer der Gauleitung zu verlegen.

...Brueckner bittet uns, den Fuehrer allein zu lassen. Adolf Hitler winkt.

Das ist nicht noetig, nur dreinreden darf keiner... mit welcher Konzentration Schnelligkeit der Fuehrer arbeitet.

...Ostpreussen fiel ihm zu... weil seine gesunden, starken, klugen Menschen ihm den gesunden, starken und klugen Fuehrer erkannten, der allein das Reich des Reiches in so gefaehrlichen Zeiten wieder fuhrerlos kommen.

Data only, on
 Title: "The First Step to Freedom"

[illegible][illegible]

..... bringt Ar L. er diekskardet un - was gen-
te derstille betrou, de ne besicht
..... derstille betrou, derstille betrou, derstille betrou,
was derstille betrou, derstille betrou, derstille betrou,

[illegible]

Volk schenke ich zum Glück

[illegible][illegible]

„Ich werde alles in der Hand nehmen, um die Situation zu beheben und abbrechen, wenn es notwendig ist.“

Keiner der so hinter das Pult Beredsamkeiten sollte ihn ein auch noch so kl. in der Gruppe ausgesprochen nach Hause gehen oder vorzeitig einmal das Päckchen abhaken.

Der Richter meint wohl, dass von „Berichten...“ rasch wird, wonach er
nur die 1. Linie schwerbewaffneter Soldaten unter der V. 1. sehen konnte.
Der 2. Linie irgendwo gefolgt wäre,“ sagt der Richter, „dann wurde
der 2. Linie hingesehen.“

Als ich, am 1. Januar 1945, die Gassen von Berlin wollte, ward mir begegnet, dass diese in der schon in Berlin eingezeichneten auf der Straßenseite der Fußgängerseite, die mit der Straßenseite der Fußgängerseite übereinstimmen, ich habe den Charakter der Straße abgeändert... denn ein Volk erregt man nicht mit der Hand, das deutsche Volk ist ordentlich und ~~und~~ diszipliniert worden, in dem es die Hand besser aus."

Der Führer gibt mir mehr an die Hand - der Verantwortlichkeit mit die Überwiegungskraft seines rechtlichen Willens... er will sich unter seinen Volksgenossen frei bewegen, will..Volksgenosse unter Volksgenossen sein, und weiß daß er hier nicht Furcht, sondern nur alles tiefe Liebe findet und deshalb auch nichts zu fürchten hat.

Hodanowsky, Eugen
Hitler kauft um den Frieden, 1936.

4.

Insere wieder bricht ein leidenschaftlicher Jubel los, wenn der Fuehrer sich den Kleinen zuwendet.

Wenn er vom Frieden spricht, dann hebt er beschwörend beide Hände und ich sehe die fein gebildete und unendlich linienreiche Innenfläche der Hand,..... seine Hände liegen dicht nebeneinander, so, als formte er ein kostbares Material zu einem Kunstwerk.

Und als Arbeiter der Stille und der Faust rief er einst in anderthalb Jahrzehnte langem Kampf das deutsche Volk zur Zusammenarbeit und zur Vernunft auf. Also jetzt ballt sich wieder die Hand des Fuehrers zur muskulösen und harten Faust, als er in beherrschter Ruhe die Worte spricht.

...wie genau der Fuehrer ueber alles unterrichtet ist und einmal Gesehenes fast im Gedächtnis behält.

Wir werden mit dem Fuehrer durch das jubelnde Essen fahren und kommen zum erstenmal von einem solchen Triumphzug der Fuehrer um ein gebrochenes Berlin.

Zur Belohnung...besteht jeder Knirps) so blosslich vom Fuehrer eine grobe Achtel Konfekt ...

Im Zuge hoert der Fuehrer...meine Nachmittagsendung selbst mit ab...grandioser, garnicht zu ueberbietender Aufhekt vor der Fuehrerrede. Der Eindruck dieser Sendung ist so tief, dass wir noch Minuten danach stillnitsch und auf den Fuehrer blicken, der so in sich gesammelt darsitzt, wie ich ihn einmal in Berliner Philharmonie sah, als Fortwaengler eine Beethoven-Symphonie dirigierte....."Das ist die Sinfonie unserer Zeit."

(Der Fuehrer erhaelt den HENRI Besuch eines S.A.-Mannes aus Oesterreich, der im Kampf fuer die nationalsozialistische Idee sein Augenlicht geopfert hat. Die Blicke in stummer Ergriffenheit dieses Soldaten Adolf Hitlers in die tiefen Augen...vielleicht hat dieses Erlebnis mit dazu beigetragen, dass der Fuehrer am Abend in Koeln einen zutiefst von religiöser Inbrunn und Glaubenserfuellten letzten Appell an das deutsche Volk hielt).

Kann hat ihnen der Fuehrer gedankt, da fallen sie sich vor Freude um den Hals und küssen einander und küssen sich gegenseitig.

(der Fuehrer sprach davon) wie sehr ihn die deutschen Frauen auf seinem Wege geholfen haben....ohne die Frauen...haetten wir Deutschland nicht erreicht....(eine junge werdende Mutter, ein Kind auf dem Arm, winkt dem Fuehrer zu) und der Fuehrer, der sonst fast immer mit gewinkeltem Arm gruesst und den rechten Arm flach und wie segnend zu ihr ausstreckt und erwidert ihre Gruesse lachelnd.

zu/

hier...woer das Auge jedes einzelnen/Finden weiss...er spricht unso ausdrueckvoller, je kleiner der Kreis der Menschen, die ihn hoeren. Die Tausende in der Saal sind wie ein einziger grosser Koerper, durch den jede Sekunde der Schlag des Fuehrers sucht...der Wille des Fuehrers(durchleuchtet sie)wie ein starker elektrischer Strom.....Alles ruht, alles ist in gespanntester Aufmerksamkeit. Deutschland lauscht auf den Fuehrer.

Es ist ein heiliges Bekenntnis zu Deutschland.

Er ist allein in einer Gruppe von 33 Maennern, die er nach ihrer persoenlichen Schicksale, nach ihrer Arbeit, ihrer Familie und ihrem Leben ausfragt.

PHILLIPS

Germany today and tomorrow

IMAGE

Adolf Hitler is more than a clever tub-thumping politician. He has a genius for making the rose by any other name smell as sweet. He has the flair of the magician in making oil and water mix. Today, they are all eating out of his hand, and for the most part seem to like it, possibly because they all realize that he is.....their leader in the Deutschland ueber Alles tradition. They may not all believe in Santa Claus, but certainly he has a substantial present in his sack for everybody.

p. 27

Whenever I was in Berlin after that I would pass daily through Wilhelmstrasse on my way to the American Express. Winter or summer, holiday or workday, rain or shine, there was always a crowd. Some arrived as early as six in the morning, in order to secure the prize park benches. Others brought their little chairs with them. Where the German visitor to Berlin used to make directly for the great Museums, the Zoologische Garten, the Tiergarten or Unter den Linden, now they come to Hitler's official residence. It is the Lhasa of the Dalai Lama of Nazism. They come early and stay late - perhaps the whole day. They put on their best clothes as though they were going to the temple. They bring their children and their lunches and many of them bring flowers for Der Fuehrer. Their hope is that they may see him come in or go out. Occasionally he will come to the window, give his peculiar salute in answer to their awesome cheer, and disappear. p. 35/36

....but Hitler always conveys the idea of being restlessly distraught always in the saddle, his mind and soul and very words leaping on to the next problem. Untouchable, not in the sense of being too high and mighty to mingle with the crowd, but too busy to do so. p. 36

Now he is the first of all Firsts. The same quality of psychological eg of relationships between subjects and ruler, or people and leader, are apparent in both Hitler and the Kaiser. Each the All-Highest. What was applied jokingly to the Kaiser about "Me und Gott", could be said with equal nicety about Hitler, although it is of the people's intention rather than his own. For, above all things, Hitler is a simple man; he has always been. A common soldier in the trenches, where he won the Iron Cross of the First Class. A singular achievement of personal bravery by one who, if he had not died would have been just another Unknown Soldier. A German ~~Smex~~ gentleman of the Old School, who has nothing in particular to than Der Fuehrer and his Party for, told me: "Make no mistake. This Hitler is a great man - yet so simple that you scarcely know he is present."

p. 40

PHILLIPS

Germany today & tomorrow

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In appearance there is nothing really distinguished about Hitler - scarcely more than there was about Napoleon Bonaparte, whom the English contemporaneously caricatured as a nincompoop. Hitler is quite the ordinary man, until he begins to speak; then he is a very eloquent man. It is this unextraordinary quality that the common people love. Commodore Ziegenhein put the same thought differently: "Hitler is a modest man - and the world needs modest men. Therefore the people love him. Like every good leader, he must be an efficient follower." He makes himself the humblest disciple of himself, the severest of all disciplinarians with himself. In fact, Hitler is a modern monk, with the three knots of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience tied in his invisible girdle. A zealot among zealots. He eats no meat, drinks no wine, does not smoke. I am told he takes for himself no salary but lives privately from the income of his book, "Mein Kampf", which is to the Nazi what Mrs. Eddy's Science and Health is to the Christian Scientist. Surplus funds he turns back to the S. A. His work day consists of eighteen hours usually, and he often falls asleep in the last hour of his work. There have been four women in his life - but only to help him along with service and money. A young Nazi once confided to me: "I would die for Hitler, but I would not change places with Hitler. At least when I wake every morning I can say 'Heil Hitler'! But this man, he has no fun in life. No smoking, no drinking no women! Only work until he falls asleep at night!"

Hitler's single diversion from endless work is music, good music. He once gave something of a lecture at Wahnfried in Bayreuth, on Wagner and "Deutsche Lieder" at that astounded the musical critics and revealed as a musical scholar of par Evening after evening Ernst Hanfstaengl - an accomplished composer and pianist as well as head of an important Propaganda department - is summoned to play for an hour to the tired chief.

There has been as much legendary nonsense written about Hitler as there was about Napoleon at the height of his power and career. Great numbers of intelligent persons perversely profess to believe absurd rumors that Der Fuehrer is a blatherkite weakling, in the face of self-evident facts of achievement. Other critics, with more sense but still lacking in discrimination, contend that any capable leader could have gone as far by striking the tender touchstone of German wrong and shouting that he would right them....

pp. 40/41

Sheer opportunism never lured him as much as the opportunity to preach his doctrines. His quality is messianic; his spiritual trend is ascetic; his reaction is medieval. In another day he would have been the Preaching Monk of Munich, like San Juan Capistrano, rousing a nation to a crusade pitch. For it is not only his eloquent words that have roused a people and made increasing converts, but his life has impressed them. He lives the life of a pious political monk. What penance he demands of himself he commands his followers of his follower

PHILLIPS

Germany today & tomorrow

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Hitler has stamina too. On a single day there in Nuremberg, we saw nearly 100,000 soldiers without guns pass. It was a very hot day, over 90°.....Hitler stood during the whole time, hatless, in the broiling sun. But what is more, his hand was outstretched unflinchingly in salute more than half the time. Nor did I see him eat. The ascetic, the monk in him probably revels in it, but I have seen unnatural til of flush in his naturally pale cheeks that give substance stories of his not being a well man. p. 44

Docum.

It has been said that Hitler plays to the galleries. Frankly, I think he would appear downright foolish if he tried to do it; he is that deadly earnest sort. However, during one of those long days of endless marching men past Der Fuehrer, there was a little double incident that showed both his embarrassment and his quick wit in self-recovery. During a break in the marching line, a young girl broke through the special guards surrounding Der Fuehrer and ran across the open square, and paused directly in front of him giving an agitated salute. Then she stepped forward and handed him a pretty bouquet of flowers. The throng gasped at such a piece of effrontery and lese majesty. The Fuehrer seemed utterly at a loss what to do about it for half a moment. In his momentary embarrassment the whole picture of might and majesty was spoiled, and many a loyal Nazi would have liked to give the brash girl a good kick for her pains. Recovering himself, Der Fuehrer saluted and the Maedchen returned to her place with a historical family anecdote to be passed down to her great-grandchildren. Meanwhile Hitler's adjutant cut the string of the bouquet and take a flower for himself. Already the procession had caught up with the break in the ranks. Perhaps a half-hour later a one-armed trooper came abreast of Der Fuehrer and - to his utter amazement - was signaled by the Leader to step out of the ranks. Hitler handed the astounded man the bouquet. He had been standing at salute, his one arm extended. He dropped it, came forward and thrust the bouquet in his blouse and ran on to his company. One might call this a "grand stand play" all for at least fifteen thousand of us there in the stands as it. pp. 44/45

...I don't think that fear compelled all the people in the places I visited to put Hitler's picture beside Hindenburg where I saw it - in the homes of miners, in the rooms of peasants, in the poorhouse, in a prominent place in the "Big House" on the Hill, in sailors' cabins. Sometimes there was a popular lithograph linking the three portraits of Hitler, Hindenburg and Frederick the Great.

Finally, I attended an auction at Wiesbaden one afternoon. There were the junk with no buyers. Was a

PHILLIPS
Germany Today & Tomorrow

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its worthfulness, and attracting much attention, was a lithograph of Der Fuehrer, a horrible chromo pp. 45/46

(Nuremberg)

...the Great Moment arrives. "Der Fuehrer kommt!" We all rise and stand with outstretched hands, including U.S. Ambassador Dodd. But not the British and American correspondents.

Hitler looks as though this were his Big Day, too; refreshed, clean and happy..... p. 69

One evening the Herr came home in actual tears, which glistened in his eyes when he told how he had just found out that some of his trusted employees had been pilfering for a long time. And the cause for the tears was not that they had stolen from him, but rather that it was a sin against Hitler, who had lifted up the Workers, confided in them, trusted them implicitly! p. 147

Nuremberg again:

....Prince von Hessen-Nassau and the Lutheran Bishop take their seats, saluting and bowing with deep obeisance before the Fuehrer.....The Fuehrer wipes the sweat from his brow and I wager that a score of St. Veronicas in the crowd would suffer martyrdom to possess that handkerchief.....General Goering comes on, leading his divisions of Police, then drops off to stand beside ~~him~~ Der Fuehrer, who smiles (for the first time) and nods familiarly. Movie people, lying flat in the dust before Der Fuehrer are trying to get "historical" shots...Finally, Der Fuehrer looks round with a smile....p. 257/58

New York Times December 14, 1922 (5)
"Bavarian Mussolini's" cause in Franconia is Led by
Woman said to be American..
...In Franconia Hitler's cause is championed by a Mrs.
Andrea Ellendt, an American, who is the widow of a Ger-
man Captain killed during the war. Mrs Ellendt has earned
for herself the sobriquet "American Joan of Arc". She
has established herself in Marktbreit on the Main and has
openly promised her numerous followers some fun in the
near future in the shape of "a jolly program"
The Bavarian Government is well aware of the Hitler- Ellendt
movement, with its military features and its revolutionary
character, but does not feel called upon to interfere.

New York Times April 16, 1938

Insists Hitler is older than records show"

New Britain, Conn.

Fritz Gruenscheder, local brewery employe, insisted today
that Chancellor Hitler is seven years older than reference
bookes indicat.

Mr Gruenscheder said that the Fuehrer will be 56....

Both boys were born in Braunau.. and went to school together
until they were 10 years old...He was born in March and Hitler
in May of the same year....

I can remember lots of times when we would call Adolf over
and tell him he could come with us to where there were
some good apples to be snatched, the brewer said. "But Adolf
could never come. His father worked for the government
and it would be bad if he got caught. It was as if he
had to set an example. Lots of things like that Adolf
had to let go by. But he never was a squealer, he never
told on us."

N.Y. Times January 28 1935

6:3

reports on interview of Lord Allen of Hurtwood with A.H.
intirely political-

"..I watched him with the utmost vigilance throughout our
lengthy conversation and I am convinced he genuinely de-
sires peace." (Lord Allen)said.

N.Y. Times Dec. 26, 1933

Munich Dec 25....En route to his mountain home at (Hitler) Obersalzberg he picked up two hitch-hikers and gave them a twenty mile ride in his automobile. Removing his two overcoats- one his conspicuous white trenchcoat, he presented to each hiker a garment, together with 5 Marks

New York Times November 21, 1922

Article by Cyril Brown. gives good account of Hitler's role in Bavaria.

"Hitler today is taken seriously ~~by~~ among all classes of Bavarians...He is feared by some, enthusiastically hailed as a prophet and political economic saviour by others and watched ~~xxx~~ with increasing sympathetic interest by the bulk...Hitler has been called the Bavarian Mussolini...

He has the rare orator gift...spellbinding the audiences... According to reliable specialist informant there are probably 400,000 military rifles and 150 cannons concealed...So that some fine day Hitler's ~~legionary~~ legionaries might well make their debut with rifles...

Hitler's strength is in the combination of his undeniable great gift as an orator and organizer. He exerts an ~~unanny~~ control over audiences, possessing the remarkable ability to not only raise the hearers to a fighting pitch of fury but at will to turn right around and reduce the same audience to docile calmness and good order. A typical instance related: At the height of the recent Bavarian Government crisis Hitler was holding a mass meeting in Munich and had worked up the big ~~hause~~ audience when a rumor spread through the hall that he had planned a coup and that he would overthrow and seize the government that night and ~~that~~ was about to give the signal at this rally. His followers burst into an enthusiastic uproar, drew and brandished blackjacks and revolvers, and with shouts of Heil Heil Heil prepared to follow Hitler and storm anything.

With a few electric words he worked a magic change in the audience. Their duty, on which the success of the cause depended, he said, was iron discipline and implicit obedience, to orders when orders were given. The time for action had not come yet. And the riot was nipped in the bud...

Hitler...has another asset...he is a man of the common people... won the Iron Cross I. and II Class.....

der Schlacht bei Wytschaete am 2. Dezember 1914. Ich
halte Hitler für vollends würdig zur Auszeichnung mit
dem E.K. I. Klasse
I.V. (gez) Frh. von Godin"

zu Hitlers 48. Geburtstag. Das Heeresarchiv Potsd am
veranstaltet eine Ausstellung. Mitten unter den Dokumen-
ten ist ein vom Bayerischen Kriegesarchiv, jetzigen Heer-
esarchiv München, zur Verfügung gestelltes Original
schreiben mit dem Vorschlag des Regiments zur Verleihung
des Eisernen Kreuzes I. Klasse an den Gefreiten Adolf
Hitler:

(31. Juli 1918 vom 3. Bayr. Reserve Infanterieregiment
ausgefertigt)

"Gefreiter Hitler, 3. Kompanie.

Hitler ist seit Ausbruch beim Regiment und hat sich in
allen mitgehabten Gefechten glänzend bewährt. Als
Kampfmann leistete er sowohl im Stellungskrieg als
auch im Bewegungskrieg verbildliches anhalt Mutigkeit
und Schnelligkeit und war stets freiwillig bereit, Meldungen
in schwierigsten Lagen und größter Lebensgefahr durch-
zudringen. Nach Abreißen aller Verbindungen in schwie-
rigen Gefechtslagen war es der unermesslichen und opfer-
bereiten Tätigkeit des Hitler zu verdanken, dass wichtige
Meldungen trotz aller Schwierigkeiten durchdringen kon-
nten.

Hitler erhielt das E.K. I. über tapferes Verhalten in
der Schlacht bei Wytschaete am 2. Dezember 1914. Ich
halte Hitler für vollends würdig zur Auszeichnung mit
dem E.K. I. Klasse.

I.V. (gez) Frh. von Godin"

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Roberts, Stephen, J. The house that Hitler built. 1938.

Certainly his upbringing was not normal. He was the neurotic child of a neurotic, repressed mother. She warped him by impressing upon him how different he was from other children; and it is to Clara Frelzi that we must attribute his exaggerated conception of his difference from other men.

Roberts, S. J. House that Hitler built. p. 2.

He excelled in everything in the world history, last year I met a school friend of his who told me that Hitler frequently told him his father's words by turning his head until he saw a glare of the morning. Laughed at by his comrades for poring over the atlas, he fixed them with a steady stare and replied with crushing dignity: "I am looking at the German frontiers and asking them to stop asking to be liberated. Here already we have the essential Hitler-land, clearing, ignoring the sea, living in a world of fantasy, and the only in his artificial isolation."

Roberts, S. J. House that Hitler built. p. 4.

Hitler didn't say he had a very complex personality.. but there is something elusive about him).... I think he is primarily a dreamer, visionary. His mind nurtured by the other-worldliness of the Alpine scenery round his house in retreat of Berchtesgaden, runs to visions, and I have heard his intimates say that, even in cabinet meetings where vital questions of policy are being discussed, he is dreaming-thinking of the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream.

Indeed, he always has the air of being faintly surprised. An eminent neurologist who accompanied me to the Nuremberg Partei-Tag pointed out again and again that Hitler obviously "forced himself up" at the great public functions and stopped dreaming. It is almost a case of dual personality. He cannot allow his normal, average person-being to come into ascendancy, but has constantly to remind himself that he must act as the Fuehrer, the demigod, of a great people.

Roberts, S. J. House that Hitler built. p. 8.

The neurologist told me that another symptom of this is the way in which he suddenly removes the self-satisfied smirk that so often creeps over his face at public demonstrations.

He is so transparently honest when he is weaving visions of his own creation that nobody can doubt him. He is ready, like a medieval saint, to go through fire and water for his beliefs. I am not certain that he would not actually like being tortured. He would love playing the martyr, if only for his own mental delectation. He sees himself as a crusader. He thinks the whole time of saving mankind.

I heard him make the famous speech when he spoke of absorbing the Ukraine and Siberia. Under the cold analysis of foreign newspaper reporters, this speech read like a declaration of Germany's Eastern Imperialism. Actually it was nothing of the kind. Hitler merely forgot his audience and wandered off into a dream-world of his own. He spoke of the wonders he would do if he controlled the fields of the Ukraine and the hidden treasures of Siberia, just as one of us might meander on about the riches of Cathay or the mother-love from which all gold was thought to have come.

The same remarks apply to his other speech in that same week, when he held out his arms, rolled his eyes to heaven, and said that he must thank God for giving him Germany and that they must thank God for giving them Hitler. In retrospective analysis this seems either silly or blasphemous, but it did not appear so to his listeners. It did not seem incongruous even to foreigners like ourselves—at least not in that place and time.

I am convinced, further, that all the brutal sides of his movement pass him by. The killings, the repressions, the imprisonments, do not belong to the world of his imagination. He is too remote for them. People have scoffed at the story of him weeping over music on the night of June 30th, 1934, when so many of his oldest associates were being brutally murdered, and foreign cartoonists took delight in depicting his hypocritical tears. That is not fair. The plain truth is that the music reached home to him and was part of his feeling, whereas the killings would be very remote. Goering could look after these while his leader was dreaming.

It is the combination of men like Goering with a dreamer like Hitler that has made Nazism possible. They could not supply the mysticism and the dreams without being laughed at, and he could not do the necessary dirty work. Hitler without his Party organization behind him would be inconceivable, so too would the Party without his pixy-ridden other-worldness.

Roberts, S.H.: House that Hitler built. pp. 8.9.10.

Roberts, S.H.: House that Hitler built. 1938.

3

He is a romantic through and through, and he lacks the education or the reading to temper his romanticism by the balance of philosophy. Everything that he does is Wagnerian—this is the leitmotiv of the Hitler-piece—whole Hitler piece. Menas the trappings of mysticism everywhere. He blesses banners; he makes a workaday snow a symbol for mysterious ritual; he believes in macabre rites about the resurrection of the Nazi dead; he fosters midnight ceremonies on the sacred Brocken mountain; he talks of Valhalla and knight-errantry; he wants to be Siegfried and Frederick the Great rolled into one. The mystical trappings of Hitlerism are always strongly in evidence; and the normal mind reacts against it now and then. Experts have shown that, consciously or unconsciously, Hitler uses the very phrases that have been the formulae of occult observations ever since the Middle Ages.

Hence comes the uncertainty. Mussolini has every day ambitions, thinks in terms of men and guns and machines. His foreign policy is in terms of iron and steel and frontier posts, but with a Hitler one never knows. He may be carried away by some obsession of reconstituting Vienna as the capital of a new German Empire, or he may see himself as a crusader in Eastern Europe, like the Teutonic Knights of the olden days.

In Munich in the early autumn of 1936 I saw coloured pictures of Hitler in the actual silver garments of the knights of the Grail; but these were soon withdrawn. They gave the show away; they were too near the truth of Hitler's mentality.

Nobody would claim that Hitler is of outstanding mental stature.... His life, as I see it, can be expressed as an attempt at escaping from reality and a more or less constant intoxication of his imagination by a free indulgence in fantasy...

...some of the facts certainly appear as evidence for the psycho-analysts on Hitler's persecution mania, his ways of escape from reality, his great anxieties, his over-keen but distorted observation of realities, his alternating moods of melancholy and elation, his recurring doubt of himself and contrasting sense of omnipotence.

The feeling of persecution appears to be in ascendance. Every outside object is to him a potential enemy, of the kind with which he has identified his own personality, namely Germany. To an increasing degree he seems to be indulging in his identification of himself and his country. From the real or fancied persecutors of Germany he is always seeking means of escape, which latterly he tries to find in the sublimation of part of himself (but part of himself only) into the role of universal saviour.

Roberts, S.H.: House that Hitler built. 1938. pp. 10. LL. 12.

Roberts, S.H.: House that Hitler built. 1938.

4.

How could such a mind be coldly analytical? Abstract intelligence and logic are not necessary in his scheme of things. He seems to have a single-track mind. Always a simplist, he cannot understand the complexities of most problems. He cannot, for instance, recognize the importance of diplomatic forms or the element of safety provided by the tortuous methods of conventional diplomacy. He simplifies every problem, even the most vital questions of domestic and foreign policy. He applies a general principle of an intuitive solution to a question complicated by centuries of history and arrives at some delusively simple outcome. As a Karpf gives him away in this. After its publication he could never again claim subtlety of analysis or breadth of vision. His own autobiography reveals his mental processes to all mankind.

But he is transparently honest. He believes what he is saying, and throws every ounce of nervous intelligence and energy into all that he says or does, even when he is answering the most casual question. That stands out as my keenest impression when I spoke to him in the Deutscher Hof. Nobody can doubt his utter sincerity. He cannot help himself. He is completely absorbed in the statement or policy of the moment. That explains why he carries the crowds with him--because he believes so utterly, so appealingly, in what he is saying.

Nevertheless, he can say different things in successive moments and believe in each with the same degree of fervour. It is not his honesty that is in question; it is his terrific power of self-delusion that introduces such an element of uncertainty into everything he does. His advisers never know what he is going to say next. It is said that he could start talking about any subject under the sun and, before he got very far, he would be expounding it with all the zeal of a prophet of a new religion. Start Adolf on two sentences about religion, and he will make a heathen gathering like a revivalist meeting" one of his lieutenants as years ago, and this is quite true. His emotion drags him along behind his surging words, and he can neither stop nor restrain his most outlandish belief in what he is saying. Thus, unless he reads every line of his speech, an element of uncertainty is always present.

Even Hitler has found himself censored on many occasions, when his tongue ran away with him, and Goebbels's tip-pencil came into play.

Roberts, S.H.: House that Hitler built. 1938. pp. 12. 13.

Indeed, he himself provides much evidence on the matter. According to his own statements, he loathes making decisions. He will not make up his mind unless forced along tumultuously by events. He could not come to any decision about Communism in 1919 until he had hesitated and heard both sides. He procrastinated every way at the time of the first November putsch. When the Z.B. Lin Storm Troops were mutinying and their leader telegraphed to Hitler for a decision, he could not answer. Explaining the killing of Roehm, he said: "During these months I delayed again and again making a final decision." He apparently doubted and hesitated on the occasion of June 30th, even after he had issued instructions to take drastic action. He cannot make up his mind what to say in his public speeches, and it is common knowledge in Germany that the man who sees him last before he mounts the rostrum has a good opportunity of determining the nature of his speech. His strength, then, is the unduly assertive characteristic of a man not certain of himself and shunning a real analysis of the problems confronting him. It is a mixture of brazenness and empiricism, and above all, a form of escape from his own introspectiveness. He is harassed, tortured by imaginings and confused thoughts; and the only way out of the tangle is to take some act that is seemingly decisive, or, more often, to find refuge in the endless reiterations of stock arguments, such as those against Semitism or Bolshevism.

Associated with this is ~~his~~ his fear about breaking the law. The spitting machine-guns used by the police against him in 1923 converted him for ever to a fervent belief in legal methods. Indeed, he hesitated for long about attempting a putsch, and only embarked on it when reassured that, owing to the preparations of Frick and others, there would be no fighting. Legality then became an obsession with him, and he made the Legal Division one of the strong departments of his Party organization. Some of the more turbulent Brownshirt leaders coined a scoffing word combining Legality and Adolf, and even Goebbels said that he had a "legality complex".

His most drastic revolutionary acts had to be brought into harmony with the law.

The next obvious aspect of Hitler's make-up is that he is distinctly an associationalist. The association may come from music; it may be suggested by war stories, or by the tramp of marching feet; it may arise from something said by others or even by himself. He always needs a stimulus. That is why he can never keep his thread in a speech; everything suggests something else to him. His speeches are curiously monotonous. He never loses his self-consciousness in the early stages of a speech. He stiffly proceeds from phrase to phrase, and only gathers momentum as he goes along. Finally the stage comes when his last words bring no association to his mind. That is why he so often ends in an anticlimax. He sometimes breaks off in the middle of an argument, and, nine times out of ten, his ending is abrupt and unexpected. He will stop suddenly and either raise his hand in the peculiar horizontal form of salute he has evolved or else cry in a broken voice: "Heil Deutschland!" or "Sieg! Sieg!" and gaze vacantly and fixedly before him.

He is pathetic when he loses the thread of an argument. As long as he is rushing along like a torrent, all is well with him, but ugly pauses occur in most of his public speeches. He looks round stonily. Usually his henchmen tide him over by frenzied shrieks of "Heil! Heil!" or that gasping "Ah/h/h!" which is the token of the German erotic indulgence at the moment. In the old days he frequently stopped talking in the middle of a speech and sat down. He is very temperamental in his speaking. Anything in the atmosphere around him may upset him—maybe some revulsion to his surroundings, maybe the presence of some antagonism which he feels. This temperamentalism may have been an asset in the days, when he was an agitator, arrogated to himself the for no other agitator or arrogated to himself the moods of a prima donna, and it was part and parcel of his dramatic exterior and the whole of his make-up.

Roberts, Stephen, H.: The house that Hitler built. 1938.

6.

distinct weakness in a Reichskanzler.

It might have been supposed that the man's outlook would have expanded by the responsibilities of office. But it is difficult to see how the years of power have added to his mentality. I am firmly of opinion that the real clues to his character and to the whole of his later ~~XX~~ policy lie in the very early days of the movement. Therein are shown the tendencies ~~XXXX~~ that have been working themselves out ever since: the fanatical belief in himself, the conviction that he alone could save Germany (and later the world) from its ills; the attitude that it is sufficient for him to state a policy without justifying it in any way, as if he received it as a result of communion with the Almighty; and especially the self-delusion that leads him to justify any act, however starkly opportunist it may be, by cloaking it with a cover of high principles, a process which seems to be unconscious rather than deliberate with him.

He always uses the same methods, the same tricks of oratory, the same half-dozen gestures (especially the outpointed finger and the curious corkscrew movement of his hand), the same appeal to the crudest emotions, the same exploitation of common hatreds, even the same words.

No display of emotionalism is too crude for him. He frequently weeps. He wept at the Court which tried him in 1924. He wept to his Brownshirt leaders in Berlin when they were mutinying in 1930. He wept before Gregor Strasser at the time of the Party split in 1930, and roamed up and down the corridors of his hotel, threatening to commit suicide. He has often threatened his own life or offered his body to the executioner's axe. "Crucify me if I fail you!" that is his ultimate (and often pathetic) adjuration, used to journalists and party gatherings alike. "We can always get Adolf to weep," Goering is supposed to have said ~~xxx~~ when confronted with a difficult situation. Here again the contrast with, say, a Stalin is oblivious.

He is a restless being. He likes opera, but is intolerant of the drama. When he is free, he walks in the Bavarian hills (inside his own estate), or dashes around the countryside in his car at a great speed. It is typical of the man that he made such a personal friend of his chauffeur, Schreck, who even attained high rank in the S.S., and whose death was made a day of mourning throughout Germany. Hitler constituted a special Schreck formation in the S.S., and almost wept when its gilded banner passed him at Nuremberg this year for the first time.

He loves movement. A few years ago he invented the technique of aeroplane electioneering (everybody will remember his dash over the Polish Corridor), but carried it to extremes. Even in the earliest days, when the Party funds were counted in pfennigs rather than marks, Hitler would hire aeroplanes. The nebulous dash to Berlin at the beginning of 1923, with the unwilling Eckhardt as his companion, was by air; and in the next few years it became almost a joke at Headquarters to ask where Hitler was and to get the reply: "Oh, Adolf is up in the air again!"

He gets the same feeling out of speeding in the fastest of his destroyers.

During the Olympic Games in Berlin, it was almost tragic to watch his absolutely uncontrolled expression during the contests. In his eyes the events were not just sporting fixtures; each was a war in which the Fatherland had to win. I could see from my seat just below his stand that he would grip the edges of his box, rise from his seat, and hold himself stiff and

Apparently he never reads very much beyond official papers. Even in his agitating days he would never open a book. His personal room at the Brown House had no books, and none of the pictures taken at his chalet show any. It is doubtful if he has ever made a serious study of historical or philosophical works. He makes much of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, but it is said that even that is second-hand. He met Chamberlain only once (four years before he died). Characteristically enough, he brought Chamberlain in touch with Siegfried Wagner, and still more characteristically, this meeting took place in the troubled weeks just before the Munich revolt, when any other man could have lacked time for such gestures.

The written word has never had any appeal for him. Even in jail he would not read. He takes care, even today, to keep away from first-rate minds.

Instead he narrows his world to his old friends, - the propagandists and the fighters - and feels that he is cultured because he wallows in blatant Wagnerian music. Even there his interest is emotional and not intellectual. Wagner is to him what a luscious cake is to a school-child.

His workroom in the Brown House is typical of the man. It is severely modern in its decoration, with buff walls relieved by green lamps and red carpets and tables. A small room, it is commanded by the Fuehrer's writing-desk. There are four pictures of Frederick the Great, one of them on the desk itself. There is even a reproduction of Frederick's death mask. The only outside note is provided by a bust of Mussolini, presented to Hitler some years ago, and now obviously relegated to a corner. From where Hitler sits, he looks straight on to a vividly coloured painting of Bavarian infantry crossing a stream under fire in Flanders. It is said that it represented a battle in which Hitler himself fought. A very obvious piece of furniture is the elaborate bell-switch at Hitler's left hand, with no fewer than seventy-two buttons to press.

A strange man, this Adolf Hitler. He is infinitely polite and courteous in his interviews, pausing perceptibly after every statement in case there is something his questioner wishes to add. He is punctilious to the point of quixotism in acknowledging the salutes of his men and in himself saluting the standards. The odd feature is that he never seems at ease in formal gatherings or when being spoken to. He seems a hunted being and is always ready to find refuge in making miniature speech, even when one asks him a question that could be answered by a single word. In making a speech he is at least on firm ground. There he does not have to think, there he can let himself go for he has said it all thousands of times and will keep on saying it until he dies.

One fundamental fact is that Hitler never has any real personal contact. The charming pictures one sees, in which he is taking bouquets from tiny tot or grasping the horny hands of picturesque old peasants, are all arranged. These are triumphs of the photographic skill of his old friend Hoffmann. Hoffmann blots out the surrounding guards and we see the result. The Fuehrer is never alone. The giant Bruckner is always with him, and his "suicide-brigade" of special guards surround him everywhere. He goes out in his enormous Mercedes car (specially constructed so that he can stand up in front and receive support so that he is not wearied.... I was once present when he was talking to an English trade unionist at Nuremberg and after leaving him the English man said: "What he wants is to get away from his guards for a while and talk with a few ordinary human beings." Most of his trouble, indeed, seems to be due to his enforced seclusion from mankind. When he is not walking in the grounds of his heavily guarded Berchtesgaden chalet, he is making public appearances inside his wall of S.S. men. He lives in an unnatural detachment that makes his disease of being a godhead batten on itself...

Roberts, Stephen, H.: The house that Hitler built. 1978.

8.

(they) make a great fuss about his diet or celibacy; what seems to me far more important is his lack of ordinary human contacts. Abnormal himself.... Nobody can tell him anything or speak frankly... more aloof than any Sun-King. ... it is the most extraordinary comment on human evolution that, in this age of science and progress, the fate of mankind rests on the whimsy of an abnormal mind..... and finally he became the Mythos of the German people.

Der Fuehrer in the most my t cal sense of that word- and must one ultimately add: "Der Fuehrer-Gott."

When an unemployed ex-officer- corporal was admitted as No. 7..... the corporal's name was cut down as Adolf Hitler, but one "t" was crossed out at his request.

Hitler is said (probably falsely) to be the author of the following rhymed couplets, addressed to women:

"Take hold of kettle, broom and pan,
Then you'll surely get a man!"

and

"Shop and office leave alone,
Your true lifework lies at home."

pp/22.23.33. 229.

German Foreign Office
THE GERMAN WHITE PAPER 1940

Er ist ein Mann grosser Entschlossenheit und wird auch in diesem Fall
seiner grossen Handlungsfähigkeit sein/.

Der Fuehrer wiederholt, dass er ein Mann grosser und ihn selbst ver-
pflichtender Entschlossenheit sei und dass dies sein letzter Vorschlag wäre.

pp. 19, 20.

Hoch, ~~Herr~~ Gott segne den Kanzler.
Rundfunkpredigt 20. April 1933.

Am Geburtstag unseres Volk kanzlers, des Apostels und Propheten der Deutschen...

...die ganze sittlich starke und religiös tiefe Kanzlerpersönlichkeit..
...Adolf Hitler steht unter Gott ! ...als Knecht Gottes..
...der erste und beste Diener seines Volkes..
...was allein ein Volk, eine Nation gross und stark, tüchtig und ehrbar macht,
das ist das Opfer.

...der als Muskettier seinen Leib schützend in Maschinengewehrfeuer vor dem
seines Kommandeurs warf, ...der trotz schwerer Kriegsverwundung in selbstloser
Hingabe Tag und Nacht opfert, ja aufopfert - der seinen Gehalt freudig in den
Rettungsdienst der n leidenden, verwitweten und verwaiseten Familien ermordeter
S.A. Kameraden stellt, - ja, der sich leibliche Opfer auferlegt, nicht raucht
und trinkt - er hat ein Recht, um der Nation willen v n allen Volksgenossen
Opfer und Verzicht zu verlangen...

...Mögen die deutschen Eichen, die wir im ganzen deutsche Land am Geburtstags
tag Adolf Hitlers ihm zu Ehren pflanzen und weihen wollen, unsere nationales
Bundeszeichen sein und bleiben..

Kanzler Hitler hat gesprochen
Deutschland ist zur Tat erwacht/
Alte Fesseln sind zerbrochen/

...
All Welt soll Deutschland schauen
Kanzler Hitler weilt die Nacht.

p.34.5.7.9.

....eine der achtzehn Abbildungen des Hakenkreuzes in Oesterreich (stammt aus dem Ahnenbau des Fuehrers... In der Stadtbibliothek zu Linz befindet sich eine Handschrift, auf deren Einbanddeckel ein Hakenkreuz abgebildet ist. Dieses stammt aus dem Besitze der Pfarre St. Oswald an der Yser und dürfte aus dem aufgelassenen Augustiner-Chorherrenstift Waldhausen herrihren. Ein anderes der vielen Hakenkreuze in der Ostmark befindet sich auf dem Grabsteine des Abtes Theodorus Hagen oberhalb der Brunnengrotte des Benediktinerstiftes Lambach in Oesterreich. Dort soll der Knabe zum ersten Mal das Hakenkreuz gesehen haben.....zahlreiche Volksgemeinden aus dem Altreich pilgern dorthin.

...hier also lebte Adolf Hitler. Es ist so lieb zu denken, dass der kleine Knabe die Wege, die da jetzt verlaufen, mit seinen kleinen Schritten durchlaufen hat. Hier hat er sein fröhliches Lachen erklingen hören - die Wiese war der Spielplatz seiner Knabenvergnügen. Welche herrliche Landschaft hat der Knabe wohl noch umgeben - in sich aufgegangen.....unser Fuehrer war kein Grossstadtkind.

... Wenn ich gewusst haett, dass es da sein wird, haett ich ihm ja viel mehr Aufmerksamkeit geschenkt.

...ein lieber Bub...voll Hebermut, Leben und lustiger Einfälle. Demals zeigte er eine grosse Liebe zu Schach und...oft war die Mutter bekümmert, dass ihr Sohn ob des Spielens sich sonst nichts vergass. Auch das Gedächtnis des Kindes war sehr, die Patres knüpften an diese schwarze Fatallinie die Zukunftsvorhersagen....In der Schule hat er alles rasch begriffen, hat er ausserordentlich viel Begabung. In der Schule war er unter den Schülern oben, nun aber hat er nichts mehr, was ich net... seine Stimme aber hört man in der ganzen Welt....

....der rauschende kaiserliche Mensch Adolf Hitler wurde durch die reichen Naturschönheiten...g fortsetzt

...Fräulein Ziehl ist uebergluendlich, wie Fuehrer in Aufnahme zu sitzen wie er ihre Hand drueckt....seine blauen Augen hatte ich wiedererkannt... nur ist er viel, viel schoener und lieber als auf dem Bilde... so lieb ihm alle sagen wollte - nichts habe ich sagen koennen...

....eine kleine Goetheverwandlung... der Besitzer, Josef Hagnmüller...
Butter, Milch, der kleine Bräutigam die Familie Hitler (Hilf mir helfen)

stets wusste Adolf, dass es zu machen gewesen waere und schenkte fuer's Kriegsspiel) Pläne, die die Erwachsenen, die die Erwachsenen in Staunen setzten. Voll Stolz erzählte Wilhelm der Sohn des Kaufmanns, der Kostkind bei Frau Hitler war, dass ihm der Reichskanzler bei den Aufgaben geholfen und ihm manches erklärt habe. Offener bekam Adolf Freikarten fuer Theater und nach den Vorstellungen sei tagelang gelnacht mit ihm zusammen gewesen.

Es hat sich mein Vater nur in die Karte von Frau Hitler gegeben, weil es dort streng und ordentlich zugegangen ist.

Zwei Bienenstöcke wurden mir gezeigt, die nach vom Vater Hitler stammen und betreut und gepflegt werden. Manchmal wird der Fuehrer mit seinen Bienen geschickt...

Nach dem Tode der Mutter machte Adolf Hitler seiner Familie grosse Sorge... Herr Mayer, der der Vorstand des Fuehrers, zeigte mir noch in Schriftstueck von der Fuehrers Hand von damals. Es ist schon recht abgegriffen, denn jeder moechte es nicht nur sehen, sondern auch in der Hand halten.

Krauss, Helene: Des Führers Jugendstätten. 1939.

Dann allerdings freut man sich, dass auch der Führer, der fuer uns der Inbegriff alles Hohen ist, einmal ein richtiger Bub gewesen ist.

Hofrat Prof. Dr. Hauser (erwacht seinen ehemaligen Schöler)

...der unter den Schulkameraden immer der Aufseher war. Alle Streiche, die die vollführten, waren harmloser Natur.... seines hochbegabten Schölers, der allerdings auch damals schon eigene Wege gewandelt war. Frau Dr. Hauser, (Blutenburg 9, in dem die Mutter gestorben war zeigt mir das historische Fenster, hinter dem sich der Führer zu folg nachwachen Entschlüssen durchgerungen hatte. ...Adolf, der die Realschule nicht fertig machen wollte...

...das Zimmer des Führers.... er hat der Führer geliebt. Einen solchen Gedanken kann man in diese Raum nicht fassen. Adolf, das Geschick, in diesem Zimmer zu wohnen...

pp. 3 . 7 . 1939.

Geschichten aus der Kampfzeit
Adolf Hitler in Gera, 1925

Adolf Hitler kommt nach Gera! Dieser Ruf dringt zu allen Getreuen in Ostthuringen, in der weiten, weiten Umgebung. Das ist ihnen allen ein Signal zu fiebernder Erwartung, zu dem festen Vorsatz: da musst du hin, du musst den Fuehrer hoeren....

....Die Heinrichsbruecke ist belagert von den verzehnten Massen.....

Und Adolf Hitler geht zu Fuss zum Versammlungsort nach der Heinrichsbruecke.Kaltbluetig draengt sich Hitler ~~stark~~ zusammen mit ~~Rudolf~~ Rudolf Hess in die Menge, draengt sich durch, - unerkannt in Zivil - durch den kochenden Haufen und steht ploetzlich vor den Parteigenossen, die am Eingang zur Heinrichsbruecke Wache halten und sehnsuechtig ihren Fuehrer erwarten.

.....steht jetzt vor den Tausenden, die sehnsuechtig und erwartungsvoll harren. Alle oebereen Raeeume sind gefueellt bis auf den letzten Platz. Viele Hunderte muessen noch in dichtem Gedraenge stehen....

....Tausende hoeren Adolf Hitler.....

Aus: Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte
vol. 5, Heft 54, p. 348/49

Johannes Linke

Wie der Modies den Hitler zum Schweigen brachte.

Story of the "Buergermeister" of a little viallge, who once upon a time, when he was not yet a devout follower of Hitlers, threw his Masskrug against the radio to which all the others wanted to listen when Hitler's voice emerged. N o w , of course, he is only too happy to listen to the Fuehrer.

IN: Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte
vol. 5, 1934, Heft 55, pp. 954/58

REPRODUCED AT THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Hoffmann, Heinrich: Hitler, wie ihn keiner kennt, 1922.

2.

Naive Menschen meinen, Adolf Hitler führe ein Leben in Sorglosigkeit und Ruhe, mit Achtstundentag und Cafébesuch. Von der ganzen Schwere der Lasten, die auf den Schultern dieses Mannes ruht, ahnen die wenigsten etwas.

Unsere Zeit wird diesen Ueberragenden vielleicht verehren und lieben, aber sie wird ihn nicht in seiner grossen Tiefe ermessen können.

...Sie soll nur immer wieder in Hinschau auf die gewaltige Persönlichkeit des Führers aufrecht werden und Gott im Himmel danken, dass er uns auch dieses Mal nicht verlassen hat.

pp. XIV.

Captions for some of the photos:

Die Peitsche: Mit grosser Empörung haben die feindlichen Blätter gemeldet, dass Hitler immer eine Reitpeitsche bei sich führt. In Wirklichkeit handelt es sich um eine Hundepeitsche, die der Führer heute noch zur Erinnerung an die Zeit trägt, da ihm jede Waffe verboten war. Damals war diese Peitsche sein einziger Schutz...

Bei Freunden: Grosse Peste liest der Führer nicht. Im Kreise seiner Freunde sucht er Entspannung von seiner Arbeit. Bei seinem Gaführer Rowver in Oldenburg.

Eine photographische Zufälligkeit wird zum Symbol: Adolf Hitler, der angebliche "Fetzer" der Verlasse der Marienkirche in Bremerhaven. photo taken with the effect, that the cross of the main gate is above his head like a halo.)

pp. 1. 5. 7.

Information obtained from Ernst Hanfstaengl:

Hanfstaengl first met Hitler in November, 1922. He attended one of Hitler's speeches with some friends and this speech made a tremendous impression on him. He claims to remember it quite distinctly and was impressed by Hitler's cool exposition mixed with jibes at the secret police, the Berlin administration and the signers of the Versailles Treaty. The speech was full of acid distillates against the lethargy, cowardice and corruption of the many parliamentary parties of the time, always, however, subtly producing an indefinable feeling of guilt among his listeners. There were moments when he seemed to accuse his own audience for Germany's debacle during 1918 and in the following years. No questions were asked at the meeting except those which Hitler asked himself and then answered. He was extremely clever at this technique and the questions always came as a surprise and were wholly unexpected. The result was that they continually created suspense in the audience which he then dissipated. At the end of the speech, Hitler was completely exhausted and reminded Hanfstaengl of a great artist at the end of a gruelling concert. Hitler was dressed in heavy boots, dark suit, and leather waistcoat. With his stiff white collar and his little mustache, he really did not look very impressive - he resembled an ex-military rifle company manager. After the meeting, Hanfstaengl was introduced to Hitler by Anton Drexler. Hitler immediately straightened up and his eyes and mouth took on a challenging expression. Afterwards, as he raised the recs table, his walk was swift and controlled, every step was carefully designed and there was none of the slack freedom of an intellectual or civilian.

During the speech, he assumed a pose which turned out to be quite characteristic. At the beginning, he kept his hands folded behind his back and his legs firmly stretched and unmoving. He remained in that sentry-like position during the early part of the speech while he was reviewing the past. Block by block he built up the evidence against the administration with infinite care. During this introductory phase, he never stooped to vulgarity or phrase or pronunciation. On the contrary, he tried to employ only the ultra-correct literary High German, taking conscious trouble to secure the orthodox pronunciation of his "st" and "sp".

The theme of his speech as it developed was "How can a state survive if nobody looks up to it, honors it and loves it?" He drew the parallel of a family in which the children have no respect for their parents. Nothing comes of nothing; life comes from life and by the same law, greatness springs only from greatness. During this part of the speech, Hanfstaengl was impressed with Hitler's eyes. He says they were clear blue and nothing of guile or fear in them. There was honesty, there was sincerity, there was suffering and the dignity of mute entreaty. He was speaking rapidly by this time and his hands were tellingly

suggesting the high rises of thesis and antithesis symbolizing the rising and falling of his cadences, emphasizing the volume of solemnity and fleeting pizzicato of his ideas. Sometimes there were interjections and then Hitler would slightly raise his right hand as if catching a ball or he would fold his arms, then, with one or two words, he would bring the audience to his side. Sometimes his technique reminded Hanfstaengl of the thrusts and parries of a fencer, sometimes of a well-poised rope walker, sometimes of a skilled violinist who, never coming to the end of his bow, always left just the faintest anticipation of a tone, sparing the indelicacy of utterance.

As an orator, he surpassed them all. He possessed all the qualities necessary to draw, hold and sway a crowd. He possessed the power of cool description, the poise and passion of intellectual interrogation, the intuitive knowledge of what the masses felt and what they wanted him to say. He had the ready wit, verve and homespun humor - the appeal of the uneducated, of the masses, of the women.

As Hanfstaengl spoke to him after the speech, he seemed alive and forceful, obliging yet uncompromising. His face and hair were soaked in perspiration. His starched collar fastened together with a square gold safety pin had wilted away to nothing. While he talked, he dabbed his face with what had once been a handkerchief. Automatically he cleared his throat, cautiously and hesitatingly, and yet an irritated cough reverberated ominously in his chest and lungs. Then he reported, he shook hands with Hanfstaengl. It felt like a hardstone, rough hand with the grip of a front-line soldier.

In connection with speeches in general, Hanfstaengl reports that Hitler always writes his own. Before 1933, he did not dictate them before he delivered them but simply jotted down a few notes on large sheets of paper, usually the handwriting was very large with only fifteen or twenty words on a sheet and about ten or twelve sheets for an entire speech. While preparing a speech, he never referred to any books. When he had finished making the notes, he would spend the time before the speech walking back and forth in the room, waiting for regular telephone reports on the meeting and how it was progressing. The usual length of his speeches was two to two and one-half hours but it was not unusual for him to speak steadily for three hours or more, before he developed trouble with his throat. During this early period he would occasionally sip beer from a mug while making his speech. At the beginning of the speech, he always stood with a military posture, with his heels firmly together. There was not a second of relaxation - his whole body was tense and firm and his hands were clasped behind his back. After about twenty minutes of this, one foot would come out and then things would begin to liven up. He would interrupt his exposition by introducing an imaginary opponent who asked questions of him and he took great delight in demolishing him. As the speech proceeded, the tempo increased until, during the last eight or ten minutes, his oratory was usually like an organ of words.

Hanfstaengl says he was almost like the throbbing fulfillment of a love drama - Liebestod. He was comparing Hitler's speeches with Wagner's music - infinite variations of known liked motifs repeated over and over, always producing a new ear-appeal.

When entering a hall to make a speech, he takes no notice of anybody on his way to or from the platform except perhaps a mother and child who step forward occasionally to hand him flowers. Any other interruption arouses his ire. On one occasion in 1932, an hysterical woman succeeded in breaking through to the aisle and reaching Hitler and tried to hand him a scroll of revelations. Hitler became very much upset and shouted, "Get this crazy woman out of the way!". The incident upset him so much that he was in bad humor the rest of the evening. When he finishes with his speech, he leaves the hall immediately amid much martial music. He doesn't wait to see what the reactions of the crowd will be. He claims that for a speaker not to leave immediately after he has finished his speech is a sign of inner cowardice and a lack of confidence.

After the Munich putsch, Hitler fled to Hanfstaengl's house where he remained in hiding for three days. When he arrived there he was disconsolate. Mrs. Hanfstaengl reported that he was all broken up and kept saying over and over again, "Everything is ruined. These dogs, these liars". He took out his gun and threatened to kill himself but Mrs. Hanfstaengl jerked the gun from his hands and appealed to him on the grounds of what his opponents would say if he committed suicide. He gave up the gun and sank into apathy, mumbling, "Those dogs - those liars". Hanfstaengl denies that there is any truth in the report that when the police arrived they found Hitler hiding in the closet. According to him, Hitler's self-composure returned and when the police finally arrived, to arrest him, he met them on the stairs while putting on his trench coat and made no attempt to avoid the situation.

When Hitler was released from Landsberg on December 24, 1924, he came directly to Munich and came to the Hanfstaengl's. On the afternoon of his arrival, both Hanfstaengl and his wife noticed a marked change. Hitler had grown stouter and there was a certain something in his face and a look in his eyes which was gone. His nerves had quite obviously suffered from his imprisonment. Hanfstaengl said that he talked with Hitler for a half hour in the studio before his wife joined them. In the middle of a sentence, Hitler would spasmodically turn his head and look behind him as though overcome by a sudden fear. "See", he said to Hanfstaengl, "that's what jail does to you. There is always some damn jailer standing behind watching you. They drove me almost crazy at the beginning when I was in solitary confinement. With a light burning in my room throughout the entire night, I knew someone was constantly watching me through the observation hole in the door. A horrible feeling that; I am certain they were seeking for some pretext to have me transferred to an insane asylum. You know I went on a hunger strike for two weeks and they tried to make that a ground for an insanity charge." Suddenly he broke off and said, "Ah, Hanfstaengl, play me Tristan".

Hitler was released from Landsberg before Goebbels and Hess. He was deeply concerned about the latter remaining in prison and wondered how he could get them out. He kept referring to Hess as, "Mein Hesserl". Hess addressed Hitler as, "Du" while in prison but dropped it after his release in 1926. Hess tried consciously to build up a cult by always addressing Hitler as, "Mein Fuehrer". Hess was known among the party homosexuals as "Fraulein Anna" and Hanfstaengl suspects that Hess' relationship to Hitler might have bordered on this type.

In March, 1937, Hanfstaengl showed Jung a specimen of Hitler's handwriting without telling him to whom it belonged. Jung examined it and said, "Hinter dieser Schrift ist nichts als ein grosses Weib."

Hitler sleeps very badly since his imprisonment in Landsberg. He takes some kind of sleeping powder every night before retiring and goes to bed as late as possible. He invariably keeps friends with him until two or three o'clock in the morning. He only goes to bed when his friends are exhausted and leave him. It is almost as though he were afraid to be alone. When he does go to bed, he always takes an armful of illustrated periodicals including American magazines with him. He generally likes the Hearst magazines and magazines dealing with naval and military matters. In general he is unable to get to sleep until dawn and then usually sleeps until about ten or eleven in the morning. He dislikes central heating and has a Kachelofen in his bedroom.

He gave up drinking beer and wine after his imprisonment in Landsberg. If he has a cold he will take hot tea with rum but outside of that never touched alcoholic drinks except somewhat later when he would drink some very light beer which was specially brewed for him. Hitler smoked while he was in the Army but gave this up in 1922 in order, "to increase his capacity as a speaker and his general efficiency". Ordinarily he does not tolerate anyone smoking in his presence before he is going to make a speech and has even prohibited smoking at outdoor Nurnberg when he is speaking. However, when he is not going to make a speech, he permits his friends to smoke in his presence and even supplies them with smokes on occasion.

He has a consuming passion to learn the latest news. If someone comes into the room with a handfull of newspapers, he will often stop the most important conversations abruptly and snatch up the papers to find out the latest news. He has realized for many years that almost all information, no matter how varied and apparently unimportant, can serve his purposes at some particular moment.

He also has a passion for movies and watches one or two every night or two. He looks at foreign pictures which are forbidden in Germany as well as the domestic productions. He enjoys newsreels, particularly those featuring himself. He likes comedies and will laugh heartily at a Jewish comedian. He even likes a Jewish singer and will often say afterwards that it is too bad that he or she is not an Aryan. Special movies are

made of political prisoners in concentration camps, executions, etc., and Hitler seems to get special delight in watching these. He was particularly interested in a film showing the assassination of King Alexander and Jean Louis Barthou in Marseilles. With Himmler at his side, he looked at the film twice at one sitting in order to analyse the mistakes of the French Surete. He decided that it was an error to use mounted police and police armed with sabers. "Horses", he said, "cause panic and do not enable the police to get at the root of the trouble". Hanfstaengl believes that Hoffmann also frequently entertains Hitler at night by showing him pornographic movies and photos.

Hitler very rarely went to the theatre but likes vaudeville. He also loves the circus. The thrill of underpaid performers risking their lives seems to give him a real pleasure. He is particularly fond of tightrope acts and trapeze artists. After Landberg he said to Mrs. Hanfstaengl, "Now we'll have to try all over again but this time you can be certain that I won't fall from the tightrope". During the summer of 1933, he went to the circus several times and on the following day would send flowers and chocolates to the value of several hundred marks to the girls who had performed dangerous feats before him. He usually remembers the names of these people and in the event of an accident to one of them, would concern himself with what happened to them or to their surviving relatives. On one occasion that Hanfstaengl remembers, Hitler read a newspaper account of a trapeze artist who was killed during her act. He immediately sent a message of sympathy to her family. Hanfstaengl believes that the non-bourgeois - the gypsy milieu - of circus artists has a definite appeal to Hitler. Hitler doesn't care much for wild animal acts unless there is a woman involved who is in danger.

Hitler rarely attends concerts but often goes to the opera. He dislikes sitting in a row. Hanfstaengl is of the opinion that music is more of a period of rest and thought for him than a real pleasure. He says it seems to serve a triple function: isolation from the world; relaxation; and excitement - spur to action. He enjoys gypsy music, Schaeffer's, czardas and also music by Liszt and the dreamy music of Grieg, Wagner, Verdi, and certain pieces by Chopin, and Richard Strauss delights him. Music which doesn't lift him out of his cell by its sensuous appeal leaves him cold. About 85% of Hitler's preferences in music are the normal program music in Viennese cafes. Hanfstaengl says it is doubtless the vagabond in Hitler's make-up which gives him such a kick out of Liszt. The changes from dejection to triumph are what make him like Magyar music such as the Rakeessy. The Viennese music of Lehar and Johannes Strauss type was only appreciated by Hitler after he came to power. Tristan acts like a dope on him. If he is facing an unpleasant situation, he likes to have Maister-singer played to him. The music he dislikes is mainly confined to the classics, particularly music by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. In these renderings, he listens only with relative attention. He also likes martial music and his technique of arriving late for almost all rallies was designed to give the crowd time to get worked up by the martial music and to help them to get acquainted with one another.

He has a radio in all the principal rooms on every floor and often listens in when an opera is being broadcast. On the radio he is partial to Verdi operas which he knows very well. He also uses a phonograph for his favorite operas.

Hitler never dances himself although he is willing to watch others for a time. His appreciation of the dance is not diminished by the character of the women he is watching. Obvious prostitutes who are merely admitted to the Kaiserhof Hotel were fervently admired by him provided they appeared in couples or with a man. A solitary woman is usually ignored by him unless he is in a large crowd and can send an adjutant to find out her identity. On the whole, in situations of this kind, he prefers to be the spectator.

He is completely uninterested in either indoor or outdoor games. He takes no exercise other than walking and this only at irregular intervals. His pacing of the room is frequent and done a la marcia to a tune which he whistles. He never walks the length of the room but always diagonally from corner to corner - a habit which Hangstaengl believes he might have contracted while a prisoner at Landsberg. He is afraid of water and cannot swim. While at Landsberg, he refused to take part in the games organized by Hess on the grounds that it would be undignified for him. He said it was important for him to always keep his distance from his entourage. When at Berchtesgaden, he takes walks in the country. These walks are conducted Indian file with 5 or 6 armed guards in civilian clothes in front of him and 5 or 6 behind him. On both sides armed patrols cover the flanks at about 100 paces.

Guarding his person is an extremely important problem. Wherever he is, he is surrounded by a large number of Army guards some in uniform, others in civilian clothes. Usually the guard is arranged in such a way that they alternate in the direction they are facing. This makes it almost impossible to come anywhere near the place in which Hitler is staying without being detected. While Hitler is very solicitous about his guard, he does object to armed guards riding on the running-board of his car when he is out in public. He says that this gives the impression of being over-cautious and consequently detracts from the triumphant and joyful note which his appearance should elicit. Furthermore, he says, a display of precautionary methods which is clumsily arranged indicates a lack of security which suggests to the crowd a kind of guilty weakness which would leave an odious impression. Himmler on the other hand tends to over-emphasize Hitler's personal safety while he is appearing in public. Once he accused Himmler of arranging things in such a way that he created the picture of, "Tyranne auf Reisen". While in the Chancellory, Hitler is a virtual prisoner. He considers this as a necessity and has frequently said, "If you come to it, I am very much in the position of the Pope, who for similar and other reasons, has to remain confined in the Vatican. That is why the whole quadrangle of the Wilhelmstrasse must sooner or later be added to the Reichskanzlei area and surrounded with colonnades for walking in bad weather. That would hold good also for my successor and his successors."

In spite of all these precautions however, Hanfstaengl considers him quite courageous. During 1923, certain phases of the party development were decided by street fighting. Hitler took part in a number of these and always showed extraordinary courage. He is not foolhardy enough, however, to seek out danger. In fact he usually chooses the way which involves the least danger and still leads to the desired goal. Once he decides that a certain course must be taken he sits down very calmly and plans the precautions which must be taken. Having done so, he goes through with the job absolutely fearlessly. Hanfstaengl says it is a perfectly conscious type of bravery. He remains absolutely calm and collected, even in the face of great crises and devotes all his energies to figuring out ways of check-mating his enemies. He also faces physical pain with exemplary courage.

He is very meticulous about his personal appearance, even when his attire is uncomfortable. For example, he would never remove his coat in public no matter how warm he felt. He is also very strict about cleanliness and bathes every day. He prefers a tub to a shower. He allows no one to see him in his bath nor to see him naked. Hanfstaengl is consequently unable to give any information concerning any physical deformity or injury. He is certain, however, that his penis is normal since he has frequently seen him urinating in the open when they were taking long automobile rides together.

Hitler also shaves himself everyday and has a barber come in once a week to trim his mustache. In his dress he is always conventional and usually takes the advice of his tailor. Schaub, his adjutant, lays out Hitler's clothes for him and he puts them on without fussiness. He never uses perfume, although occasionally, after a long speech or a strenuous trip he will use some Yardley's Lavender smelling salts in his bath in order to get away from the smell of gasoline.

He frequently twitted Hanfstaengl about using perfume and disapproved violently when Hanfstaengl made his sister Angela a present of some Lavendar salts.

He enjoys automobile riding a great deal and has a detailed knowledge of the workings of both the automobile and the airplane. He prefers the automobile riding as a means of getting privacy, fresh air and sleep. He does not go out in bad weather unless he has an engagement, but in parades he uses an open car to ride in regardless of weather conditions on the grounds that, "We are not bourgeois but soldiers". When travelling, he has a great capacity for silence. Frequently, on the trip from Berlin to Munich, whether in the train or in an automobile, he would say only a few words to his companions during the entire journey. Sometimes he would be dozing, at other times thinking and planning.

He always likes to have company during meals. At lunch time, he usually invites some of his intimate associates, usually about six or eight. In the evening he enjoys a larger company and the guests usually consist mostly of women. During these meals, he is apt to let the conversation be general, but after an hour or two, he starts a monologue from his repertoire. These are as finished as phonograph records. His favorite themes are; "When I was in Vienna"; "When I was in the Army"; "When I was in prison"; "When I was the leader in the early days of the Party", etc. The story is always exactly the same and treats only very superficial aspects of the respective experiences. In speaking of the time he spent in Vienna, for example, he tells of working on the buildings, of shoveling snow, of selling his paintings, and items which he has also recorded in *MEIN KAMPF*. All of his friends have heard the same story dozens of times but this does not deter Hitler from repeating it again with great enthusiasm. Nobody ever interrupts these encore-rhapsodies. At other times, he gets off on the subject of Richard Wagner and the opera. These two are stereotypes. The women guests are usually enraptured by these recitals but the men are usually bored. Nevertheless he carries on with them until his guests finally break down and must retire as they can no longer keep their eyes open. He hardly ever mentions his collaborators when they are not present and will not tolerate gossip except possibly at Goebbels' house very late at night or at Hoffmann's house in Munich.

His voice has a typical Austrian metallic sonority. In company, he usually speaks softly but may launch into a forceful speech even when only one or two people are present. The cliché story of his loud screaming is not true or at least, is greatly exaggerated. If anyone contradicts him in public, this rarely induces very loud replies. It is difference, however, during office hours, when anything may lead to a grand scene and he will lose his temper. On these occasions, he rants around shouting loudly. No matter how excited he might be, however, he never swears. He never even swears among his intimates when he is calm. Nor does he ever curse anyone directly. Instead of saying that the other person is a dog or a dumbbell, he always inverts the curse and says to the person, whom he is cursing, "Do you think I am such a dog?", "Do you think I am so dumb?", "Do you think I am so-and-so?". Except in these rages, he takes extremely good care of his voice and has special drinks prepared which he takes before and after his speeches. Hanfstaengl believes that by now he has reached the point where he sprays his throat regularly. Hanfstaengl says

that speaking is really Hitler's chief form of exercise and after a speech, he is usually brooded in perspiration. He is probably only happy and at peace with himself when he has talked himself to the point of swooning from exhaustion.

When he becomes involved in an argument he shows an incredible lucidity. His thoughts are very concise and he presents his views like a sputtering machine-gun. The cadence of his sentences are irresistably shaped and have a piercing power. He always looks for a dramatic phrase or a happy epigram which he can twist to his own use. When he has finished an argument he says, "I am tired of this kind of discourse, I am tired, I am tired." He always has a good catchword which is worth a whole lot of explanation and theory. In this connection he frequently uses the figure of speech that, "There is only so much room in a brain, so much wall space, as it were, and if you furnish it with your slogans, the position has no place to put up any pictures later on, because the apartment of the brain is already crowded with your furniture". He has always admired the use the Catholic Church made of slogans and has tried to imitate it.

Hitler has very good concentration if the subject is one that interests him. Under these circumstances, he has extraordinary capacity for work. In 1932, for example, he and his staff often worked twenty hours a day for weeks on end. He has a great deal of physical endurance so he would stand these ordeals better than his associates. However, he hates to read reports or to do any kind of desk work. His staff is usually in despair on account of his procrastination in dealing with this phase of his work. He never takes their protests in this respect very seriously and usually brushes them aside by saying, "Problems are not solved by getting fidgety. If the time is ripe, the matter will be settled one way or another."

During these periods, he is extremely gentle with his subordinates. He never curses them even if they make mistakes. For example, Hanfstaengl remembers making a hurried trip by automobile from Munich to Berlin in the middle of the night. On the way, the chauffeur took the wrong fork in the dark and drove some twenty miles before he discovered that his mistake was irreparable and that he would have to turn back. Although Hitler was in a great hurry on this occasion, he did not scold the chauffeur in the least. He simply said it was unfortunate and that there was nothing to do but turn around and try to make up the time they had lost when they got back on the right road. On long, hurried trips or at the end of a heavy day's work during which everyone had missed one or two meals, Hitler always insists that his chauffeurs or his staff be served first. He will not accept food until everyone else has been served. If food is placed before him by an over-zealous waitress, he will frequently get up and carry it himself to one of his subordinates.

On the whole, he is a strict vegetarian but upon rare occasions he will eat a little chicken with rice or smoked salmon as an appetizer. He is bothered a great deal with stomach disorders and always takes some kind of medicine to aid his digestion. His breakfasts usually consist

of a simple, not milk, very dark coffee with rolls, butter and marmalade. His luncheon generally consists of pea soup or tomato soup with jammin, followed by a second dish of omelette with asparagus tips, mushrooms, spinach or cauliflower and green salad. He seldom has much appetite for lunch and usually postpones it as long as possible. His evening meal, like luncheon, usually consists of a "gemueseplatte". He never has much appetite in Berlin but it improves markedly at Berchtesgaden. At Berchtesgaden he usually has Bavarian dishes such as yellow boletus mushrooms with dumplings. As dessert, he has a decided preference for Austrian pastries, a piece of cake or some farinaceous cooked dessert. At five o'clock he usually drinks coffee or tea with rum, the mixture being of light or medium strength, and eats a murtorte, finger-torte, nusstorte, Chokoladen-torte or toast. He eats a good deal of chocolate and cannot resist dissolving really good chocolates in his coffee. When people ask him regarding his ascetic life, Hitler invariably replies, "If I once find that a thing is not good for me, then I stop eating it. As I know that meat, beer and nicotine injure and impair my constitution, I don't indulge in them any more. Such a decision is taken once and for all years. Is that so wonderful?"

Hitler always insists on many brilliant lights around him at night. Hanfstaengl believes that his sight is not normal and that it might have been damaged by gas poisoning in the fall of 1918 when he almost went blind. Hanfstaengl also believes that this affects his judgment and taste in paintings where only very bright colors satisfy him. Up to 1937 he never wore glasses for protection even in bright sun or snow. He had to wear spectacles on the glare of the sun even when it is reflected from water on a bright day. Hanfstaengl has reason to believe that after 1937 Hitler was forced to wear glasses on account of headaches caused by light difficulties. He resisted this as long as possible, only from vanity and partly from contempt for the "professor type" spectacles. The heavy glasses have been a nightmare for him and he would naturally resist anything which would make him resemble this class. He despised education and refused to have anything to do with it. Hanfstaengl remembers that in 1933 there was a good deal of talk about the best way of making Hitler a German citizen. It was finally decided that the easiest way would be to have the Government of Braunschweig bestow an honorary degree on him. When Hanfstaengl heard of this he said to Hitler jokingly, "Well, now you are about to become a professor after all!". Hitler immediately decided against this plan and arranged to obtain his citizenship by being registered in the Oberregierung's-Bezirk in Braunschweig instead.

Nevertheless, he does a great deal of reading. Most of his reading is done for the purpose of confirming his own ideas. He is fascinated by outstanding examples of rhetoric and historic epigram. He has read about Aelion, Alexander the Great, Marius, Sulla, Brutus, Catiline, Caesar, Henry the VIII, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Moses, Luther, Cromwell, Napoleon, Kutuzov, Blucher, Richard Wagner, and Blomberg. His interest in these people is largely on the demagogic, propagandistic, and militaristic side. His world is primarily one of action and not of contemplation. Consequently, he much prefers the revolutionary Schiller to the Olympian and contemplative Goethe. Biogra-

phies which lack a note of rebellion and a titanic protest against the existing world bore him.

Hitler has a great admiration for Frederick the Great. Hanfstaengl remembers the first time they saw the new version of the film on Frederick the Great. Hitler was completely entranced during the showing and had nothing but praise at the end. To Hanfstaengl's amazement, however, Hitler seemed to have partially identified himself with Frederick's cruel father. He thought the scene in which the father ordered Frederick to witness the execution of his co-conspirator was magnificent. He said to Hanfstaengl that the father was absolutely right in his treatment and the thing they must do was to bring up the German children of the future under discipline of this type. Before his imprisonment in Landsberg, Hitler was quite intrigued with, and willing to follow, Frederick's tolerant attitude towards religion. His later totalitarian anti-Christianism is entirely due to the influence of Hess and Rosenberg while they were imprisoned together. Even then there was no overt expression of this change of attitude until 1934 when he appointed Rosenberg as the Supreme Inspector for the spiritual-political training of German youth.

Hanfstaengl is convinced that Hitler actually believes in his destiny. He told Hanfstaengl that while he was in the infirmary at Pasewalk in the fall of 1918, he received a supernatural vision which commanded him to save his unhappy country. As a result of this experience, he resolved to become a politician and devote his energies to carrying out the command he received. In the early days, however, he did not conceive himself as the chosen leader. Even in 1923 he still referred to himself in his meetings as the "drummer" marching ahead of a great movement of liberation which was to come. Even after this time he frequently used the words of St. Matthew and referred to himself as a voice crying in the wilderness and describing his duty as having a path for him who was to come and lead the nation to power and glory.

After his imprisonment, the "drummer" pattern dropped out very rapidly and he referred more and more to himself as the Fuehrer. This may have been due in part to Hess who coined the term and did his utmost to build a cult around it. But outside of this there was more and more evidence that he was thinking of himself as the Messiah and it was he himself who was destined to lead Germany to glory. He used quotations from the Bible more frequently when referring to himself and separated himself from the others as though he were a special creation. For example, Hanfstaengl remembers that there were rumors current that he was about to announce his engagement to Hanfstaengl's sister, Anna. . . When asked about this directly Hitler drew himself up in a penitential manner and said, "I authorize you to tell the press that I shall never engage myself to a woman nor marry a woman. The only true bride for me is and always will be the German people".

When asked what would happen if something interfered with his destiny or prevented him from carrying out his duties as Fuehrer, he replied, "If that should be the case or if I should die, it would only be a sign that my star had run its course and my mission is fulfilled." Hanfstaengl condemns as false all of the stories one hears about Hitler visiting or having

anything to do with either clairvoyants or astrologers. He has never heard of any connection whatever between Herr Rath and Frau Benthline, the Munich clairvoyants who are frequently mentioned as Hitler's advisers. The astrologer story he condemns as even more ridiculous since Hitler is fundamentally against horoscopes and has always refused to have one cast even in fun. He always said they were bad and nothing to play with because no matter how hard one tried to discard them, there was always the danger that one might let them influence one's judgment and thereby be led astray. Hanfstaengl says that Hitler is far too smart and too wary to go in for anything of this sort, that he has steadfastly refused to ever consult a physician about his depressions because to do so would give the doctor a weapon which he might later use against him. He is absolutely certain that Hitler never went in to any of these things and says it would have been impossible for him to do so without Hanfstaengl's getting wind of it.

Napoleon is one of Hitler's great idols. He has read a great deal about Napoleon and has tried to imitate him in many ways. When the Germans occupied Paris, Hanfstaengl says, but can not remember who told him, that Hitler sent even his bodyguard away to stand at a great distance while he himself stood for one-half hour before Napoleon's tomb presumably to obtain inspiration. Hanfstaengl also points out that Hitler opened the Russian campaign on the same day, June 22, on which Napoleon crossed Jena. Hanfstaengl insists that this is no coincidence and that Hitler has long striven not only to imitate Napoleon but to outdo him. He says that Hitler has identically the same distress, contempt and fear of legitimate monarchs that Napoleon had. He remembers when the former Empress came to Berlin and was given a reception. Hitler of course had to go but was extremely nervous for hours beforehand. He kept asking Hanfstaengl what she was like, what he should say and how he should behave. He made a great fuss about wearing evening clothes and wished, if possible, to avoid the situation. Hanfstaengl, too, was invited to the reception and dinner. He was, however, detained at his office and missed the dinner completely but hurried over in time for the reception. As he rushed into the corridor of the building in which the reception was being held, he was amazed to find Hitler and his bodyguard walking back and forth outside the door of the reception room. He was like a child and could not bring himself to go into the presence of the Great Lady. With Hanfstaengl as a support, he finally did go in and paid his respects to her but was extremely uncomfortable, nervous and unsure of himself and left just as quickly as he possibly could. Hitler is also a great admirer of Blucher and frequently refers to his outstanding courage and his technique of perpetual attack which he feels to be exceedingly sound and which he has always tried to copy.

It is interesting how frequently Hitler associates crowds with women. "Do you know", he once said to Hanfstaengl in 1923, "the audience at a circus is just like a woman (Die Masse, das Volk ist wie ein Weib). Someone who does not understand the intrinsically feminine character of the masses will never be an effective speaker. Ask yourself 'what does a woman expect from a man?'. Clearness, decision, power and action. What we want is to get the masses to act. Like a woman, the masses fluctuate

between extremes. Obviously if we want them to act, we cannot do so by appealing to their selfishness nor to their cowardice, but only by appealing to their idealism, their courage and their spirit of sacrifice. What has more the spirit of sacrifice than a woman? If they are talked to properly they will be proud to sacrifice because no woman will ever feel that her life's sacrifices have received their due fulfillment. The crowd is not only like a woman, but women constitute the most important element in an audience. The women usually lead, then follow the children and at last, when I have already won over the whole family - follow the fathers.

On another occasion, Hanfstaengl playfully said to him, "If not a bride, you ought to have at least a mistress." Hitler replied, "Politics is a woman; he who loves her unhappily, she bites off his head (Die Politik ist ein Weib, wer sie ungluecklich liebt, dem beisst sie den Kopf ab)." At another occasion, Hanfstaengl was joshing him and told him he should marry in order to fool his enemies. Hitler answered, "Marriage is not for me. My only bride is my motherland." Then seemingly, with no sequence of ideas, he added, "There are two ways by which a man's character may be judged, by the woman he marries and then by the way he dies." His attitude towards women is interesting. Frequently in speaking of women, he will use the Russian proverb: "If you go to a woman, don't forget your whip." It may be a coincidence but for years Hitler always carried his riding whip and never appeared at a meeting without it. Hanfstaengl says it was particularly conspicuous when he spoke to a woman. Even if it was a friendly conversation, he would constantly jesticulate with his whip and these became more and more violent as the conversation continued and his voice became louder and louder. He remembers one time at Berchtesgaden and there was a Frau Buechner who was visiting with her husband. Her husband was a political leader in some small town and Hitler paid very little attention to him during their visit but devoted himself almost entirely to his wife who was a large, blonde, peasant-type of woman. For hours he stood out in the lawn while Hitler bragged about what he was going to do. As he spoke, his voice became louder and louder, his speech faster and faster, and the whip came more and more into prominence. He worked himself into a state of great excitement and finally shouted, "When I came to Berlin a few weeks ago and looked at the traffic in the Kurfuerstendamm, the luxury, the perversion, the iniquity, the wanton display, and the Jewish materialism disgusted me so thoroughly, that I was almost beside myself. I nearly imagined myself to be Jesus Christ when he came to his father's temple and found it taken by the money-changers. I can well imagine how he felt when he seized a whip and scourged them out." Hanfstaengl says that Hitler accompanied this speech with violent agitations with his whip as though to drive out the Jews and the forces of darkness, the enemies of Germany and German honor. Dietrich Eckart who was also a guest at Berchtesgaden and shared the room with Hanfstaengl said later that this was one of the most disgusting exhibitions of eroticism he had ever seen and Hitler should be ashamed of himself, especially in view of the woman to whom it was delivered. Furthermore, he said, "When a man gets to the point of identifying himself with Jesus Christ, then he is ripe for an insane asylum like Nietzsche was". Hanfstaengl says that the identification, however, was not with Jesus Christ, the crucified, but with Jesus Christ, the furious.

lashing the crowds. It is also interesting that one of Hitler's favorite words is "brutal" which has a different connotation in German than it has in English. Whenever he had an opportunity he always seems to manage to get this word in somehow or other.

In spite of all this, Hitler frequently adopts quite the opposite technique when he is trying to win the affection of some girl. Hanfstaengl has frequently seen him act like an adolescent on these occasions. He is very shy and fidgety. He doesn't seem to know what to do with himself and waits for some cue that he is finding favor with the girl. Often he ends up sitting at the girl's feet, begging her to be kind to him and not to think too harshly of him. Hanfstaengl is of the impression that what Hitler is looking for in a woman is half-mother and half-sweetheart. Since he has not succeeded in finding this combination, he is always being disappointed and escapes into brooding isolation and artificially dramatizes public life.

His relationship to Frau Bechstein is unusual. She was smitten with Hitler quite early in his career and gave him considerable financial assistance to further his career. Early in his career, when there was still considerable danger of arrest, he adopted the name Wolf as a type of camouflage, in the party. Frau Bechstein adopted it as a nickname and up to the time that Hanfstaengl left Germany, she still called him Wolf or "Hein Woelfchen". She always has used the familiar "Du" when speaking to him and has really played a mother role towards him. She is one person who can scold him and he stands shamefacedly and says nothing while she does it. Hanfstaengl is under the impression that Frau Bechstein was grooming Hitler as a future son-in-law. According to him she made it very clear to Hitler that she expected him to marry her daughter and that Hitler finally asked the daughter to marry him. This he did from a sense of obligation to her mother and also for the prestige and advantages that it would bring him to become part of the wealthy and influential Bechstein family. Lottie Bechstein was far from attractive and Hanfstaengl is sure that no love was involved. In any case, it seems that Lottie refused him. Nevertheless, the relationship with the Bechstein family continued and he frequently called at their home.

A similar relationship existed with Winifred Wagner, the daughter-in-law of the great composer. He was a frequent visitor at Hahnfried, the Wagner home, and there were many rumors that he would marry Winifred after her husband died. She perhaps came closer to fulfilling his ideal of half-mother and half-sweetheart than any other woman of whom we have any knowledge. The relationship has continued unbroken from early in 1923 until after Hanfstaengl left Germany and is presumably still in tact.

Hanfstaengl is under the impression that a number of factors determined this attachment. First is the fact that she was the daughter-in-law of his favorite composer. Then there was the fact that she belonged to a social class to which Hitler aspired and the relationship offered him considerable prestige as well as affording opportunities for contacts which he sorely needed. In addition she was English by birth and this in itself

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seems to be a particular attraction. And then Winifred seems to be a very attractive, kindly and warm person in her own right and she, too, helped Hitler considerably in the early days when he was very much in need of every bit of help that he could get.

Hanfstaengl does not attach much importance to the Unity Hitler relationship. Here, too, the fact that the girl was English had some fascination for him, but far more important was the pleasure he derived from the way she idolized him. Here, too, he believes her family connections played an important part and he cultivated the relationship for its propaganda value. Hanfstaengl feels sure that Unity shot herself in the head when the war broke out and that the Gestapo had nothing to do with it. He says she is a very stupid girl with an extreme case of hero-worship and a flair for the dramatic. He also feels certain that there were never sexual relations of any sort between Hitler and Unity. Hitler just liked to have her around because she kept telling him how great he was and how he was going to be even greater in the future and that she would win over England for him. It seems that anyone who pours words of this kind into Hitler's ears can win his favor. It is a technique that Goebbels frequently resorts to when Hitler is in a bad humor and Goebbels wants him to do something for him. Under these circumstances, Goebbels does as Hitler with quotations from Hitler's speeches of all vintages and assures him that these are the words of a great man. Hanfstaengl says that this technique never fails to put Hitler in a good humor and usually results in the individual getting what he is after. Hitler has on occasion also shown some preference to American girls, particularly actresses but none of those relationships have ever developed to any great extent.

Then, according to Hanfstaengl, there was a strange relationship between Hitler and Princess Stefanie von Hohenlohe (born Richter). Hanfstaengl becomes very emotional when speaking of her and claims that she is a full-blooded Jewess who blackmailed her way into the Hohenlohe family. He says that she is a professional blackmailer and only recently tried to blackmail Lord Rothmere, the English newspaper magnate. Nevertheless, Hitler was smitten with her and according to Hanfstaengl made quite a fool of himself. Both Hanfstaengl and Unity warned him repeatedly against her but Hitler refused to pay any attention to these warnings. Even when it was pointed out that his close relationship with a full-blooded Jewess would have severe repercussions among the German people, he insisted on keeping up the relationship. Hanfstaengl said he did everything to break up this affair because he was afraid that she would snare Hitler as she had done the others and ruin his career. Since Hitler refused to listen to his stories about her blackmailing, he kept stressing the Jewish angle. Finally, Hitler in order to keep him quiet, promised that he would have her family investigated. The next time that Hanfstaengl tried to caution him, Hitler said, "The Gestapo have investigated the family tree of the Richters and found it to be correct and in order."

Unity, too, became extremely jealous of the influence that Stefanie had over Hitler and there was keen competition between them over which one could obtain the greatest publicity and had the greatest propaganda value in England. Unity became enraged when she learned that Hitler had given Stefanie

a large autographed photo of himself. In some respects Unity had the edge inasmuch as she was received in most of the diplomatic circles in London while Stefanie was barred on account of her bad reputation. Stefanie was in London at the time of the Coronation and like all ambassadors, Ribbentrop was giving a big party at the Embassy. Stefanie learned of the party and called Ribbentrop and demanded an invitation. Ribbentrop absolutely refused to invite her. She communicated with Hitler and then he learned of the situation in London he flew into a rage and sent an ultimatum to Ribbentrop demanding that he send an official invitation to the Princess together with an apology. According to Hanfstaengl, however, the relationship did not continue smoothly. In 1936, Stefanie met Captain von Wiedemann, one of Hitler's adjutants. He fell in love with her and for some time they had an affair which they kept secret from Hitler. In 1938, Hanfstaengl met Unity in London and she told him that there was a monstrous row at Berchtesgaden when Hitler learned about it. She said he was absolutely furious and discharged Wiedemann as his adjutant and said that he would never see him again. Unity assumed that Wiedemann's appointment as Consul to San Francisco was a form of exile and a punishment for his betrayal. Hitler also refused to have anything further to do with Stefanie. Stefanie herself tells quite a different story which is to be found in the interview with her.

The most serious affair of which we have any knowledge seems to be the one which Hitler had with his niece, Geli. She was a daughter of Hitler's older half-sister, Angela. When Hanfstaengl fled to Vienna after the unsuccessful Putsch in 1923, he met both mother and daughter. At that time they were living in poverty. Geli was in her teens and rather an ordinary looking girl. In 1928, she moved to Munich and lived with her uncle in his house. She had come to Munich to study music while her mother kept house for Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

Geli was in her early twenties at this time. She was rather tall, blonde and had a fair voice. According to Hanfstaengl she was rather heavily built, somewhat plain and on the whole, showed rather clearly her peasant background. Soon after her arrival, she began to appear in public with Hitler, dressed in expensive gowns and furs. The clothes certainly heightened her attractiveness, although she was nothing unusual. Hitler too began to spruce up and together they created considerable comment among Party leaders who objected to the relationship on the grounds that it would make bad publicity and also on the grounds that Hitler was spending Party funds to dress Geli and sport her around. Hitler flew into a rage whenever anybody even implied that he should break the relationship off and persisted in spite of all objections to take Geli into public places. Hanfstaengl says there is no doubt that Hitler was deeply attached to her, although she acted very peculiarly toward him. She seemed to be rather cool toward him at times and manifested more fear toward him than fascination for him. It was assumed in Party circles that Hitler was using Geli in a sexual way and although the exact nature of these was not known, it was generally believed that they were abnormal. Hanfstaengl surmised that Hitler probably beat her with his riding whip and derived a sadistic pleasure from it.

In any case, it was soon whispered that Geli had fallen in love with another man. Some said it was her singing teacher who was a Viennese Jew, others claimed that it was Hitler's chauffeur, Maurice. Hanfstaengl claims that Maurice confided in him later that he had had an affair with Geli at this time and that Hitler had upbraided him for his insincerity. It seems that for a time Geli was virtually a prisoner in Hitler's house and only appeared accompanied by him. One day Geli was found dead in Hitler's house. She had died from a bullet fired from Hitler's revolver. Hitler and Geli were alone in the house at the time. Immediately after the event, Hitler called Goering and Gregor Strasser to the house. They viewed Geli's body even before the coroner arrived. Strasser left shortly after in complete disgust while Goering remained. The official verdict was suicide but Hanfstaengl feels certain from Strasser's behavior and words that were dropped that Hitler had murdered her in a fury because she refused to remain in the house any longer and wanted to go out with other men. In any event, the relationship between Gregor Strasser and Hitler became more tense from this point on although Strasser remained true to the Party and was one of its most influential leaders. Hanfstaengl says that Strasser was not murdered for political reasons during the 1934 Blood Purge but because he knew the truth about Geli's death. Hanfstaengl says that Hitler was in terrible shape for sometime afterwards. He lost his spark completely, looked very haggard, could not eat, and was unable to sleep. He would sit for long periods staring into space completely oblivious to his surroundings. Then suddenly he would jump up and throw himself into Party affairs with such vigor that it was obvious that he was trying to shut other things from his mind. Hanfstaengl is of the opinion that it was after Geli's death that Hitler first got into the habit of taking sleeping powder at night. The memory of Geli still lingers with Hitler according to Hanfstaengl who says that Hitler has a painting of her hanging in his Berlin bedroom (which is denied by Friedlindt Wagner) and also a bust of her on the mantel in his livingroom in Munich.

There seems to have been a period after Geli's death when Hitler had very little to do with women. His next affair seems to have been with Henny Hoffmann, the daughter of Heinrich Hoffmann, the official Party photographer. Henny, too, was a blonde and one of very questionable reputation. Hanfstaengl says that among the university students in Munich, Henny was regarded as "easy", whom one could have for "fermas". Hitler's relationship to the Hoffmann family baffles almost everyone. According to Hanfstaengl, Hoffmann is a third-rate photographer who is notorious homosexual. He lives in sort of a Bohemian atmosphere with lots of wild parties which last until 5 or 6 in the morning. After the death of his first wife, he married a wellknown lesbian and homosexuals of both sexes are usually to be found at his parties. Nevertheless, Hitler seems to enjoy these parties tremendously and when he is in Munich he is a frequent visitor at Hoffmann's house and sometimes spends the night there.

Many extraordinary stories have been circulated in Party circles about Hitler's relations with Henny. According to one of the most popular stories, Hitler had once obliged Henny to have very abnormal sexual relations with him. The nature of these relations was not specified but it was said that later Henny, who is of a very garrulous nature, had told her father the entire story. Thereupon her father had made a furious scene

with Hitler and had used Henny's story in order to blackmail Hitler in continuing his monopoly of Party photographs.

According to Hanfstaengl, something of this nature must have happened at some time or other before his contact with Hoffmann, Hitler was a camera-shy. Photographers made all kinds of propositions for his picture but he refused to be photographed. Once, while spending a day at the beach with Hanfstaengl after several strenuous days in Berlin, Hitler happened to hear a slight click. He immediately became alarmed and demanded to know what it was. Hanfstaengl had not heard the click but noticed that a young man unknown to both of them was turning the film of his camera not far away from Hitler. Hanfstaengl tried to pass the incident off by saying that the young man had probably just taken a picture of something or somebody he knew. Hitler, however, was dissatisfied and went over to the young man and demanded to know what he had photographed. The young man admitted that he had recognized Hitler from some of his speeches and that he had just taken a candid snapshot of him. Hitler thereupon demanded the film on the grounds that it might jeopardize his life if it or one of the prints fell into wrong hands and went into a long explanation of how he had to travel through Communist-controlled territory and that such a picture would lead to his identification. He finally persuaded the young man to give him the film from the camera on the solemn promise that if conditions changed, and he felt it safe to have a picture taken, he would grant this young man the privilege of taking the very first one.

It was not long after this that the Hitler-Hoffmann relationship came into being and Hoffmann claimed the exclusive right to photograph Hitler. The promise to the young man on the beach was completely forgotten. Since then Hoffmann has accustomed Hitler to a daily flood of photos. What was formerly a shrinking fear of the camera has developed into an unquenchable thirst for incessant photographic immortalization. Hanfstaengl says it reminds him of the desire of Louis XIV to see himself constantly reflected in the Hall of Mirrors in Versailles. Hoffmann has only to produce a batch of new photos from his pocket and Hitler will interrupt the most urgent and important affairs of state in order to satisfy this craving. Hoffmann is one of the few people who can see Hitler at almost any time and privately. He follows Hitler everywhere ostensibly to take photos but according to Hanfstaengl, he has tremendous influence on him, particularly during these all night parties when Hitler is in a jovial mood and is beginning to feel relaxed and tired. Many members of the Party have attempted to undermine this influence which they feel to be detrimental but all their efforts have been in vain. Hitler stands by Hoffmann no matter what he does and it seems that some of his actions have been such that they would hardly add credit to the reputation of the Party.

For a time Henny enjoyed these privileges too. Hitler would see her at almost any time and she frequently came bursting in on luncheons or meetings. At sight of her Hitler would immediately brighten up and listen to her chatter with obvious interest. He always called her his "sunshine" much to the disgust of Goering and others who could not tolerate her.

At one luncheon Boehm abruptly left the table when Henry appeared. He told Hanfstaengl later that she acted like an enigma on him. Henry finally married Baldur von Schirach, the leader of the Hitler Youth Movement who also is a notorious homosexual. He continued to have relations of this type after his marriage to Henry. Schirach was enamored with Hitler for a long period of time and wrote him many letters but Hanfstaengl does not know that the relationship ever went any further than this. In any event, Hitler played the part of switch-board and although the whole Schirach family opposed the marriage, Hitler insisted and had his way.

Hanfstaengl is under the impression that Hoffmann is building up a special archive of unusual erratic documents for Hitler. It is said that he takes or supervises special pornographic photos and movies which are shown to Hitler privately. It is well-known in higher Party circles that at one time Hitler himself drew a number of pornographic drawings. It became Hoffmann's job later on to recover these from their new owners and Hitler spent a fortune for this purpose. Hoffmann also collects unusual letters and Hanfstaengl recalls coming into a luncheon meeting late, not long after the murder of Dollfuss in 1934, and finding Hitler and Hoffmann in a hilarious mood over a letter they were reading. It was with reluctance that they finally passed the letter over to Hanfstaengl and it turned out to be a love letter from Ludwig II of Bavaria to his servant, Joseph. Hoffmann has become Hitler's chief confidante since Hess left Germany. One of his chief functions is to provide girls for Hitler, particularly when he is in Munich. One of these was Effi Braun, a blonde, blue-eyed slender and ethereal girl; the daughter of a Munich professor who was a salesgirl in Hoffmann's photographic shop in 1932. Hitler became very much enamored with Effi and would frequently wait her after hours at Hoffmann's house. In 1935 and 1936, Hitler bought her a house about half-way between Munich and Berchtesgaden and he often visited there on his trips back and forth. He was always very secret about these visits but it is said that he often spent the night in Effi's home. Effi is also a frequent visitor at Berchtesgaden as well as at Hoffmann's house when Hitler is there. In 1939, there was talk about a marriage with Effi but nothing further is known. Hitler seldom does any writing himself. When he does so, he writes longhand and never uses a typewriter. All but the only thing he writes himself is a note to accompany flowers for commemorative occasions. He never takes notes or makes any entries in his date book. He does, however, doodle a great deal. His doodlings almost invariably start with a square which he fills in with straight lines, making a pattern. Hoffmann avidly collects all Hitler's doodles with the intention of editing them at some future time. All incidental writing is left to Scheub who is constantly by Hitler's side and acts as his personal bodyguard as well as secretary. He is a heavy beer drinker, very vulgar and is extremely fond of ballet dancers and night-club beauties. Next to Hoffmann, he acts as procurer for Hitler and plays an important role in supervising his pleasures. He is also Hitler's number one spy and never misses an opportunity of listening in on the conversation of others. Scheub was formerly a pharmacist's apprentice and now has charge of Hitler's medicine chest. It is he who administers the sleeping powder at night and the digestive powder at meals.

Hitler according to Hanfstaengl is not exactly superstitious but he is willing to accept a forewarning of Fate. He points out that in his speech of November 8, 1942, he chose the Loewenbraukeller for the meeting instead of the Burgerbraukeller which was bombed on November 8, 1939. The name Burgerbraukeller has now an unpleasant and painful memory for him - and it is a case of ill-luck, for in his speech, he would not refer to it by name. Nevertheless, he has tendencies in this direction. For example, in 1943, Hanfstaengl remembers that Hitler was speaking to a group of friends about family names in general and his own name in particular. He was joking at the time but expressed a view that the name of a real national socialist revolutionary who did by rights be in with "H". Hanfstaengl cannot remember the reason he gave for this but remembers that Hitler went on to say that it was even more important that the name end with "er". He then went on to enumerate a long list of names such as, Schoenerer, Lueger, Brexler, Treicher, Bruckner, Raser, Weber, Feder, and Poehner (all associates of his). "Names ending in 'er'", he said, "seem to have a certain masculine and aggressive snap which makes one understand, respect and remember them better." Then growing somewhat more serious, Hitler ended by saying, "Yes, - if one comes to think of it, these family names ending 'er' have not at all done badly: Luther, Duerer, Schiller, Bluecher, Wagner quite some names in German history, you will agree."

Hanfstaengl has never heard Hitler mention anything about his dreams beyond the remark occasionally that he had dreamt. He believes that Hitler's dreams circulate around various attempts on his life but has no real knowledge of them. He has never heard Hitler mention anything about visions or hallucinations beyond the one mentioned earlier when he was in the Army and received a command to save Germany.

Hanfstaengl says that Hitler has a peculiar sense of humor. It usually manifests itself in teasing his colleagues and immediate associates about their love affairs. These, however, are never vulgar and only hint at sexual factors.

When asked of his opinion of Hitler's artistic talents, Hanfstaengl said, "The execution is fair but all his sketches and paintings are photo-optic. His architecture is repetitious and always centers around huge columns and size. He doubts any real artistic sense and quotes as an example his ruination of the Munich Museum by having a tremendous tile terrace built in front of it which robbed it completely of its artistic setting."

When asked about his appreciation of music, Hanfstaengl rated this rather highly, on a level below the classics. If it is music he likes, he becomes completely enthralled and sits with his chin in his cupped hands while he listens. He has often seen him sit in this posture at an opera or a concert which he particularly enjoys. Contrary to reports, he does not like the music played loud when he is listening in private and neither drums his fingers or makes any vocal sounds while he is listening. Hanfstaengl says he is an ideal listener from the point of view of the artist. When attending concerts he usually likes to sit close to the front where he can hear and see everything that is going on. The kinds of music he enjoys most have been treated earlier in this report.

According to Hanfstaengl Hitler takes his defeats fairly well. Usually, if it is something that means a great deal to him, there is an immediate reaction of despair which passes rather quickly and is replaced by a spirit of determination. His reaction to the failure of the Beerhall Putsch has already been described. The first reaction is that all is lost. There is no further use and he might as well end it all. This lasted only a few hours and he began laying plans for the future in which this failure could be used as a stepping stone to a higher goal. At his trial we could see clearly how he was turning the failure to his own advantage.

When asked concerning his failure to obtain the Chancellorship in 1932, when he had counted on it so heavily and needed it badly, Hanfstaengl reported that he was present at the hotel when Hitler returned from his interview with Hindenburg. Hitler looked as white as a sheet. He said practically nothing and was very moody for a time. Then he seemed to brighten up and was strongly tempted to take the vice-chancellorship under von Papen. At one point he said, "I can imagine that to work with Papen would, in a way, be quite good fun (nicht so uebel). So show you fact that he was a soldier during the War and quite a reckless fellow. I am sure that he would treat matters 'ganz Kameradschaftlich'". He soon discarded the idea, however, and drove back to Munich the same night. As he turned his back on Berlin he muttered to himself in a sleepy and fatalistic baritone from which the metal was almost gone, "wir werden ja sehen. Es ist vielleicht besser so."

Before long he was back at work planning his next moves with vigor and determination. Hanfstaengl says that his attitude is very much like the one he voiced in a recent speech in which he said, "The Kaiser of that time (1918) was a man who lacked all force for resistance against these enemies. But in me, now, they have to face an opponent who does not even think of the word 'capitulate'. That's always been the way, ever since I was a boy - at that time it was improper behavior but as it is, perhaps it is a virtue after all - my habit of reserving the last word for myself."

It is typical of Hitler that during these periods he does not discuss the matter with others. He draws into his shell and does his thinking by himself. It is the same when great decisions have to be made. There is a period of procrestation during which he does very little, if any, work. Then he becomes moody and withdraws from his associates and is very difficult to see on any kind of business. During this time he is irritable and impatient. He flies off the handle easily and only rarely consults with anybody concerning the problem confronting him. He keeps mulling it over and over until he has reached a decision. When he has found a satisfactory solution, he immediately brightens up again and is impatient to get things going.

Hitler has a great capacity for keeping things to himself. He almost never tells one associate what he has discussed with another or what he plans to do. Hanfstaengl tells of one incident in which an important business man was in Berlin. After some difficulty he made contact with this person and rushed to Hitler to tell him the good news. Hitler calmly said that he knew all about it - in fact had already interviewed the American. Hanfstaengl says that it would not occur to Hitler to mention that he had been talking to an American during the day and suggest that he might want to meet him and talk to

him, or to discuss what the man had said with the impressions of other Austrians. Incidents of this sort happened over and over again. Hanfstaengl says his mind is like a huge file in which certain things are pigeonholed together but what goes into one pigeonhole has no contact with what goes into the other. He has a great capacity for remembering things but he never brings them out into the open until a moment arrives when these fragments may be useful to him. The result is that his closest associates are always in complete darkness concerning things that he is dealing with others. Furthermore, he seems to enjoy fostering competition and frictions between them. Sometimes these burst into open flame but even then Hitler lets them rage without ever committing himself to one faction or the other. Only gradually does one discover which side he favors. Meanwhile, he seems to get a sadistic pleasure out of these quarrels and competitions between his subordinates.

Hanfstaengl points out that it is odd that the three people most intimate with Hitler are cripples. Schaub, his secretary, has a bad limp. Seifmann is a hunchback and Goebbels has a club foot. Earlier in the history of the Party it seems that Hitler surrounded himself with some of the worst characters and almost encouraged them to participate in crimes of one sort or another in order to have something to hold over their heads in case they should be tempted to become disloyal to him. In the meantime, he carefully avoided getting involved in these crimes himself and always made it a point not to allow his associates to obtain or learn of any of his actions which might be incriminating. This is probably why he guards his past history so carefully.

Although many of his associates have been homosexuals and he has obviously protected homosexuals in his own circle, Hanfstaengl is of the opinion that Hitler has not indulged in an overt relationship of this kind. Nevertheless, some of his relationships have bordered on this type and he seems to get a particular pleasure out of keeping company with them and hearing about them. While in Vienna in 1938, a Herr von Seidler, who was formerly with the Dollfuss regime told Hanfstaengl that the "Maennerheim Brunnengasse" where Hitler stayed while in Vienna had the reputation of being a place to which elderly men went in search of young men for homosexual pleasures. It may be, in Hanfstaengl's opinion, that Hitler became accustomed to the company of this type of young man during this time and that he still feels more or less at home with them.

According to Hanfstaengl, Hitler's half-brother, Alois, was also in Vienna at the time that Adolph was there. He is under the impression that Alois, who had already been convicted of minor crimes in Vienna and London, may have bummed around with Adolph a good deal and may have used him in some of his shady undertakings. Without having evidence, he has been under the impression that Hitler might have contracted a venereal disease from a Jewish prostitute in Vienna during this period which resulted in impotence. He feels certain that Hitler is impotent as far as any normal sexual relationship is concerned but believes that this is the result of psychic factors rather than physical. He is convinced in his own mind that Hitler is a confirmed masturbator. He could not or would not give any evidence for this belief.

When asked if he had ever met or heard of Hitler's brothers, Robert or Edmund to which some writers have referred, Hanfstaengl said he had never heard them mentioned by Hitler or anyone close to Hitler. He doubted very much if such persons existed. He said he remembered, however, that in 1923 a boy of about 16 years had visited Hitler in Munich and had been in his room. Hanfstaengl does not remember very much about him except that he seemed like a lazy, indolent or good-for-nothing type. The boy was leaving Hitler's room just as Hanfstaengl arrived and Hitler merely said it was his nephew, Edmund. Hanfstaengl never could figure out who this boy's father and mother were and he never saw or heard of him again.

In connection with Hitler's family, Hanfstaengl said that he had a long talk with Brigitte Hitler, Alois' wife, in London in 1937. She told him that her husband had frequently talked about his childhood and that he had described his father as having a very violent temper and that he often beat the dog until he dog would cringe and wet the floor. He often beat the children and on occasions when he was in an exceptionally bad temper would beat his wife, Klara.

This cruelty also runs in Hitler and he seems to get a vicarious pleasure out of a view portraying people being tortured. He always admired the Russians, Sostopchin-Kutusov who in 1812 deliberately set fire to Moscow and then came in on the French in order to incite the Russians to Guerilla warfare. He thought this was a wonderful way of developing a fighting spirit in the people and advocated similar tactics when the French occupied the Ruhr. He went even further and said it might be a good thing if the French would occupy a considerable portion of Germany in order to stir the civilian population what war was like. He said he would be willing to sacrifice one-third of the population of Germany if this would serve to develop a fighting spirit in the rest of the people. "That boots it," Hitler said, "if even one-third of Germany is left to us if Germany is rotten there she recovers her freedom? No, it is the same of 'saving' a part of the population if the whole entire nation loses its identity, - if it becomes physically and spiritually bastardized and ready to accept a role of a permanently enslaved junk-nation?...."

When asked about what he believed Hitler's attitude towards suicide was Hanfstaengl reported that in the early days of the Party, Hitler always carried a small vial of poison on his person to take in case he was arrested and imprisoned. He says Hitler has frequently aired his views on this subject and he always maintained that he would not hesitate to commit suicide if there was a legitimate reason for doing so. That he would consider legitimate reasons are primarily (a) if his freedom of action was permanently denied and (b) if he felt he was being exploited by his enemies and had no other weapon to use against them. He often threatened to commit suicide as a form of political blackmail when some of his associates threatened to get out of line or refused to let him have his way. This usually turned the trick so that there is no way of knowing whether he actually would have done it if the others had held out. As early as 1923, Hanfstaengl heard him condemn Wilhelm II for "absconding to Holland. By doing so, he has become the sexton of the Hohenzollern dynasty. If Wilhelm had found his end at the head of his guard regiments, the Hohenzollern family would still rule over Germany." Since Hitler has always been very much concerned about his ulti-

mate historical stature, Hanfstaengl considers it a virtually foregone conclusion that Hitler will seek the "Heldentod" at the front.

Hitler likes to think of himself as a kind of martyr. He often refers to his great sacrifice of freedom of movement and compares himself to the Pope. Over and over again he will make such statements as: "I have no private life, not even private correspondence. Everything is read before I get it. That is the price I pay." Hanfstaengl is of the opinion that Hitler is always dramatizing his public life as compensation for his brooding isolation and complete inner satisfaction.

He also prides himself on his "will" and seldom misses an opportunity of starting a monologue on the subject when somebody asks him about his ascetic way of life. He treats his self-denial of smoking, drinking, abstinence from meat, etc., as very insignificant manifestations of his will-power and gives the impression that these are hardly worth mentioning since anybody could do that much. On one occasion he said, "When will is gone, all is gone. This life is a Kampf." Shortly after he began whistling the "Swan Song" from Lohengrin in a soft tremolo which he kept up both breathing in and out. Lohengrin is one of his favorites and he often recites long passages from it. It seems that he knows the whole thing by heart. Hanfstaengl wonders whether these are memories of his Vienna days.

Hitler is extraordinarily impervious to noise. He rather enjoys having a certain amount of noise when he is working and even boisterous conversation does not annoy him while he is reading. The constant buzz of many voices seems like almost a substitute for going out into the world and seeing what is going on. Then, too, he likes to overhear what is being said when he is attending to something else. On the whole he has a remarkable capacity for concentration. When he is listening he doodles or draws. The drawings are usually those of flags, party symbols, stage settings, portrait heads and houses.

He never listens to foreign broadcasts on the radio except now and then when he listens to the German broadcasts in German from Paris or Moscow. He speaks no language except German. He also listens in on Mussolini's speech and "derives profound pleasure from the Italian pronunciation, enunciation, and the dramatic oratory of Il Duce. Here, as in music," Hanfstaengl says, "what is full of fire, life and dramatic interests him alone."

Hitler is much concerned about his health and has always his private doctor near him in order that he may perform any necessary operation without delay. He often said that "a good doctor on the spot was easily as important as a whole platoon of guards."

Hanfstaengl commented on the simplicity of Hitler's bedroom in Berlin. One day Hitler asked him to step in and to his amazement he found only an old iron single bedstead, a couple of straight chairs and a dresser. The head of the bed was decorated with colored ribbons much the

same as Viennese maids used to do. In fact the whole room reminded him of a maid's room except for its size. On the wall over the bed was a large painting of his mother and on the wall was a picture of Gell. There were no other decorations, ornaments or furniture.

When asked about bowling at the Eagle's Nest, Hanfstaengl said that he had never heard of it but that it would not surprise him if Hitler actually did a good deal of it. He remembers that he once took Hitler to a bowling place in the early twenties and tried to interest him in it. Hitler seemed quite fascinated but refused to try it because he thought it was very undignified for somebody in his position to do something of that sort in public and besides he thought that bowling was a pastime of the peasants which it would be better for him not to participate in. He seemed to enjoy watching the others, however.

When asked about the writing of Mein Kampf, Hanfstaengl said that Hess urged Hitler to write it while he was in Landsberg. Hitler dictated almost the entire book to Hess while he was there and Hess typed it. The first draft was atrocious. It was much more repetitious and had infinitely more adjectives. Hanfstaengl helped Hess in revising it and the first thing they did was to cut out adjectives and repetitions. Hitler created a terrific fuss about every word they wanted to cut out or every change they wanted to make in grammar or content. He always liked it better as it was. They had such a time with him that after the first drastic cut they turned it over to a number of other people who made still further changes. Hanfstaengl says that Hitler's hunger strike while he was in Landsberg lasted 16 days.

When asked what Hitler had to say about the Blood Purge after Hanfstaengl returned from America in 1934, Hanfstaengl said that he never referred to it directly. Indirectly he intimated that he felt it to be absolutely necessary, but nothing more. Hanfstaengl says that he was in a very nervous condition at the time and that he felt it unwise to broach the subject directly.

Interview with Mr. Frank Wisbar - Monogram Pictures
Hollywood, California
June 24, 1943

Mr. Wisbar was one of the most successful moving picture directors in Germany. He met Hitler a number of times primarily at the studios and at parties given for film people. He believes that it is a great mistake to consider Hitler as insane in any sense of the term. He considers him intelligent and clever and quite an actor in his own right. He believes that one of the most important factors in Hitler's success is his self-confidence which appealed to the German people at the time inasmuch as they were confused and lacked all confidence in the future. He spoke at length of Hitler's great interest in the film industry and the amount of time he devoted to it. Hitler frequently telephoned him about details of films in production and about even minor characters in the cast. Wisbar said he got the impression at times that Hitler devoted about an hour a day to politics and the rest of his time to movie details. He told of meetings which were frequently held for the purpose of convincing the directors to make Nazi movies which would, in their opinion, "give the people what they want." Wisbar said that their views along this line followed their regular propaganda techniques. They were to be repetitious, simple, devoid of all subtlety and with no concern for the artistic element. Goebbels, at one meeting, gave as an illustration of "real" drama which the movies might well follow, a meeting at which he was to announce Hitler. There were heavy clouds in the sky and Goebbels kept talking and talking with one eye on the clouds and timed it in such a way that he announced Hitler just as the sun broke through the clouds. This, he said, was real showmanship and the sort of thing the German people wanted. This was the type of thing which he said impressed them and the movies were neglecting this aspect.

Hitler considered "Our Daily Bread" filmed in 1935 or 1936 as an ideal type of Nazi film although it was not made for this purpose.

Wisbar was director for Leni Riefenstahl who was one of Hitler's favorites. From what Leni told Wisbar he gathered that there was nothing abnormal sexually in their relationship. She told him that Hitler was very shy when he was with her and that he was far from dashing. He was so retiring, in fact, that the girl had to take the initiative at all times.

On several occasions Hitler ordered the production of films stopped and sometimes shelved on the complaint of an actress. This happened so frequently that it was extremely difficult to manage the girls who were often guests at the Chancellory since they threatened to complain to Hitler if they did not get the part they wished or the script were not changed to suit their fancy.

Interview with Mr. Otto Strasser - Montreal, Canada
May 13, 1945

Mr. Strasser spoke very freely if not systematically. Most of what he said he has written in his books and thus need not be repeated here. Much that he might have said he omitted on the grounds that he dealt with the subject at length and in detail in a new book which he had just finished and which was in the hands of a New York publisher. He gave the interviewer permission to examine the manuscript of this new book but the literary agent refused to recognize Strasser's right to give such a permit.

Mr. Strasser served in the same division with Hitler during the World War. He explained that the rank of "Gefreite" which Hitler held was equivalent to a private first class in our modern army. This rank does not classify him as a non-commissioned officer and he has not the privilege of issuing orders to others. According to Strasser, Hitler was really an orderly in Regimental Headquarters and only a runner occasionally. He liked this position which kept him close to officers and Strasser is of the opinion that he probably refused promotion because even as a corporal he could not remain in Regimental Headquarters as an orderly. The moment he became a corporal it meant front duty. In general, these orderlies were looked down upon by the front line soldiers. When asked about Hitler's Iron Cross, he was doubtful of its authenticity. He pointed out that Hitler made no mention of the Iron Cross in Mein Kampf although under the circumstances one would expect him to if he had come by it honestly. He claims that Goebbels asserted that the Iron Cross was awarded to Hitler on November 11, 1918, whereas all official awards stopped on the 9th of November. He said it is possible, and he has heard of other instances of this kind in which the Regimental Staff which regularly received a certain allotment of Iron Crosses per month awarded these to each other when the collapse started. Inasmuch as Hitler has always shown great preference and bestowed great favors upon Amann who was his staff sergeant during the war, Strasser says he does not consider it at all unlikely that Amann filled out the certificate for an Iron Cross in Hitler's favor just before the Armistice and that this is a favor which Hitler is still trying to repay. Strasser also doubts the story that Hitler was gassed and attributes it to Hitler's imagination or a kind of hysterical attack.

When asked about the manner in which Hitler earned his livelihood during the early days of the Party Strasser said that there was no great mystery. Very early in the history of the Party wealthy people made contributions which were turned over to Hitler personally and some of which he used for his own needs. A little later when the movement got under way, Hitler always demanded an honorarium for speaking and this was usually at least a thousand marks. At all the meetings there was a charge for admission and the largest part of the receipts went to Hitler and this was ample to pay for his modest way of living.

Strasser seriously doubts Hitler's sincerity from beginning to end. He is of the opinion that Hitler's anti-Semitism was originally adopted for its propaganda value. It was the one topic on which he could always talk and find a sympathetic note in the audience. He also doubts whether Hitler actually believes in his call. This, too, he realizes has great propaganda value and from the earliest days he has done his utmost to clothe himself in a mystical atmosphere. Strasser says that Hitler is a person without any loyalties whatever and he claims that Hitler has told him on several occasions that he considers it a sign of greatness not to be tied to ideas or to people. Strasser says that Hitler is thoroughly egocentric and that he has no love for Germany but only uses it as a means to gain his own ends.

Strasser also talked at length about the impossibility of carrying on a discussion with Hitler and that every conversation with him degenerates into a monologue. He is forever contradicting himself and when one tries to interrupt and point out that on an earlier occasion he said something else, Hitler flares up and shouts: "I never lie. It is you intellectuals who are always turning my words around." Strasser says this is one of Hitler's time-worn techniques; that when he is caught in an inconsistency or wishes to avoid a logical discussion, he picks up something that the other person has said and claims that it is an insult and goes off into a rage. When he quiets down he starts off on an entirely new subject. Another one of his techniques is to simply discard what the other person has said on the grounds that the person does not understand the topic. For example, on one occasion he held a lengthy dissertation on German art which he claimed was the one and only art worthy of the name in the entire history of the world. When Strasser interrupted and tried to point out that the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Mayans and others had a highly developed art, he just brushed the whole thing aside by saying: "You don't understand what art consists of."

Strasser says that it is impossible to watch Hitler when he is delivering a speech and that no doubt there is a large sexual component motivating him. The same is true when one listens to him playing with an idea. Strasser says that from the earliest days he noticed this and after prolonged observations he decided it was a form of mental masturbation from which a real sexual pleasure was derived. Strasser is convinced that Hitler's sexual life is thoroughly abnormal. He says that his brother Gregor told him that Hoffmann's relationship to Hitler was unassailable because when Hoffmann's daughter Henny was fourteen years old Hitler had seduced her into sexual play with him and that she had told her father about it. Hoffmann went to Hitler and threatened to expose him before the Party if Hitler did not agree to give him the exclusive photographic rights. This Hitler did in order to keep the experience quiet. Later it would have been difficult for him to liquidate Hoffmann because Hoffmann had managed to make himself indispensable to Hitler in other ways and it would have created too much of a stir in the Party if Hoffmann had been purged. Strasser commented on the fact that Hitler likes to associate with homosexuals. In 1929 he was much dismayed when Hitler arrived in Berlin with a bodyguard which was obviously 100% homosexuals. Nevertheless, he doubts the stories that Hitler himself is engaged in homosexual practices, at least to any great extent. After the Olympic games in Berlin he had

occasion to talk to the director of the Burg Theater at which Leni Riefenstahl was playing. The conversation turned to Hitler and his sexual life and the director said that Leni was dying to sleep with Hitler but that Hitler was always evading the issue. The director said that not long before Leni had told him that Hitler had invited her into his bedroom and that she thought that the time had finally arrived, but much to her dismay he asked her to undress. When she had done so and was ready to get into bed he ordered her to begin masturbating herself while he sat on the other side of the room and watched her. The director told Strasser that Hitler never exposed himself but always enjoyed seeing others in the nude.

Strasser spoke at length concerning Geli. As he has written in his books he knew Geli personally and had taken her out several times which aroused extreme jealousy in Hitler when he discovered it. Hitler finally forbade any further contact with Geli, but one morning he claims Geli appeared at his apartment in Munich in a very upset state of mind. Strasser let her in and tried to quiet her down but for some time all he could get out of her was that she did not know what she would do with her uncle. According to the story, Hitler was very generous with her in some respects and very harsh with her in others and frequently locked her up for long periods of time because she refused to accede to his wishes. Strasser tried to make light of the matter and said to Geli: "Well, why don't you sleep with him? What difference does it make if he is your uncle?" Geli responded that she would be very glad to sleep with him if that was all he wanted but she just couldn't go through with the other performance again. After much urging concerning the nature of this performance, she finally told Strasser that Hitler made her undress and that he would lie down on the floor. Then she would have to squat down over his face where he could examine her at close range and this would make him very excited. When the excitement reached its peak he demanded that she urinate on him and that gave him his sexual pleasure. Geli said the whole performance was extremely disgusting to her and that although it was sexually stimulating it gave her no gratification. Since Hitler refused to let her have any contact with other men she was in the position of being continually stimulated without any adequate outlet and that she couldn't possibly continue. It was shortly after this visit that Geli was killed and Strasser is satisfied in his own mind that Hitler had demanded that Geli go through with this performance again and that she had refused. Hitler thereupon became enraged and murdered her. His brother Gregor also believed this to be the case and it was from this time on that his relations with Hitler became strained. Gregor was one of the few people who was called to the house shortly after Geli's death and saw her before the funeral. Otto Strasser believes that it was this knowledge which led to Gregor's murder during the Blood Purge in 1934.

Interview with Mr. Kurt Ludecke - Fort Lincoln
Bismark, North Dakota
June 27, 1943

Mr. Ludecke added absolutely nothing to what he has written in his book "I Knew Hitler." The interview was most unsatisfactory since Ludecke insisted on going off into long philosophical dissertations concerning post-war problems and the glories of American democracy. Whenever an attempt was made to pin him down on the topic of Hitler, he would refer to the chapter in his book in which he treated this particular aspect of his character and said that that was all he knew about it. All attempts to persuade him to relate what he had written on the topic in his book or upon what he based his treatment failed.

His manner was most elusive and evasive and he would either launch forth into another philosophical dissertation which had no bearing whatever on the subject or would suggest that the interviewer re-read his book with greater care. His manner throughout the interview was so evasive and obstinate that one could only conclude that he was unwilling to tell the same story twice for fear of contradicting himself.

Interview with Zeissler - Hollywood, California
June 14, 1943

Zeissler is an American who went to Germany to work in the movies. He became a director in the UFA studios. After the coming of the Nazis he found it more and more difficult to carry on his work satisfactorily and offered his resignation. The Nazis made him all sorts of offers to keep him but he finally left Germany in 1935. He is now directing a feature film in Hollywood which portrays Goebbels' life. Zeissler spoke at length of the extreme interest that both Hitler and Goebbels took in the moving picture industry. They visited the studios very frequently, watched the shooting of scenes, inquired about new plots and new talent as well as about the technical aspects of the business. Zeissler says that Hitler had a very good grasp of the situation and asked extremely intelligent questions about some of the technical problems involved. He enjoyed coming down to the studios and having lunch or dinner in the restaurant of the Film Institute where all the actors and actresses generally gathered. On one occasion he flew into a rage at one of these luncheons when somebody at the neighboring table mentioned the word Jew and carried on for about ten minutes, much to the amazement and embarrassment of all the people gathered there most of whom did not even know what it was all about. Zeissler is under the impression that in the course of such a rage Hitler works himself into a trance-like state in which he loses contact with his surroundings and during which he enjoys the uninhibited expression of his feelings. After watching him Zeissler believes that Hitler actually goes out of his way at times to find some cause for a rage and that when he has found it he really works hard to increase its intensity in order that he may attain this trance-like stage.

Hitler spent a great deal of time trying to convert Zeissler into making propaganda films. When Hitler did not come to the studios in person he frequently telephoned and held lengthy conversations about new films and the cast. Very frequently he telephoned when there was no particular occasion for it and would just inquire about what was happening in the studios. Zeissler says he often wondered when Hitler had the time to devote to affairs of state because he either spent so much time at the studios, on the telephone or looking at films that there seemed little time left for anything else. Hitler had a standing order to have every new film, German and all foreign films, shown at the Chancellory. The ones he seemed to enjoy the most were the American musical comedy films and crime pictures, although he frequently enjoyed biographical films especially those of persons involved in wars. He remembers that the film "Vive Villa" gave him great pleasure and he had it shown a number of times. In general, any film that he enjoys he will have shown repeatedly and always seems to enjoy it again.

As a permanent director Hitler frequently called Zeissler and asked him to send actresses to the Chancellory. Several of these became temporary favorites and Zeissler was curious about what happened. In 1934 he was asked to send two chorus girls and the following day they reported that nothing particular happened and that Hitler sat around bragging the whole evening. The girls thought him extremely odd because

at that time he spent most of the evening telling them how he was going to annex Austria and how he was going to build up a terrific army, the biggest army in all the world, and fortify the Rhineland. His chief object in all this was to impress the girls with his greatness and power. On another occasion he spent an evening telling Rene Mueller how he had made a thorough study of Medieval torture methods and how he was modernizing them and would introduce them in Germany. It was his belief that this was the true way of ruling a people and that only by such methods could one enjoy the maximum of power. He described some of these methods, which were later adopted by the Gestapo, in such detail that she was absolutely horrified and could feel the flesh creep on her body. Rene Mueller became one of his favorites and was not at all unwilling to sacrifice herself in a sexual relationship. In fact, according to Zeissler, she did her utmost to seduce Hitler but in this she never succeeded. On one occasion Hitler seemed to become quite excited and she thought the moment had arrived when he would actually do something, but instead he jumped up on his feet and raised his arm in the Nazi salute and said in a very bragging tone of voice that he could hold his arm that way for an hour and a half at a time without tiring, while even Goering could not hold his up for even twenty minutes. Rene, however, did not give up in her efforts and at a later time she returned to the studio in the morning after an evening at the Chancellory in a very depressed state. When Zeissler asked her what was troubling her she told him that the evening before she had been with Hitler and that she had been sure that he was going to have intercourse with her; that they had both undressed and were apparently getting ready for bed when Hitler fell on the floor and begged her to kick him. She demurred but he pleaded with her and condemned himself as unworthy, heaped all kinds of accusations on his own head and just groveled around in an agonizing manner. The scene became intolerable to her and she finally acceded to his wishes and kicked him. This excited him greatly and he begged for more and more, always saying that it was even better than he deserved and that he was not worthy to be in the same room with her. As she continued to kick him he became more and more excited and as a final climax, masturbated before her. He then suggested that they get dressed and thanked her warmly for a pleasant evening. Rene committed suicide not long after. Rene Mueller was a blonde like almost all the girls to whom Hitler became attracted. There was another tall blonde girl named Loeffler to whom Hitler became attached. In the midst of this relationship the girl ran off with a Jew and lived in Paris. This upset Hitler greatly and for some time he did not call the studios for new girls. On one occasion Mrs. Zeissler met Hitler. When she returned from the meeting she condemned him as a phony because he had stared into her eyes and had obviously tried to influence her through them and had done so much bragging. Zeissler claims this is the technique that Hitler had learned from a mind-reader named Harnuson who had tutored Hitler in such techniques in his earlier days and who had very considerable influence over him. According to Zeissler, it was Harnuson who was responsible for Hitler's dramatic conduct at his early meetings and had coached Hitler in the techniques of swaying large groups of people. Harnuson was murdered in the Blood Purge of 1934.

Zeissler also commented on the strange relationship between Hitler and Hoffmann, the photographer, and was under the impression that Hoffmann supplied Hitler with pornographic pictures. Hoffmann was generally disliked in the studios and the film people had very little respect for his judgment on what they should do or about how they should do it.

It so happened that Zeissler's laundry woman in Berlin was the mother of one of Hitler's personal SS guards.¹ His usual post was to guard Hitler's bedroom. He frequently told his mother, who in turn told the Zeisslers, about the late parties held in the Chancellory and the times at which Hitler finally retired. This was almost invariably between 4 and 5 in the morning although her son reported that he seldom went to sleep before daylight. On one occasion he reported that Hitler must have had a terrible dream the night before because just as day was breaking there was a terrific commotion in Hitler's bedroom and he was just about to enter in order to investigate its cause when Hitler ripped the door open from within. He was clad in a white nightgown which came below his knees and barefooted. His face was almost as white as the nightgown, his hair disheveled and his eyes wild. The first impression of the boy on guard was that the Fuehrer had gone mad. But it seems that Hitler had awakened out of a nightmare in which he felt himself unguarded for then he found the guard wide awake on his post outside the bedroom door he heaved a sigh of relief, simply said goodnight and shut the door. The guard never told his mother of any women spending the night in Hitler's bedroom although he often spoke of their staying alone with Hitler until the early hours of the morning.

Interview with William Patrick Hitler:

Sept. 10, 1943 - New York City

William Patrick is the son of Alois, Adolph's half-brother. He was born in England. His mother is Irish and married his father during the period that the latter was working in London as a waiter. The family was not a happy one and his mother left his father several times before he was born. When he was three years old his father deserted his mother and himself and contact was not reestablished until 1914.

The immediate cause for the separation was that his father had a passion for beating him when he was a baby and did so several times when the mother went out of the house. When she was at home, she protected him from the father but there were many quarrels in which the father contended that the child had to be disciplined at an early age and had to learn to respect and fear his father.

From the time of the desertion until the present day his father has never contributed anything to his support or the support of his mother. In fact, on several occasions, when Adolph gave money which should have been sent to the mother, the father appropriated it to his own ends. Before the final desertion, there was a separation for a period of time during which the father went to Vienna. Just what year this happened in the boy does not know but his mother has told him that while he was there he met Adolph who was completely destitute and asked him for money. The father gave him a small amount but told him not to look for any more and that it was time for him to stand on his own two feet and get a job and go to work - that he could not expect his family to support him forever.

According to what his father told his mother during the years of their married life and told the boy later while he was in Germany, his relation to Adolph when they were boys was not happy. Alois, Sr. frequently beat him unmercifully with a hippopotamus whip. He demanded the utmost obedience and expected the boy, Alois, to tow the mark in every respect. Every transgression was another excuse for a whipping. When asked for specific incidents that the father might have told, he recalled that once when his father was small he had played hockey from school. His father, according to these reports, was very mechanically inclined and liked to build all sorts of things. Alois, Sr. was in general pleased with these inclinations and tried to foster them. He would in fact promise the boy that when he became older he would send him to an engineering school if his work was good. On the occasion in question, the boy became interested in building a small boat. He became so engrossed in this project that he played hockey from school for three days in order that he might finish it more quickly. When the father learned of this he became enraged, he whipped the boy and then held him against a tree by the back of the neck until the boy lost consciousness. He then stalked off and left the boy lying at the bottom

of the tree until nature would revive him.

Things went from bad to worst when Adolph was born. From the very beginning he became the apple of his mother's eye and would have little to do either with Alois, Jr. or with Angela, his sister. It is a typical step-mother story in which the son is given all the favors and the step-children get the scraps. As Adolph became older he was still excused from doing any unpleasant chores. He always claimed to be sick and his mother kept him in bed a good part of the time and even carried his meals to him there. He was pampered from early morning until late at night and the step-children had to listen to endless stories about how wonderful Adolph was and about what a great painter he would be some day. She even talked the father out of the idea of sending the oldest boy to engineering school; she claimed he was an incorrigible brat and a good-for-nothing and that all education would be wasted on him. The result was that the father put Alois, Jr. into an apprenticeship as waiter where he would be away from home and would not cost much money. As a child, Adolph was lazy and disagreeable. He would not do any studying and spent his time wandering around the country-side or sitting down by the river. He was always dreaming or dozing and would occasionally get into trouble. When this happened he would run home and tell his mother that Alois had done it. She in turn would report it to the father who then would whip Alois for Adolph's actions. Alois, Jr. often said that he had to endure a great many whippings which belonged to Adolph.

When asked if he ever heard about the father whipping Adolph, he replied in the affirmative. He said the father used to beat Adolph just as well as Alois but not so frequently. When asked if he had heard of any particular incidents he said he remembered his father telling him one time with considerable glee that when Adolph was about 11 years old he refused to put up with the maltreatment of his father any longer and resolved to run away from home with two other boys. The plan was to build a raft and float down the river. Preparations were already under way when the father got wind of it and went down to the river, to find the boys engaged in their raft building. He was furious and beat Adolph so violently that when he returned home he was afraid that he had killed him, but Adolph revived.

Things in the Hitler household were not much improved when Adolph's sister Paula arrived. She, too, was spoiled by her mother but not to the same degree as Adolph. As she grew older, Alois, Jr. developed considerable affection for Paula while Angela developed some affection for Adolph and vice versa. Angela got to the point where she supported Adolph against Alois and Alois supported Paula against Angela. This crossed relationship has continued into adulthood although it is not strong in any direction. It was, however, strong enough at the time of the death of Clara Hitler that Alois persuaded Adolph that since the two girls were destitute it was up to the boys to turn their part of the inheritance over to the girls. According to the report, Adolph immediately said that in that case he would give his share to Angela,

which he did, while Alois gave his share to Paula. Paula continued to stay in Linz for sometime after her mother's death although he does not know for how long.

When asked about other children in the Hitler family, he said that two were born before Adolph. They were called Gustaf and Edmund and they both died in infancy from unknown causes. He is also under the impression from what his father has said that two other children were born to Clara Hitler before Alois, Sr. married her. They were the children of Alois but were born during the lifetime of his second wife. They, too, died as infants as far as he knows although he admits that he has never been very clear on this subject.

Alois, Jr. seems to be a reproduction of his father in many ways. Not only does he go off into rages and want to beat his children but after leaving his wife he went back to Germany and married another woman without being divorced from the first. The first marriage was performed in the Catholic church and no divorce was possible. In any case he lived with his second wife in Germany and a son named Heinz was born out of this union. When contact was made with the father again, about 1913, or early 1914, he was a very prosperous businessman in Germany and owned a chain of stores dealing in razors and barber's equipment. This business seems to have gone on the rocks during the World War and the inflation that followed. In any case, the boy's mother sued Alois on the grounds of bigamy in the German courts prior to the War. Before the case came up in court, Alois, Jr. wrote the mother pleading letters begging her to have mercy on him and that if she did not press the suit he would send her money for their support regularly and threatened to commit suicide if she did press the suit. She agreed not to on condition that he send her money monthly. The case came up in court and since she did not press the suit, the father was found guilty and given the sentence of one year in prison which was later suspended. He never kept the promise of sending the money.

They lost contact with Alois, Jr. during the War and did not re-establish it until the late 1920's when Adolph began to rise in popularity sufficiently to get into the English newspapers. They wrote to Adolph and through him got in touch with Alois again. He again promised to support them but did nothing. In 1930, when Hitler suddenly became famous with over 100 seats in the Reichstag they thought it was an opportunity of making some money by giving an interview to the Hearst press. Negotiations were under way but they felt the need of additional information and wrote to Alois asking for further details about Adolph's youth. The reply came in the form of a demand from Adolph to come to Munich immediately for a conference, tickets for the passage were enclosed. Upon their arrival in Munich they found Adolph in a perfect rage. He summoned a family counsel at which Adolph, Angela, Alois, William Patrick and his mother were present. The gist of what Adolph said was now that he was gaining some importance the family need

not think that they could climb on his back and get a free ride to fame. He claimed that any release to the Hearst newspapers involving his family would destroy his chances for success in view of Alois' record and that negotiations with the Hearst syndicate had to be stopped immediately and the great problem was how this could be done without arousing suspicions. It was finally suggested that William Patrick and his mother return to London and tell the Hearst people that it was a question of mistaken identity and that they had discovered that the Adolph Hitler who was the leader of the Nazi Party was not the uncle they had supposed but an Adolph Hitler who was no kin of theirs whatever. Hitler was pleased with this solution and urged them to get back to London as quickly as possible and disclaim all relationship in the present and in the future. He handed Alois \$2000 to cover their expenses while they were in Munich and supplied them with passage home and instructions to give Mrs. Hitler what was left over when these expenses had been paid. Alois, according to the story, did everything except pass over what was left of this sum and promised to send it through the mails which would be much safer, but it never arrived.

As Adolph continued to rise to fame and finally came into power, Mrs. Hitler chafed more and more under her poverty. She decided again to try to get some form of support and again approached Adolph in the matter since she was tired of Alois' broken promises and thought Adolph might be willing to pay something to keep her quiet. After some time, Hitler replied and invited William Patrick to Berchtesgaden for a summer vacation. When he arrived there he was greeted by Angela who was keeping house there at that time and roundly upbraided for demanding help from Hitler who, she claimed, was not even his uncle. He did not understand what she meant by all this but soon learned. When Hitler called another conference at which Angela, Alois and himself were present, Hitler was very sweet and told William Patrick that it really broke his heart to tell him this but since he insisted on making demands on Hitler that he could see no way out of it except to tell him the truth. The truth, according to him was that his father, Alois, Jr. that is, was not really the son of Hitler's father but a boy who had been orphaned as an infant and whom Alois, Sr. had taken into his home and brought up as his own child. He turned to Alois, Jr. who obligingly confirmed the story. He said, however, that they did not want to be too hard on him and that it would be best for everyone if nothing were said outside the family. He only wanted to make it clear to William Patrick that he had absolutely no claim on him as an uncle and that they were in fact not related at all.

After his return to London, William Patrick and his mother checked on this report through the British Consul General in Vienna who, after some time, said the story was impossible because no adoption papers were on record and the baptismal certificates were clear. He sent photostatic copies to show that everything was in order. From these we learn that Alois, Jr. was born as an illegitimate child of Alois, Sr. and his

second wife, Franziska Matzelberger and that he was later legitimated by their marriage in 1883. Angela, too, was born of this union. The baptismal certificate of Alois, Sr. is interesting in so far as his father's name is given as Hitler and not Hiedler, as all the biographers have it. In changing his name from Schicklgruber to Hitler, it would seem that he was taking his father's name and not that of his mother-in-law by his third marriage.

William Patrick has also a photostatic copy of Adolph's baptismal certificate showing that he was born in Braunau on April 20, 1889 and not elsewhere on some other date as Otto Strasser's new book will try to show. It also shows that Hitler's God-father and God-mother are probably not Jewish as Heiden and many others have claimed but a family named Pinx who lived on Loewengasse 28, Vienna III. Furthermore, William Patrick says that his father often talked about his own father's anti-Semitism and it seems that when he was young he borrowed some money from a Jew in Vienna in order to take some examinations in the customs service and that he felt that this person had in some way done him dirt. Just what the details were are not known. In any event, William Patrick leaves it as out of the question that Alois, Sr. would choose a Jew as a God-father for any of his children.

According to the report, Alois, Sr. also was very anti-German as was also Alois, Jr. He says that his mother used to tell in an amused tone of voice about how she used to jolt him out of his tirades by saying to him, "Shut up, you dirty German!". This would divert his attention from whatever he was raging about and concentrate his rage on the German. He considered it a grave insult to be classed with them and stoutly maintained that he was an Austrian and that that was something entirely different. It was therefore amusing in the family to have Adolph come along and praise Germany to the skies and renounce his Austrian affiliations.

Another interesting sidelight was that Angela had a son named Leo in addition to Geli. After 1930, this son would have nothing whatever to do with Hitler and although he frequently came to Berchtesgaden to visit his mother, he always did so when he knew Hitler would be in Berlin. As soon as he heard that Hitler was coming to Berchtesgaden he would pack up and leave. The reason for his behaviour, according to Angela, was that he held his Uncle Adolph responsible for Geli's death and vowed that he would never speak to him again. After the war broke out he went to the Balkans and is reported to have been killed there.

William Patrick also met Geli several times and says she was rather attractive in a peasant sort of way; he says she was good-natured and rather pleasant company. When asked if she ever mentioned or talked about her uncle, he said she told him that her life was very hard; that Hitler insisted that she accompany him wherever he went and it was very embarrassing for her, particularly since she knew that Gregor Strasser was opposed to Hitler's being seen with her and furthermore, because it

prevented her from meeting any other young people. She said that he often insisted that she accompany him on trips to Berlin but no sooner would she arrive there than he packed her in a car and sent her to the airport to be flown to Berchtesgaden where she was to wait until he returned there. According to this report, Angela was always complaining that her life in Berchtesgaden was extremely difficult because Hitler was always complaining about money and would not give her an adequate amount to run the house on or do anything with.

The relationship between Angela and Adolph became very strained when the latter discovered that Angela was conspiring against him. It seems that the farmer who owned the land adjoining Hitler's at Berchtesgaden had died and that Angela was bringing all kinds of pressure to bear on the wife of this old Party member to sell the land to her. Hitler was outraged when he heard about it and investigation proved that Angela was acting as an agent for Goering who wanted to obtain this land in order to build a house on it. Much as Hitler likes Goering, it seems that he did not like him enough to have him as a next-door neighbor. When Adolph discovered all this, he was beside himself with rage and ordered Angela to pack her belongings and get out of the house as quickly as possible and never come back. It was only through the intervention of others who pointed out the unfavorable publicity that might develop out of such a sudden leaving that he was prevailed upon to allow her to remain in the house a while longer. Goering then got busy and married her off to Prof. Hamitsch of Dresden who was a millionaire and a staunch Party member. Hitler has never had any use for Angela since that time and sees her only rarely and then only to keep down suspicion.

Shortly after he broke up with Angela, he became interested in his sister Paula who was living in Vienna working in an office. Up to this time he had no contact with Paula for a number of years. It seems that when he started out on his political career, Paula thought him crazy and told him that if he kept on he would wind up with his head in a noose. Hitler was offended at this remark and would not speak or write to her for years afterwards. Now he got in touch with her and even had her come on a visit. During the visit he agreed to send her a small monthly allowance on the condition that she stay out of the limelight and particularly out of the newspapers. Also she was not to mention the fact that she was related to him in any way. William Patrick met Paula during this visit and thought her somewhat stupid, at least, certainly not bright. He says she is the spitting image of Hitler in appearance.

Later, due to the rising sentiment against Hitler in England, William Patrick was unable to get a job. He went to Germany and worked in several jobs before Hitler arranged a job for him at the Opel Auto Co., at a small salary. He would not give him permission to send some of this money to England where his mother was living. Over and over again

Hitler warned him about trying to cash in on their relationship and threatened to expose his father if he tried to do so. He said he then acquainted Hitler with the fact that he had documents from the British Consul to the effect that his story about his father was not true and that copies of these documents were deposited with the English government as well as with his mother in London. From that time on, Hitler became more tolerant of him and whenever he began to rage about William Patrick's activities, he had only to mention the documents in order to get Hitler to calm down. He was amazed that even Hitler's closest associates knew nothing about the Fuehrer, let alone a nephew. At first they discredited him on the ground that the Fuehrer only had one close relative, namely his sister Angela. Only Schaub and Hoffmann knew of the existence of the brother or anything about the Hitler family. He was under the impression that it was this knowledge that made Hitler fear both of them because he is absolutely intent on keeping both his present family and his background a deep, dark secret.

Interview with Mrs. Shepard Morgan: New York City

Mrs. Morgan was a guest at a concert party given by Hitler in Berlin. She commented particularly on the fact that Hitler was very ill at ease in evening dress and never knew what to do with his hands in talking with people. To her amazement, she found that the Fuehrer had selected the front seats in the orchestra for his guests and that he himself sat in the front row, directly under the conductor. She says the music was so loud that she could not enjoy it and was under the impression that Hitler liked his music loud.

She also remembers that the Consul General in New York had told her an amusing incident which happened while he was in Germany on his way to report to Hindenberg. As he was going up the stairs to Hindenberg's office, a strange man dressed in a raincoat and a black hat rushed down the stairs past him, quite oblivious to his existence. The man kept saying over and over to himself, quite loudly, "This is the greatest moment of my life! This is the greatest moment of my life!" When he was admitted to Hindenberg's presence, he asked who the strange visitor was whom he had met on the stairs and Hindenberg informed him that it was the man who aspired to be Chancellor of Germany and called himself Adolph Hitler.

Mrs. Morgan also informed me that there was a Dr. Raymond de Saussure who had information concerning Hitler's perversion.

Interview with Dr. Raymond de Saussure:
September 11, 1943-New York City

Dr. de Saussure reported that he had obtained his information concerning Hitler's perversion from friends of Otto Strasser in Europe. He accepted it as true because he had treated two patients in France who suffered from the same perversion and showed similar characteristics as Hitler.

He said that no other perversion would fit the clinical picture as well as this one and consequently he had never doubted but that the Strasser version was the true one.

Interviews with Friedlinde Wagner, New York City:

Friedlinde Wagner is the granddaughter of Richard Wagner and the daughter of Winifred and Siegfried Wagner. Her mother became interested in the Nazi movement about 1923 and was warmly welcomed by Hitler because of her family and the social contacts she was able to provide. Hitler visited the Wagner home "Wahnfried" shortly after. It was the first time that Friedlinde had ever seen him. She was six years old at the time but still remembers him very clearly on account of the costume which was strange to her. Hitler wore his Bavarian leather pants with suspenders and the short socks which are not common in Bayreuth. He looked very funny to her and she was much interested in his mission. She does not remember what was discussed but she remembers that his teeth were extremely bad and that he was very awkward and ill at ease. The family talked about him after his departure and also found him very amusing. Winifred thought him a diamond in the rough while Siegfried considered him a fraud and an up-start. Neither one has changed their minds in the course of time. In the years that followed Hitler was a regular and frequent visitor at "Wahnfried" and it became as near to being a home as any he had contacted since his mother died.

The entire Wagner family addresses him in terms of "Du" and Winifred even to this day calls him by the nickname he had adopted, "Wolf". He seems to be very much at home in the Wagner household and has often stayed there without his guards. This was all arranged in the greatest secrecy and he usually came with his entire entourage early in the evening and then drive off to some Inn where all arrangements had been made and then later return alone with his chauffeur. When he stayed overnight at "Wahnfried" he usually occupied a small guest cottage next to the large house. In later years, particularly since he has become Chancellor, this guest cottage was not adequate to his needs and he has enlarged the original cottage and built another in which to house his staff.

The entire Wagner family has often been invited to the Chancellory and to Munich and to Berchtesgaden. They have strict orders from Hitler that they must call on him whenever they pass through Berlin when he is there. The result is that they have all visited him informally a great many times and have seen him under unusual conditions. Hitler has always been very gracious to them on such occasions and has invariably invited them to meals or parties and encouraged them to prolong their visit.

There has always been considerable friction between Hitler and Friedlinde. From the very beginning she thought him amusing but never came under his charm. If anything, there has been a note of antagonism which, according to her story, has often been verbalized. This antagonism may be due to the fact that from the very first meeting Hitler seemed to be attracted more to her younger sister than to herself. He always paid a great deal of attention to the sister and he would do almost anything she requested. One has the feeling that there is an underlying jealousy which has not been consciously faced.

Hitler was always a regular attendant at the Bayreuth festivals and always stayed at "Wahnfried". From an early date he was always anxious to mingle with the cast. A special restaurant was opened for them and Hitler frequently went there for his meals and lingered on afterwards in order to talk to the prominent actors and actresses. He usually used these occasions to tell about all the great things he was going to do and especially what he would do for the festivals after he became Chancellor. What he did do when that time arrived was to make Bayreuth into an armed camp. Special armed guard regiment was thrown for blocks around "Wahnfried" and even the Wagner family had to get special passes from the Gestapo in order to get in and out of their home. Guard stations were set up on all the roads leading into the town and all cars were stopped for purposes of identification and mission. Anti-aircraft batteries were set up in the hills surrounding Bayreuth, the place bristled with men in uniform. When all this came to the attention of the Wagners they asked Hitler why he felt such precautions were necessary. He replied that the Czechs would know that he was attending the performances and that since they were only a few miles from the Czech border, all these precautions were necessary because one could never tell when they would attack. As time went on, more and more precautions were taken although no one else could see any danger of Germany being attacked by the Czechs. Nevertheless Hitler always insisted there was a real danger and the others could not appreciate it because they did not know the Czechs.

Friedlinde was at home when Hitler visited the family shortly after signing the Munich agreement. She said he was in a positive rage and could not think of names bad enough to describe Chamberlain and Delaunay. He said he had done his utmost to get them to fight by continually increasing his demands but that instead of fighting they kept giving in, that one just couldn't fight someone who refused to take an insult. The family was dismayed to hear him talk in this manner after all his public speeches concerning his desire for peace. Hitler insisted this was the opportune time and that since there was going to be a war it might as well be now.

Hitler was present at the Bayreuth festival at the time Dollfuss was murdered in 1934. There was great activity at "Wahnfried" all day with special messengers coming and going. At the performance, he invited the Wagners to sit in his box but he paid no attention whatever to what was going on. He was always asking one of his attendants for the latest telephone communications and whispering to Goering and Goebbels. When the news finally arrived that Dollfuss had been murdered, he left the performance with his staff and went to the house. When the Wagners returned home, he was extremely nervous and somewhat incoherent. His chief aim seemed to be to get down to the actor's restaurant as quickly as possible in order that he could mingle with the celebrities and create the impression that he had had nothing to do with it. Later that night there was talk about the future of Austria and the murder of Dollfuss. When Winifred asked him if he intended to annex Austria he laughed and said he would sometime but that the time was not yet ripe. That the murder of Dollfuss was only the first step in his plan and that it would take four to five years before everything was ready. His performance on that day antagonized Friedlinde still further for she came to the conclusion that he did not come to the festivals through love of Wagner but only to show himself and use the festival as a screen for underhanded actions.

Another source of antagonism which probably goes back much further was due to the fact that the children were very much restricted in their activities while Hitler was a guest at "Wahnfried". According to Friedlinde he never went to bed until 5:30 in the morning and then would sleep until 11:00 or 11:30. They were forbidden to make any noise or play outside the house until Hitler raised the shade in his bedroom window. If their dog barked before that time the guards would come rushing in and insist that the dog had to be quiet because he would disturb the Fuehrer. They could not even take the car out of the garage because the sound of the motor would disturb him, etc. Even their meals had to be arranged to suit his convenience.

Hitler's breakfast usually consisted of a glass of milk and two slices of dry bread. Sometimes he would eat lunch a half an hour later. That did not seem to disturb him. She claims that it is not true that Hitler is a strict vegetarian and says that he has frequently eaten meat at her house. In general, he prefers to eat vegetables but now and then when meat is served to the other members of the family he would take some and say that he just wanted a taste of it. She further claims that his vegetarian diet began after the death of Geli. Before that time she has distinct recollections of his eating a great deal of meat and that he was particularly fond of Leberknoedl. He used to eat large quantities of these and when they knew in advance that he was coming, her mother would always arrange to have this dish. She also remembers that before this time he drank a good deal of tea and she remembers, as a very small child, how she and her sister would sit at the table and anxiously await the time for Hitler to sweeten it. In those days he always put seven teaspoonsfull of sugar into a cup of tea and the children were fascinated to see whether on some occasion he would lose his count. But he never did. She also commented on the tremendous amount of chocolate he consumed throughout the day. He had the firm of Hamann prepare a special kind of chocolate for him and on an average, he consumed about two pounds of these every day. Before the death of Geli, he also drank some of the regular beer but gave it up shortly after her death and then later had a special light brew prepared for himself by a Munich brewery. He was always very fond of small pastries, particularly the very sweet ones and he would consume large quantities of these while he was at her home and often took whatever remained with him to eat on his journey. She says that she had never had a meal in the Chancellory at which Nudelsuppe was not served.

According to her story, all kinds of precautions are taken in the preparation of his food. He has a secret fear that he will be poisoned and only one cook is permitted to prepare his food. The only exception to this in Berlin is that Mrs. Goebbels can cook special dishes for him and these are mostly of the Austrian variety. She makes great use of this prerogative in playing up to Hitler and getting him to do favors for her. While at Wahnfried, Hitler eats with the family and has never made any fuss or taken any precautions against being poisoned. He takes great precautions about his health in general. He is always afraid of his stomach and always takes some kind of medicine at meals. In the Chancellory he has a complete operating room with all the latest equipment and a staff is on twenty-four hour duty with instructions to keep everything in readiness in case Hitler should need immediate attention. It is also equipped for all kinds of dentistry.

The amusing part of it is that Hitler almost poisoned himself between 1933 and 1935. One day when he was visiting at "Wahnfried", Winifred had a headache and decided to take an aspirin tablet. As she was about to take it, Hitler saw her with the bottle in her hand. He became very excited and rushed over and grabbed the bottle and demanded to know what it was that she was taking and who told her to take them. She was amazed at his conduct and told him she was just taking an aspirin for her headache and asked if there was anything unusual in that. To this Hitler retorted that one cannot be too careful about these things and asked if she had not heard of his experience. It seems that some years ago he was visiting an old Party member at one of the lakes near Munich. They sat down to meals, his host always put something into his mouth. Hitler's curiosity got the best of him and he asked his old friend what it was that he was taking. Wahnfried said that he had always been bothered with stomach disorders and that he had been to a number of doctors who had not been able to help him and finally he found this old country doctor who prepared these capsules according to a secret prescription and that these had cured him. Hitler then informed his host that he had always been bothered with indigestion and his host urged him to try some of his capsules. Hitler did so and did get relief from them. He then ordered a private stock from the doctor and took them regularly before every meal. After he came to power, his health became worse and worse and he called in his private doctor who in turn called specialists. In spite of all their efforts, Hitler's condition continued to grow worse and his appetite failed him almost entirely. For a time he was under constant care of his physicians and one day as he was coming in to dinner, the doctor happened to see him take one of his capsules. He demanded to know what Hitler was taking and Hitler assured him it was a medicine he had been taking for years and that they worked wonders for his indigestion. The doctor insisted on analyzing the contents of the capsules and found them to be nothing but methyl alcohol. It turned out that this alcohol was gradually poisoning him and wearing down his resistance. After telling this tale, he said, "You cannot be too careful about medicines, you see, and you must promise me never to take any medicine which is not prescribed by a first-rate physician."

In July, 1933, he visited "Wahnfried" and whether due to the alcohol poisoning or other factors, seemed rather downcast. He talked at length about getting old and complained bitterly that 10 years of valuable time had been lost between the Beer Hall Putsch in 1923 and his succession to power. This was all very regrettable since he predicted that it would take him 22 years to get things in adequate shape so that he could turn them over to his successor. Since he had lost these 10 valuable years, he would have to work harder than ever. He had no particular reason for picking 22 years, except that he had figured it out that that was the total. It was only a short time before this visit that he had finally had his finger nails manicured. In earlier times, he always had vast quantities of dirt under them and they looked like "Kraut und Rueben". But once he had had them manicured he kept them so.

According to Miss Wagner, Geli's death had a tremendous effect on Hitler. For several years previous to this event, it was his custom to spend Christmas Eve with the Wagner family. The first Christmas after Geli's death, they expected him but he did not arrive. They waited for some time and then telephoned his apartment in Munich. The only information they were able to obtain however was that he had left Munich presumably to go to Bayreuth and they had no other knowledge of his whereabouts. There was

great concern but it was several days before they were able to get in touch with him. His only explanation was that he wanted to be alone and had taken a trip into the country. The following Christmas Eve he was again absent without explanation. Late on Christmas night he called from Dresden and asked to speak to Winifred, saying it was Doctor Wolf. It so happened that she knew a doctor Wolf in Dresden with whom she did not wish to communicate and told Friedlinda to say she was not at home. This disturbed him greatly and he wanted to know where she went and if she could be reached. His voice now became normal and Friedlinda recognized him and then called her mother. When she answered, he said he was in great despair and could he come to Wahnfried, even if it was late. For several days he was very much distressed and stayed a good deal by himself.

Friedlinda is convinced that his tirades are only acts by which he hopes to gain his own way. She told of an incident in which he staged one to order. Her little sisters' school was due to open several days before the festival. She had begged her mother to permit her to remain at home and miss school until after the festival was over. Her mother insisted that she must go to school and be there for the opening day. Hitler happened to stop in at Wahnfried and the two girls cooked up a plot to get Hitler to speak to Winifred and persuade her to let the child remain for the festival. Friedlinda approached Hitler with her sister's predicament and advanced arguments why she should be permitted to remain at home. Hitler promised to cooperate and later, when the whole family was assembled, he suddenly asked Winifred if it were true that she was sending the child back to school. Winifred insisted that it was the child's duty to be in school when it opened just like other children. Hitler then started one of his tirades which lasted for twenty minutes. He stumped back and forth across the room, shouting at the top of his voice that this was nonsense and what did duty to the school mean in comparison to duty to the culture. He maintained that this was a crime and called forth all kinds of arguments to prove his point. The family was just overwhelmed by his display and said that if he felt that way about it the child could naturally remain at home. The minute they had said this, Hitler stopped his tirade and began to indulge in a conversation about other topics in a normal tone of voice just as though nothing had happened.

On another occasion, when she was present with other guests, Hitler for some unknown reason became dissatisfied with Schaub and called Schaub in and began to scold him before the assembled company. Evidently Schaub was not duly impressed and Hitler worked himself to a higher pitch until his eyes rolled and spit formed at the corners of his mouth. For a few moments he acted like an insane animal and he ordered Schaub from his sight. At the moment Schaub had disappeared, Hitler returned to a friendly conversation with his guests just as though nothing had happened.

Hitler enjoys imitating people. One of his favorite characteristics is a take-off on Philipps. He does this extremely well and when he is in good spirits, he likes to perform in this way before small selected groups. During the first years as Chancellor, he frequently visited the opera or the theatre, but by 1935 he gave this up in large part and spent most of his time visiting operettas and comedies which he seemed to enjoy much more. On an average he attended performances of this sort at least once or twice a week. Miss Wagner also spoke of his extreme passion for moving pictures which are shown almost every evening in the Chancellory. According to her he is particularly fond of French films and up to the time of the war, he had all of them shown in his private theatre. He used to say, "Die Schilderung des kleinbuergerlichen Milieus ist einfach genial in diesen Filmen." Ordinarily he does not permit people to smoke near him during performances of this sort because he claims that it irritates his throat and prevents him from speaking effectively.

Hitler has a mania for long tables. He has one which is at least 15 meters long and is made out of one piece of wood. He takes great pride in these tables and often consults with von Troost who manufactures them. Contrary to reports Hitler hates to fly in airplanes. He only does so when the matter is extremely urgent or when he wants to create an impression. Otherwise he uses a special train and limits the speed of this to 60 kilometers per hour. He claims that he can sleep better when the train is moving slowly but on several trips that Miss Wagner has taken on this special train, during the daytime, he would not permit the engineer to exceed that speed.

During 1935 Miss Wagner was invited to dinner at Hitler's house in Munich. At table she sat opposite the fireplace over which hung a large mirror and on the mantel a bronze bust of Geli. She examined the bust very closely because from all reports she believed Geli to be an unusual beauty but in the bust she was quite common looking with low forehead, high cheekbones, broad fat stub nose, and a large mouth. On the whole the face looked rather coarse. She remembered as she sat there the story Hitler had told them earlier about Geli's accident. His version was that several years before her death, Geli had gone to fortune teller who told her that her life would end with a revolver bullet. Since that time, until she died, she had an hysterical fear of every revolver or rifle. Inasmuch as she was living in Hitler's apartment and was constantly exposed to danger, she naturally had to have a revolver on her night table. On the evening of her death Geli was alone in the apartment since Hitler had to make a trip to Erlangen to give a speech. During his absence, she must have tried to put the safety catch on the revolver. It would seem however, that the safety catch was already on and she took it off and thereby accidentally shot herself. The neighbors heard her shot followed by a cry and tried to break into the apartment. They intercepted Hitler on his way to Erlangen and he returned immediately. Whether this report is true or not, Miss Wagner is sure that it is since this time that he became a vegetarian and gave up alcohol and smoking. He also stopped celebrating Christmas for several years and only since 1934 has he joined the "alten Kaempfern" in Munich on Christmas Eve.

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On both sides of the fireplace hung Hitler's prized possessions, the paintings of Spitzweg. He had ordered all art dealers to make a hunt for Spitzweg's pictures and the six that were hanging there were his prized possessions. Miss Wagner commented it seemed that the great Dictator who was always striving to make everything he did of monumental size should worship the painter who glorified "Des Spießbürgertums".

According to Miss Wagner Hitler maintains a very peculiar relationship to Mrs. Bechstein, the wife of the piano manufacturer. During the early years she undoubtedly helped Hitler a great deal both financial and socially. He was a constant visitor at her home and she was thoroughly convinced that he was a genius and the savior of Germany. As soon as he became Chancellor, however, her attitude seemed to change. It seemed that everything he did was wrong, foolish or stupid, and she did not pull her punches in telling him so. Miss Wagner was present on several occasions when she upbraided him for some of the reforms he was trying to put into effect. She says that Mrs. Bechstein opened up with the big guns just as soon as the salutations were over. Usually she started in by asking him if he were crazy and would then talk so fast and furiously that Hitler couldn't get a word in in self-defense. During these violent scoldings Hitler would stand there like an abashed school-boy who had committed a misdemeanor. She is the one person who would carry on a monologue in Hitler's presence and who would tell him what she thought. She always calls him Wolf and addresses him with the familiar "Du".

In later years, it reached the point where Hitler dreaded meeting her and yet he felt duty-bound to call on her, particularly when they were both present at the Wagner Festival. Even the prospect of meeting her worried him no end and he kept postponing it on his visit from one time to another on the slightest pretext. He even tried to bribe the Wagner children to accompany him on the theory that she would not be too harsh on him in the presence of children. Having lived through a few of such experiences, however, the Wagner children could not be bribed into such a mission. Miss Wagner is also of the opinion that Mrs. Bechstein had designs on Hitler as a future son-in-law. She denies that there was anything beyond friendship in her mother's relationship to Hitler and does not believe that Hitler had any designs on her. She says she just seemed to enjoy the home atmosphere of Wahnfried. She says that the fact that her mother was English fascinated Hitler as other English women have fascinated him but that there was nothing more. He was particularly lenient with the children and exceeded almost all their wishes even to the extent of ~~excusing her brother~~ permitting her brother to withdraw from the Hitler Youth because he did not like it. Nevertheless, he had a tremendous influence on Winifred Wagner, even to the point where she threatened the life of Friedlindé if she did not return to Germany and accede to Hitler's wishes.

She spoke of her first visit to the new Chancellory buildings and how Hitler escorted her through the entire place. He seemed to get his greatest thrill out of the size of the rooms and corridors and reception halls and kept telling her how much larger these were than the old ones and how much larger he would like to have

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then when he built a new Chancellory building befitting to the Third Reich. She remembers his bedroom very well since it was such a shock to her. After seeing all the extravagance of the new building, she had expected his bedroom to be in keeping with the rest. To her amazement she found a relatively small room painted in light pink, or flesh color, and nothing but a white iron bed with ribbons draped around the head, a white dresser and a couple of straight chairs. There was a painting of his mother over the head of the bed and no other decorations. She is sure that at that time there was no picture of Geli or anyone else. As she turned around she noticed that the closet door had been left open and she glanced in casually as she passed it. To her amazement and amusement, she discovered that the closet contained only khaki shirts all nicely pressed and hung on hangers from a central rod. Each had a beautiful Swastika armband sewn on the sleeve. She estimated that there must have been at least 40 of them and she wondered at the time why anyone would want so many. Her impression of Hitler's bedroom was that it was more of a fitting for a maid than it was for a Chancellor.

Friedlinde was studying in England in 1937 and 1938. In order to keep her mother quiet she usually stopped in Berlin to visit Hitler on her way to and from London. Although they had never gotten on well together, Hitler always seemed very happy to see her and insisted that she remain and join him at a meal. She says she often tried to tell him about English sentiments but he always refused to listen on the grounds that von Ribbentrop was sending detailed reports. When she tried to point out that Ribbentrop's reports were not in accordance with the facts, he always brushed it aside and treated her as a small child and advised her not to get mixed up in politics. Several times she says she lost her temper and was very outspoken in her condemnation of what he was doing but he took these good-naturedly and usually brushed them aside. This was particularly true in connection with the Jewish pogroms for which Hitler assumed full responsibility and was certain that neither the Germans nor the English as a whole felt as she did about them, whereas her friends seemed to feel. He always insisted that the proper way to rule was through terror and that underneath the people really liked it. On one occasion when he was speaking of his views on justice he said, "Wenn zwei Burschen sich um ein Maedel raufen, und der eine den anderen aus versehen ersticht, was in Bayern nur allzu leicht passiert, dann lasse ich denjenigen hinrichten. Ich gebe ihm 15 Jahre Bewahrungsfrist mit sofortiger Freisetzung. Wenn hingegen irgendein Kerl es sich einfallen laesst, ein Maedel zu ermorden, nachdem er ihr ein Kind aufgehaengt hat, so lasse ich ihn ruecksichlos hinrichten."

According to Miss Wagner Hitler's parties are exceedingly dull since he always likes to be the center of attraction. Most of the people he invites, and particularly the actors and actresses, find him exceedingly dull and although they go because it is diplomatic to do so, they are only too ready to seize the opportunity of sneaking out on the first occasion. Hitler usually tells the same stories over and over again and most of his guests have heard them many times.

Hitler hates the atmosphere of a hospital and almost never will go there to visit a sick friend. He tries to make up for this deficiency by sending lots of flowers and occasionally a card.

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Hauptmann Blohm ist unabhängig Leiter der
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Wey Hölzer

Wey - der 1. April 1929

HITLER: THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE - June 13, 1943

By: Elizabeth M. Ullstein

The most important feature of Hitler's handwriting is one which we analysts recognize as the common sign of the actual or potential psychopath. I refer to the fact that the writing runs like a "thread" across the page. This is clear in the so-called middle zone of the script, which includes the vowels and certain consonants, e, m, n, etc. The pen seems to trail along in this zone, so that the contours are lost, just enough of the form remaining to make the letters legible; they present little more than a thread from which the other letters are extended.

Graphologists distinguish three ways of writing - the "garland" style, in which letters are rounded at the base, so that an 'd' is written like a 'u'; the "arcade" style, in which letters are rounded at the top; and the angular or pointed style. A person who is psychologically unstable does not use any of them but trails indecisively in the famous "thread" method. It is in this middle zone that the most personal phase of character is reflected, and here Hitler shows his meagerness, in an unpleasant thinning out of the script. To the expert this indicates a lack of creative power, a hurried and senseless drive from point to point, a character unsuited to private life and love.

When Hitler is not slurring his letters he uses the angular form of connecting that is a sign of willfulness, of the person who lives in a continuous state of tenseness and dissonance with his surroundings - who does not compromise to avoid conflicts but seeks them through an instinctive drive toward tragic complication. The rapidly changing, almost flickering pressure of his pen shows an impulsiveness which friends and foes alike have called a "demoniac" power.

Despite the ugliness and lack of distinction of Hitler's individual letters, a curious rhythm seems to be superimposed on his thread of writing. To me it mirrors the extraordinary magnetic power of this man who keeps a whole nation spellbound.

Finally we look at his signature. Here we find a remarkable fact: the Adolf is written in Gothic script but the Hitler in Latin script. There we have portrayed the dual nature of the man, the little bourgeois Adolf of the beer halls and the Hitler who wants to dominate the world: the reality and dream-pose.

We also find another amazing fact. From the beginning until the 't' in Hitler the signature ascends - then it tumbles down the page in the most startling fashion. The downward impulse is so precipitate that the end of the name does not seem to have satisfied the falling tendency and an extra 'v' or loop is stuck on without any justification. There is no graceful finished end, but a sudden catastrophic decline. It is a signature that may well reflect its writer's destiny.

Excerpts from THE MÜNCHEN YELLOW BOOK - DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS, 1938-1939

No. 18 -

M. Francois-Poncet, French Ambassador in Berlin,
to M. Georges Bonnet, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Berlin, October 20, 1938.

When on the evening of October 17, the German Chancellor asked me to see him as quickly as possible, he placed one of his private planes at my disposal. I therefore left by air for Berchtesgaden on the next day accompanied by Captain Stehlin. I arrived there towards three in the afternoon. From there a car took me not to the Obersalzberg villa where the Fuehrer lives, but to an extraordinary place where he likes to spend his days when the weather is fine.

From a distance, the place looks like a kind of observatory or small hermitage perched up at a height of 6,000 feet on the highest point of a ridge of rock. The approach is by a winding road about nine miles long, boldly cut out of the rock; the boldness of its construction does as much credit to the ability of the engineer Todt as to the unremitting toil of the workmen who in three years completed this gigantic task. The road comes to an end in front of a long underground passage leading into the mountain, and closed by a heavy double door of bronze. At the far end of the underground passage a wide lift, panelled with sheets of copper, awaits the visitor. Through a vertical shaft of 330 feet cut right through the rock, it rises up to the level of the Chancellor's dwelling-place. Here is reached the astonishing climax. The visitor finds himself in a strong and massive building containing a gallery with Roman pillars, an immense circular hall with windows all round and a vast open fireplace where enormous logs are burning, a table surrounded by about thirty chairs, and opening out at the sides, several sitting-rooms, pleasantly furnished with comfortable arm-chairs. On every side, through the bay-windows, one can look as from a plane high in the air, on to an immense panorama of mountains. At the far end of a vast amphitheatre one can make out Salzburg and the surrounding villages, dominated, as far as the eye can reach, by a horizon of mountain ranges and peaks, by meadows and forests clinging to the slopes. In the immediate vicinity of the house, which gives the impression of being suspended in space, an almost overhanging wall of bare rock rises up abruptly. The whole, bathed in the twilight of an autumn evening, is grandiose, wild, almost hallucinating. The visitor wonders whether he is awake or dreaming. He would like to know where he is - whether this is the Castle of Monsalvat where lived the Knights of the Grail or a new Mount Athos sheltering the meditations of a cenobite, or the palace of Antinea rising up in the heart of the Atlas Mountains. Is it the materialisation of one of those fantastic drawings with which Victor Hugo adorned the margins of his manuscript of "Les Burgraves", the fantasy of a millionaire, or merely the refuge where brigands take their leisure and hoard their treasures? Is it the conception of a normal mind, or that of a man tormented by megalomania, by a haunting desire for domination and solitude, or merely that of a being in the grip of fear?

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One detail cannot pass unnoticed, and is less valuable than the rest for someone who tries to assess the psychology of Adolf Hitler: the approaches, the openings of the underground passage and the access to the house are manned by soldiers and protected by nests of machine-guns.... (pp. 20, 21, 22)

...For nearly two hours Herr Hitler has been readily listening to my questions; he has answered them without any embarrassment, with simplicity and - at least apparently - with candour. But the time has come to release him. Antinea's Castle is now submerged in the shadow that spreads over the valley and the mountains. I take my leave. The Fuehrer expresses the wish that I might later return to Germany and come to visit him in a private capacity. He shakes both my hands several times. After going down in the lift and through the underground passage, I find the car waiting for me; passing through Berchtesgaden it takes me back to the airport, from where our plane starts immediately on its night flight to Berlin.

During the whole of our conversation, except for a few outbursts of violence when referring to England, the Fuehrer was calm, moderate, conciliatory. One would have been justified in thinking that one was in the presence of a man with a well-balanced mind, rich in experience and wisdom, and wishing above all things to establish the reign of peace among nations. There were moments when Herr Hitler spoke of Europe, of his feelings as a European, which are, he asserts, more genuine than those expressed so loudly by many people.

He spoke of our "white civilization" as of a very precious possession common to us all, which must be defended. He appeared sincerely shocked at the persistent antagonism which has remained after the Munich Agreement, and which the British attitude revealed to his mind with great clearness. Obviously, the possibility of a coming crisis and the eventual outbreak of a general war are ever present in his mind. Perhaps at heart he himself is sceptical as to his chances of preventing this tragedy? In any case, he seems willing to attempt to do so or he wishes to feel he has made the attempt so as to calm if not his own conscience, at least the conscience of his people. And it is through France that he thinks this attempt must be made.

I have no illusions whatever about Adolf Hitler's character. I know that he is changeable, dissembling, full of contradictions, uncertain. The same man with the debonair aspect, with a real fondness for the beauties of nature, who discussed reasonable ideas on European politics round the tea-table, is also capable of the worst frenzies, of the wildest exaltations and the most delirious ambitions. There are days when, standing before a globe of the world, he will overthrow nations, continents, geography and history, like a demiurge stricken with madness. At other moments, he dreams of being the hero of an everlasting peace, in which he would devote himself to the erection of the most magnificent

monuments. The advances that he is prepared to make to France are dictated by a sentiment which he shares, at least intermittently, with the majority of his countrymen, namely the weariness of an age-long contest, and the desire to see it end at last; this feeling is now strengthened by the memories of the Munich interviews, by the sympathy that the person of President Daladier aroused in him, and also by the idea that our country's evolution tends to make it easier for her to understand the Third Reich. But at the same time we may be certain that the Fuehrer remains true to his wish to disintegrate the Franco-British bloc, and to stabilize peace in the west, so as to have a free hand in the east. What plans may be revolving already in his mind? Is it Poland, Russia, the Baltic States which, in his thoughts, will be called upon to pay the cost? Does he himself even know?

Be that as it may, Hitler is one of those men with whom one must never relax one's utmost vigilance, and whom one can only trust with reservations. Personally, I do not draw the conclusion that we should not listen to his suggestions. In these circumstances, as in many other previous ones, I hold that the main thing is that we should know exactly where we stand and with whom we are dealing.....(pp. 25, 26, 27)

....After the undeniable successes of the Third Reich's foreign policy during the year 1938, it might have been imagined that the Fuehrer, gratified at having attained his chief aims without striking a blow and shown the world the superiority of Hitlerian methods, would have addressed himself to the task of easing the internal tension, and would himself have given an example of satisfied calm.

But, according to information received from trustworthy sources, this is not the case. Here Hitler is again said to be going through a period of crisis. He is said to be nervous, agitated, a prey to sudden and violent outbursts of rage. It is said that he shuns his collaborators and lives in sullen seclusion. In the presence of those happy few who are received by him, he gives vent to angry complaints; he declares that he receives nothing but disappointing reports; that the carrying out of the Four Year Plan encounters new difficulties every day; that in many regions of the Reich, the spirit of the public is not what it should be; that in Vienna, Buerckel is struggling in the midst of scandals caused by the corruption and extortions of the Austrian Nazis; that Sudetenland is costing great sums of money; and that he is assailed with requests for credits and subsidies from every side.... (p. 48)

...It would be an obvious mistake to assume that the Chancellor attaches much importance to these setbacks. Since the events of last year, his faith in his own genius, in his instinct, or as one might say, in his star, is boundless. Those who surround him are the first to admit that he now thinks himself infallible and invincible. That explains why he can no longer bear either criticism or contradiction. To contradict him is in his eyes a crime of "lese-majeste"; opposition to his plans, from

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whatever side it may come, is a definite sacrilege, to which the only reply is an immediate and striking display of his omnipotence.

The Chancellor chafes against all these disappointments with indignant impatience. Far from conducting him to moderation, these obstacles irritate him. He is aware of the enormous blunder which the anti-Jewish persecutions of last November have proved to be; yet, by a contradiction which is part of the dictator's psychological make-up, he is said to be preparing to enter upon a merciless struggle against the Church and Catholicism. Perhaps he thus wishes to wipe out the memory of past violence by fresh violence....(p. 49)

....The Minister for Foreign Affairs told me that he had found the Chancellor calm, talking a great deal as usual, but weighing his words, and not at all in the feverish state in which he had seen him sometimes.(pp. 50, 51)

....Although, bearing in mind the Chancellor's unfathomable pride, his state of irritation and his boundless faith in his star, one cannot rule out "a priori" the possibility of an angry gesture and an imminent and brutal seizure of Danzig, I consider that, in the present state of things, this is not the most likely contingency....(p. 118)

Interview with Hermann Rauschning, Hollywood Cal. June 24, 1943

Rauschning has written so extensively about his association with Hitler that he had very little to add which is not to be found in his books.

He was asked specifically about his reference to Hitler's association with men. He says that he met a young man in Zurich who claimed that he had had homosexual relations with Hitler while he was in the SS. In Paris he heard another young man bragging that he had been Hitler's sweetheart. Both of these persons were obviously homosexuals but he could not vouch for the truth of his statements.

When asked concerning Foerster's relationship to Hitler he said that Foerster was certainly homosexual as well as heterosexual. He has heard Hitler call Foerster by a nickname which is commonly used among homosexuals and that on one occasion when he (Rauschning) was travelling back to Danzig with Foerster they happened to get on the subject of women. Foerster became very enthusiastic about a girl with whom he had had an affair and in the midst of it he said: "Poor Hitler, it is a shame that he can never know how nice it can be." He interpreted this as meaning that Hitler was wholly homosexual.

Rauschning felt sure that these homosexual practises were confined to pederasty. Someone (he could not remember who it was but some high Nazi) had once confided in him that Hitler's military record contained an item of a court-martial at which he was found guilty of pederastic practises with an officer. It was for this reason that he was never promoted beyond the rank of lance-corporal. He also claims that he had a police record in Munich for violation of Paragraph 175 which deals with pederasty and that this record listed him as morally insane. Both records were destroyed early although Schleicher knew of the military record and was purged.